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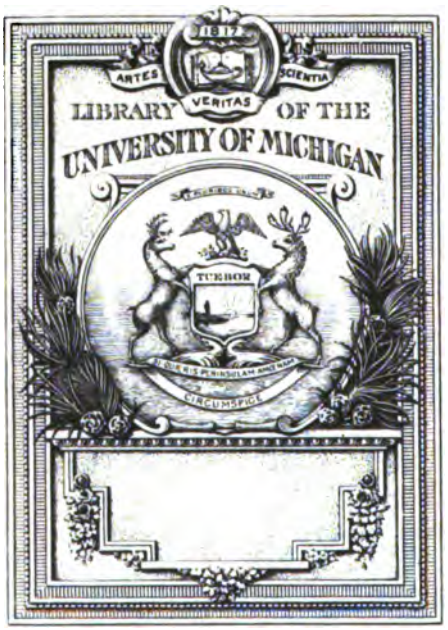

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

1377

EDITED BY

THOMAS PRENTICE KETTELL.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLICATION OFFICE, 170 BROADWAY.
1847.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XX. JANUARY, 1847. No. CIII.

UNITED STATES TRADE AND TONNAGE.*

THE year 1846 is remarkable as the commencement of a new era in the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain, as well as between the latter nation and the countries of Europe generally. The liberal policy adopted in Great Britain, by the government which came into power in 1842, could not but produce its results sooner or later; and in the active state of the export trade of the United States we recognize not only the legitimate consequences of that policy, but the confirmation of the soundness of free trade principles. Up to 1842, the revenues of Great Britain were derived from taxes on articles of consumption, both imported and of domestic growth. Protective theories having preponderated in the imperial councils, taxes were laid as high as possible. In many cases they were even prohibitory, and in all oppressive. The result was, that for nearly ten years, ending with 1842, the expenditures could not be kept within the revenue. Year after year a deficit presented itself which baffled the skill of the most sagacious Chancellors. Sir Francis Baring, in 1840, proposed and obtained an increase of 5 per cent. on all customs duties—an increase, the proceeds of which it was estimated would meet the deficit. The tax was levied and collected, but the incurable "deficit" seemed rather increased than otherwise—involving a change of ministry. The lesson was not lost on the new minister. He saw clearly enough, that to make taxes yield a sufficiency, the taxed goods must be consumed; and that, if the impositions on trade were so great, and restrictions upon industry so onerous, as to incapacitate the people from consuming, the revenue must of necessity decline. The experiment of the extra 5 per ct. customs proved this conclusively. The increased burden diminished consumption; hence, to recover the deficit, he must undo what had been done theretofore. The income tax being first laid, he began to ameliorate duties; prohibitions upon food were removed; and taxes the most onerous upon trade were relinquished, without respect to protection. With every removal industry received a new impulse; the ability of the masses of the people to consume was evidently increased, and enhanced importations at advanced prices gave indication of the soundness of the minister's views. Year after year the demand for all raw materials of manufactures, tropical fruits, live animals and provisions, increased, as indicated in the quantities taken for consumption, and the revenues of the government recovered the former deficit independently of the direct tax. The process of improvement under diminished protection was so

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* Annual Report on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States.

clearly indicated as the result of free trade, that the minister himself became a thorough convert, and openly and explicitly renounced protection upon food as a principle of government.

Under the financial head of this number, will be found some tables, compiled from official sources, showing the interesting fact of this enhanced consumption of all articles. The increase, for nine months of 1846 over former years, amounts to 25 per cent., and embraces as well tropical productions as imported animal food; also, raw materials and excisable articles of British production—as bricks, paper, malt, &c.; the whole showing a universal increase of industry, and in the enjoyment of comforts and necessaries by the laboring many. On eight articles, viz.: provisions, butter, cheese, sugar, cocoa, coffee, tea, and tobacco—the increase was gradual, from 446,215,561 lbs. in 1842, to 608,553,257 lbs. in 1846. The consumption of food must naturally be expected to have increased as well as that of other articles; and the foreign demand for food, which has been so visible in the United States' markets, is the evidence of that increased consumption, and not merely of a short crop, as has been supposed. There are no statistical tables which will show the exact quantity of bread-stuffs consumed in England; but the corn laws require to be reported at the 150 principal towns in the United Kingdom, the quantity of each kind of grain sold, weekly, and the price. The average prices reported at these sales, regulate the duty under the sliding-scale. If, now, we compare the quantities of British grains sold at those markets, for a period of this year, with the quantity sold for a like period of a previous year, a good indication of the crop is arrived at. For this purpose we take the year 1844, because that was a year of considerable import, and also of low prices; and we take the eight weeks, ending with Nov. 21st, in each year. The results are as follows:

TABLE OF SALES AT 150 TOWNS FOR 8 WEEKS, ALSO THE QUANTITIES ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION IN THE SAME WEEKS, ALSO THE PRICES NOV. 21.

	1844.					1846.				
	Sold.	Entered.	Total.	Price. s.	d.	Sold.	Entered.	Total.	Price. s.	d.
Wheat, qrs.	1.046.818	63.477	1.110.295	45	10	1.120.812	120.913	1.371.939	59	8
Barley, "	612.265	359.207	971.472	35	2	581.013	125.326	834.120	42	11
Oats, "	263.047	17.196	280.243	21	3	228.570	126.099	482,473	25	10
Rye, "	3.516	14.012	17.528	30	9	3.488	——	3.488	42	7
Beans, "	37.950	32.109	70.059	38	6	72.918	65.854	209,033	46	4
Peas, "	21.609	5.673	27.282	36	2	17.267	59.432	132.884	49	0
Total 8 weeks	1.985.205	491,664	2.476.879			2,024.068	497.624	2.521.692		

There has been a quantity equal to 349,767 qrs. more British grain sold in 150 British towns than in the same period of 1844; there has also been an increased quantity entered for consumption, and yet the prices are 33⅓ per cent higher; that is, the average of the six grains, Nov. 21, 1844, was 34s. 9d.; and Nov. 21, 1846, 47s. 8d. If a larger quantity brought this increased money price, the conclusion is inevitable that it is increased demand and not deficient supply, that produces it. Under the approximate free trade movement of the British government, her people obtain a greater share of necessaries and comforts than ever, although they have come to depend on foreign nations for a portion of their food.

The influence of thirty years of peace has broken down the theory of "protection," which may be called the spirit of international warfare. It was the legitimate progeny of that obsolete "balance of power" theory, which taught that it was the duty of one nation, not only to increase its own strength, but to weaken and injure another, by all means in its power. When Lord Bacon announced that "Nobody can be healthful without exercise—neither natural body nor politic; and certainly to a kingdom or estate a just and honorable war is the true exercise," he laid

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down the fundamental principle of the protective theory; and, in support of it, he gave a rule for carrying it out, as follows:

"First, for their neighbors there can no general rule be given save one, which ever holdeth; which is, that princes do keep due sentinel, that none of the neighbors do overgrow so, (by increase of territory, by embracing trade, or the like,) as they become more able to annoy," &c.

Moloch himself, in grand council, could not have devised a more infallible mode of debasing the human race, stifling civilization, and paralyzing industry, than is here set forth. It is obvious that commercial restrictions are but preliminary acts of hostility, always looking to the more advantageous enjoyment of the "healthy exercise" recommended by this benevolent old gentleman, and in so far they perpetuate in time of peace the commercial evils incident upon war. To prevent the growth of the trade of other countries, and to promote that of their own, have ever been the objects of statesmen looking to strength in time of war; and whenever the restrictions, imposed for these objects, have borne too heavily upon any class of their own citizens, they have been sugared over with the idea of "protection to home industry," and sought to be made palatable by appeals to national prejudices. These arts have been successful in modern times, in prolonging the existence of the absurd theory. General intelligence is now, however, so far advanced, that the public cannot be made to believe that the destruction of, or injury to the trade of another nation can be beneficial to its rival. Any considerable revulsion in trade or diminution in the production of necessaries, which manifests itself in one country, is now looked upon as a calamity to all; a shock given to commercial credit in one quarter vibrates through all channels of intercourse, until regions the most remote manifest its influence. Above all, war has, through the ascendency of the commercial interests, come to be regarded as the greatest of calamities, instead of a "healthful exercise," which was so necessary, according to the noble reasoner alluded to, if "just and honorable." As, however, there can be no war without two parties, the unjust and dishonorable cause of one party must be as "necessary" to the existence of a health-promoting war, as the just and honorable cause of the other. With this progress of public opinion in relation to the policy of wars, resulting from the increasing influence of commerce and the decline of that of politicians, the protective theory came to rest for its support upon its supposed magical powers of making men more industrious and enterprising, and their industry more productive, than they would be without it.

In 1830, the quantity of coal mined in the United States was 180,000 tons. In 1845 it was 2,500,000 tons, and the import 87,000 tons, paying a duty of $1 75 per ton, and $2 75 freight from Nova Scotia. An acre of Pennsylvania coal yields 45,000 tons; consequently, it requires 60 acres per ann. to supply the demand. Party leaders tell us, however, that without a duty, or with a low duty, that 60 acres per annum will be imported from abroad, at a rate less than it can be mined for; and that the miners will "abandon the business," the coal fields of Pennsylvania become valueless, and great numbers of persons be thrown out of employ. Where the coal is to come from, or how such quantities can be transported at any price, no one vouchsafes to explain. Where would the tonnage come from? Who would build it? Who would navigate it? and at what rate of freight? Nevertheless, numbers say that it is so; that is, they say so "politically-speaking," which may be taken in a Pickwickian sense—inasmuch as that, commercially speaking, and in a practical sense, the converse appears to be true. The miners are now demanding and receiving, under the new tariff, which charges 30 per cent. duty, *one dollar* per ton *more* than they got for it last year under the old tariff, which charged $1 75

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per ton, and foreign coal is $1 00 cheaper. This great difference between common sense commercially, and misty theories politically, manifests itself daily more distinctly in all that relates to international affairs. In Great Britain the whole system of protection has been cast off and abandoned. During more than 150 years Great Britain pursued corn-law protection, to enhance the rents and profits of the landed-proprietors, who make the laws, at the expense of those who consume food. To popularize these enactments it has been asserted that they would make England independent of foreign nations for food; as if any man can be independent of his fellows, or any nation of its neighbors.

This catch-word of "independence," is ever successful with the unthinking many, because it flatters national prejudice, and keeps alive those antipathies engendered by former hostilities, which are ready to burst forth in renewed vigor on any new occasion that may offer. For this reason England, until 1828, pursued a strictly prohibitory policy in relation to the introduction of foreign food, as well as manufactures. The operation of the law was supposed to be that, with a strict monopoly of the "home-market," prices would range at a level fixed by home-competition, and therefore it would always be so high as to yield a profit to the farmer; that the encouragement thus given to agriculturists would induce a free outlay of capital, and that every possible acre would be pressed into cultivation, yielding its produce for the supply of the markets; that although the food thus produced might be dear, that dearness would stimulate production so as to make England "independent of foreign nations for food." The opponents of this theory contended that the high prices, *ensured* to agriculturists, tended rather to relax that successful enterprise which is ever attendant upon necessity; that the enormous tax imposed upon consumers of food for the benefit of its producers, diminished the comforts of laborers, paralyzed trade, and retarded the national prosperity; that the great commercial and industrial rivalry which exists between nations in modern times, eminently demands the exercise of that invention, which is proverbially the daughter of necessity; that the constant activity of all the faculties is indispensable to secure success; and whenever the government, throwing its shield around any occupation, protects it against competition, it removes the necessity for exertion, deadens the faculties, and destroys invention. Notwithstanding a long persistance in the former course, the wants of England have exceeded her means, and she has cast aside protection, frankly acknowledging its inutility, nay hurtfulness, and her future dependance upon foreign nations for food. The result is matter of history, and the causes that led to it are self-evident; so much so, that those who in this country still cling politically to that theory, as applied to this country, which England has tested and abandoned, as the policy of the British Empire, acknowledge the fallacy of supposing that protection can enhance production. As a remarkable instance of this, we quote from the New-York Courier, one of the most practical and able of the federal press, the opening paragraph of its leading article of Dec. 1st:

"The final overthrow of the corn law policy in England is turning *attention in that country to such improvements in agriculture, as will enable the cultivator to indemnify himself by larger crops at lower prices for the higher prices which it was the design, and partially the result, of the corn laws to secure to him.*

"What is thus effected in England by this change of policy, should be in some degree brought about by the same cause in our own country, in order that we may be in a position to avail ourselves of the market which is thus newly opened.

"The difference of motive to such improvements for the two countries is indeed great—nothing less than, in one case, the difference between raising what is necessary to the maintenance of life, and in the other, raising for sale a larger or smaller surplus over consumption; but in both cases there is motive enough."

We have italicised a few lines which embrace the principle of protection in its length and breadth, and regard the sentence as an involuntary homage to the immutability of sound principles. The few lines we have quoted are singularly comprehensive in their meaning. They admit that up to this time the influence of protection has been to induce the production of small crops only to sell at high prices; that is, to demand from consumers a great deal of money for small quantities of food. This is for the interest of the producer of food; and the intervention of government was called for, to prevent consumers from getting more for less money from abroad. The moment the government intervention is abandoned, the producer is obliged to arouse himself and seek to retain the trade, by giving more for less money than even foreigners can afford. A natural consequence is, that the people of England obtain more enjoyments. It follows necessarily that where small quantities are produced, although the proprietor may, by charging high prices, get as much money as for a larger quantity at low prices, yet the laborers, and all engaged in handling and transportation, get much less; and this is one of the greatest evils of the protective system, viz., that it enhances the profits of capital, and diminishes both the employment of the poor and the amount of their earnings. This is a result precisely the reverse of what has been alleged to be the effect of protection; but a little reflection will convince every one, nevertheless, that such is the case. The above extract states truly, that the cultivator will seek to "indemnify himself by larger crops." This is true in every species of production. The unprotected cultivator and manufacturer must produce larger quantities. If the English farmers raise two thousand bushels where they now produce fifteen hundred, and sell it for the same money, they must, out of the amount they receive, pay to laborers all the expense of harvesting, handling, sacking, transporting, &c., &c., the extra five hundred bushels. There will be one-third more work in such case for laborers than now. The greater demand for laborers will produce its usual result in advancing their wages, and their general condition will be vastly improved at the expense of the overgrown profits of a landed aristocracy. The same reasoning applies to all manufactures in this country, where the tendency of the protective system has been to produce small quantities at high prices. To manufacture large quantities, at low prices, involves a greater demand for raw material, at enhanced rates, more employment to operatives, and, as a consequence, higher wages, and an improved condition, all which only tends to modify the dividends of capital. As an illustration of the operation of the tariff, we will take from the printed reports of eight leading Lowell factories the number of yards of cotton cloth made per week, the number of pounds cotton consumed, and the number of hands employed, January 1, 1842, and January 1, 1846, as follows:

	Goods made per week.	*Lbs. Cotton used.*	*No. hands employed.*
Jan. 1842.	1,340,000	417,000	7,977
Jan. 1846.	1,499,000	477,000	7,410
Increase,	159,000	60,000	—
Decrease,			567

From this return it appears that the weight of cloth has been reduced from 3.25 yards per lb. of cotton, to 3.14 yards per lb., and the number of hands required to produce 1,499,000 yards in 1846, is 567 less than was required to make 1,340,000 in 1842. The saving effected by the *diminution* of the amount paid for *labor*, is $3,695 per week, or $192,140 per annum. They make 159,000 yards more cloth per week, which, at 8 cents, is worth $624,000 per annum less the increased quantity of cotton, which is worth $312,000. They receive, therefore, $312,000 net more for cloth, and pay

$192,140 less for labor, than in 1842. These two items make $504,140 per annum, which, on the aggregate capital, $8,900,000 of the eight mills, is 5½ per cent. per annum, and they divide from 20 to 30 per cent. It is observable, that the increased speed of improved machinery produces this increase of cloth with less manual labor. In other employments, as iron, coal, &c., the extra labor cannot be dispensed with, and any enhanced production necessarily requires more manual labor in handling and transporting, more canal boats, more coasting tonnage, more rail cars, more carts, &c., and it is through increased production, at low prices, that labor only can obtain its share of profit. In a speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster, made in 1820, he remarked:

"Manufacturing capital comes, in the end, to be owned but by few. It does not, therefore, encourage industry, like capital employed in some other pursuits. The case of the establishment mentioned in the report was in point to this argument. Half a million of dollars gives employment to two hundred and sixty-five persons, and those principally women and children. Now, what employment of that sum, in almost any other pursuit, could fail to demand and require more human labor? If vested in agriculture, the sum would command good and productive land sufficient to employ, he might almost say, all the cotton-spinners in the United States."

This all must feel, as no doubt he himself *felt*, to be true. But we would now call attention to the reasoning contained in a speech of the same gentleman, in Philadelphia, at a public meeting, held December 2d, 1846:

"Gentlemen, on the Tariff I have spoken so often, and so much, that I am sure that no gentleman wishes me to utter the word again. There are some things, however, worth while to remember. Of all countries in the world, *England for centuries was the most tenacious in adhering to her protective principles*, both in matters of commerce and manufacture.

"She has of late years relaxed, and found her position could afford somewhat of free trade. She is skilful—she has vast machinery—she has a dense population—a *cheaply working, because badly fed and badly clothed population*. She can run her career, therefore, in free trade: we cannot, unless willing to become badly fed and badly clothed also."

Is not bad food and bad clothing the legitimate result of the "tenacious adherence to protective principles for centuries," producing small quantities at high prices, as the Courier states? England, by protection, has accumulated large capital, skill and "vast machinery," but her people are "badly fed" and "badly clothed." That this is the result of "protection" is self-evident; and Mr. Webster, in 1820, after giving a glowing description of the miseries of the manufacturing population of England, and the happiness of agricultural life in New-England, remarked:

"He knew that he was speaking upon what might be thought the remote effect of these great establishments, (manufactories.) Yet not so remote, perhaps, as we may imagine. If the system (protective) be established and adhered to, which he could not believe until he should see it, the effects will not be tardy in their arrival. Two *generations, in his opinion, would* change *the whole face of New-England society.*"

He now advises the course which he then predicted would result in misery to the many, and which he now admits is the consequence to England, for centuries of adherence to the same system. He states that England, by protection, having reduced the *people* to the utmost misery, may now pursue free trade! Is it not better to adopt it before such miseries are produced? In Boswell's Life of Johnson, may be found this anecdote: "No, Sir, you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered him, but I will not suffer you." *Boswell.*—"But, Sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" *Johnson.*—"True, Sir, but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him."

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Boswell.—"How so, Sir." *Johnson.*—"Why, Sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must *know* that he is talking nonsense. But I am afraid Monboddo does not know that he is talking nonsense." *Boswell.*—"Is it wrong, then, Sir, to affect singularity, in order to make people stare?" *Johnson.*—"Yes, if you do it by propagating error."

The great fact that increased quantities, at lower prices, necessarily flow from the absence of that protection which ensures high prices to a restricted supply, is peculiarly manifest in the state of the shipping interest of the United States. It is a remarkable fact, that the whole tonnage of the U. S. employed, in 1845, in the foreign commerce of 26 states, of 814,810 square miles' area, and 20,000,000 people, is scarcely so large as was that employed in the trade of the 13 old states, of 474,000 miles area and 6,000,000 people in 1810. That is to say, the tonnage of the U. S. registered in the foreign trade in 1810, was 984,269 tons, and in 1846, 937,019 tons. Thirty-five years of progress as a nation has diminished our maritime commerce 47,250 tons! and now, when Europe requires large quantities of produce, and U. S. farmers have as great supplies to send, the trade is strangled for want of shipping. The cost of transportation absorbs the proceeds of the sales, and the farmer is no better off than before. The causes of this strange result are very evident to those who have considered the course of our foreign policy. Protection has diminished the quantities to be sold, and therefore the demand for means of transportation. From 1789 to 1809, we enjoyed an almost uninterrupted commerce, under duties and charges so low as scarcely to be felt. The peculiar facilities of the colonies for ship-building had long made the manufacturing of ships profitable, in spite of the opposition of the mother country; and the building of ships for sale, in England, was a large branch of trade. When the close of the revolutionary war threw the commerce of the world open to the trade of the 13 old states, there being no "protective" burdens upon industry at home, Congress not having learned to meddle with private pursuits, under the pretence of "protecting home industry," the enterprise of the United States carried commerce to a great magnitude. New-England and the Atlantic states were agricultural in their pursuits, and Europe afforded advantageous markets, inasmuch as that the return of goods in payment for farm produce was not, for protective purposes, prohibited. Large exports of agricultural produce required a great deal of tonnage to transport it. Shipwrights, timber merchants, riggers, cordage makers, hemp growers, stevedores, and all connected with commerce, were in great requisition. Why? Because the farmers had large quantities of produce to be transported to Europe. In one year, 1789, the exports to France alone, were as follows:

Rice, tierces,	24,680	Flour, barrels,	140,959
Wheat, bushels,	3,664,176	Rye and Barley, bushels,	1,079,153

This was the produce of the Atlantic states. The Connecticut and Hudson rivers alone furnished these quantities of grain and flour; and so large a quantity has not been furnished since the war, by the 26 states having the mighty Mississippi and its tributaries on the west and south, with the long lake coast on the north united by the Erie Canal and the Hudson, to supply it. In those days the agricultural interests prospered, because they had open markets for the sale of the products of their industry; and the prosperity of the shipping interest placed at their command a sufficiency of tonnage to transport them at low freights. In those years flour was seldom less than $8 per bbl., and never under $6; as a consequence, the farms on the Hudson, the Connecticut and the Delaware were valuable property, and their owners acquired fortunes, which have not only ceased to accumulate, but have dwindled before the swelling dividends of corporate factories, since commerce has been sacrificed for manufactures.

The annexation of the Floridas and Louisiana has added an immense sea-coast to the Union, but the shipping has not increased.* It is to be remarked, however, that, owing to various improvements and the general peace, vessels perform voyages in much less time than was required thirty years ago. In 1807 the registered tonnage was 984,269, and the tons entered in the year, 1,088,876, being but little more than an average of one voyage per annum. The registered tonnage in 1846 was 937,901, and there entered in the year, 2,151,-114 tons, being a little more than two voyages in the year. This increase of trade has barely sufficed to transport the increasing crops of cotton. In 1807 the cotton exported was equal to 50,000 tons measurement; in 1845 it was equal to 750,000 tons, which leaves but an increase of 300,000 tons for all the remaining business of the Union. The consequence of this state of affairs is that strangulation of trade now presented for want of shipping. The demands of Europe for farm produce are immense, and the surplus ready to be sent forward is equal to them, yet there is no adequate means of transportation. The exports of the two articles of wheat and corn from the port of New-York alone, from January 1 to November 24, were 270,091 quarters more than last year, and required 40,000 tons of shipping for the transportation. As, however, the insurance companies refuse to take risks on a vessel loaded more than half with grain in bulk, it requires 80,000 tons. This extra demand had the effect of raising freights to such an exorbitant rate, as to deprive the farmer of all benefit from the foreign demand. Ships charged 30 cents a bushel for grain, and $1 32 for a barrel of flour. The inland freights were no less exorbitant, by reason of the press of business, with an inadequate supply of the means of transportation. Of what benefit is it to the Ohio farmer that flour is $7 in Liverpool, if it costs $4 to get it there? This inadequacy of means has resulted necessarily and directly from the discouragement of commerce under the protective system.

Prior to 1828 the amount of tonnage lost at sea, condemned and sold to foreigners, was not deducted from the amount annually reported registered. In 1829 that deduction took place to the extent of 156,315

* TABLE SHOWING THE REGISTERED TONNAGE EMPLOYED IN THE FOREIGN TRADE AND WHALING—THE ENROLLED AND LICENSED EMPLOYED IN COASTING TRADE, FISHERIES AND STEAMBOATS.

	REGISTERED.			ENROLLED.			
	Foreign.	Steam.	Whale.	Coasting, including al'ps & canal b'ts.	Steam.	Fisheries, Cod & Mackrel.	Total.
1821	593,826		26,070	.....	.....	.....	.....
1822	582,701		45,449	.....	.....	.....	.....
1823	600,002		39,918	.....	.....	.....	.....
1824	636,807		33,165	.....	.....	.....	.....
1825	665,408		35,379	.....	.....	.....	.....
1826	696,221		41,757	.....	.....	.....	.....
1827	701,517		45,653	747,962	40,197	84,278	873,437
1828	757,998		54,621	878,431	39,419	74,846	992,686
1829	592,858		57,284	454,822	54,036	101,796	610,654
1830	537,564		38,911	453,926	63,052	98,322	615,300
1831	538,136		82,315	575,067	68,568	107,670	751,325
1832	614,121		72,868	558,995	90,632	102,832	752,454
1833	648,968		101,158	642,892	101,306	111,924	856,122
1834	749,378		108,060	661,144	122,474	117,850	901,468
1835	788,181		97,640	665,120	127,181	136,817	929,118
1836	753,094		144,680	727,991	145,102	111,304	984 327
1837	683,206		127,241	803,320	153,660	129,257	1,086,237
1838	702,962		119,629	850.473	190,632	131,942	1,173,047
1839	702,399		131,845	963,673	189,878	108,682	1,262,233
1840	752,838		136,926	978,510	198,184	104,304	1,280,998
1841	788,398		157,405	932,725	174,342	77,873	1,184,930
1842	825,746		151,612	820,704	225,049	71,278	1,117,031
1843	851,551	5,373	152,374	844,661	231,494	73,142	1,149,297
1844	893,561	6,909	168,293	844,345	265,269	101,715	1,211,319
1845	897,985	6,491	190,695	903,691	319,527	98,610	1,321 828
1846	937,019	6,286	186,980	948,264	341,606	108,979	1,399,290

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registered, 313,832 enrolled; and in 1830 a further reduction of 63,108 tons registered, and 26,199 enrolled, was made. These reductions are apparent in the table. Such a reduction had previously been made in 1818, and the figures for 1821 are nearly accurate. After the year 1828 the reduction was made annually, and allowance made for enrolled vessels that took out registers. The only actual decrease in tonnage is in the bounty-fed cod and mackerel fisheries. In the nineteen years embraced in the table, this branch of industry received from the government $5,700,000 in bounties, or more than the value of the whole tonnage in the business!—a remarkable instance of the evil influence of protection; all the other branches of commerce, particularly the whaling and steam interests, were exposed to onerous protective taxes on iron, cordage, &c. The whaling tonnage, under every disadvantage, has increased 700 per cent.; and the tonnage employed in the foreign trade has grown 40 per cent., while the coasting tonnage, including sloops and canal boats, has but doubled in a period when the population and surface of settled country has doubled and trade quadrupled.—When we reflect that, according to the census, out of 5,000,000 active persons in the United States, 3,700,000 are employed in the production of bulky articles of transportation, and that necessarily every additional bushel of grain, bale of cotton, ton of coal, or hhd. of tobacco produced, must enhance the demand for inland tonnage, if there is any market to which to send it, we become struck with the importance of cheap transportation. If there is no market, or the expense of sending thither is too great, there is no transportation. In the period embraced in the table, the Erie Canal has been built, and from 1825 to 1845 its business increased to 1,977,565 tons. The arrivals of produce at New-Orleans, from the western states, have more than quadrupled, and the steam tonnage on the lakes and western waters vastly increased. At the south the crop of cotton has increased from 700,000 to 2,400,000 bales, requiring 500,000 tons of internal tonnage additional; or, to recapitulate these items, cotton has increased 1,400,000 bales, equal to 280,000 tons weight; Pennsylvania coal 2,500,000 tons; and Erie Canal tonnage, say 2,000,000 in round numbers—making of three items an aggregate of 4,780,000 tons more transportation than in 1825! All these elements have failed to add to the coasting tonnage more than 400,000 tons for the whole Union; this is partly owing to the greater activity of vessels and to railroads. The Reading Railroad carries nearly half the coal. The reason is very apparent, in the burdens that ship-builders have been subjected to, under the tariff, on the materials employed, and the discouragement the employment of ships has met with from the operation of the tariff, in not only taking from them their home freights, but by gradually discouraging exports. Navigation, which is simply the transportation of articles to be sold and goods brought back in exchange, cannot exist where the government avowedly enacts laws to prevent that exchange. In the first place, in relation to ship-building, the following is a statement of the dutiable material used in the construction of a ship of 500 tons, with the English duties as compared with those of the United States:—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DUTIES ON THE MATERIAL OF A SHIP OF 500 TONS.

		British Duties.		*American Duties.*	
		Duty.	Amount.	Duty.	Amount.
Iron, 7 tons	Russia	$4 80	$33 60	$25 00	$175 00
" 13 "	English	none.	—	25 00	325 00
" 9 "	Cables	4 80	43 20	45 00	405 00
" 2¼ "	Anchors	4 80	12 00	45 00	112 50
Duck, 2356 yds.	heavy	6	151 36	7	164 92
" 760 "	light	6	45 60	7	53 20
Cordage, 12 tons	hemp	28 80	345 60	100 00	1200 00
			$631 36		$2,435 62

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The American builder suffers a tax of $1,842, or $3 50 per ton more than the British ship-manufacturer on the same articles; and this is done by Congress to "protect" him! The dear ships of the U. States are sent upon the ocean loaded with a tax four times as large as that on British ships, to compete with them. They, it appears, are in consequence forced to come home with a coal ballast. After the vessels are built, they are to be employed, and Congress enacts a tariff avowedly to prevent foreign goods from coming into the country in competition with those of domestic growth. Here, then, is one-half of the means of employing the shipping sought to be cut off.—Gradually it is found, that as the proceeds of produce sold abroad cannot be got back on favorable terms, less is exported; the other half of the business begins to decline, freights fall, and vessels are sold to foreigners and cease to be built. The cotton trade has alone maintained the external commerce of the Union for the last twenty years; and now, when a demand for tonnage to transport farm produce springs up, it cannot be obtained in adequate supply. The progress of ship-building in the United States, and the quantity annually sold abroad to foreigners, lost at sea and condemned, is seen in the annexed compilation from the careful reports of the Treasury Department.*

It is remarkable in this table, that the only years in which there was *an actual decrease of tonnage*, were the first two years of the operation of the tariff of 1828, viz.: in 1829 and 1830, and in 1843, when the present tariff came into operation. This is, at least, a most remarkable coincidence. It is further observable, that in 1828–'9, the sales of ships to foreigners were much larger than usual; and in 1843, they were 16 per cent. larger than in 1842, the new tariff having diminished their employment. In 1840–'1, the tonnage sold to foreigners was larger, because the Russian and Mexican vessels, built here by order of those governments, went to swell the amount. The tonnage built in 1843 *was smaller* in that year than in any one year since 1829. The anti-commercial policy of the Government in 1843, and the indirect taxes upon ship building, discouraged the construction of vessels, either for sale or employment. Again, it is observable that when a modification of the tariff, on compromise principles, became certain in 1832, the process of ship building went on with a vigor greater than ever. The same result was apparent after the election of 1844. Let us now turn to the enrolled tonnage, and we shall find the same features presented in a most remarkable manner. In the year 1829, the first of the operation of the tariff of 1828, a smallest amount of tonnage was built than in any year of the series down to 1843, the first of the operation of the

* SHIP-BUILDING IN THE U. S., OF REGIST. VES'LS. ENROLLED TON'GE OF U. S.

	Tons built.	Sold to for'ners.	Lost at sea.	Tons cond'md.	Tons incr.	Tons decr.	Built.	Sold.	Lost.	Cond'md.	Incr.
1828	45,716	14,677	16,960	9,802	4,276	—	52,658	—	7,102	2,007	43,548
1829	28,876	14,093	12,780	8,164	—	6,161	48,221	—	4,912	3,290	40,018
1830	21,242	10,058	12,545	9,198	—	10,558	36 841	—	5,206	2,345	29,289
1831	45,720	9,750	17,446	7,288	11,236	—	40,241	—	6,361	1,571	32,308
1832	72,952	6,083	18,901	4,906	43,051	—	71,556	—	5,694	1,970	63,891
1833	72,979	2,932	11,514	3,164	55,367	—	88,647	—	3,860	2,071	82,694
1834	52,622	4,725	8,817	3,402	35,677	—	65,707	—	3,097	1,727	60,882
1836	46,645	10,509	14,801	4,524	16,810	—	66,982	—	4,308	1,311	61,361
1837	42 343	9,916	18,189	5,858	8,279	—	80,643	—	6,176	2,987	71,478
1838	41,859	5,385	17,440	3,446	15,586	—	71,275	—	4 165	2,043	65,067
1839	55,065	5,768	16,668	4,811	27,816	—	65,922	—	4,445	3,284	58,193
1840	56,121	13,837	22,547	5,751	13,986	—	62,187	—	8 858	4,316	49,012
1841	64,302	12,713	14,321	4,246	33,020	—	54,591	—	5,346	1,445	47,795
1842	54,532	7,769	18,[illegible]28	5,879	22,654	—	74,551	—	10,191	5,596	58 763
1843	27,275	8,818	15,606	4,035	—	1,455	36,349	385	7,426	2,648	25,882
1844	38,921	7,227	11,191	3,869	16,633	—	64,616	—	7,082	4,107	53,426
1845	60,360	8,022	16,236	4,328	32,373	—	85,057	345	5,304	2,951	76,455

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tariff of 1842, when the tonnage built was less than ever. The embargo upon our external trade operates, of course, like a charm in sinking freights, and diminishing the demand for vessels. At such times, as many as possible are sold abroad, for the trade of other countries, and the "manufacture" ceases.

What benefit do the growers of hemp, or the makers of cordage and cables, derive from this state of things? Is it an object to make expensive ships to be kept afloat empty? Assuredly not. Under the new tariff the taxes are diminished. Hence the legitimate desire to build more ships. It appears above that it requires 1000 lbs. of hemp per ton burthen. The registered and enrolled tonnage built in 1842, amounted to 129,083 tons, requiring 3,227 tons of hemp. The tonnage built in 1843 sunk under the tariff to 63,617, requiring but 1,580 tons hemp, a decreased demand of 1,647 tons, a very sufficient cause for the fall in price, which was as follows:

	Sept., 1842.	Oct., 1843.	Nov., 1844.	Fall.	Nov., 1846.
Russia clean	$220 a 225	$185 a 187	$170 a 175	$15 a 12	$220 a 225
Manilla	140 a 145	— a 150	140 a —	10 a 10	150 a 155
American dew rot	.....	100 a 115	76 a 90	24 a 25	90 a 100
do. water do	.....	120 a 180	105 a 160	15 a 20	150 a 200

In 1845, there were 146,017 tons built, requiring 3,504 tons of hemp, an increased demand of 2,000 tons hemp over 1843. Hence the advance in price. While the use of hemp is thus discouraged, Congress puts a tax upon the foreign article to encourage the grower. Suppose Congress, imitating the act of Parliament, of 1750, should enact a sumptuary law prohibiting the use, in the United States, of printed cotton goods for dresses, and should then impose a tax upon the foreign article to protect the domestic printer! would home industry be much encouraged? The high duties imposed by the tariff of 1842, upon canvass, hemp, and cordage, induced ships to buy their sails and rigging abroad. The growers of American hemp finding the demand decreased, asked for protection, when they meant increased consumption. This latter will inevitably result from the high freights now being obtained for produce to Europe. Congress can do nothing in the premises but to remove restrictions upon the homeward cargoes of vessels, and thereby encourage their demand for hemp. Through all departments of industry the same leprosy runs. All manufacturers want to make *small* quantities at high prices, because the triple saving of raw material, manual labor and transportation, flow from such a result of protection. Without protection they have to turn attention to such improvements as will enable them to "indemnify themselves by larger quantities at less prices," as the Courier judiciously expresses it. The effect of present freights will doubtless be under the new tariff to multiply shipping, both internal and external, until they fall to a proper level, by which means the farmer will obtain his share of the profits on exports. If, however, by any means a change in the now liberal policy of the government should be attempted, the same paralysis will again overtake shipping that the above table indicates, as the consequence of the tariff of 1828 and 1842. It is a self-evident fact, that produce cannot be permanently exported in any quantities, unless the proceeds return in the shape of the products of foreign industry. For one year, specie may answer, but not longer. The whole welfare of the farmers and planters, the revenues of the states, and the credit of many of them, depend on the perpetuity of the low tariff, that shipping may increase, and the produce of the United States flow freely into the lap of Europe.

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THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

In an article in our last number, on the "Autobiography of Goethe," recently issued in the excellent series of "Books which are Books," by Wiley & Putnam, we promised to recur to the subject, and we now proceed to redeem our pledge. It will be impossible, however, by any such rapid sketch as is suitable to the pages of a magazine, to convey to the reader the remotest conception of the exceeding fullness and richness of Goethe's own masterly outline of his career. He talks truly, as Mr. Carlyle says, like a patriarch instructing his children—genially—sometimes, we might say, even garrulously, but always pleasantly, and with a most charming simplicity and *naiveté*. Having reached an extreme old age, and been acknowledged universally as the great Corypheus of German literature—the finest modern literature of the world—his friends and admirers, consisting almost of the entire German nation, were naturally desirous that he should relate the history of his life. This he undertook willingly; and as his life spread over the whole period during which German letters were born and had grown into maturity, he was obliged to interweave with his narrative frequent delineations of his most celebrated contemporaries. All the causes that conspired to modify the aspects of general history are touched upon, as well as the local and individual circumstances that controlled his destiny. We do not hesitate to say, that his account of himself is one of the best autobiographies extant, and is, in fact, not only an elaborate portrait of the author himself, but a complete picture-gallery of most of the literary dignities of his father-land.

Goethe's natural endowments and earlier circumstances were alike adapted to the developement of the Poet. Frankfort—his birthplace—pleasantly seated amid gardens and green fields on the silver-flowing Maine, while bristling with ancient associations, was beginning to be animated with modern activity. Its fairs and coronations; its quaint old customs and fantastic parades; its cloisters, and trenches, and walls, mouldering away with their forgotten uses, contrasted strangely with the bustle of commerce, just awakening from its mediæval sleep. Such a blending of imperial and courtly splendors with the substantial, sturdy enterprize of free-burghers, might have impressed any imagination; but on such an one as we have now to deal with, its effects were peculiarly striking. Our little Wolfgang, with an organization so sensitive, that already, in his ninth week, as Bettina amusingly tells us, he had strange troubled dreams, who could be convulsed by a look at the moon, and whom the presence of any deformity vehemently moved, yet passionately affectionate withal, and insatiable in his thirst for nursery rhymes and tales, (of which the good mother had an abundance,) was richly nourished and expanded by both the gloom and the glitter of his native city. A genial, black-haired, black-eyed, handsome child, he absorbed all influences with a keen relish, yet in calm thoughtfulness. The healthful soul in his vigorous body accepted whatever life presented with grateful joy. For the most part, he saw existence on the sunnier side, in long rambles into the country with cheerful friends; in rural avocations and sports; in views of art; in coronation-magnificence, and in the various pleasures that wait on competence; yet the darker aspects were not wanting, as we find, in those fearful visits to the Jews quarter; in the skulls of state criminals, grinning from the highways; in the burnings of books; in the seven years' war, with its excitements and

terrors, and chiefly in that famous earthquake at Lisbon, which spread consternation over the world. He had early glimpses of the awful antagonisms of life, and they set him pondering precociously on the realities of the universe into which he was born. Perhaps we cannot illustrate this better than by quoting what he says of one of these dark events:

"But an extraordinary event deeply disturbed the Boy's peace of mind, for the first time. On the 1st November, 1755, the earthquake at Lisbon took place, and spread a prodigious alarm over the world, long accustomed to peace and quietude. A great and magnificent capital, which was, at the same time, a trading and mercantile city, is smitten, unwarned, with a most fearful calamity. The earth heaves and sinks, the sea roars upward, ships dash together, houses tumble, bringing with them churches and towers; the royal palace is in part swallowed by the waters, the bursting land seems to vomit flames, whilst smoke and fire are seen everywhere amid the ruins. Sixty thousand men, a moment since in ease and comfort, go down together, and he alone was fortunate who was no longer capable of a thought or feeling about the disaster. The flames rage on, and with them rage troops of desperadoes, once concealed but now set at large by the event. The wretched survivors are exposed without protection to pillage, massacre, and every wrong: and thus, on all sides, Nature asserts her unchecked and impetuous will.

"Intimations of this accident had spread themselves over a wide extent of country, much more quickly than the authentic report; slight agitations had been felt in many places: in several springs, particularly those of a mineral nature, an unusual receding of the waters had been remarked; and for these reasons, a greater effect was produced by the accounts themselves, which were rapidly circulated, at first in general terms, but finally with all the dreadful particulars. Thereupon, the religious were not wanting in reflections, nor the philosophic in comforting assurances, nor the priesthood in warnings. So stupendous an event arrested the attention of the world for a long time; and as additional and more detailed accounts came from every quarter of the extensive effects of this explosion, our minds already aroused by the misfortunes of strangers, began to be more and more anxious about themselves and their friends. Doubtless, the demon of terror had never before diffused so swift and general an alarm over the earth.

"The Boy, who was compelled to put up with frequent repetitions of the whole matter, was not a little staggered. God, the Creator and Sustainer of Heaven and Earth, whom the leading articles of the Creed declared so wise and benignant, having given both the just and unjust a prey to the same destruction, did not seem to manifest himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions, which became all the more impossible, since the wise and scripture-learned could not themselves agree as to the light in which such phenomena should be regarded."

Fortunately, his father was of a rigid, didactic turn, which enabled him to control all distracting and morbid sensibilities in the son: but what was still better, this father had an eye and hand for art, coupled with great zeal for knowledge. Thus, our young hero was stubbornly indoctrinated into half a dozen languages, in science and history, and especially in music, drawing, dancing, horsemanship, and other graceful accomplishments. He received it all with a certain light facility, as seed sown into a soil of infinite riches and depth. But more advantageous than this stern discipline of one parent, was the warm affection and fancy of the other—his genuine, good-souled mother, whose kindly overflowing heart and exhaustless legendary memory, fused and glorified his multitudinous acquisitions. She fed his eager mind with the dear and noble literature of the nursery, with ballads and sketches of old song from the dread depths of Scandinavian fable, with puppet-shows that open a new paradisaical world to childish imagination, and with the subduing music of a mother's love. Add to this, that the social position of the family drew about it the best and rarest men—men of strong decided natures, of cultivation and of character,—whose houses were fur-

nished with pictures and books, and whose talk abounded in the ripest fruits of reading and thought. These sometimes checked, but more often aroused the enthusiasm, while they elicited the intellect, of the Boy. In executing their little orders to artists and tradesmen, he on the other hand was brought in contact with the humbler classes, where he saw life in its narrowness and degradation—not with indifference, however, but with earnest sympathy, his mind struggling painfully to penetrate the causes of social woe and sorrow. It was, too, on one of these excursions, from his own charmed circle into the nether regions of Want and Despair, that he was led to that first passion, which imparts so singular a romance and pathos to his childish life. The episode of his attachment to Gretchen, so full of simplicity, fervor and distress, runs through the story of his youth like a silver-thread, which is suddenly cut by remorseless Fate. The fair Spirit of his young desire, after a few months of sweet, childish affection, on the night of that solitary kiss, the first and the last, mysteriously withdraws, amid the illuminations of an unparalleled Festival, like a lovely phantom, and is seen by him no more. All his sacred visions and bright etherial dreams now fade in the blackness of Darkness. He flings himself upon his bed, and lies inconsolable for many weary weeks, in the alternations of fever and anguish. Then came the consuming grief, which withers the young heart,—then came the dark thoughts which show us the tragic nature of this world, which tell man of his limitations and his littleness, yet unfold to him, through the infinity of his affections, the depth, the grandeur and the power of his soul. Goethe was strong, both in body and mind, and passed unhurt through the Baptism of Fire, through which, with various results, we all must pass. In solitude communing with his spirit,—in long, lonely forest rambles, where he imbibed the healing influences of Nature, while tracing her forms with his pencil, or pouring out his emotions in song, he was gradually restored to himself. But the experience of that sorrow never entirely passed away: and in long years after, when the passionate Boy had become the world-famous Man, the vanished Gretchen re-appeared as the sad, but sweet and imperishable Figure of the "Faust."

Thus, the childhood of Goethe was marked by manifold and deep experiences, but on the whole was a joyful, happy one—a vigorous genial individuality lapped in an element of graceful enjoyment, never indolent or weak, but controlling its destiny,—a well-trained, self-sustained Life, in the midst of a prosperous outward.

Goethe's youth was a continuation of the same favorable, external influences, controlled by his strong inward force. His being was more than vegetation on a fertile soil, and beneath kindly skies. It was like all true lives—a perpetual growth—a re-action between outward objects and his inward spirit, in which the latter absorbs and assimilates the former, just to the degree that is proper for its healthy developement. Nor was this process an easy one to him; for considering the chaotic state of the German mind at that period, a painful and vigilant struggle was needed for a young man to keep himself true to Nature and to God.

Goethe was sent to the University at Leipsig at a time when opinion on all subjects was undergoing a singular ferment. Full of buoyancy, of hope, of wild, uncouth provincial life, yet glowing with the consciousness of uncommon strength, "he had," as Wieland said afterwards, "he had the devil in him at times, and could fling out before and behind like a young colt." He seemed prepared for all fortunes,—for fun and frolic, for adventure, for study, for logic, and even for love and religion. Among the musty professors, and the wild break-neck, but withal, intellectual students, he was at home with all—a young acknowledged giant, secretly glorying in his

strength, now and then using it in very grotesque fashions, yet docile, pretensionless, thirsting for all sorts of knowledge; but above all, possessed of a great, free, loving and laughing heart.

German literature was very much in the same inchoate confused condition as himself—in the flush of a mighty youth, striving to emancipate itself from the swaddling bands of childhood, from timidity, imitation, and awkwardness, and dashing forward to a career of original and self-sustained power. Long stifled under the pressure of foreign corruptions, both German thought and German language were in a state of almost helpless perplexity. There were, as yet, no clear and fixed rules of criticism; no established theories of art; not even a definite understanding of the boundaries and aims of the different modes of creative effort. Neither poetry, nor painting, nor architecture could be said to have a conscious existence. Every man wrought in a way of his own, without regard to propriety or truth of manner, in a style overloaded with foreign idioms and French frivolities. A watery deluge, says our author, swelled up to the very top of the Teutonic Parnassus. Yet the light of a better literature had begun to dawn. One by one stars of greater or less magnitude managed to emerge from the prevailing obscurity. Gunther, Gotesched, Gellert, Gessner, each in his line, did something to bring back the nation of writers from the stateliness of Roman decorum, and the tinsel of French glitter, to nature and truth. But the most complete revolution was effected by three men, very different from each other—Klopstock, Lessing and Wieland. The effort was long and difficult, and gave rise to an incessant battle of words.

Goethe, with constitutional ardor, threw himself into the thickest of the fight. He penetrated to the very heart of the mysteries, which baffled inferior intellects. His good sense, his prodigious attainments in both ancient and modern learning; but more than these, the unerring instincts of the born poet and leader, enabled him to unravel the webs of the critics, and open the inner and deeper principles of art. Having been early taught in the school of the noble old Hebrew prophets and singers, and more recently too, having entered the charmed circle of Shakspeare's genius, he contemptuously broke through the entanglements of a formal and shallow pedantry, and soared away into the clearer regions of true poetic art. He saw the barrenness, the constraint, the utter futility of the prescriptive principles which then prevailed; he saw that artists were laboring over the stiff and hard shell of the matter, not even suspecting the existence of a kernel; and then, with doubt, it must be confessed, with hesitation, with manifold trial and sorrow, and perplexities, he labored faithfully, but surely, into higher conceptions of the aims and means of art.

Yet his attention was not exclusively confined to the literary and artistic strivings of himself and his contemporaries. All the sciences, and nearly all learning, along with civil society itself, partook of the general confusion, and Goethe's nature was such that it could not rest till all was set right in his head. Medicine, philosophy, jurisprudence, religion, were pursued with almost as much fidelity as art, and he endeavored, with the same native and decided force, to master and mould their elements into unity. And the singular triumph of his activity, and the great beauty of his power, was, that all these tormenting and momentous inquiries were carried on, and in some sort settled in his mind, in the midst of a most exuberant and joyous outward life. Curious adventures, such as are known only to the roystering student life of Germany; frequent and frolicsome rambles by flood and field; tavern scenes; distant admiring visits to famous structures, even to manufactories and mines; love-commitments, that stirred the profoundest depths of emotion, and constant interest in all the doings of courts and cottages, alternated with protracted studies, with deep, almost agonising questionings of

the riddles of history and the world. The following extract lets us into some of his pursuits in youth :—

"My father was personally pretty comfortable. He was in good health, spent a great part of the day in my sister's instruction, wrote at the description of his travels, and was longer in tuning his lute than in playing on it. He concealed, moreover, as well as he could, his vexation at finding instead of a healthy, active son, who was now ready to take his degree and run through that course of life which had been prescribed for him, an invalid, whose mind seemed more out of order than his body. He did not conceal his wish that they should be expeditious with my cure; but I had to be specially on my guard in his presence against any expressions of hypochondria, for then he would become passionate and bitter.

"Under these circumstances, my mother, of a very lively and cheerful natural disposition, spent many tedious days. Her little housekeeping was soon taken care of. The mind of the good lady, secretly never unoccupied, wished to discover something of interest, and this she found in her religion, which she embraced the more fondly, as her most excellent female friends were humble, devoted Christians from education and from the heart. At the head of these stood the Fräulein von Klettenberg. She is the same person whose conversations and letters suggested the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which are found incorporated in Wilhelm Meister. She was slenderly formed, and of the middle size; a hearty natural demeanor had been made still more pleasing by the manners of the world and the court. Her very neat dress reminded you of the costume of the Herrnhut ladies. Her serenity and peace of mind never left her. She looked upon her sickness as a necessary component part of her transitory earthly existence; she suffered with the greatest patience, and, in her painless intervals, was lively and communicative. Her favorite, indeed, perhaps her only topics of conversation, were the moral experiences which may be gained by a man who keeps watch over himself; in these, too, the religious sentiments were included, which, in a very pleasing and ingenious manner, she considered as divided into natural and supernatural. It scarcely needs more to call back to the remembrance of those who are fond of such representations, that complete delineation of Christian character which was perfected within her soul. Owing to the quite peculiar course which she had taken from her youth up, the distinguished rank in which she had been born and educated, and the quickness and originality of her mind, she did not agree very well with the other ladies who were travelling upon the same road to their eternal happiness. Frau Griesbach, the best of them, seemed too austere, too dry, too learned; she knew, thought, and comprehended more than the others, who contented themselves with the developement of their feelings, and she was therefore burdensome to them, since it was not every one who either could or would carry so great an apparatus with them on the road to bliss. But for this reason the most of them were somewhat monotonous, since they confined themselves to a certain terminology which might well have been compared to that of the latter enthusiasts. Fräulein von Klettenberg went on her way betwixt both extremes, and seemed, with some self-complacency, to reflect herself in the image of Count Zinzendorf, whose opinions and actions bore witness to a lofty birth and a distinguished rank. She found in me what she needed, a lively young creature, striving after an unknown happiness, who, although he could not think himself an extraordinary sinner, yet found himself in no comfortable condition, and was perfectly healthy neither in body nor mind. She was delighted with what Nature had given me, as well as with many things which I had given myself. And though she conceded to me many excellencies, this was by no means humiliating to her: for, in the first place, she never thought of emulating one of our sex; and secondly, she believed that in regard to religious culture, she was very much in advance of me. My unrest, my impatience, my strivings, my longings, my investigations, musings and vacillations, she interpreted in her own way, and did not conceal from me her conviction, but plainly assured me that all this proceeded from my not being at peace with God. Now, I had believed from youth up that I stood upon very good terms with my God. I even fancied to myself that, after my various trials, He might rather be in arrears to me; and I was daring enough to think that I might have some things to forgive Him. This presumption was grounded on my infinite good-will, to which, as it seemed to me, He should have given better

assistance. It may be imagined how often I and my friend fell into disputes on this subject, which were always carried on in the friendliest way, however, and, like my conversations with the old Rector, often ended with her saying: "that I was a fool of a fellow, for whom many allowances must be made."

"I was still sorely troubled with the tumour in my neck; and as the physician and surgeon thought good first to disperse this excrescence, afterwards, as they said, to draw it to a head, and at last to open it; so for a long time I had to endure rather inconvenience than pain, although towards the end of the cure, the continual touching with lunar caustic and other corrosive substances could not but give me very disagreeable prospects for every fresh day. The physician and surgeon both belonged to the Pious Separatists, although both were of highly different natural characters. The surgeon, a slender, well-built man, of easy and skilful hand, was unfortunately somewhat hectic—yet he endured his condition with truly Christian patience, and did not suffer his disease to interfere with the exercise of his profession. The physician, besides being abstruse, was an inexplicable, sly-looking, friendly-spoken man, who had gained himself a peculiar degree of confidence in our pious circle. His activity and attention were very consoling to the sick; but more than all, by this he extended his practice, by showing in secret some mysterious medicines prepared by himself, of whose efficacy no one could speak, since, with us, the physicians are strictly prohibited from putting up their own prescriptions. He was not so reserved with certain powders, which may have been some kind of tonic; but it was among the true believers alone that we heard of that powerful salt which could only be applied in cases of the greatest danger, although no one had yet seen it or experienced its effects. To excite and strengthen our faith in the possibility of such a universal remedy, the physician, wherever he found any susceptibility for such things, had recommended certain mystical books on chemical-alchemy to his patients, and given them to understand that only by studying these could any one proceed so far as to gain this treasure for his own; which was the more necessary, as the mode of its preparation could not be communicated for medical, but especially for moral reasons; and that in order to comprehend, produce and make use of this great result, one must know the secrets of Nature in connexion, as it was not a particular but an universal remedy, and might be produced under different forms and in different ways. My friend had listened to these enticing words. The health of the body was nearly allied to the health of the soul; and could a greater benefit, a greater mercy be shown towards others, than by making herself mistress of a remedy by which so many a pain might be assuaged, so many a danger averted? She had already secretly studied Welling's *Opus mago-cabbalisticum*, in which, however, as the author himself immediately darkens and removes the light he imparts, she was looking about for a friend who might bear her company in this alternation of glare and gloom. It needed small incitement to inoculate me also with this disease. I procured the work, which, like all writings of this kind, I could trace in a direct line up to its parent stock, the New-Platonic school. I took the greatest pains in this book to notice most precisely the obscure allusions by which the author refers from one place to another, and by which he gives promises of revealing what he conceals, and to mark down on the margin the number of the page where those passages were to be found which should explain each other. But even then the book still remained dark and unintelligible enough; except that at last one studied himself into a certain terminology, and according to his own fancy, contrived to get something out of it to talk about at least, if not to understand. The afore-mentioned work makes very honorable mention of its predecessors, and we were incited to investigate those original sources themselves. We turned to the works of Theophrastus Paracelsus and Basilius Valentinus; as well as of Helmont, Starkey, and others, whose doctrines and directions, resting more or less upon nature and imagination, we attempted to see into and follow out. We were particularly pleased with the *Aureæ Catena Homeri*, in which, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, Nature is represented in a beautiful combination: and thus, sometimes together, sometimes by ourselves, we employed much time in those out-of-the-way subjects, and spent the evenings of a long winter, during which I was compelled to keep my chamber, very agreeably, since we three, my mother being closeted with us, were more delighted with these secrets, than we could have been at their elucidation."

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Thus, whatever the matter in hand, his broad, mercurial, rich nature was formed to get at the bottom of it, to comprehend it, to make it entirely his own. No half-way tasting of existence, in any of its forms, was satisfactory to him; no manifestation of the great soul of humanity, be it a rural pastime or a great world-venerated intellectual system, could be uninteresting to him; he looked at mankind in all their likings and leavings with open eye, with a sunny, open heart. In the paraphrase of his own distich,

> "Life, his inheritance, broad and fair,
> Earth was his seedfield, to time he was heir."

With such a nature, and such a developement of it, having met and overcome most of the trials of the more impulsive periods of life—a naturally strong, noble figure of a man, richly adorned and embroidered with all the graces that fortune, family, education and society can superadd, Goethe found a sphere for which he was peculiarly prepared, in the brilliant court of Karl August. The young Prince of Weimar, attaining his majority and his power just about the same time, was fortunately one who had a heart capable of love, as well as a head fit to rule. The sudden but lasting attachment which sprung up between himself and Goethe, was as honorable to both, as it appears to have been cordial and dignified. Thoughtless radicalism has imputed to Goethe that this, on his part, was devotion to the ruler rather than to the man; but the fact was, that this friendship was one of reciprocal respect and equal favor, where any social advantages conferred by the Arch-Duke were more than compensated by the celebrity conferred by the poet. The life of neither of these illustrious personages was made up of court parades or court intrigues, but of useful labor in their several spheres. Karl governed his little province with a manly sense of his duty. Goethe immortalised it by the best works of the best modern literature. Indeed, it was a rare and beautiful sight—this intimacy and good will, cemented in earliest youth, and carried on to late old age, between one worthily born of a race of kings, and another destined to become greater than any king. There was nothing in it to carp at—there was much in it to admire. Goethe it placed at once in a position where his majestic and graceful intellect could freely unfold; in a circle of cultivated friends, possessed of leisure and means for the pursuit of art, and capable of the most delicate appreciation of his own lofty endowments. An organization so fine, and yet so magnificent, found its genial atmosphere in the almost ideal refinement of a court. The simplicity of his manners could not be corrupted by it, while it nourished and enriched his imagination. True, Jean Paul has said that "under golden mountains many a spiritual giant lies buried," but had they been greater giants, they might, as Goethe did, have melted these mountains into images of beauty. His court life was valuable to him, however, not because of its glitter and show, but because it simply gave him freedom. 'Tis a mistake to suppose that genius always thrives best in loneliness and poverty; for life, in every sort, finds its most sure and healthful growth in a fitting and congenial medium. Burns, as a peasant, was no greater than he would have been as a prince. On the other hand, a larger nurture would have aided in a larger developement. Men of strong native force will, it is true, overcome obstacles of formidable compass, but the same force will exert itself all the more effectively where such obstacles are wanting, or are of another less oppressive magnitude. In the one case, we may get a rugged, monstrous upshoot—a very Polyphemus of savage energy. In the other, we are likely to have a mightier, self-poised, majestic Jupiter. True enough! "Gold mountains have buried many a spiritual giant," but there have been many more, we think, as this world has gone, lost in mud-holes and ditches.

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Goethe, we have said, valued his prosperous condition for its freedom: it gave him opportunities for a rare and expansive culture; it gave him books, and it gave him the instruments of Art; it gave him access to all modes of life—to all classes of society, to noble and ennobling companions; and what was better than all, and so essential to his being, the means of a free communion with Nature, by observation and travel. That impartial judgment of men and things which was one of the kindly traits of his character; that many-sided interest in all that relates to the minuter and grander destinies of Humanity in all its phases; his unceasing researches into the realms of science, and his miraculous activity in those of literature, are all to be more or less ascribed to the graceful comfort of his external circumstances. Had he been cramped and tortured by the pressure of indigence and obscurity, as poor dear Richter was, our noble, well-proportioned Goethe, the delight of all women and the admiration of all men, might have become a rude, double-fisted, burly iconoclast, battering away at established things with the fierce revenge of an oriental demon. It would have been a sight, truly, that—for men to look at and tremble—such sights, too, being necessary at times; but we are persuaded that Goethe has served us better in his place of the calm, creative Jove.

Let it not be thought, however, that Goethe's life at court was in any degree the life of a courtier. It was a life of universal activity, and of the broadest intercourse with men. No society can be conceived more elevated and desirable than the society of Weimar during Goethe's ascendancy. With a princely family at its head, whose taste diffused a love of art and letters, while its active beneficence cherished the best affections of the people; with the two most illustrious of poets to give tone to its opinions and provide its amusements; with the excellent Herder and kindred spirits for its preachers and models of virtue; visited all the year by Richters and Humboldts and De Staels; by the most eminent in rank and science, and virtue of all lands; the centre of thought and literary productiveness to cultivated Germany,—it was just the sphere for a Goethe. Yet he was not confined to it. He often sought the refreshment of more rural scenes; now wandering away into the sublimities of Switzerland, and then again losing himself amid the beauties of Italy. Who, indeed, can estimate the influences upon his spirit of these far journeyings? The record of them is in his works—in those glorious conceptions of the All-Fair, which, filling his soul, overflowed into his poems. What must Italy, always so enrapturing to the northern imagination, have been to the fancy of Goethe! A land of wonder—of magic—of glory. Its monuments of the highest man has yet achieved in art; its statues, its pictures, its architecture and its music; its waters and its skies, so early longed after, so passionately enjoyed, as the lover longs for his mistress, and dissolves in the soft ecstacy of her embrace, translated him into a new and heavenly world. "This day," said he, referring to his first sight of the Paradise of Art—"this day I was born anew." Earth had no more to give him—the uses of Fame were fulfilled.

Thus, in endless studies—in the purest interchange of friendship—in the creation of immortal thoughts—in delicious visits to the most delicious climes, the hours of Goethe's manhood passed away. For eighty years and more he knew "no rest and no haste," like a star keeping on its "God-appointed way"—years of exalted worship, of calm victorious effort. When death came, it met him busy with the pen, the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sunk, as a child, who, with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek, looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy, folds himself to sleep. "Let the light enter," were his last words, echoed, we may well suppose, from a region where all is light.

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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

(Continued.)

It is a favorite, though we believe fallacious, theory of a class of geologists, that a correspondence exists between the rocks of America and those of Europe. If some of them are rightly understood, they are attempting to trace out the rocks of New-York among English formations. Now, either our geological theory is very much at fault, or else such attempts must prove, and should prove, altogether futile. We have no doubt but the synchronous rocks can be discovered and pointed out; and indeed this has been done to a considerable extent with our rocks. Lyell thinks that in point of age our rocks, up to and including the Clinton group, agree with the "lower silurean;" thence up to and including the Helderberg series, with the "upper silurean," and the remainder with the "Old Red," systems of England. But farther than this, we do not believe that any similarity is to be traced between the rocks of the two continents. We have reason to suppose that at the same periods of the earth's history, mainly the same genera of fauna existed upon the various parts of its surface, as is the case at present. But Mr. Lyell says, that of the strata corresponding in age in the two continents, "while some species of the fossils agree, the majority of them are not identical." Those species, he says, which have been found identical in the two continents, are just those which have the greatest vertical range, and which thoroughly show themselves capable of surviving many changes upon the earth's surface, and thus enjoyed a wide geographical range. Synchronism may easily be believed to exist between strata of different countries, since it involves no absurdities; and if existing, would be likely to be shown by the fossils of the two countries. But not so with the lithological character and succession, and order of position of the rocks of countries so widely separated as England and New-York. Says Lyell:

"The horizontal silurean rocks of this region, (western New-York,) are in general extremely like those of corresponding age in Europe, consisting of mudstones and limestone, with similar corals and shells. But there is one remarkable exception—the occurrence, in the middle of the series,* of a formation of red, green, and blueish grey marls, with beds of gypsum, and occasional salt-springs, the whole being from 800 to 1000 feet thick, and undistinguishable in mineral character, from parts of Upper New Red, or Lias, of Europe."—*Travels*, p. 44.

Now let those geologists, who so eagerly look for any farther resemblances between foreign and American rocks than those exhibited in their fossils, be reminded by this anomaly in their theory—not to be "wise above what is written," and not to attempt to force accidental analogies into real and necessary similarity. It is a fact, that rocks which exhibit hundreds of feet of thickness at the Hudson River, have disappeared at the Niagara, and that the very rocks on which the Niagara pours its ocean of waters, have scarcely a representative among the eastern rocks of New-York. It is a fact that the Hudson River group, composed for the most part of shale and slate, 500 feet thick in eastern and northern New-York, has no representative at all as far west as Cincinnati, unless it be a limestone, which also comprehends the Trenton limestone.

Suppose a rock, which its fossils prove of about the same age of any

*The Wenlock.

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New-York rock, be discovered in any part of England, promising similar lithological appearances, are we, therefore, to suppose it an identical rock, formed at exactly the same period, and from exactly the same cause, and by the disintegration of the same continent or mountains? We have in New-York a subordinate group only about 75 feet thick, and separated from the thick group above it by a distinctness of its fossils. This agrees with a certain English rock, not only in the genera of its fossils, but also in its lithological appearance. How shall we call their similarity any thing more than accidental? The two groups are the Utica slate of New-York, and the Llandeilo-flags of England, which Mr. Hall, unless we greatly mistake his meaning, would attempt to point out as something more than identical in age. And the same of half-a-dozen other groups. Lyell says that many of the New-York rocks give evidence of having been formed in deep water, as also do many of the silurean of England. Is it at all possible, then, that they are in any respect the same strata? If they are, what have become of the 3500 miles of the same which must have intervened? Or do the geologists mean that synchronous rocks must be similar in lithological and other characters—that Nature could not at one and the same time form lime rock in England and sand stone in America, the genera of fossils in both continents alike, but their species disagreeing.

No where in the world have the lower fossiliferous rocks been so well studied as in New-York, and probably no where are they exhibited in equal extent. In the lowest rock of the system, the Potsdam Sandstone, the earliest vestiges of animal life exists, which have been revealed to man, in a small and delicate shell of the genus Singula, a genus which, strange to say, has survived all the vicissitudes and changes of the earth's surface, since the far-off era when it began to be. Who shall compute the countless periods of its existence, or begin to calculate the length of those ages which have elapsed since animal life began upon this ancient and time-worn ball? How worse than futile to set to God's handiwork the limits of man's chronology!

One of the most interesting subjects discussed by the geologists is one examined by Mr. Hall: "The past, present and prospective condition of Niagara Falls."

In order to obtain a correct understanding of the merits of this subject and its bearings, let us first state clearly what the present condition of this magnificent cataract is. Lake Erie is situated 334 feet above Lake Ontario. Between them runs, in a direction mainly north, an immense river, which, within the distance of little more than one mile, falls through the greater part of this deep descent. Through this river there runs every minute a mass of water, probably not varying much from 20,000,000 of cubic feet, or every five and one half days a cubic mile, or every year sixty-six cubic miles! not far from the one-three-hundredth part of all the fresh water on the globe! From Lake Erie to Lake Ontario the whole channel of the river is worn through the rock, forming everywhere a deep, perpendicular chasm. But it is below the falls that the deepest portion of this gorge exists. From the falls to Lewiston it is seven miles, and for this whole distance the channel of the river is at the bottom of an excavation from *three to five hundred feet deep*, and from twelve hundred to two thousand wide. For the first two miles after leaving Lake Erie, the course of the river is quite rapid; it then becomes slower, separating into two branches at Grand Island, and farther down expanding into a broad lake-like sheet of water, filled with little islands. At the foot of this the stream begins to present a different aspect. It suddenly contracts in width, and plunges with inconceivable velocity down the rapids. Hitherto the descent from Lake Erie has been but fifteen feet; within about a mile it now falls fifty-two feet down the rapids, and then

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plunges with terrific grandeur over a fall of 163 feet.* It then descends still 104 feet before reaching the lake below.

It is well-known to have long been the belief of those who have paid much attention to the subject, and we believe it is a current opinion in the neighborhood of the falls, that the cataract was once at the point where the Niagara river empties into Lake Ontario, or at Lewiston, seven miles below its present place. It is believed, by the advocates of such a theory, that the cataract has retrograded through these seven miles by its own action upon the rocks which give it existence, and that in retrograding it has dug out the immense gorge already described, which forms the river's bed below the falls.

An opposite opinion has also prevailed, and heretofore extensively; for to the minds of some there has appeared one element in such a calculation wanting. That element was time. Until recently a school of philosophers has taught, that the utmost limit which could be placed to the age of the falls was some six thousand years; and that period, long as it is, appears without the trouble of calculation far short of that required to dig this vast ravine, in comparison with the greatness of which the mightiest of man's works sinks into insignificance. But we take a different view of the subject:

We say, that if the cataract can be proved to recede at all, even though but an inch an age, then, if ages enough be found, the cataract must have reached its present position by recession. And we say farther, that if the cataract can be shown to recede now, it must have been receding ever since it first commenced to flow. But if it has been receding, it must have worn a portion, at least, of the ravine. If, then, the cataract has worn its way back for a portion of the seven miles, the presumption is, that it has worn its way back for all of the seven miles, and time enough must be allowed for the work to be accomplished. If six thousand years are not enough—then, if necessary, sixty thousand must be granted, and the *onus probandi* lies with the opponents of our argument, in showing that for some satisfactory reasons so much time cannot be allowed. It lies with them, too, to explain away the absurdity of believing, that while half a mile of the ravine, or more or less, must be charged to the action of the cataract itself, the other six and a half miles of the same ravine, perfectly agreeing with the half mile in appearance and character, must be attributed to other agencies.

We have a magnificent *a priori* argument thundering in our ears the conviction, that at some far distant age the waters of Niagara poured themselves into Ontario over a precipice seven miles below its present position. No sane man can escape it. He might as well visit the studio of an artist, and after watching him carve out the finger of an almost finished Venus, sagely and with candor admit, that with regard to the finger no doubt could exist as to its author, and that it was even quite possible that to the same source might be attributed the hand, and perhaps the arm; but as for the head and form, and divine proportions which the marble presented, no reasoning should ever convince him, that so weak an instrument as a man and a chisel had ever accomplished so much.

With respect to the rate of the present recession of Niagara, unfortunately neither history nor observation can reveal much. It has scarcely been known to civilized man till within about fifty years. Many of the residents of its vicinity, who have known it for about this period, say that within fifty years the fall has receded fifty yards; but this seems to Mr. Hall an over estimate. But still, the frequent undermining and falling away of the cliffs which form the cataract show conclusively, that whether slow or other-

* Ordinarily, the American fall is 167.7 feet high; the Canadian 158. A strong west wind driving down the water from Lake Erie, frequently raises it from 4 to 20 feet higher.

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wise, there is yet a very sensible recession. It is a well-known fact, which goes to confirm the same opinion, that the American fall is constantly growing more and more curved in its outline. In 1678, Father Henepin visited Niagara, and made a drawing of it, which Mr. Hall has kindly furnished us with in his report. It is, to be sure, something of the rudest, but it yet serves to show that a manifest and important change has taken place in the whole appearance and contour of the falls. How great this change has been it is impossible to estimate. It is sufficient for the argument to know that any change has occurred. To put the truth of the matter to test, Mr. Hall, by Governor Seward's direction, caused a trigonometrical survey to be made of the fall, and the monuments of the survey to be properly secured on both sides of the river. A few years will be sufficient to throw some true light upon this subject.

One question, which has been frequently mooted respecting Niagara, has been happily set at rest by the investigations of Mr. Lyell: Why, if the present bed of the river was worn by the river itself, did it take its present course in preference to any other? The answer is, that the stream runs along the bottom of an ancient valley, formed doubtless like many other similar valleys by the agency of water, long before the continent had so far risen from its native bed as to have given birth to the thousand water courses, and the great lakes among them which intersect its surface. The proof of this lies not altogether in the topographical appearance of the country, but in the fact, that in the earthy portions of the banks of the ravine, at the bottom of which is the river's bed, and upon Goat Island, and upon the platform on either side, there exist, at heights above the water, diminishing as you go towards Lake Erie, fresh water shells of modern genera, indeed resembling those now found in the lakes above and below. The evidence is complete that ere Niagara was, a fresh water sea existed in the basin which now forms its bed. The river occupied it because it afforded it a proper channel, but the valley existed before the river. Since that distant period, a river has graded for itself a path through solid stone, from twelve to twenty hundred feet wide, and from three to five hundred deep!

But now the sublime inquiry presents itself: How long has been this period? How long since Niagara commenced thundering? How long the time it has consumed in moving backwards from Lake Ontario to its present position? Alas, we look in vain for an answer. Niagara may be a chronometer, but its dial is engraved in characters defying more than a Champollion's skill to decypher. It might, at first sight, seem easy enough, knowing the recession for any given time, to compute the time required to recede seven miles; but farther reflection dispels the illusion. We know that the cataract has diminished in height since it commenced; for considerations of a geological and topographical character render it certain, that when it was at Lewistown it could not have been less than 350 feet in height; it has gradually diminished till now. Strata which, when it commenced, formed its base, have disappeared or dipped beneath those rocks over which it now pours. The stream itself may have altered in size. In some parts of its channel it has manifestly formed a narrower cataract than it now forms; in others, a wider. In every part of its course, the character of the rock upon which its force has been spent, has continually changed. It now consists of about sixty feet of very thick bedded limestone, (of the Niagara group,) which forms the upper part of the fall, and of about the same amount of shale, which forms its base, underlying and supporting the limestone. This disintegrates by the action of the spray, and wearing out, suffers the limestone to break away and fall down into the abyss below. With *such* data as these, upon which to found a calculation, it is only madness to attempt to

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compute the age of Niagara Falls. But it is a fact, that within that period, as we have already hinted, the character of the *fauna* of the world has scarcely changed; the same animals having peopled the fresh water sea, which preceded Niagara, as now people its own waters. How brief this period, compared with that during which the entire character of the inhabitants of the globe has almost totally changed! How like a speck when looked at, in comparison with that eternity of time which has intervened since the Potsdam sandstone, with its little *Singula*, the first of known fossiliferous rocks, and above which not less than three miles of other fossiliferous rocks, each with its fossils, have been formed! Upraised mountains of granite and limestone were worn down by the slow tooth of age—whole seas were filled up with sandstone, and shale, and limestone, each succeeding stratum teeming with the remains of animal and vegetable life, and their animal and vegetable life frequently changing its characters. Dry land was formed; centuries of centuries could only have sufficed to produce the vegetable growth which, changed by a hundred circumstances, now constitutes the anthracite, and the coal of those vast coal fields, of the extent of which we have already spoken. What geology shows often to have happened before, now happens again; the dry land disappears, whole strata are formed above the coal; again the continent appears, *icthyosauriam*, pterodactyli—mountains formed of life, and winged reptiles start into being, hills and vallies are formed, boulders are washed from unknown regions over the whole continent; basins of fresh water, with modern shells, appear. Yesterday, as it were, Niagara commences. It thunders, but no ears hear it. It performs the functions God assigned it, but no one heeds it. Just now the Mastodon and Zenglodon trembled as they heard it. Last of all, man has begun to look at it, and wonder, forsooth, if it can be as ancient as his ancestors of the hundred and twentieth generation!

We must discuss one more point, and that is, the consequence of the entire recession of the falls—the prospective condition of Niagara.

Mr. Hall has shown, that thus far the fall has continually diminished in height, and that it must continue to do so. The cause of this is the southward or upward dip of the strata over which the river runs. Mr. H. estimates, that when the fall shall have receded two miles, it will then have arrived at a point where the shale, which, as has already been said, forms, for about sixty feet in height, the bottom of the escapement over which is the fall, will have entirely disappeared beneath the water. Here the recession must be almost stopped, for the action of the water will then be wholly spent upon the thick bedded limestone, which is now not worn away, but undermined by the underlying shale, which will then be protected from the agencies which now act upon it. Four or five miles of retrogradation will bring the limestone below the water; and then, if the rock—a very thin bedded limestone—which now forms the rapids above the falls, continues to maintain its present condition, the cataract of Niagara will have ceased to exist—a precipitous rapid being all that is left of it.

Some persons have feared, that when this has occurred, the sudden wearing away of these rapids must drain Lake Erie, and deluge those portions of New-York and Canada bordering Lake Ontario. But such visions are chimerical. Even if all Lake Erie were to be poured constantly into Lake Ontario, it would only raise it one hundred and fifty feet above its present level. Enough, surely. But, for obvious reasons, this drainage, even if it ever occur, must be slow and gradual. But before it countless ages must intervene. The Great Lakes, from the clearing up of the forests and the cultivation of the regions whence they derive their waters, must diminish in size, and a thousand silent and unlooked-for geological changes may alter the whole face of the continent.

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TO THE HUDSON.

I.

Flow on, flow on, thou rock-girt sea!
Freest where all else is free—
Calm as that stormless resting-place
Whose image sleeps upon thy face,
As though on earth one scene were given,
As quiet and as fair as Heaven;
Smooth as the plain, though mountain-born,
Child of the Highlands, flow on, flow on.

II.

Child of the Highlands, around thee lie
Scenes whose fame may never die:
Altars where glows our country's fire;
Shrines whose flame may ne'er expire,
Until Oblivion's wave shall roll
Deep o'er the wave where sleeps the Pole;
And patriot tongues pronounce with shame
Vernon's sainted chieftain's name.

III.

Sweet stream! how oft, when evening sun
Upon the towering crow-nest hung,
And shed its deep, deep crimson glow
On all the varied scenes below,
How oft I've gazed, and deemed the while,
Sure 'twas some seraph's gladsome smile,
Gilding with such unearthly light,
A scene so beautiful and bright.

IV.

Gay streamed its rays on flood and fell,
On granite cliff, and wooded dell;
Few clouds the western verge that fringed,
With countless varying hues were tinged,
Whilst distant Newburg's slender spires,
Seemed glowing with unearthly fires,
And the far *Caatskill's* lofty height
Were bathed in floods of silver light.

V.

Grim smiled old Putnam's storied towers,
Old Clinton's mounds and cedar bowers,
And mouldering walls, and ruins gray,
Gleamed brightly in that evening ray;
E'en sadly smiled the *Traitor's Home*,
And fled its dim, its grave-like gloom,
As if that sun like mercy came,
To lighten even *Arnold's* shame,

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VI.

But fell its rays most cheerly, where
A nation trains her youth to war;
Where Ringgold, loved, lamented name!
First trod the path that led to fame,
And Barbor, generous and brave,
Gained wreaths that decked his soldier's grave,
When, foremost in the gallant fight,
He fell on proud Monterey's height.

VII.

Nor can ye give, West Point, to fame,
A nobler, or more spotless name,
Than Irwin's, dauntless, kind and true,
For whom a nation's tears are due;
Whose heart, though soft as coyest maids,
Yet tamed the foe of Floras' glades,
And on *Resaca Palma's* field,
Deep drunk of *Mexan* blood his steel.

VIII.

Child of the Hills, no lovelier stream
Did e'er in summer sunlight gleam;
No nobler on its azure breast
E'er wore God's image so imprest;
Linked by ties that bind thee fast
To the future, and the past—
Loveliest of all the streams of song,
Child of the Highlands, flow on, flow on.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PEN.

"Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of Nature, fair Imagination culls,
To charm the enlivened soul."—*Akenside.*

"Poetry," says Elizabeth Barrett, "is its own exceeding great reward!" and another recent writer, we believe, has something like the following:—"The love of knowledge is in itself the attainment of knowledge. Poverty and trial discourage it in vain;—they seem, on the contrary, rather to accelerate its progress. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial." The poverty and misfortunes of literary men have been frequently rehearsed, and the theme has employed eloquent pens and engaged the world's sympathies. Little, however, has been attempted on the other side of the question. The *shades* of literary life have been deepened so often as almost to have obscured whatever *lights* the brighter view of their circumstances may have exhibited.—That the latter do exist none can doubt, although the balance of evidence may not be found to be to a preponderating extent. D'Israeli, it will be recollected, has contrived, however, to present us with two noble tomes mainly devoted to this topic—his last work,—which he classically entitles "*The Amenities of Literature,*" upon the authority of Pliny, who styles

literary pursuits in general *amœnitates studiorum.* Of the admirable production referred to, it being familiar to the reader, we shall not further speak—although we might well be tempted to enrich our "loose leaves" by culling some of his beautiful flowers; we must therefore content ourselves with a few preliminary thoughts, naturally suggested by the consideration of that fascinating pursuit, which Pope says

"True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires."

The intense sensations of pleasure derived from the cultivation of the intellect are unsurpassed by any emotions of which the humam mind is susceptible; they "grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength." Aristotle distinguished the learned and the unlearned as the *living* and the *dead*—the former as illumed by a bright firmament spangled over with shining orbs of light: the other as immured in the murky recesses of a subterranean cavern, whose unmitigated gloom is rendered impervious to the entrance of a single enlivening ray.

The memorable period known as the "dark ages" of England, and that succeeding it, afford a striking illustration of this fact—an age more prolific in instances of transcendent genius than any which the world has ever beheld. The giant spirits of the classic times seemed again to have emerged on eagle-wing from the dark ignorance which had so long enshrouded the land. And seek we the evidences of the chaste and elevating pleasures superinduced by the heavenward flight of their genius, we need but to catch a glimpse of the extatic and ravishing visions of Milton's bright creations. His almost superhuman powers seemed to have soared amid the pure empyrean, inspired with the very atmosphere of the celestial world. The fact that, almost without exception, those who have espoused the literary profession, whether poor or wealthy, have done so irrespective alike of either condition, seems to attest their governing impulse to have been that of an ardent love for the ennobling pursuit itself. The smiles as well as the frowns of fortune have ever been equally abortive in their influence over a mind once devoted to the pleasures of literature and science: abundant evidence of this being afforded by the history of many of the earlier, as well as recent writers, whose works have been bequeathed to us as the legacy of all time. There must be something irresistibly attractive in poesy, though

"The cause is secret—the effect is seen."

How else can we account for the fact of some of her votaries, while incarcerated in loathsome dungeons, giving utterance to the sweetest strains—and, in many instances, some of which were cited in a previous essay, actually breathing out melodious numbers with their last expiring breath? Of the former class, how many might be quoted! Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller—the Herodotus of the 13th century, for instance, who, to beguile his gloomy hours, indited the record of his surprising adventures and discoveries in Asia, while incarcerated in a prison at Pisa; or like Bunyan, who, in Bedford jail penned his exquisite allegory of the "*Pilgrim's Progress;*" Silvio Pellico, who, in his no less sad exile from the living world, gave birth to such beautiful measures; or the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity and mistaken zeal, whose presence have shed a halo of radiance round the horrors of the Tower of London, the very walls of whose dreary cells were rife with the memorials of ill-fated genius. One of these was the martyred *Ticheborne*, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, was yet doomed to yield up his life on the mere suspicion of *his refusal being constrained,*

thus implying a degree of incipient guilt. His exquisitely pathetic allusions to his domestic relations, penned just prior to his execution, are almost equal to any thing of their class in the language:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and yet it was my tombe;
And now I die, and now I am but made,—
The glass is full, and yet the glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done."

These beautiful stanzas were at first erroneously ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, but their true authorship has since been assigned to the pen of this noble-hearted youth, who, if he wrote no others, has thus secured for his name the shrine of a lasting memorial. It is not necessary to swell the list of the resplendent names of those who beguiled their sorrows and imprisonment with their pen, they having been already referred to; and although the *character* of modern authorship seems to have suffered some mutation, books of an utilitarian caste having usurped the place of those formerly devoted to the higher flights of poetry and philosophy, yet the *love* of literature is doubtless still a no less inherent principle at the present day.

It may well be doubted, says an ingenious writer in an English periodical, whether the temper of the present age permits it to enjoy all those refined and entrancing pleasures which pure literature is capable of affording. The popular pulse throbs with each varying stimulant of the moment. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature:—instead of the *Fairie Queene*, we consult the matter-of-fact *Dictionaries* of McCulloch—the knighthood of genius yields to the aristocracy of commerce. The age of intellectual chivalry is over and gone: but its exploits remain forever speaking to those who, with a gentle and reverent spirit, pause to listen and to love. If we turn to books of elegant criticism, we find the like indifference in the popular taste. In an atmosphere so heavy and lowering, we ought not to be astonished to behold

'Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all her varying rainbows die away.'

Bishop Berkeley nobly and justly asserted the supremacy of literature, declaring that a man who devotes his time to the pursuit of truth, is a better friend to mankind than the greatest statesman or hero, whose labors and exploits are confined to a small portion of the world; while a ray of imagination, or of wisdom, may enlighten the universe, and glow into remotest centuries. Much of its unity of purpose has been lost with the independence of authorship. The age of patronage had its evils, but they rarely infected the book beyond its preface. A regular trader in literary wares at the present day—such as some of our fecund novelists, French and English—seem

to aim less at writing *well*, than writing *much*. We might refer to two prominent names which occur to us, as flagrant instances, but we forbear any invidiousness, although such desperate cases might be the better for a little dressing. How forcibly are such writers censured by the modest obscurity with which the authorship of many of the earlier scribes sought to enrich their literature and language? Among these worthies were Selden, Sackville, Sidney and Surrey, with many others, whose names have vanished like their own slow-moving shadows upon the illuminated curtains, but who yet found, amidst all their poverty, privations and sorrows, their lowest resource and pleasure in their patient literary pursuits. The essayist from whom we have already quoted, thus continues:—

"Literature has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are *many;* it has also its *social* pleasures, and they are *more.* The Persian poet, Saadi, teaches a moral in one of his pleasing apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; *one* satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the *other* filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil and this application of it?"

"The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. We like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends in his favorite grotto; and Sterne never looks so amiable and captivating as when he appears by his own fireside with his daughter copying and his wife knitting. His own description is a very lively sketch." Writing to a friend, September 21, 1761:—

"I am scribbling away at my *Tristram.* These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. *My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.*"

The domestic history of the amiable Cowper, notwithstanding his abiding melancholy, presents us with some placid and even glowing pictures:—when contemplated seated on his sofa, rehearsing each newly constructed passage to his faithful Mary Unwin.

In their method of economising time, we find a certain uniformity in the practice of authors and students of gathering up their spare minutes. Some writers yielding to their pleasing toils over the midnight lamp; others again devoting the early dawn of day to their sweet and silent communings of their muse. Says the ingenious writer:—

"The morning has been especially consecrated to study by the example of the Christian scholar. Hacket calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley or Carew, the "*mother of honey dews and pearls which drop upon the paper from the student's pen.*" The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an English scholar, who not only lived among his books but among men. He commonly rose at four o'clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; at these times, for the most part, he dispatched all those businesses which either his place or others' importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of this time for his study. About the hour of nine at night he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accordingly. 'From this examination to his study (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after

midnight,) and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest.'"

But of all writers, the poet, says Washington Irving, becomes the most fascinated with his gentle vocation. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful portrayer of Nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet every thing is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by every thing that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dulness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! What bogs of theological speculations! What dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illumined bards, elevated like beacons on their widely-separated heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age.

"Thorow earth, and waters deepe,
  The pen by skill doth passe;
And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
  And shoes us in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice
  Of every wight alyve;
The honey combe that bee doth make,
  Is not so sweet in hyve,
As are the golden leves
  That drope from poet's head;
Which doth surmount our common talke,
  As farre as dross doth lead.

"He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature," says Johnson, "demonstrably multiplies the inlets of happiness; therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, remembering that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatory to autumnal fruits." The works of genius are always full of magic; rings upon which the genii ever wait; such books, in a pre-eminent sense, combine the *utile et dulce.*

"Books are not seldom talismans and spells." There is a kind of analogy between the love of certain books, and that of particular individuals,—derived, doubtless, from associations common to all. This feeling often dims the eye of riper years, when it chances to wander again over the favorite pages of our school days,—over such works as Robinson Crusoe, or the Vicar of Wakefield,—each leaf then brings back from the well-guarded stores of memory the cherished forms, now passed away, of those who shared with us the relish of their first perusal, the hilarious melody of whose voices are now no longer vocal in their praise. How tenaciously the pleasant recollection of some choice book will stick to us through life; we feel more than a fraternal love for them. Is it not surprising, therefore,

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that the true devotees to literature and literary pursuits should become the willing, if not eager victims of the passion, in a still stronger degree? If men are characterized by their company, why then may they not be by their choice of books? Doubtless many a dormant genius has received its first impulse and direction from some particular author; and in some cases, to this cause may be primarily ascribed the beneficial and important purposes to which that genius has been applied. Our allusion to that old favorite, *Robinson Crusoe*, reminds us of many illustrious men of letters with whom it became a first and favorite book. Among these might be named Marmontel, Rousseau, Blair, Beattie, Johnson, Chalmers, Scott, Clare, and Charles Lamb; the last of whom, in his confession of the fact, says, "That its deep interest and familiar style, render it alike delightful to all ranks and classes." Johnson also admitted more, adding, he believed "Nobody ever laid down the book without wishing it longer;" and Marmontel's testimony is no less decidedly approving; for he states that Robinson Crusoe was the first book he ever read with exquisite pleasure; and he believed every boy in Europe would say the same thing. Would it be believed, however, that the MS. of this identical production was refused when offered for publication, by nearly the entire body of the publishers of London? although the one that bought it soon cleared one thousand guineas by its sales.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," of Bunyan, is another universal favorite—perhaps the most perfect and picturesque specimen of allegorical writing in any language; the peculiarity of which, is its striking versimilitude, imparting to the pure creations of the author's rich, exuberant imagination, the strong impress of reality. Modern criticism, indeed, has ventured to assign to this work a rank even equal with that of Homer, the sublime epic of Milton, and the mighty genius of the world's great poet! Coleridge, referring to Bunyan's "Pilgrim," observes, that "though composed in the lowest style of English, it is without slang or false grammar. This wonderful work is one of the few which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian, and let me assure you there is great theological acumen in the work; once with devotional feeling, and once as a poet. I would not have believed beforehand, that Calvanism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors. I know of no book, (the Bible being excepted, as above all comparison) which, according to my judgment and experience, I could so safely recommend, as teaching and enforcing the whole system of saving truth, as the Pilgrim's Progress. I am convinced that it is incomparably the best summary of evangelical Christianity ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." Little dreamed the poor, despised, oppressed preaching tinker, what an almost superhuman influence his humble pen was destined to exert in all after time, upon the best interests of mankind. And it might prove an ingenious problem for the curious to solve, to enumerate the almost incalculable amount of copies of this extraordinary production, which have already been presented to the public in the several languages of the civilized world.

Sidney's *Arcadia*, so ripe with apophthegmatic lore, and the pure fount of song of that "true and gentle poet," Spenser, were the well-known chosen associates of many master minds of old—such as Milton, Shakspeare, Waller, Cowley, etc. Dr. Johnson loved old Isaac Walton's life of Dr. Donne, and Lady Wortley Montague's Letters. He says, according to Boswell, that the reader who does not relish the first fruits of the first named work is no philosopher, and he who does not enjoy the second, is no Christian.

Benjamin Franklin says that Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and a work entitled Essays to do Good, were his three favorite books, and

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those from which he derived the most advantage. Speaking of the last, he states:—"When I was a boy, I met with this book, which was written, I think, by the father of Dr. Mather, of Boston. It gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin, again, has been the favorite of many young persons, who have had to thank his sagacious pages and his maxims of industry and economy for their future success in life. It is beautiful thus to see wisdom become traditionary, says the writer above alluded to. "When at school," writes Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated orientalist, "I read Paradise Lost, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. I cannot describe the ardor or various feelings with which I perused, studied, and admired that first-rate work."

Speaking of this sublime production of Milton,—a work, by the way, every body admires, but scarce any body reads,—what a vast mine of poetic wealth does it enclose? which, unlike that of its great compeer, seems in the present day, more than ever, to lie undisturbed, unfathomed, and the deep treasures of which appear altogether too massive and gorgeous for the purposes of our modern mercenary and unpoetic age.

Ossian was the favorite of two distinguished characters, who certainly appear very dissimilar in all other respects, except in that of their literary tastes—Napoleon and Dr. Parr. The latter says, "I read Ossian when a boy, and was enamored with it. When at college, I again read Ossian with increased delight. I now, although convinced of the imposture, find pleasure in reading Macpherson." Hudibras was a great favorite with Dr. Blair, author of the celebrated "Sermons." He used to read it through once every year.

We forgot to mention Chaucer's text book—it was Aristotle's Philosophy: Shelley's choice was Sophocles, and Keat's also—a copy of which was found clasped to his breast, under his vest, when he was drowned. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, have charmed and inspired a host of illustrious men, whose names are too many here to cite. Bossuet, the French divine, was once found with Homer on his table, while preparing one of his famous orations, when he exclaimed to his visitor, "I have always Homer beside me when I compose my sermons; for I love to light my lamp at the sun." Hume and Fox both sought their relaxation from severer toils, in luxuriating over the glowing pages of Virgil and Euripides. Burns' first and fondly cherished tome was the Life of William Wallace, and his next the Life of Hannibal. "Hannibal," says he, "gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Shakspeare has been the universal favorite of the sons of genius; but the enthusiasm of one humble admirer, Joseph Blacket, the shoemaker poet, is too interesting to be passed over. In his twelfth year, Blacket witnessed Kemble's performance of Richard III. Before this he had neither read nor beheld a play; but thenceforth Shakspeare was his favorite author. "I robbed the pillow of its due," says he, "and in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In consequence of this close study of Shakspeare, a dramatic tone, observes his biographer, "pervaded the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, backs of letters, shoe-patterns, slips of paper-hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volun-

teer corps of St. Pancras, wherein he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts; yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined."

Hazlitt's pet book was Rousseau's "Confessions." He confesses the intense delight he derived from its perusal at an early age. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was the singular choice of Cobbett. He gives the following account of his first meeting with it:

"When only eleven years old, with three pence in my pocket—my whole fortune, I perceived, at Richmond, in a book-seller's window, this little book, marked 'price three pence.' Its odd title excited my curiosity; I bought it in place of my supper. So impatient was I to examine it, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, and sat down to read on the shady side of a hay-stack.—The book was so different from any thing I had read before—it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some parts of it, still it delighted me beyond measure, and produced, what I have always considered, a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put it into my pocket and fell asleep beside of the stack, till the birds awaked me in the morning; and then I started off, still reading my little book. I could relish nothing beside; I carried it about with me wherever I went, till when about twenty years old, I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the bay of Fundy."

Thompson's *Seasons* was Bloomfield's favorite selection: it was also Clare's; and even the celebrated bibliographer, Dr. Dibdin, admits that he enjoyed many quiet readings while seated in the deepening glooms of Bagley Wood, or near the magnificent expanse of water at Blenheim. He designates the "Castle of Indolence" as one of the most enchanting poems in the language, although it has not yet acquired that reputation it deserves. Lord Byron's greatest favorites were Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, D'Israeli's Illustrations of the Literary Character, and Scott's novels. The first work, he says, contains more solid information than any twenty other works ever compiled in the English language; the second, he says, he read perhaps oftener than any, and that it had often been to him a consolation and a pleasure; of the last named, Scott's novels, he tells us—"I never travel without them; they are a perfect library in themselves—a perfect literary treasure; I could read them once a year with new pleasure." Johnson confessed that Old Burton was the first book that ever compelled him to rise from his bed earlier than he otherwise would have wished. How many, like Lord Oxford, have enjoyed the delicious humor of "Don Quixotte?" and some may even have, also, coveted the acquisition of the pure Castilian to ensure its keener relish.

Among the pleasures of the pen, may therefore be classed the love of study, and a passion for reading. Says Burton on this head: "Looking about this world of books, *I* could even live and die among such meditations, and take more delight and true comfort of mind in them, than in all wealth or sport. There is a sweetness, which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student: he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prioris discipulus.* From the time that Cicero poured forth his feelings in his oration for the poet Archias, innumerable are the testimonies of men of letters, of the pleasurable delirium of their researches. Richard de Bury, of Durham, was so enamoured of his literary collections, that he gave utterance, it will be remembered, to his love of books, under the title of his "*Philobiblion.*"

(To be Continued.)

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DON GIOVANNI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE ARRIVAL.

A LIGHT travelling carriage stopped at the hotel of the Three Lions in the *Kohlmarkt at Prague.* The whole army of servants hurried out of the house; one of them opened the carriage door, and offered his hand to a pretty young woman; she alighted, and a young gentleman followed her, humming a cheerful tune.

"Saint Nepumuk!" exclaimed the landlord, who had just stepped out of the door—"do I see aright? Herr Von Mozart!"

"You see I keep my promise," replied Mozart, bowing politely to him. "Here I am again! and you may keep me the whole season! That I may not be too wild, I have brought my wife along with me."

The landlord bowed low to the lady, and taking breath for a solemn speech, began:

"Most respected Madame Von Mozart"—

Mozart interrupted him with—"let all that alone now, and show us our rooms; let us have some refreshment, and send word to Guardasoni that I have arrived." He offered his arm to his wife, the landlord obediently followed; and the gang of butlers and servants came loaded with trunks and boxes, which they had taken out of the carriage.

A handsome young man, who was passing through the market when he heard from a waiter the name of the newly arrived, hastened up stairs into Mozart's room, and threw himself into his arms with exclamations of joy.

"Is the deuce in this wild bird?" cried Mozart; "you almost frightened me!" and turning to his wife, he introduced the young man to her. "Well, how do you like him? It is he—Luigi Bassi, I mean."

THE LIBRETTO.

"I sing this evening the part of the Count, in your Opera of Figaro, Master Mozart," said Bassi.

"Well," replied Mozart, "what do the people of Prague say to the opera?"

"Come this evening to the theatre and you will hear; it is the twelfth representation in sixteen days, and we give it to-night, because Duke Antoin of Saxony asked for it."

"Ho! ho! and what does Strobach say?"

"Strobach and the whole orchestra say every night after the representation, that they would like to play it over again, although it was a hard piece of work."

Mozart rubbed his hands cheerfully, and said to his wife, "did I not tell you the good citizens of Prague would soon drive away all my fretting?—Well, for that piece of kindness, I will write them such an opera as is not to be seen every day. I have an excellent Libretto, Bassi,—a bold, mad thing, full of spirit and fire! Du Pont composed it for me. He said he would not have done it for any body else, because none else had courage for it; to me it was welcome. I have had the

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music for it a long while in my head, only I knew not how to bring it forth, for no poetry would suit it! You may find some of the tones in *Figaro* and *Idomeneco*, but they were not the right stuff. It was as if spring had to come, and longed to come, but would not; on the bushes and trees were myriads of birds—but they were closed; then comes the storm, the thunder rolls, the blossoms burst out, the warm, May rain pours down, and suddenly the flowers bloom in surprising magnificence! By my soul, just so I felt when the little *Abbate* brought me that *libretto!* You shall take the principal part, and the deuce take you!"

Bassi wanted to hear more about the opera, but Mozart was pleased to be mysterious, and smilingly bade his friend be patient.

FIN CHAN DAL VINO.

When Mozart appeared the same evening at the theatre, in the box of the Count of Thurn, he was received by the assembled audience with enthusiastic applause; and during the representation of his Figaro, he was greeted in the same manner after every performance. For Mozart this result was the more gratifying, that his Figaro did not please at Vienna. Through the unworthy manœuvres of Saliers, the parts had not been divided well, and were played badly, so that Mozart declared he never again would write an opera for the Viennese.

Loud *vivats* followed the composer's carriage, as he drove home. He found there his friends, Duschuk, the chapel-master Strobach, and the *Impressario* of the Opera Guardasoni, who had arranged a splendid supper. Afterwards came Bassi Bondino with his wife, and the handsome spirited Saporetti. There was much interesting discourse about music; and many pleasant jokes seasoned the entertainments, and enhanced the pleasure of the guests. At the end of the supper, when the champaign corks were flying about the room, Mozart was not so reserved on the subject alluded to in the morning. He was even induced to show Bassi the sketch of the opera, of which three airs were already finished.

"Very well, Maestro Amadeo," said Bassi, "but these songs are rather insignificant for me!"

"How?" said Mozart, and looked very smilingly at him.

"I mean," replied Bassi, "there are no difficulties—all is by far too easy."

"You think so?"

"Yes; and I hope you, Maestro, will compose a difficult song for me. If you have none ready, you will soon."

"No, my dear Bassi," replied Mozart, with a singular smile; "I will not do that." Bassi's face was getting visibly long, but Mozart continued kindly: "Look you, friend! that the airs are not long, is the truth; but they are just as long as they ought to be. But respecting the too great facility of which you complain, you will have enough to do if you sing them as they ought to be sung."

"How?" said Bassi.

"For instance—sing this air, *Fin chan dal Vino!*"

He went to the piano, and Bassi followed him a little vexed; hardly looking at the music, he began hastily, and without much expression.

"Hush, hush," exclaimed Mozart, laughing, and stopping him after the first bars; "not so *confusio* over stone and rock! you think, perhaps, you will not have done soon enough with my music? And have you no regard for the *piano* and *forte!* Who is it sings there? a drunken servant, or a dissipated cavalier, who is thinking of his sweetheart!

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Drink a glass of champaign—think of your lady-love, and observe, when it begins to sound in your ears, in the lightest airy time, *piano, piano! crescendo forte piano!* till all burst forth in a crash of exultation—that is what I mean!"

And Bassi, fired by the enthusiasm of the great master, tossed off a glass of wine, stole a kiss from the lips of Saporetti, and sang the air again; this time in such a manner, that the whole company was electrified, and called with acclamations for its repetition.

"There!" said Mozart, smiling, after Bassi had repeated it three times, —"there, did I not say it was pretty good?" Before he could prevent, Bassi seized his hand, kissed it, and said modestly, "I will do all I can to have you satisfied with me."

HERR VON NEPOMUK.

Duschuk's pressing invitations prevailed on Mozart to leave his residence in the city, and he removed to Kosohirz, on the plantation of his friend. It was a beautiful morning of September, when he arrived there. Duschuk had secretly arranged a little festival, and Mozart was surprised and rejoiced at the same time, to find his dearest friends and acquaintances assembled to welcome him to his new abode. It increased his joy when Duschuk, in the name of the most distinguished inhabitants of Prague, requested that he would soon give a concert. The theatre was offered for his use, and Count John of Suvr offered himself to pay all the expenses. Mozart consented cheerfully, and observed, "nobody would have done that for me in Vienna."

"It seems to all my friends," said Duschuk, "as if the *good people*, as you call them at Vienna, do not know what they possess in you, or what they should do with you! May the Emperor be forgiven that he gives you no appointment, and promoted meanwhile the hypocrite Saliers to be chapel-master, although he knows what you are, and what *he* is! And the Viennese put up with it—shame on them!"

"No, no!" said Mozart, conciliatingly, "think of it not too seriously. His majesty has more important business than to think of me; and then you know he has his counsellors, in whom he trusts, and who know how to manage him. I repeat, the people of Vienna are *good*. When I came from Saltsburg, where the prince bishop treated me like a dog, my reception was so kind in Vienna, that I thought myself passing from purgatory to heaven—never will I forget that. It is true, they are sometimes a little singular, and always like to hear that they are *connoisseurs* of art, and of a generous spirit, and he who tells them that, pleases them; and they give him whatever he wants, and pet him into the bargain. But I am not able to do it. I always thought meanly of a flatterer; and will never become one. Saliers does not care, or thinks it not wrong, for he is an Italian, and they always flatter each other. Let the Viennese prefer him to me, and feed him with confectionary; give me a glass of Burgundy."

Before Duschuk could ask for it, a tall, stout man, with glowing face, bland smile and respectful bow, presented to the Maestro a large cup filled with dark, red wine.

Mozart took the glass, and looking at the colossal Ganymede, drank the health of John Von Nepomuk.

"The chapel-master remembers me still?" asked he; and Mozart replied, laughing, "how could I forget my honest trumpeter, Nepomuk Stradetzky?" "Herr Von Nepomuk," suggested the trumpeter, in an

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offended tone; but added instantly, with a softer voice and humble gesture: "Please, Herr Von Mozart, do not omit that *Von!*"

Mozart, kindly nodding, offered him his hand.

When the company were seated at night on the vine shaded hill-side, a chorus of the musicians of Prague was heard. They played pieces from the marriage of Figaro. Mozart listened complacently to their remarkably correct performance, and thanked them civilly when they had finished. "But will you give me a still greater pleasure," asked he; "play for me that old beautiful air of the musicians of Prague. You know which I mean!"

And honored and rejoiced, the honest artists commenced that old popular song, and returned home as they played the conclusion.

Still more distant, more sweet, the music died away; the moon rose over the mountains; the Moldau murmured its faint melody; and with a heart full of emotion, Mozart wished his kind friends good night, and retired to his room, where he played almost the whole night on his piano,

THE DISTRIBUTION.

Mozart gave his concert, and earned not only rich store of applause, but treasure also. When Duschuk congratulated him on account of the last, adding, however, "I know you work for glory rather than for money," Mozart retorted, grumbling, "for what should I compose? I seldom get either glory or gain? I labor for the sake of art."

Meanwhile Mozart continued his Don Giovanni, and on the fourth of October, of the year 1787, he informed the Impressario, that the opera was ready, except some of the parts of the orchestra and the overture.

Guardasoni received the news with delight, and paid to the Maestro the stipulated hundred ducats. When next Mozart began to speak about the distribution of the parts, the poor Impressario confessed that he had dreaded this business for more than four weeks, as there was a great emulation among the singers of the opera, and every one desired to act a principal part. "Thank heaven, my people are none of the worst," concluded he, "and Bassi is very good natured—but they are troublesome in many points; and the beautiful Saporetti and the little Bondini are unmanageable in some of their caprices."

"Do not show them your fears," replied Mozart—"they like me, I know; and I will try to manage them."

"Between us," observed Guardasoni, smiling archly—"I expect from Saporetti the most compliance; for with all her pride, she likes you not only very well, but perhaps a little more than very well."

"I wish it were so!" exclaimed Mozart, rubbing his hands gleefully. Although he loved and respected his wife, he liked a little flirtation now and then.

Guardasoni continued, "it is as I tell you. Not long ago she said to me: 'I could fall in love with Signor Mozart, for he is a great man, and I do not mind his insignificant figure!'"

Mozart was crest-fallen. It mortified his pride, that the beautiful Saporetti should mention his little plain figure, and the more, to such a tall and good looking man as Guardasoni.

"Send them all to me, Signor Guardasoni," he said, coloring a little. "I will give them such a lecture, that it will make them sing."

Guardasoni left him, and the next day assembled all his ladies and gentleman singers in the *conversation* room of the theatre.

Mozart appeared among them, in a rich furred cloak, a military looking

hat trimmed with gold lace on his head, and the chapel-master's staff in his hand.

Thus equipped, he mounted a little platform, and began, at first in a grave and formal manner, but gradually becoming more and more genial and humorous, as he never could disguise his natural character.

MOZART'S SPEECH.

"*Respected Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"It is known to you all, that I was honored last year with the flattering request from your Impressario, that I would compose an opera for *his* company. I complied with great pleasure, as I had the happiness of knowing you all, and was fully assured that I composed for true artists.

"My work is finished; it is called *Don Giovanni.* I can testify for myself that I have endeavored faithfully to study the personality of each of the present members of this company, and that I had it in view in the composition of each separate part of the opera.

"I have thus succeeded in creating a work, that forms not only a harmonious whole, but secures success in each part to the artist for whom it was composed. I believe my opera will please even in later years; that it will be called my best work, as I myself call it. But of one thing I am certain, that such a perfect representation as I expect from you, will never be seen again!

"When will be found again such a Don Giovanni as my young friend Luigi Bassi? His superb figure, his wonderful voice, his deportment, his unfeigned fire when he pays homage to beauty, all qualify him eminently for the hero of my opera. Respecting his wickedness, I think he will not show more than is just necessary. That is enough; for my hero is no rude butcher, nor a vulgar malicious villian, but a fiery and passionate youth.

"Could I oppose to him a more perfect Donna Anna than the beautiful, proud, and virtuous Saporetti? she will represent all the mixed feelings of hatred, love, revenge, and piety, in her song and in her acting—just as I conceived, I have painted them.

"And who could represent the faithful, neglected, offended, and yet ever pardoning and loving Elvira, more touchingly than the charming, melancholy, gentle Catherine Micelli? She is the guardian angel of Don Giovanni, and leaves him only at his last moment. Ah, such an angel should convert me; for I am a *great* sinner, spite of my *little insignificant figure!* And now for the little, mischievous, inexperienced, curious Zerlina.

"*O la ci darem la mano*—Signoretta Bondini! Charming fairy, give me your hand. Pretty indeed you are, and will not refuse to take the part which suits nobody as well as yourself!

"That dear Felice Ponziani is pleased with his Leporello, as well as the excellent first tenor, Antonio Baglioni, with his Don Octavio, makes me very happy. Signore Guiseppa Lolli will for my sake not refuse to take, besides the part of the *Comthur*, that of Masetto,—to have every part executed well! I thank him for his friendship and assistance.

"And thus I close this speech so meet;
With joy the evening will I greet,
When my beloved Opera
Through you appears in gloria!

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When master and singer are agreed,
Of other matters take no heed;
And for my part you all shall see,
I will assist you cheerfully—
Will place all things in order prime,
And strengthen you in faith and time.
When every one does what is right,
The whole appears both smooth and bright.
So tells you plainly, from his heart,
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

Thus concluded the great master his discourse; his hearers clapped applause; and all went home cheerful and satisfied.

THE REHEARSAL.

On the twenty-eighth of October, Don Giovanni being ready, except the overture, the rehearsal began.

Early on the morning of the first rehearsal, as Mozart was walking, before he went to the Opera House, in the *Volksgarten*, he saw at no great distance the trumpeter Nepomuk Stradctzky, who appeared lost in deep meditation. Mozart hurried on, overtook him, and touched him gently on the shoulder.

Nepomuk turned quickly, and asked rudely, "who is there?" but bowed almost to the ground as he recognized Mozart.

"Ah!" said he, "I beg a thousand pardons, most honored Herr Von Mozart! I was deeply engaged in thinking, and supposed it some fool who wanted to joke with me—pardon me."

"There is nothing to pardon!" replied Mozart; "no one likes to be interrupted in a reverie—I myself do not like it! But of what were you thinking, Herr Von Stradtczky?"

With radiant face, Nepomuk replied: "Of what but your opera, most excellent Herr Von Mozart? Is not all Prague full of expectation of the wonder that is to appear? By my patron saint Nepomuk, wherever I go, I am asked: Herr Von Nepomuk, when will be the first representation? You blow the tenor trumpet, Herr Von Nepomuk—you certainly know all about it?"

"No!" I reply, "I play the bass trumpet."

"So, so!" they say then, "it is the bass trumpet, Herr Von Nepomuk."

"Have you tried your part?" inquired Mozart.

"To be sure, Herr Von Mozart! and I dwell with pleasure on the full and long tones; but in the two choruses are some very difficult notes."

"Pshaw! you will get through them, Herr Von Nepomuk."

"I hope so, Herr Von Mozart, and I will try my utmost."

Thus chatting, both promenaded awhile in the pleasure grounds, and then went to the theatre.

The rehearsal began. Mozart was everywhere! Now in the orchestra, now on the stage, directing or correcting. In the ball scene of the first act, where he was not satisfied with Bassi's dancing, he stepped himself among the dancers, and danced the minuetto with Zerlina with so much grace and dignity, as to do great credit to his teacher, Noverre. In like manner he succeeded in drawing from Zerlina her shriek for help, which she had not uttered according to his idea. Gliding softly behind her, he seized hold of her so violently, that she screamed aloud with fright; at which, he exclaimed, laughing,—"Bravo! that is just it! scream just so at the representation."

The little good natured Bondini forgave him the terror he occasioned

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her; but not so kindly was another of his instructions received. In the second act, in the grave-yard scene, he had placed the three trumpeters behind a tomb, to increase the awful effect of the two adagios, which the statue has to sing. In the second adagio, the trumpeter blew wrong. Mozart cried, "Again!" They did so, and this time the bass only failed. Mozart went to the desk, and patiently explained how the passage ought to be played; but Nepomuk, for it was he, made the same mistake at the third repetition.

"The devil! Stradctzky!" cried Mozart, excited, and stamping with his foot, "You must play more correctly."

Nepomuk, highly offended, grumbled in an angry tone, "My name is Herr Von Stradctzky, and I play what is possible to be played with the trumpet. What you have composed there, nobody could execute; and you can never drill it into me!"

"Well," said Mozart, kindly, "it is now at any rate too late, and so I must change it." And he did so by altering the passage.

In the chorus of the furies he had it sung under the stage, and permitted them not to appear to tear Don Juan from the precipice. "He is man enough not to let even the Devil call for him in vain," observed he, laughing.

With the splendid chorus at the conclusion, the rehearsal ended. Mozart was pleased beyond expression with the singers and the orchestra, and the artists expected a brilliant success.

As Mozart was returning home, Nepomuk followed him, took hold of a corner of his cloak, and said gently, "Be not vexed with me, Herr Von Mozart, that I have been so rude; I cannot help it; it is my manner, as you know."

Mozart answered pleasantly, "My dear Herr Von Nepomuk, I ought to be thankful to you that you made me acquainted with that great mistake in the part of the trumpet. It is true, however, it would have been better to tell me in a polite way. Well, in future you will do so!"

Nepomuk promised, and they parted in friendship.

THE OVERTURE.

The beautiful prima donna Saporetti had exerted herself to make Mozart forget her little innocent offence. He not only forgot but forgave, and assisted her diligently in the study of her part, omitting no necessary blame, as well as giving all proper encouragement.

The day before the first representation, the third of November, had arrived, and Mozart had not written his overture. Guardasoni insisted; Mozart's friends expressed uneasiness; but he laughed at them and said, "I will write it this evening." He did not write that evening, but he took a ride with his wife. Guardasoni was now in despair. "You will see—it will not do!" he said, again and again; and sent messengers in all directions. In vain! Mozart was not to be found; and it was determined already, in case of need, to use the Overture to *Idomeneco*.

At midnight, Mozart's carriage stopped at his door. His friends, Guardasoni at their head, surrounded him, complaining and scolding; but Mozart leaped out of the carriage and exclaimed: "Let me alone and begone! Now I will go to work in earnest."

He locked the door, took his seat at his writing-table, and began to write; but after a few minutes, sprang up, and said to his wife: "It will not do just now! I will lie down a little while! Wake me after one hour, and prepare a good glass of punch!" He threw himself on the

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bed in full dress. Constance made the punch, and after an hour approached his bed to wake him; but he slept so sweetly, that she thought it cruel to disturb him. She left him another hour, and then, as she dared not let him sleep longer, awakened him.

Mozart rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and went forthwith to his work.

Constance took her seat near him, brought him the punch, and, to keep him awake, told all manner of droll stories: of the *Prince Fish*, of *Blue Beard*, of the *Princess Cinderella*, &c. Mozart laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At two in the morning he began his wonderful work. At six o'clock it lay finished on his desk.

Mozart rose exhausted from his seat, scarcely able to stand upright. "This time it has gone well," he murmured, "but I would not dare to try it again." He was then obliged to lie down.

At seven o'clock the copyist came for the manuscript, to copy the different parts for the musicians in all haste. They were not completed before seven in the evening; so that the representation could not commence before eight o'clock. Still wet, and covered with sand, the copied parts were placed on the desks of the orchestra.

CONCLUSION.

The report of the singular story of the Overture was quickly spread abroad. When Mozart appeared in the orchestra he was received with thundering bravos, by the crowd that filled the house to overflowing. He bowed low, then turned to the musicians and said: "Gentlemen, we could not have a rehearsal of the Overture, but I know what I can venture with you. Let us go on!" He took his staff for beating time, gave the signal, and like a thunder-burst, with peal of trumpets, sounded the first accord of the awful *Andante*. This, as well as the following Allegro, was nobly executed by the skilful orchestra. When the Overture was ended, the shouts of applause seemed as if they would never cease.

"A few notes were dropped under the desk," observed Mozart, laughing, to Strobach, who was standing opposite to him, "but the whole went off well, and I feel deeply indebted to these gentlemen."

How, in the representation of the Opera, the applause increased with every scene; how, since that first performance to this day, the air *fin chan dal vino* calls forth repeated *Dacapos*, is known not only to the good citizens of Prague, but to the whole civilized world.

Thus I conclude this little circle of scenes, which I will not call a Tale of Art. They are but a pleasant remembrance of the period when a master-piece first appeared, the anniversary of which is celebrated on this fourth of November, and which will retain through all time the admiration of noble and feeling hearts.

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BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE MONONGAHELA.

[In Sparks' Biography of Washington, it is stated that there were living, a few years since, at least two men who have been in this battle.]

"Ho! stranger, halt! which way so late?"
Loud shouts a woodsman bold:
"The day's short race is nearly run,
The nights are dark and cold;
The forest lies on either hand;
The prairie rolls before;
And strangers ne'er do I permit
To pass my cabin-door."

The ruddy fire, with cheerful glow,
Salutes the stranger's sight,
And throws, in bright and joyous gleams,
Around its mellow light,
On blackened walls, from which depend
The spoils of many a chase,
On horns, and hides, and antlers broad,
That beams and rafters grace—

On flesh of Buffalo and Bear—
The hump—the sav'ry tongue—
The ven'son haunch, and feathered game,
That round the room are hung;—
The well-oiled rifles o'er the fire,
Enwrapped in doe-skin case,
And 'neath a *Pater Patriæ*,
With grave, majestic face.

Within the chimney's ample jaws,
That near across one side,
Insatiate with a forest's spoil,
Yawn deep, and high, and wide—
There sits a shrunk and withered form,
A doting, white-haired sire,—
His palsied frame rejoicing in
The warm and genial fire.

Across his knees a rifle rests,
That, worn, and stained, and bent,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar,
And many a deep indent,
He fondles, child-like, and the while,
With trembling hands, counts o'er
A row of notches on the stock,
That number just three-score.

Three-score, in full, the notches count;
Again he runs them o'er,
Again he shakes his snowy head,
And murmurs—"There were more."

Now, pausing at the stranger's voice,
He lifts his dim, blear eyes,
The words unmeaning strike his ear,
He turns away, and sighs,—

"The Chippewah and Mingo fierce,
The proud and bold Shennoah,
The Rundak, and the Ottawah,—
I'm sure that there were more!"
The woodsman marks the furtive glance,
That by his guest is cast—
"He's very old," he prompt replies,
"His mind is failing fast.

"A hundred winters' snows and winds
Have bleached his hairs so white;
A hundred summers' lights and shades
Have dimm'd his eagle sight; [years,
Now bowed, and shrunk with weight of
There's little to recall
The ranger bold, the hunter keen,
So lithe, and strong, and tall.

"Ere Lexington's far-echoing guns
Had thrilled each patriot-heart,
And heralded the glorious war
In which he bore his part,
Against our French and Indian foes
He'd won a right good name;
And throughout all the border woods
That rifle shared his fame.

"Those notches, marked upon the stock,
A fearful story tell
Of scores of ruthless savage fiends
Who 'fore its flashes fell;
Its sure and fatal bullets were
With death's own signet sealed,
And oft that tomahawk and knife
(Have lighted up in foremost strife)
The darkest battle-field.

"But now adown his stirring life's
Prolonged, eventful track,
Forgetting all his latter deeds,
His mem'ry travels back;
And as, when rivulet we trace,
By springs pellucid fed,
More pure and bright the waters flow,
When near the fountain-head—

"So, as his mind thus backward glides,
Along life's flowing streams,
The scenes of youth, most bright and clear,
Float through his waking dreams—
Ohio's dark and bloody fork!
Otsego's hill-crowned shore,
The Ca-na-wa-ga's broad, pure stream,
The vale of Shenandoah."

While thus the hardy woodsman spake,
His wife and daughters fair,
The social, hearty evening meal,
With bustling haste prepare;
And now from embers glowing red,
The sav'ry steam ascends,
That to the toil-worn appetite
A keener vigor lends.

Now deftly is the groaning board
With food profusely spread,
The haunch, the hump, the fat bear's steak,
The smoking hot maize bread;
And soon by all around the board
Is felt the satiate glow,—
They raise their heads, the tide of talk
Resumes its cheerful flow.

The question free, the frank reply,
The scenes of western life,
The lucky shot, the desperate race,
The daring leap, the adventurous chase,
And tales of blood, of strife.
The stranger, too, has tales to tell
Of far off eastern lands,
To which the good wife's heart is linked
By mem'ry's golden bands.

'Tis where 'Gahela pours his flood,
To some demand he cries,
But instantly his words are checked,
He turns with vague surprise;
For, lightly bounding to his feet,
That poor old dotard springs,
And crashing on the stony hearth,
His rifle rudely rings.

The barrel of the battered piece
One hand now steady clasps,
The other, firm and nervously
The stranger's shoulder grasps;—
"Monongahela! dost thou say?
Monongahela's flood!
Oh! tell me, if it blushes still,
If still its stream runs blood!"

"Ah, no! ah, no! I quite forget,—
'Tis seventy years, and more,
Since by these eyes was seen that sight,
That sight so sad and sore;
And yet, it seems as 'twere to-day,
So fiercely on my brain
The vision's rush of that sad hour,
That wild and gory plain.

"I see the proud and gaudy ranks,
'Gahela gleaming bright;
I see the march, the fight, the foe,
And ah! that shameful flight;"
The old man on his rifle leans,
His voice comes loud and clear,
"List, list," he cries, "while I recount
That tale of blood and fear."

"Ho! news, great news! Provincials bold
Ho! sound the fife and drums,
To guard us from the savage foe,
The gallant Braddock comes!
Ho! news, great news, Provincials bold!
Across the ocean wave,
Two regiments the king has sent,
Our hearths and homes to save!

"Hurrah! Provincials, shout hurrah!
Raise high the bonfire light;
Two regiments of royal troops,
To teach us how to fight!
Denwiddie, Sherley and old Sharp
Have planned the whole campaign—
Hurrah! hurrah! we'll strain our throats
For captured Fort Duquesne!

"Of full five hundred royal troops
Sir Halket rides the head;
Another corps of equal strength
By bold Dunbar is led;
Meanwhile in garrisons and camps,
And through the country round,
Another full five hundred troops,
Right royal troops are found.

"Peyrouny's rangers swell the train
With Poulson's rifle corps;
While from the North young gallant Gates
Brings up scarce quite a score—
A few poor, plain, Provincial troops,
All useless in the fight,
But privileged to look upon
This show of British might.

"And now abroad, its flaunting folds
Each banner proudly flings,
With new and unaccustomed sounds
The western forest rings;
The pomp of trumpet, fife and drum,
The tramp,—the clash of steel—
The lumbering artillery—
The cason's groaning wheel—

"The deeply-laden baggage wains—
A long, far-stretching train,
That slowly winds its untracked way
Through forest, swamp, and plain—
With shouts, and songs, and noisy cheers,
And loud-resounding blows,
Which fiercely on his straining team
Each driver free bestows.

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"The sturdy giants of the wood,
In vernal foliage crowned,
As if amazed, in wond'ring tones
Repeat each novel sound;
While listening to the careless din,
The wary Indian scout,
By ear alone, unheard, unseen,
Marks well our devious route.

"At length, with weary months of toil,
Our destined post we near,
The van with Braddock pushes on—
Dunbar brings up the rear;
At head of twice six hundred men,
Sparks, Gage, and Halket ride,
Where joins with Youghiogany
Monongahela's tide.

"There turning from the rugged hills
That skirt the northern banks,
Across Monongahela's ford
They lead the glit'ring ranks,
And wheel along the level shore,
Where opes a lengthened glade,
Upon the sun-lit river's brink,
And 'neath the forest's shade.

"Oh, ne'er was seen more gallant sight,
As burst the orb of day
On that long line of stately troops
In all their proud array;*
The polished casques—the waving plumes,
The muskets burnished bright,
Far flashing through the open wood
The level beams of light.

"But who is this upon our track,
Who, here with flowing rein,
Comes spurring with impatient speed,
Our column's front to gain?
Tho' fever's rage has paled his cheek,
And sunk his flashing eye,
His stalwart form still towers in pride—
His mien is firm and high.

"On him the proud Provincials all
Turn looks of pleased surprise,
And greet him to the field once more
With smiles and beaming eyes—
And well they may, for well they know
Virginia's gallant son—
The peerless horseman, soldier-chief,
The youthful Washington.

"And now again we cross the stream,
The northern bank regain,
And rising from the river's bed
Ascend the open plain;
That smiling plain, so quiet small,
With woods environed round,
And over at its farthest verge
With gentle hillocks crowned.

"Embosomed in the forest dark,
And clothed in richest green,
It softly woos the bright sunbeams,
And glows in summer sheen;
A dimple in wild Nature's cheek
That softens features rude,
And lightens up with joyant smile
The forest's solitude.

"From all around, stream, wood or plain,
Arise no sounds of life,
Save notes of one ill-omened bird,
Who, prescient of the strife,
Surveys our noisy, gallant show—
Surveys our still and ambushed foe,
From perch far over head,
And loudly calls his sable kin
To banquet on the dead.

"Once more in vain 'tis strongly urged,
That some Provincial corps
Of scouts, trained up to Indian wiles,
The woods around explore;
But Braddock no advice will hear,
No ambush does he dread—
'Who'll dare confront a British force
While *he* is at its head?'

"With ranks compact, our stately troops
Tramp o'er the grass-grown plain;
Hurrah! we'll march for three short leagues,
And rest in doomed Duquesne;
With ranks compact, and steady steps,
Hearts beating high with hope,
Our gleaming columns' foremost files
Ascend the gentle slope.

"Crash! crash! from out the very ground,
Up which our front ranks wheel,
Shoots forth a sheet of livid flame—
They falter, stagger, reel.
In front, on flank, the furious blast
Pours forth from deep ravine,
Where, covered by the tall rank grass,
No mortal foe is seen.

"As when, unheralded by sign,
The thunder-storm awakes
The slumb'ring wood, and far and wide
The deep, stern silence breaks,—
As when no cloud foreshades the bolt,
But 'mid its startling crash,
Upon the leaves the big drops fall
With deep and sullen plash—

* Washington, in one of his letters, says that he never saw a more gallant military show than was presented by these troops when he joined them, after first crossing the Monongahela.

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"So breaks that wild and deadly storm,
So roars that deadly blast,
So sullen on defenceless breasts
The leaden drops fall fast.
A moments pause! Again it comes
In one continuous shower,
And from each tree, and bush, and tuft
The murky flashes lower.

"A thousand rifles flashing fast,
Dispatch with sulphu'rous breath.
From 'neath the covers, dark and dense,
Their messengers of death;
A thousand rifles flashing fast,
The angry echoes wake,
And joined with shouts, and oaths, and yells,
Wild, hellish music make.

"Rash Gage's corps, which forms our van,
Dismayed, with looks aghast,
Rush back, and our advancing ranks
In deep disorder cast.
The panic spreads—confused, deranged,
And paralyzed with fear,
No orders will the dastards mind,
No leaders will they hear.

"'To cover! take to cover, men!'
Peyrouny fiercely shouts,
'Beneath the wood, creep on their flank,
My brave and vet'ran scouts!'
'To cover! take to cover, men!'
Bold Poulson's voice replies—
'Stir not, stir not, stand fast and firm!'
Besotted Braddock cries:

"'Deploy, deploy, wheel into line,
Advance the serried rank;
From covert foe 't shall never be said
A British soldier shrank!'
Bold, but besotted Braddock, hold!
Alas! he little knows
What cowards he to battle leads,
What 'vantage has his foes.

"Amid the fierce, death-dealing storm,
Athwart the field he flies,
And vainly his poor, quailing troops
To form and rally tries;
While Morris, Orme, and Washington,
His aids, with orders ride;
The bloody rowels striking deep
The panting courser's side.

"'One gal'ant charge!' Sir Halket cries,
'Hurrah! who follows me?
Before one firm, determined charge,
The skulking foe will flee.'
And at the word, unto a man,
The fearless leaders spring,
And round their heads invitingly
Their flashing sabres swing.

"Five times those daring, dauntless men
Rush on that line of fire—,
Five times before its hissing flames
With thinned ranks retire;
And every time with gesture, voice,
Entreaties, hoarse commands,
They strive to lead up to the charge
Their panic-stricken bands.

"In vain no cheers will urge them on,
No words their ranks restore,
But mid their own brave officers
Their aimless volleys pour—
And as around their fellows fall,
Those trained and showy troops
Rush to and fro across the field
In wild, tumultuous groups.

"'Now curses on the dastard fools!'
Peyrouny fiercely cries—
A rifle bullet through his heart,
He staggers, falls, and dies.
Five horses under him shot down,
A British ball, ('tis said,)
Bold Braddock wounded, lays alow,
With Shirley, Halket, dead.

"Morris, and Orme, and Gage are down,
With Sparks and brave St. Clair,
And Burton, too, with many more
The same hard fate doth share;
As fiercest on the tallest trees
Is poured the lightning's wrath,
So fiercest by the plume-marked brave
Is felt the death-storm's scath—

"Till not a mounted chief remains,
Save one—that only one,
Who coolly rides midst smoke and flame,
The gallant Washington.
Alone, of all that field, he rides,
Majestic, calm, serene—
The noblest target that the foe
In battle e'er has seen.

"Alone, of all that field, he rides,
A mark for every eye,
Round which the spiteful bullets hiss,
Like adders, in the sky;
And as from point to point he moves
Unharmed, demoniac cries
From wond'ring and infuriate foes
With tenfold fury rise.

"Twice 'neath him have his steeds gone down
Before that leaden sleet,—
No lack of empty saddles there,
He instant vaults to seat;
And scathless, freely dashes through
The thickest of the strife—
Till e'en the savages respect
His Heaven-protected life.

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"Six times a chief his rifle points
Against his manly breast,
With careful and deliberate sight,
And firm and steady rest;
Six times at that same noble mark!
His Braves aim fair and nigh—
Six times the hissing volleys pass
The hero harmless by.

"'Desist! desist!' the chieftain cries;
'I see the Spirit's arm
Outstretched, that lofty form to save
And shield from ev'ry harm.
For some high duty he's reserved,
Some purpose to fulfil,
And wrong and vain 'twill be to strive
God's chosen one to kill!'

"'Extend your lines, Virginians,
Stretch out on left and right;
Our duty and our honor 'tis
To shield these cowards' flight.'
Encouraged by his cheerful voice,
We stoutly stand at bay,
And as the fiends from cover leap,
Our rifles steady play.

"Retreating slowly, face to foe,
The river's brink we gain,
But sorely pressed—of all our corps
Scarce thirty men remain.
Ah! what a scene of pain and death,
Defeat, disgrace, distress,
As to the calm, bright river's bed
The frantic soldiers press.

"With pallid cheeks, in fearful haste,
They dash adown the banks,
Where three short hours before upsprang
Their proud and glitt'ring ranks.
Their dripping wounds, entinting wide
As o'er the ford they rush,
Upon the shamed indignant tide
A deep and gory blush.

"And as we cross, what hellish sounds
Rise from that fatal plain,
And swell o'er stream and echoing woods
A wild demoniac strain.
Yells, shouts and shrieks, of man and steed
Wrung forth in pain and fright,
And ruthless deeds of savage rage
'Pall heaving soul and sight.

"Like tigers springing from their lairs
The red-skins throng the plain,
Where, weltering together, lie
The wounded and the slain.
Like tigers to a feast of blood
They rush upon their prey,
And tear from the unstiffened dead
The reeking scalps away.

"Or worse, the wounded, low in pain,
Yet still instinct with life,
Feel circling round their death-damp brows
The keen and searing knife.
And, as in agony they writhe,
Beseech with failing breath,
In vain, the yelling fiends to grant
The last poor boon of death.

"But well for us, the scalps and spoils
The savages detain,
Or not a man had lived to see
Home, wife or child again.
No, not a man bold Dunbar's camp
Had reached, the tale to tell—
How, on that fatal, bloody field
Six hundred soldiers fell,—
How British ignorance and pride
Heaped in inglorious grave,
By dark Monongahela's banks
The coward and the brave."

"Ah! stranger, many a fight I've seen,
Full many a bloody fray,
But ever stern hath mem'ry held
The sights I saw that day.
I've seen them in the forest wild
Beneath the green-wood tree,
And where the prairie rolls its waves—
A boundless, grassy sea.

"In field, and camp, and festive hall,
The long, adventurous chase,
Or, tracking like a blood-hound fierce,
The prowling red man's trace.
They've steeled my heart, and fired my blood—
Quickened my pulse's beat—
Have aimed the ball, and edged the knife—
Have nerved my arm in hours of strife,
And winged my agile feet.

"But ah! the thirst of vengeance o'er,
Fierce passions quiet sleep,
And much, I fear, my greedy lips
Have quaffed the cup too deep.
Too deep! ah! yes, the vengeful draught
Too deeply I have drained,
And all too deep this aged hand
With red man's blood is stained."

The old man stops! his strength is spent,
The flash deserts his eye;
Trembling, he slow resumes his seat,
And heaves a gentle sigh,
And mutters to himself again,
And shakes his snowy head,
As slowly he counts o'er and o'er
The Tally of the Dead!

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THE RATIONALE OF CRIME.*

This is a work that we have for some time been acquainted with, and which we are glad to see re-published under such auspices, though we by no means concur in all its conclusions. It is a theory of crime, and its treatment, founded upon the doctrines of phrenology, presented with admirable clearness, and great force of logic, by the accomplished author, Mr. Sampson. The notes, added by Mrs. Farnham, impart a greater value to the book, and will be read with interest by all who concern themselves with the subject of crime.

We say that we do not concur in all the conclusions of it, because we have not yet that vivid trust in the deductions of phrenological science, which inspires the faith of either the author or the editor. That there is truth in the general principles of this new science of mind, and a great deal of important truth, no one who has studied it impartially will deny. Too large an accumulation of facts has been gathered by the indefatigable researches of its disciples, to allow a philosophic mind to treat its inductions with contempt. Indeed, we may say that the day for deriding and sneering at it is past; and the work of the thinker or investigator now is, not to utter flippant sarcasms and pointless jokes about "bumps" and "craniology," but to consider how far the large array of well authenticated observations which have been collected, has been properly digested into a coherent system, and to what extent error may or may not have been mingled with truth in the generalization.

No physiologist will dispute that the brain is the organ of the mind, and no one who believes his own eyes, or his own instincts, will maintain that different mental functions are not appropriated to different parts of this organ. We have a consciousness almost as clear as that of our own existence, that we do not think with the back side of the head; and therefore, we infer that the minute divisions mapped out on the scull by the phrenologists, have some foundation in nature, and may be perfectly true to the distributions of nature. Whether they are or not, is a legitimate subject for scientific inquiry. We do not propose to discuss the question; yet we will briefly observe, that the phrenological theory seems in accordance with the analogy of nature in many of her other arrangements.

But what we wish to say of this book is, that whether its mental theories be right or wrong—whether there is more or less truth in the doctrines of phrenology—the method it proposes for the treatment of criminals, is in the main, accordant with the spirit of Christianity, and the noblest impulses of modern benevolence. Perhaps on no subject has there been a greater progress made by public opinion, in the course of the last half century, than in that of prison discipline and reform. This progress has been slow, but it has been sure and abiding. The change it has effected amounts to a complete revolution—to a reversal almost of former practices and principles, and the solid establishment of opinions, not only new, but opposite to all previous thought.

There was a time when persons who offended against any law of society,

* Rationale of Crime, and its appropriate treatment; being a treatise on Criminal Jurisprudence, considered in relation to cerebral organization. By M. B. Sampson. With notes and illustrations, by E. W. Farnham, Matron of Mount Pleasant State Prison. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

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no matter under what peculiar circumstances of temptation, or what may have been their earlier training, were generally regarded as outcasts, unworthy of any care on the part of their fellow men, save so much as was necessary to subject them to the severest punishment. They had been arrested, perhaps, on the most unfounded suspicions—tried hastily, and under a load of prejudices, and condemned, without regard to justice or mercy, to ignominious confinement. There was then no eye to pity, this side of Heaven; no earthly hand stretched forth to succor or to save. Thrust remorselessly into dungeons to drag out a tortured existence, or companioned with the most vicious of their race, to learn new arts and habits of crime, the fate of the prisoner was inconceivably wretched. Christian benevolence, however, could not always sleep over such a melancholy condition of things; and accordingly, led on by that sect, which, in the day of its glory, was the first to move in every excellent enterprise—the Friends—means were devised for improving the discipline of jails, and meliorating the state of their unhappy inhabitants. Simultaneously with this active sympathy, there sprung up more liberal views as to the nature and deservings of crime, and offenders, who had been spoken of only in the most bitter, harsh and malignant terms, were now looked upon as unfortunates quite as much as criminals. This more lenient view has extended its influence, until the result has been in many minds—the position of the work before us—that all crime is to be regarded as insanity, or as a disease to be corrected, and not as a deep, moral iniquity, deserving, under all circumstances, the most horrible castigation.

Now, we are prepared to show, on any suitable occasion, that this is the only light in which the perpetrators of crime should be looked upon by a wise and benevolent administration of justice. They are objects of sympathy and good will, and not of hatred and vengeance. The design of their punishment should be reformation, and not the infliction of pain, either for its own sake, or to accomplish ulterior purposes. Whether we consider the causes in which crime for the most part originates, and the consequent ill-desert of the offender, or whether we consider the efficacy of different modes of punishment, as well in restraining others, as amending the habits of the criminal, it can be made perfectly clear, that the jurisprudence which aims exclusively at reformation, is in every aspect the best.

We know by our daily observation of men, (independent of the light thrown, by the doctrine of cerebral organization, upon the causes of the fact,) that men possess, by nature, different propensities to crime. There are beings, who come into the world with such a defective constitution, that it is morally certain, as society now is, they will commit some criminal offence or other. Some are deficient in those powers, which enable us to distinguish accurately between right and wrong; others, while they possess these powers to a certain extent—perhaps to a large extent, are yet slaves to the grosser appetites, which completely overpower their convictions of rectitude and justice; while a third set, with large conscience naturally, and deficient animal propulsion, are, from infancy upward, beset by such corrupting external influences, that all the good in them is overlaid and obstructed by superinduced habits of vice. On the other hand, there are persons, whose natural organization may not have been good, but whose position in society has subjected them to all the meliorating influences of high moral and religious instruction. Now, to say that offences committed by persons under these different circumstances, imply, in any sense, the same degree of guilt; or that, in some instances, any guilt at all is incurred, is to fly in the face of common sense.

Let us suppose the case, which frequently happens, of a child born

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among the poorest of the poor; not only to an inheritance of poverty, but to that, also, of a diseased constitution of nature. The life of ignorance and depravity led by his parents, will produce its impression upon his own structure. His mental faculties are small; and from the very moment of his birth badly directed. He receives no instruction, but what he gathers from the juvenile vulgarity of the streets. He is early initiated by his companions into petty acts of theft and disobedience. Occasionally, perhaps, he may hear from some wandering missionary of tracts, that he ought not to do this, and ought to do that; or, perhaps, never hears anything of the kind. If, in the course of years, he acquires a trade, it is acquired among debased and profane men, who lead him to the dram-shop and the brothel, where the same dread lesson of recklessness and wickedness is repeated. His bodily system, naturally weak, is still further enfeebled by the inevitable inroads of drink. The stomach is eaten away by the poison, and his brain consumed as with fire. In this condition he loses his work; the means for subsisting his family are gone; he can procure no help, not even by beggary; and in the depth of his distress he lays his hand on the property of his neighbor. Now, we ask in what light is society to regard such an offender? Can it say to him, even that he is criminal? Has it a right to inflict any vindictive retribution upon him? Might he not justly turn round to the judge who sentenced him, and say: "It is the community, your laws are meant to represent, which has brought me here,—the community, which allowed my parents to exist in utter degradation and want; in whose advantages I have never participated, whose statutes I could not read, who have made no provisions for my instruction and discipline, and who, when I was thrown out of work, extended to me no opportunities, except such as chance may have cast up, from time to time, abandoning me to temptation, disease, and death, for want of bread." We know not what the judge could, in reason reply to this appeal. The interests of society would compel him to impose some restraint upon the offender; yet, in the light of abstract justice, that society itself is, to a certain extent, a partaker in the offence.

Mr. Sampson, in an instance of this kind, would pronounce the individual insane, and argue that he should be treated according to the regimen of the insane. His argument is, that any person who infringes the laws of the society to which he belongs, does not come up to the average civilization of that society, and is in so far forth in a state of mental disease. He says:

"It will be admitted, that if a man could be found in whom *all* the qualities of mind and body were healthfully constituted and harmoniously developed, we should then behold a being who would realize, humanly speaking, our ideas of perfection. That all men fall far short of this standard, is a truth which religion and experience alike confirm; but some approach more nearly to it than others; and the question that we have to consider, in estimating the qualities of our fellow-men, is not, whether any one exists whose mind and body are thus perfectly sane, but, What is the relative degree of his divergence from the perfect type which we have supposed? The tendency to evil, which, more or less, is the characteristic of all men, indicates in each the amount of this divergence from that harmonious balance of the mental powers, in which alone true soundness of mind can consist. False impressions, ungovernable desires, deficiencies of intellect or feeling—in short, all that makes up the sum of human errors—arise from an unbalanced action of the various faculties of the mind; and to the extent, therefore, that any one faculty is deficient in its comparative relation to the others in any individual, such is the extent of his departure from true soundness of mind, in regard to those objects to which that faculty may relate. For instance, we may suppose a man exerting his natural tendency to the acquisition of property; if this tendency does not exist in his mind to a greater degree than the sentiments of benevolence and

conscientiousness, he will gratify it by the acquisition of property through means consistent with justice and humanity; but, if the tendency to acquire preponderates greatly over the moral tendencies which I have named, he will then gratify it by theft or falsehood, or by any means that may be open to him; and this will arise from his deficiency in those portions of the brain which are the necessary instruments of the two higher feelings. Owing to this deficiency, he is unable to manifest, to a proper degree, these emotions, which are common to man; and the result is, that he cannot perform the mental operations that are necessary to keep his acquisitive tendency within its legitimate bounds. Now, it would be as reasonable to expect a man to run fast with feeble legs, as to expect a man, in the case which I have supposed, to act with benevolence and justice. Just as reasonable, also, would it be to say, that the man who is deficient in those portions or qualities of the brain which are necessary to the manifestation of these feelings, possesses anything else than an unsound mind.

"To the extent, then, that any one power of the mind assumes an irregularity of development, such is the extent of the departure from mental sanity, and the consequent tendency to a disobedience of the moral or physical law, over which the defective faculty was intended to preside; and, as there exists not an individual in whom a perfect balance of all the faculties can be found, so it has been well said, that, 'If we speak with rigorous exactness, there is no human mind in its right state.'

"It will probably be urged, that, as the perfect type, to which I have alluded, has no real existence, it is impossible to estimate, with any degree of exactness, the amount of departure of each individual from its bounds; and that, as mankind are too apt to make their own notions of morals the standard by which they measure the actions of others, this standard would vary, not only with individuals, but with entire nations, and that it is, therefore, totally inapplicable to any practical purpose. Now, although it cannot be maintained that there exists any human mind in a state of perfection, yet we may consider as perfect, for all social purposes, that mind which comes up to the average state of mental power characterizing the society of which it is a part. This average state of the social mind is precisely indicated by the laws and institutions which society frames, or permits to be framed, for its own governance; and, hence it may very safely be taken as a rule, that every person is sane to the requisite extent for the performance of social duties, so long as he possesses the mental power and disposition to act in obedience to the laws. Although, therefore it may be asserted that, in the eye of Perfection, there exists no human mind in its right state, yet so long as an individual infringes no general law or habit of society, he may be considered as coming up to the average point of civilization, and may, therefore, be regarded as perfectly sane."

There is some force in this statement, yet we apprehend that the generality of readers will not agree with Mr. Sampson. Great as is the effect of cerebral organization, and the influence of external circumstances, in producing irregularities of disposition in men, they do not operate mechanically, or with inevitable force; and difficult as it may be to determine the precise line where sanity ends and insanity begins, there is yet a broad field of action within which there can be no mistake. No doubt the drunkard, who has impaired his physical energies by a long course of self-debasement, is to a certain degree insane, and if he continues his habits, will run into a state of incurable mental derangement; but between his original departure from sobriety and the point of extreme and absolute delirium, there is a broad space—at no point of which can he be properly said to be insane. And the reason is, that the person had not yet lost the entire control of himself, he could at any time have voluntarily changed his course, as Washingtonianism demonstrates, and so long as he had this voluntary control of himself, he was morally responsible, and not an insane person. But we will not discuss this question now, meaning to reserve it for a more regular and elaborate consideration. Our object in referring to the book, was to speak

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of the efforts of Mrs. Farnham, by whom it has been republished, and her admirable and effective exertions in improving the female department of the prison at Sing-Sing.

A great deal of censure, and even odium in some minds, has been heaped upon her by a certain sort of interested and prejudiced people, in consequence of her exertions. But she has met them all with perfect equanimity, knowing that the results of her efforts, when made known, would more than defend her from every imputation.

A friend of ours, a distinguished and philanthropic lady, who does not share in Mrs. Farnham's philosophy of crime, bears this testimony to her practical success:

"As you have asked me for some information respecting Mrs. Farnham's administration and influence at Sing Sing, I will, in brief, give you such facts as have come to my knowledge. I was disposed to visit that prison at her suggestion at an early period of my acquaintance with her. She knew that I was no phrenologist or transcendentalist, but deeply impressed with the practical worth of the Christian doctrine. She had often heard me say that I believed that Christ's teachings were all-sufficient for the seed-sowing of virtue, and the inculcation of renewing principles, where the moral nature had been perverted, or never developed. She well knew that she could look to me for no other influence upon the minds of convicts than such as should be drawn from the gospel, or should lead them to it for edification. Soon after she had assumed her present function, I received a letter from her containing the following passage: 'It is my purpose, in the first place, to bring the women to a state of order and obedience. When that is accomplished, I shall endeavor to learn the state of their minds, and their several capabilities of improvement. Concerning the means of the latter, I shall look to you for some assistance.' After this suggestion, I took my earliest leisure to visit the prison, and make myself acquainted with its inmates. They were then seventy-two in number. Nine of them did not know a letter; about ten could read with tolerable intelligence, and of the fifty and more remaining, I doubt whether any could make continuous sense out of a book, good or bad, without help.

"The state, or some other bounty, supplies the women each with a bible and prayer-book, printed in small characters, which requires good eyes to read at all. There were seventy or eighty volumes, more or less, of a discarded library, in a state of neglect. Those books were examined; they were, for the most part, exceedingly ill-printed, and of a most uninviting character. It is next to impossible to make people good or wise against their taste and liking. The difficulty, nay, the impossibility, of making poor, ignorant creatures like the convicts, read books like those provided for them, was entirely obvious. Such of the books as seemed the most feasible for their use, whether religious or of a secular character, were retained.

"With Mrs. Farnham's entire concurrence, I set about enlarging their library. I did not trust my own judgment alone in this matter. Ladies, admirable for piety, liberality, and literary taste, assisted me, giving me counsel, books and money, to aid my enterprise. The more elementary of these books came from the Sunday School Union. Some were works of innocent entertainment, as Sargent's Temperance Tales, Hannah More's Domestic Tales, Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales, Mrs. Sherwood's Works, and some little books of history, geography, and travels. Some of the convicts seemed to enjoy poetry, and collections designed especially for instruction, were furnished to them. Great pains were taken to teach them to read and write, and the matron herself, and her assistants, read to them.

"This mode of instruction has been continued as much as the contracts for labor of the convicts will permit. I have never witnessed more earnest pains-taking, and more fervent gratitude, than are apparent among them. More than one has told me, 'we should never have known these things had we not come here.' One said, 'had I known what I now know, I should never have been here.'

"These means of instruction, and more, also, were obtained by influence of the matron, and entirely carried into effect by her arrangements, her personal exer-

tions, and the excellent concurrence of the very benevolent and intelligent assistants she has employed during the three years of her administration. I feel myself at entire liberty to say, that Mrs. Farnham believes that no course of treatment is so effectual to turn the wicked from the error of their way, as to give them new ideas of virtue, clear statements of their danger and their duties; in fine, to teach them, 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' things *pure, honest, lovely,* and of *good report,* and to make them '*think* on those things;' forming new habits of reasoning and reflection, and setting before them new and better motives of action than they have ever been informed of.

"Mrs. Farnham's government is rigid, but kind; she endeavors to make punishment an invariable consequence of all breaches of law and order. Impunity for all wilfulness, negligence of duty, insolence, or obstinacy, is unknown in her discipline. The outbreaks, which once were frequent among the female convicts, under other authority, now occur *almost never.* It has once happened in the last year, that a desperate woman, from the western part of the state, made some attempt to resist her commands, and a very summary and instant punishment in a few minutes subdued every manifestation of combination or sympathy with the offender. I had an opportunity to observe the effect of this momentary defiance of lawful government upon the convicts generally; it was no other than the deepest grief and mortification that their friend and benefactress should be so disturbed. Impulsive, ignorant, fitful and unprincipled as they generally are, mere good intention in their governors is little available. High moral purpose, energy in actions, uniform dignity of deportment, general consistency, and enlightened humanity, are indispensable in the efficient prison governor. I believe that all these points, in their entire combination, are united in Mrs. F.

"Immediately after reading some of the unprincipled attacks upon her in the public prints, I spent a Sunday in the prison, and after reading the Scriptures to the convicts collectively, I visited the greater number in their cells. I found each in a sober, humble and grateful frame of mind. How much of this sobriety and docility was genuine I do not pretend to affirm. Those who could not read the Bible and Prayer Book, which all possess, were desirous that I should read to them, or explain some passage they had heard read. A young friend, recently from the prison, informs me that at this very time many of the female convicts are deeply impressed with the evil of sin; that they are seeking heavenly wisdom, asking guidance and counsel; are striving against bad passions and bad habits, and looking to divine aid and gospel light for direction and effectual repentance. This state of feeling is as grateful to Mrs. Farnham as it could be to any Christian, any philanthropist, any friend to the ignorant, and 'them that are out of the way.'

"Mrs. Farnham's attention to the laws of animal life is particularly favorable to the health of the prisoners, and much calculated to warn them against those excesses and mistaken indulgences, to which they may be tempted in their subsequent state of freedom. If they are not better in all respects for her discipline, it must be that they are intrinsically incorrigible. Under the previous administration, all infants born in the prison died a few months after birth. This mortality so shocked one of the humane inspectors, that he determined the children should in future be immediately removed from maternal care, as a measure of humanity. Mrs. Farnham instantly detected the reason of this fatality—a total disregard of ventilation in the hospital, and negligence of the aliment of nurses, produced it. These abuses being removed, four children, born and nurtured within the prison walls, are now living, at different ages, in health and vigor.

That Mrs. Farnham should, in the least measure, endeavor to corrupt the unfortunate subjects of her care, is the most unlikely thing in the world. No person entertains a deeper sense of moral evil than she—none feels more compassion for its victims. A professing Christian herself—though we do not hold that profession makes principle, or that principle needs profession, to give it efficacy—she knows that the gospel is a sure guide, and that the carnal mind, the animal nature, needs its correctives to subdue the propensities to the law of the spirit—to God's law, revealed both in his Providence, and in his Word. I feel clearly convinced, that she would a thousand times rather quit her vocation for ever, than turn it to confirmation of sin, or inculcation of iniquity. I know that her love of mankind, her anxious concern for the welfare of society, must ever dispose her to use all her influence for the improvement of those who have sinned, or may,

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through negligence or evil communication, continue to disturb society. I believe she is engaged by the most upright and generous motives to do good to the convicts, and thus to benefit general society; and I have no doubt that she will be eminently successful in both, notwithstanding all misrepresentations of her measures and her character."

Thus, either through her philosophy, or in spite of her philosophy, Mrs. Farnham, by her indefatigable zeal, and eminent firmness and integrity of character, has succeeded in producing a thorough reform in the prison under her management, and is still achieving very grand and noble triumphs.—The friends of the old methods, therefore, may carp as much as they please, at her phrenological experiments; but while she can exhibit practices like these to the Christian world, she will be sustained by its enlightened opinion. Her career is a fine commentary upon what we alleged at the outset, that as to the humane treatment of offenders, for she regards them rather as unfortunates than as criminals, and makes reform and not retribution the end of punishment. It is in accordance with the Divine principle which teaches us to "overcome evil with good." We rejoice, truly, that the world is beginning to see the efficacy of this truth in many other respects. It is, indeed, a glorious privilege to live in an age when the spirit of genuine Christianity is penetrating deeper and deeper into the heart of society, and when goodness is supplanting more and more, in all the relations of life, the ancient faith in severity and force.

POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 1.

SONG.

Some thrive by luck, some live by wit,
Some groan in lean starvation. O!
Some men are good, some desperate knaves,
None free from all temptation, O!

Some hold their fellows in contempt,
Unless of high connection, O!
But man's a man in every clime,
Despite grade or complexion, O!

Whether he be a cottar, poor,
Or whether a millionaire, O!
It is not wealth adorns the heart,
But virtue indwelling there, O!

There's not a wretch, how low or vile,
Whom beggars shun and contemn, O!
But sounds a note in Nature's chord
To swell its mighty anthem, O!

My blood with indignation burns
To see rich rogues respected, O!
While honest worth, in want of cash,
Is by the world neglected, O!

This is a wrong we ne'er may right,
Lose not a meal in trying, O!
Wealth will impose an honest want,
Toil! what's the use of sighing, O!

The poor must eat, and cannot wait,
The rich are well provided, O!
But why should wealth and labor be
By such a gulph divided, O!

What is ordained will come in time—
When? ah, who so wise as tell, O!
Then thrifty hands and honest hearts
From riches shall bear the bell, O!

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AMERICAN WORKS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.*

"Ut Pictura Poesis erit; similisque Poesi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem
Alternantque vices et nomina; muta poesis
Dicitur hæc, pictura loquens solet illa vocari.
Quod fuit auditu gratum cecinere poetæ
Quod pulchrum aspectu Pictores pingere curant:
Quæque Poetarum numeris indigna fuere,
Non eadem Pictorum operum studiumq; merentur."

A TASTE for the more elevated productions of painting and sculpture is rapidly increasing amongst us, and day after day brings new evidence of artistic genius, that will eventually raise this country to a level in this respect with any of the nations of Europe. When it is considered that the attainment of excellence in these pursuits is peculiarly the work of time—that a profound knowledge of the happiest efforts of past epochs is most essential to brilliant success, it will be perceived that this is no faint praise. Our local position, however advantageous in other regards, is not favorable to our progress in the fine arts. Withheld by the broad Atlantic from the frequent contemplation enjoyed by Europeans of those *chefs d'œuvre* which have obtained the suffrages of mankind, and been established by the voice of ages, we have had to contend with almost insuperable difficulties. But thanks to national enterprise and perseverance, the first steps have all been taken. Institutions and galleries for the encouragement of art, have been founded in different parts of the country; American painters travel more frequently to Italy and France, and, we trust the day is not far distant, when we shall have imbibed as a people that true spirit, which is most likely to direct the artist to a just standard of excellence. We should neglect no means of enabling the mass to form accurate notions of artistic beauty. In England, with all her means and appliances, the people are sadly deficient, to the great prejudice of genuine works of genius, and they have yet much to learn ere they reject those gaudy and meretricious efforts, (which now pander to a vitiated taste,) for those unpretending and meritorious productions that are fully appreciated only by a judicious minority. It would be folly, therefore, to deny, that our judgment in works of art is yet unformed, vague, and, in most instances, erroneous. There are many persons of highly cultivated taste in this country, who find, in the noblest efforts of the chisel and pencil, the congenial embodyment of their own refined and glowing conceptions; but this is not sufficient for the interests of painting and sculpture. The fame and fate of artists depend even still more upon the verdict of the people at large; and until true ideas of art are more generally diffused, and the demand becomes greater for works of a high order, it cannot be expected that men of genius will devote the utmost powers of their minds to produce fine compositions. These considerations induce us to offer some few additional remarks upon the subject of painting and sculpture, in the hope that they may render the reader more familiar with those principles, which being impressed upon the mind, enable it to arrive at a fair estimate of the value of those works which seem most worthy of examination. The opinions we advance are perhaps not remarkable for novelty, but they cannot be too often recalled to

* Vanderlyn's Landing of Columbus—Exhibition of the Art Union, &c. &c.

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memory, nor too widely circulated. The first question asked by those who seek information on the subject is, what is true art? The response immediately arises, that it is a faithful imitation of nature. Such undoubtedly is the fact. But when we reflect that nature assumes a thousand varied forms, and that each painter and sculptor views her through the peculiar medium of his own mind, it will be acknowledged that there is great room for discussion. The habits, tastes, and observances of nations, too, are so different, that what one man lauds to the very echo, another may decry as barbarous and unnatural. To place art in a clear light before the world—to dispel illusions, and thereby give genius fair play, is one of the most important services that can be rendered the cause of civilization. This glorious task has been but partially accomplished, whether in France, England, or, we might venture to say, in modern Italy; but many have labored for its fulfilment, and all that we desire is, to afford our humble aid to sustain those principles and modes of thought which are most approved in the teaching and practice of the great masters.

In all the varied phases of nature she possesses great beauty, but her productions, like those of art, are distinctly classified. Thus the genius of every painter, however peculiar, has its own field of performance, and thus have arisen the different schools into which the art, more particularly of painting, is divided. Whatever is good in its distinctive class of art, however low the subject, is worthy of respect, for in each of her realms nature, as we have said, is still beautiful. Thus, Teniers and Gerard Dow will live probably for an equal time with Raphael in the recollection of men, though how different their works, school, and reputation. It would be foreign to our purpose here to give a minute account of the various schools, and we will enter simply into a short dissertation on those principles on which some of the more elevated are based. In doing so we shall probably give the reader some insight that he has not hitherto obtained, into what we may justly term the poetry of art.

The diversified figures, groupings, and scenery of nature, are only comparatively beautiful or defective. There are but few objects in her wide domain that reach the degree of perfection which the refined and glowing imagination of genius is empowered to conceive. A knowledge of this fact has given rise to schools peculiarly eclectic, and these, rejecting the deformities which, as many of the great writers on art have admitted, exist in most of her productions, have established certain standards of beauty to which it should be our constant endeavor to attain. The works produced by these very academies of art are, paradoxical as it may seem, the most natural. However beautiful individual objects may appear in nature, we rarely find in them that *reunion* of perfections which astonish us for instance in the Grecian statues. Every beauty that is possible for the painter to depict is certainly discoverable in nature, but scattered, as if by accident; and, even in her happiest efforts, there is almost invariably some slight deficiency, which is but too apt to dissipate all belief in her supremacy. The attempt to produce perfection by a close imitation of individual objects in nature had so often failed, that the grand secret of the *beau ideal* was at length revealed, and

too perfect in its grace. best adapt to taste, which lurks

——"the sculptor from the rival forms
Of loveliest nymphs each faultless feature chose,
To mould the matchless marble."

Nor was this system of selection pursued simply with regard to statuary. It extended also to landscape. Those peculiarities which are termed the

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"accidents of nature," and which are often but ill adapted to pictorial effect, were thrown aside, and those charming subjects chosen, in the delineation of which a Claude Lorraine and a Poussin have won imperishable reputation. We may appropriately sustain our opinion as to the utility of the ideal system of beauty, by extracting the following lines from a poem written by one of the most intellectual of historical painters:

——"Tho' our casual glance may sometimes meet
With charms that strike the soul and seem complete,
Yet if those charms too closely we define,
Content to copy nature line for line,
Our end is lost. Not such the master's care,
Curious he culls the perfect from the fair;
Judge of his art, through beauty's realm he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies;
With nimble steps pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along."

We have styled the ideal system the poetry of art, for by this means alone are we enabled to depict upon the inanimate canvass those varied beauties of sentiment, scenery, and character,-the reflection of which exercises the most elevating influence upon our minds. What is poetry but the chaste and happy presentment of the more refined, the nobler, and the more ardent tastes, feelings, and passions of our nature? Painting is all this; for when imbued with the true spirit of ideality, it can describe in the noblest outlines and most glowing colors, the gallant lover, the beauteous mistress, and the glorious victories or signal downfall of the hero. It will carry us alike into the simple cottage and the gorgeous palace, and place before our eyes, in vivid contrast, the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly, giving to all, under whatever circumstances, full and adequate expression.

It enables us to rove through landscapes as glowing and delightful as fancy can picture, even in a dream. But if we would soar still higher, it will bring us into momentary association with the gods, and realise the highest and most brilliant flights of poetic imagination. Who then can deny that poetry and painting are born of the same spirit—that there is any difference, except, indeed, in their modes of expression?

If the poet have a lofty and glorious mission, is not that of the painter worthy also of the noblest efforts to attain distinction? The influence of neither is circumscribed, and both can render great and important service, whether

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

In the foregoing, we have given the very pith and essence of the reflections which arose in our minds, from the examination of many native works which have been recently executed. We have been induced to offer them in the present article for two or three very cogent reasons.

One of these is a firm belief that the views we have expressed form no inappropriate introduction to a consideration of any class of works; and another, that the attention of the community is more earnestly directed, than at any former period, to the subjects that we have selected. As we shall come, by and bye, to regard the less elevated and poetic, though certainly meritorious class of works, we trust that we shall be enabled, by a description of them, to sustain our assertion, that in all the legitimate and various ramifications of art, however lowly and unpretending they may be deemed, there is still to be found the pervading influence of poetic thought and genius. Poetry, like nature and art, assumes number-

less shapes, giving us many gradations of beauty, and may be expressed in the familiar pictures of a Sir David Wilkie, or Edwin Landseer, as in those of a Michael Angelo, though in the former it cannot soar so high nor rest so long upon the wing. But let us now glance at some productions of an elevated order.

In Mr. Brown's Statues we recognise much of the true spirit of the "antique,"—much genius and knowledge. His Adonis, musing on the pleasures of the chase, is a noble work, that betrays a fine appreciation of ideal and poetic beauty, and would of itself place him in a high rank amongst American sculptors. The contemplative position of this figure, and the expression of the countenance, give an admirable idea of the moment chosen by the artist. Those who have seen the most celebrated statues of Venus, will find no disappointment in the contemplation of this beautiful representation of her especial favorite. The sculpture of Ruth receiving the Salutation of Boaz, also exhibits great artistic power, though the subject be not of so elevated a nature. This work is exceedingly graceful and natural. There she stands in simple, flowing and tasteful drapery—her eyes cast modestly towards the ground, her right hand upon her bosom, and on her left arm a small bundle or sheaf, which she had just gathered. There we say she stands, almost rivetted to the spot by the words of Boaz; and well indeed has the sculptor rendered manifest the emotions which ran through her sad heart,

> ——————— "when sick for home
> She stood in tears, amid the alien corn."

The Rebecca of this artist is also a pleasing and graceful performance, though not completely finished. She is represented on her way to her mother's house, after having received the gifts of Abraham.

The "Boy and Dog," or, to use a pithy phrase which describes the nature of this design, *chi vince, mangia* (who wins, eats) is full of life and character. Nothing can be finer than the position of both figures, whether independently or relatively considered. A child of some six or eight years old endeavours to pull back a dog, by means of his collar, from a well filled bowl, which the former desires with equal avidity. The idea was a happy one, and is exceedingly well carried out.

The only deficiencies which struck us were, in some few parts of the statue, a slight hardness of outline, a lack of muscular developement sufficient to describe the struggle going on between the two parties, and a trifling incorrectness in the relative position of the lower part of the face. Taken altogether, however, it must be regarded as a work of a very high order, and will give pleasure to the admirers of nature and graceful simplicity.

The series of bas-reliefs, representing the seasons, evince great genius for composition, and a fine classic taste; but in point of execution they are inferior to some of the statues we have mentioned.

The "Wife of Ariadne," a bust nearly the size of life, is exquisite. The features possess all the beauty of the ideal, with much of the individuality of nature; and the arrangement of the hair, in which are appropriately entwined some early vine leaves and grapes, renders the *ensemble* perfect. There are some other admirable works by Mr. Brown, needless to mention here; and we shall now offer a few additional remarks, explanatory of our reasons for taking notice of the above statues, previous to commenting on those of other artists. In the first place, then, Mr. Brown has shaken off local prejudices, as all must do

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who would rival or approach the old masters. He has aimed at universality; and in one sense at least he has attained it, for there is no peculiarity of costume, natural developement, or subject, which can prevent these works from being understood by any people and at any epoch.

We hail the production of models distinguished by this characteristic, as the strongest proof that can be given of an enlarged and truly liberal taste. The second and third of the motives which have actuated us is, that these are the only native pieces of sculpture that have lately come under our observation; and that as the student begins his career by the study of classic works of this kind, the attention of *connoisseurs* should be turned first to their contemplation.

Vanderlyn's picture of the Landing of Columbus next claims our notice; for, independent of the nature of the subject, it is eminently worthy of the place for which it was designed—we mean the capitol at Washington. Representations of this sort do not admit of that great general beauty we have admired in the preceding works, and accordingly they have less affinity with the more lofty poetry of art. They are characterised necessarily by much of the individuality of portrait painting, though elevated by the wide scope they afford for delineation of passion, character, and historical circumstance. The costumes, too, are those of a particular epoch, and frequently both ungraceful and unnatural. But such productions are at least secondary in the scale of intellectuality. The choice of subject has been exceedingly happy, as regards this picture. The able painter who selects such noble themes, almost identifies himself with the personages he represents—sharing in their dangers, their difficulties, and their glory. What can be more lasting in the memory of man, than the discovery of the American continent—an event fraught with such numberless influences upon the happiness and welfare of the world—which has opened to the impoverished and overpopulated countries of Europe, a thousand new avenues for enterprise, industry, and talent, and to the oppressed of all lands, a refuge and a home.

A work of art, representing worthily an event of such magnitude as this, necessarily partakes of much of its interest and immortality. The picture of which we speak, is a highly creditable and masterly production. Columbus and his officers have just landed, and form a well considered group in the foreground. The face and figure of the admiral are full of expression, and beautifully drawn.

His head is raised to heaven with a look of joy and gratitude at having at length found land; in his left hand he holds a banner, on which are painted the cognizance of Castile and Aragon, with the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella; and in his right hand is a sword, pointed to the ground. This figure is in every respect unexceptionable; but of the others in the group, we cannot speak in such favorable terms, two or three of them being rather defective in drawing, and in some places entirely devoid of contrast. The painter has certainly obeyed the rules of art in the pre-eminence he has given the hero, both as regards position and coloring; and it was probably in accordance with an opinion entertained by many able writers, the late Mr. Haydon, for instance, "that the repetition of line the principal figure makes, is the secret of all beautiful arrangement and quantities," that there is so little variety of position. It is remarkable, however, that none of the other persons introduced, give one upward look of thankfulness. Behind this group are several more of the crew arriving on the sands, which they examine with avidity, in the vain expectation of finding pieces of

gold. This conveys an idea of the spirit which has actuated hosts of adventurers in visiting our shores. To the right we have, apparently, the entrance to a thick forest, crowded with naked aborigines, and this suggests at once the difficulties and dangers that would beset the party were they to trust themselves, ignorant of the country, in its labyrinths. The various incidents which might naturally have been expected to arise on the occasion are accurately portrayed; and, as the distant sun spreads its mellow light upon the different groups and surrounding objects, we have a pleasing effect of atmosphere, which gives a faithful impression of one of the most charming phases of our climate. The coloring is warm and subdued, though it must be allowed, that it is neither so rich nor agreeable as that of many still more sombre historical pictures we have seen. There are evidences, also, throughout the work, of its being "laboured." We have given but a hasty and imperfect sketch of this picture. We are highly gratified with it altogether; and as no effort of genius can be pronounced absolutely perfect, our readers will readily believe us when we state, that the few exceptions we have mentioned, do not very materially affect its general character.

The annual distribution of the American Art Union, which took place during the past month, is so interesting an event to all lovers of the fine arts in this country, that we should be remiss in our duty were we to pass unnoticed the many creditable and valuable works of which its exhibition was composed.

Nothing can be more repugnant to our feelings, than to treat with undeserved neglect any effort of the painter; and we therefore premise, that we shall be guided in our selection simply by the comparative facilities these pictures may afford for the illustration of those great principles which, in accordance with the spirit of our previous remarks, we should endeavour to sustain.

We have long admired the works of Mr. Huntingdon. He seems to have studied in a good school; and though he has not reached the climax of grace and beauty, his style is certainly of an elevated order.

Possessing more knowledge of the human figure than distinguishes most of our native artists, and a comprehensive grasp of mind, he is well qualified to paint historical, religious, and even allegorical subjects.

The picture entitled "Alms Giving," presents many of his best characteristics. In this composition we have three figures, each admirable of its kind. Two mendicants, (an old man and probably his daughter) are seated together, apparently by the road-side, the one bowed down with age and hopeless despondency, and the other looking up with an expression, half imploring and half grateful, at a female, simply and gracefully attired, who is in the act of giving her a piece of money.

The features of this impersonation of charity are beautiful, but the effect is greatly enhanced by the sympathetic amiability of her countenance. The drapery is easy, natural, and in a word, *universal*, and the entire effect of colouring consistent, warm, and agreeable. The male figure, and some few of the accessories, remind us of Reynold's Holy Family, in the National Gallery of England; but it must be understood, that these are the only points that seem any wise deficient in originality. What sombre, and yet sweet reflections are suggested by pictures of this nature? We behold, on the one hand, the traces of poverty and suffering, which lead us to inquire into the probable early causes of such extreme misery, and on the other, evidences of beauty, grace, and benevolence, which carry us in

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fancy to the fireside of virtue, innocence, and comparative affluence. What variety and yet what harmony! Such productions as these, are at once as real and poetical as

> "A garland of sweet flowers—some bright—
> Some sad; like-life, made up of smiles and tears."

The "Lesson on the Immortality of the Soul," by Mr. Luther Terry, is distinguished by many beauties of composition, and this is very high praise, for it would naturally call into play some of the most intellectual powers of the artist. A fine boy, about nine years of age, resting partially on the lap of a female, regards her with lively curiosity and surprise, whilst she looks down upon him with interest; her right hand pointing to heaven in explanation of one of the most ennobling truths of Christianity. We do not, however, admire as enthusiastically as some persons, either the outlines or coloring of this work. The subject would undoubtedly have admitted of the utmost ideal beauty of form, instead of which, we have simply one of its gradations. The figures seem to have been drawn almost entirely from living models, and although divested, in a great measure, of individuality, do not approach as near perfection as we could have desired. The coloring, too, is rather defective, being neither sufficiently subdued nor pleasing. There is something, however, in the style of Mr. Terry, which reminds us of the works of the artist previously named. Their modes of thought, if we may judge from this picture, are very similar, and both give promise of great excellence.

How varied and popular are the subjects afforded by the history of the Revolution of '76! The painting by J. B. Stearns, of Ethan Allen, demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga, is one that would be highly appreciated by any patriotic American. The stern and bold countenance and figure of the soldier of liberty, as, with one hand raised to heaven, and the other grasping his sword, he announces his authority to be from God and the Continental Congress, transcend all praise, whilst those of the British officer, who has just risen from bed, lose but little in comparison. The coloring is warm, sombre, and appropriate; but two or three of the subordinate figures in the back ground are decidedly inferior, as regards drawing and position.

The "Old Man's Lesson," by Mr. Durand, is pervaded by much of the poetry of landscape painting. What can be more truly poetical in this style of art, than the design of this picture? The evening sun is setting, and throws a mellow, subdued tint of gold over one of the most charming scenes that can be contemplated in nature. In the foreground, rippling gently on its course, is a shallow stream, across which is thrown, as it were by accident, the trunk of an old tree. At one end of this same tree, sits an old man addressing a child, as he points to the weeds and flowers before him. Here are these two beings, the one just buddiug into life, the other on the borders of eternity. They are all alone—no sound to disturb his reveries, but the simple prattle of that innocent child. To the right is an over-spreading tree, so admirably true to nature, as almost to complete the amount of deceptiveness which would lead us to fancy ourselves on the spot; and in the distance, browsing upon the hills, are some erratic cows, which the spectator must invariably regard as amongst the most natural objects in the composition.

The domestic scene, entitled "Winter Evening," by Mr. T. H. Matteson, is remarkably well drawn.

The figure in the corner, which intervenes between the spectator and the

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fire-place, afforded an opportunity of which the artist did not fail to avail himself, to produce an excellent effect of light and shade. The grouping of the children is good, but the coloring on the different faces seems rather too cold and white. We do not exactly know how to account for it, but certain it is that this picture recalls to memory Burns' poem of the Cotter's Saturday Night. The same love, doubtless, of the simple charms and social enjoyments of humble life, actuated both painter and poet; but we miss the good housewife and the blooming and bashful maid, so vividly portrayed by the latter. Pictures of this kind belong to a school, of which Sir David Wilkie may be said to be the head and founder. There is a wide field for the display of genius in their treatment. They approach nearly to those of the Dutch painters, but are somewhat more elevated; the chief object not being mere mechanical finish, nor minute individual representation, but to embody the poetry of the affections, as seen in the cottage of the farmer and peasant. The admirers of epic and dramatic painting may look down with indifference, if not contempt, upon works of this order; yet the subjects are well worthy the highest species of talent that can be devoted successfully to them. Gray, Goldsmith, and Burns, did not disdain them, and why should the limner? As we have said before, there is beauty in every department of art, and this has its peculiar merits of brilliant execution, and of sentiment, and character, as appertaining to a class which may be found all the world over, though attired, it must be confessed, in divers national costumes. To the benevolent man of genius there can be no task more congenial than to depict the varied phases of humble life, teaching a lesson and a moral to the favored ones of the earth. Wilkie, himself, has invested the cottage of the peasant with a thousand charms of which it had not hitherto appeared susceptible, and much yet remains to accomplish. The pencil which painted the "Blind Fiddler," and the pen that wrote the following well remembered lines, were surely guided by the same poetic and philanthropic spirit:

> "Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor."

We have said much of the poetry of art, but were we to treat every subject which comes under that denomination, we should far transgress the limits of this article. The choice of theme, is, however, so important to the character of a picture which aspires to the beautiful, of whatever kind, that we shall make some remarks showing the necessity of giving it due consideration. As regards landscapes we speak more particularly. A locality should not only be interesting from historical association, or celebrated as the scene of some remarkable domestic event, or curious from antiquity, but should be distinguished by beauties perfectly independent of these causes for selection, in order to be worthy of the painter. We have an admirable illustration of our meaning in Mr. Cole's picture of the arch of Nero, which forms part of the aqueduct near Tivoli. What in the name of good taste is there of the beautiful in this arch, or in the landscape? We have never seen anything worse adapted to pictorial effect. Usually, in works of this description, we have at least some vestiges of architectural beauty, but here there is nothing of the sort. A huge pile of unmeaning red bricks forms the chief object, which is varied, to be sure, by an old bridge, some distant hills, and in the foreground, an abundance of rich, green foliage. To make a pleasing picture from this would have required greater powers than even the best landscape painters possess. Most assuredly Mr. Cole might, with at least one-half the labor and talent he has here evinced, have produced a work infinitely more agreeable. It is valuable, certainly, as an exact transcript of the spot, but no-

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thing more, and cannot fail to give those who are unaware of the great difficulties he had to contend with, an unfavorable impression of the painter's really great abilities. Another very important principle which this work suggests to us as being necessary to impress upon the mind of the reader, is, that however beautiful may be the execution of particular parts, unless the general effect be harmonious, the picture is far less valuable than if some of these were neglected. to the advantage of the general effect. In looking at each particular object here, we find the execution bold, and the coloring rich, but the picture, regarded as a whole, is sadly deficient. This may have been owing to the *local* difficulties presented by the subject, but it is probably as much in consequence of a confused idea of light and shade.

There are some painters, though we should hardly suppose Mr. Cole to be of them, who, knowing that nature is always beautiful, and yet unable to classify her varied charms, commit great errors by an illiberal choice of subject, and limited knowledge of the beauties of style. To these we would say, in the words of the poet, to choose the golden mean,

> "Nor yet to nature such strict homage pay,
> As not to quit when genius leads the way,
> Nor yet though genius all his succour sends,
> Her mimic powers though ready memory lends,
> Presume from nature wholly to depart,
> For nature is the arbitress of art.
> In error's grove ten thousand thickets spread,
> Ten thousand devious paths our steps mislead.
> 'Mid curves, that vary in perpetual twine,
> Truth owns but one direct and perfect line."

Had the painter duly considered the principle contained in these lines, he would, probably, never have begun this heavy, and, despite the locality it represents, uninteresting landscape. The chief characteristic of this work is the boldness of the execution; but the opacity of the clouds would lead us to infer, did we not know the contrary from an examination of several of Mr. Cole's previous pictures, that he has yet much to learn of the *ars celare artem*, and that he is devoid of refinement of thought.

The visitors to the exhibition of last year will have remembered Mr. Deas' picture of the "Death Struggle," which is one of the most spirited and effective works ever hung upon its walls. This painting displayed powers of a very high order, and the admiration it elicited was general and enthusiastic. The same artist shortly afterwards produced one entitled the "Oregon Pioneers," which was so inferior as to have led us at first to doubt that it was executed by him. There has seldom been a more lamentable falling off. This work has been treated in the most careless, and certainly not the happiest style of the painter. The coloring is gaudy, and the composition devoid alike of that species of grace and character that we might naturally have looked for in the treatment of this subject. The faces appear to have been drawn from one model, and that a somewhat unmeaning one. The poney introduced, which is partially hid, is, with the exception of the head, remarkably defective. The artist has carefully concealed the legs and feet in order to avoid the trouble of painting them. That he could have done so with the greatest success is amply shown by the many admirable horses he has painted. Mr. Deas, when he puts forth all his capabilities, is one of our ablest painters. In the delineation of Indian life and physical characteristics, we believe he is unsurpassed, and it is therefore matter of regret that he should allow any work to leave his easel which cannot be regarded as at least equal to those he has already produced. The subjects in which he excels, fortunately admit the display of a knowledge of the figure and bold execution, and these requisites he possesses in an eminent degree.

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We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to some picture by this gentleman which is really worthy his reputation.

The peculiar province of artistic genius is no where so evident as in those pictures in which but two or three figures are so treated as to tell an entire story, or convey many subjects of thought to the mind. We remember having seen a work of this class at the Louvre, and the wonderful effect it produced on us.

The horrors of the deluge—its immensity, and influence upon those who were not permitted to enter the ark, are explained in the most vivid manner, by means of one family of three or four persons, and a "bit of landscape," the latter occupying about one-eighth part of the work. The father, endeavoring to climb a rock, has caught hold of the branch of a tree, which breaks in his grasp. His wife and children hold him by the limbs, and all seem in momentary danger of falling into the rising waters beneath. It is the last struggle for existence, and its effect is admirably portrayed in the convulsive expression of the different countenances. In Ranney's "Dead Charger," one of the works recently distributed, a good deal of the power to which we have alluded is evinced. How much is expressed by this sketch of the soldier's horse, as he lies deserted on that bleak spot, and the bird of prey hovers over him! Where is the gallant rider; has he, too, fallen in the conflict? Mayhap this charger hath borne him swiftly through many a glorious battle-field—was his especial favorite—dear to him as one of his own kindred; and yet, such is the fate of war—they are separated forever. No more shall the trumpet's shrill, enlivening blast, rouse him from his sleep.

The "Flight into Egypt," by G. L. Brown, displays some effects which remind us of the works of the old masters. This is particularly the case as regards the coloring, which recalls that of Claude Lorraine and one of the Poussins. But there is a certain minuteness of touch and finish which interferes with the general effect, and a flatness and hardness in the foliage, that are not by any means likely to elicit approbation. The figures, too, are poor, and the Gothic objects introduced—for instance, the tower and bridge—are, if we mistake not, but ill suited to the subject. The glowing and oriental effect of the sun, however, as it gilds the various objects with its receding light, brings vividly to mind the beautiful lines with which Lamartine commences one of his poems,

> "Le roi brillant du jour se couchant dans sa gloire,
> Descend avec lenteur de son char de victoire."

This picture, with all its faults, belongs to a very elevated school of landscape painting. We should not omit to speak of two moonlight Venetian scenes by the same painter, which have been greatly admired. They are, apparently, touched with much boldness, and in one of them, at least, the figures are excellent, but the architectural details are perhaps not quite as accurate as we could have wished. The general effect of both is so good and pleasing, however, that we entertain much hope of this gentleman's future preëminence in the treatment of this class of pictures.

The Cattle Piece, by Mr. F. H. Hinckley, is a very highly finished and pleasing work, in which a number of cows and sheep are variously grouped. The drawing is admirable, and the coloring of a warm and charming description. We do not admire this painter's mode of touching his trees, however, which is entirely too minute and labored. Indeed, the chief defect of this picture, as observable throughout, is the excessive desire it manifests, on the part of the artist, to finish highly. This is a sort of *ignis fatuus*

which has deluded but too many painters. We have referred to it before, and shall content ourselves with observing, that as the mind is generally satisfied with regarding the general features of natural objects, but seldom looking for detail, so should the painter aim at general character, finishing as highly as he can consistently with that degree of harmony which distinguishes the works of all the great masters.

We have spoken perhaps with severity of several of these pictures, but they are nevertheless productions of considerable merit, and decidedly some of the most important in the exhibition. There are a great many still unmentioned which belong chiefly to the lesser schools of art, requiring, for the most part, little intellectual power; but some of these are distinguished by the peculiar beauties of rich coloring, finished execution, and local interest, which render them valuable and popular. Our intention was to have taken up all the works of American art within our reach, whether in this or other exhibitions, treating first of the above in consequence of the late distribution; but we must content ourselves with having only partially achieved our object.

It would require a survey of all the best works of America to illustrate fully the loftier as well as the humbler phases of the beautiful, whether in nature or in art. We are well aware that the remarks we have presented are somewhat deficient as regards the general harmony we have recommended, and which requires all minor things to subserve and illustrate those primary laws on which nearly all successful works are based; but this must be attributed to the irregular gradations of beauty, and comparatively small number of pictures of the ideal class afforded by the exhibition. In the expression of the random thoughts the above pictures have suggested, however, we have sought to impress upon the reader's mind several very important principles, and we shall leave to some future occasion the completion of the agreeable task we have undertaken, of illustrating, as far as possible, the countless diversities of the poetry and philosophy of the fine arts.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.*

Before noticing the contents of this interesting volume, we propose giving a brief account of the Observatory at Washington. This observatory is the result of an Act of Congress, passed in 1842, for the erection of a "Depot of Charts and Instruments" for the Navy, attached to the Naval Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. Judge Upshur, then Secretary of the Navy, an able scholar and statesman, gave full effect to the appropriation and to the aim of Congress. He caused information to be obtained, both at home and abroad, for the plan of the building; and instruments were ordered from the most skilful workmen in Europe, of a size and capacity calculated to insure the success and credit of the observatory.

These objects were accomplished by the autumn of 1844, when the duty of putting the observatory into successful operation was happily devolved upon Lieut. Maury, of the Navy, an officer of fine talents and scientific attainments, and whose standing in that profession for which the Nautical Ephemeris is intended, occasioned his detail for this duty to be received

* Astronomical Observations, made during the year 1845, at the National Observatory, Washington, under the direction of M. F. Maury, M. A., Lt. U. S. Navy, Superintendent. Vol. 1. Published by authority of the Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy. Washington: Printed by J. & G. S. Gideon. 1846. Quarto.

with high confidence and satisfaction. No one can feel so fully as the sea-going man how much the success and safety of the navigator depends upon a good Nautical Almanac. This feeling, added to the sea-officer's custom of observing the heavenly bodies, and the habit, also acquired in his profession, of watching diligently by night, makes the discharge of the duties of this nautical observatory, by the officers themselves, as appropriate as it is confessedly economical. This part of the Navy Department has no patronage to dispense, and depends for its popularity upon the extent and accuracy of its performances. The volume now presented to the public gives flattering evidence of what the talent and industry of the navy will accomplish for the benefit of navigation, the cause of science, and the credit of the country. We have tested these observations, made at Washington, by that acknowledged standard, the Greenwich observations, and find that the work of our countrymen bears this high comparison with credit. The Greenwich volume for 1843—the last published—contains 2,600 transit observations, and 3,100 with the mural. The Washington volume has 3,100 with the transit, and 2,000 with the mural. The discrepancies with the latter instrument at each observatory may be thus shown. Of the observations—

					Green'h vol.	Wash. vol.
Whose extremes differ more than		7	min.	there are in the	1	0
"	"	6	"	"	2	1
"	"	5	"	"	13	3
"	"	4	"	"	43	23
"	"	3	"	"	107	60

Here is a satisfactory illustration of the capability of the Washington observers—the result of their first effort, and showing that their instruments have been used with diligence and great skill. The application of the collimating eye-piece accounts in part for the accuracy of the observations made at the Washington observatory, and has led to the discovery of sources of error in instruments which appear heretofore to have escaped the vigilance of astronomers. Lieut. Maury, in his report to Mr. Bancroft, (under whose administration of this branch of the service the observatory was fostered and protected,) says—

"In illustration of the patient diligence and care which the officers have been required to bestow upon their observations, and the pains which they have taken to free their work from every source of error, however small, which it has been possible to provide against, I beg to call your attention to the constant use and manifold applications which have been made of that most exquisite among the implements of practical astronomy, the collimating eye-piece. The observations abound with evidences of its use; but perhaps they are most striking in the printed observations made with the mural circle. An examination of the seven columns headed 'Nadir Point Microscopes,' in the lateral margin of the right-hand page of the mural observations, will show you that it has enabled the observer to detect, with almost unerring accuracy, the slightest changes as to the normal points of his instrument. It would, perhaps, be going not too far, to say that the 'Nadir Points' there quoted give the chief value, whatever it be, which the observations of this instrument shall be found to possess.

"The constant use which I have made of it, in the adjustments of the instruments, has revealed an imperfection in our beautiful prime vertical instrument, which otherwise, perhaps, would have been but barely suspected. The telescope is here supported, not between two piers, as a meridian transit instrument is, but is attached to the end of the axis, and rests on the outside of its piers, as per drawing, Plate IV. This axis is a highly polished steel cylinder, 11½ inches in circumference.

"The distance between its point of support and the telescope, which, however,

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does not bear upon the axis with a weight exceeding perhaps fifty pounds, is one inch, yet the collimating eye-piece shows, that with so short a leverage this slight weight is sufficient to produce a sensible flexure in so stout a cylinder of highly wrought steel."

This source of error, which doubtless exists, does not appear to have attracted the attention of the great Struvê, of whose instrument at Dorpat this at Washington is a duplicate.

The discussion of the latitude at the Washington observatory affords some interesting results. By measurement, the prime vertical transit is 45 feet south of the mural circle: by the observations, the first is just 58 feet south of the latter—only thirteen hundredths of a second difference. We know of no observatory where the latitude has been discussed more searchingly, or the result been obtained more nicely than this. The present Astronomer Royal at Greenwich discovered an error of a second and a half in the latitude of that ancient and renowned establishment. At Washington, the two instruments show that they are in different parts of the same building, and greater accuracy than this can scarcely be expected.

The accomplished superintendent of the Washington Observatory recognizing the fact, that the old observatories disagreed among themselves by certain small quantities as to the declination of the fundamental stars, and that, if he attempted to establish his latitude from them, it would be a variable quantity, greater or less according to the authority used, judiciously proceeded, first, to establish his own declinations, and then to deduce his latitude, from data entirely his own. The latitude thus established differs twenty-five hundredths of a second from the latitude derived from the mean of the declinations given by eleven of the most renowned European authorities.

At other observatories, we believe, reducing the observations of the transit instrument is much more tedious than making them—as in favorable weather one observer can take as many observations as several can reduce. But by the application of a graphic process, which seems to be original with the Washington Observatory, the problem is so simplified, that one person can reduce as fast as several can observe. The observing forms, at the end of the volume, seem well calculated to secure accuracy and economy, and to lessen labor.

This naval observatory has commenced a work of great credit and usefulness. It has undertaken to penetrate, with its excellent telescopes, every point of space above the horizon, with the intention of assigning the place and position of every star, single or binary, and of each cluster and nebulæ that shall pass through the field of view. These will be arranged in the form of a catalogue, which it is intended shall embrace every star to the 10th magnitude. We observe, from statements made in the Appendix, that the observations of the present year will afford a list of 12,000 or 15,000 stars—by far the greater number of which are now unknown to the catalogues. In executing this plan, it is proposed to occupy several highly interesting fields, which promise rich harvests in the way of contributions to astronomy. These relate to the color of stars, the form and appearance of clusters, and nebulæ. In this work, the observers are required to assign magnitude and color to every star in the catalogue, by referring to certain other well-known stars as standard guides, whose size and color are already determined. We have well-authenticated instances, that stars, even those of the first magnitude, which now appear as white or red, presented quite a different color to astronomers in former times. Some philosophers maintain, that clusters and nebulæ are the chaotic nuclei of new worlds, or sys-

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tems of worlds. If so, they are probably undergoing changes, and period after period will present decided marks of condensation. The astronomy of nebulæ is not old enough; or if old enough, has not been sufficiently accurate and extensive to detect any such changes. With a view, however, of doing so, the plan of making accurate drawings of each nebulæ and cluster at the Washington Observatory is well conceived.

We have been much interested in Mr. Maury's account of the attempts made to obtain a "faultless system of wires" for his telescopes. The skillful instrument-maker attached to the observatory, had put on what appeared to be a "beautiful system of wires." But in damp weather some of these lines always appeared crooked. "A very good instrument-maker in Washington City," and afterwards "an instrument-maker of much repute in Philadelphia," vainly attempted to remedy this defect. Lieut. Maury then tried his own hand, "by no means an experienced one at such work," he admits, but with perfect success. He used threads procured from the cocoon of a spider that weaves in May, in crevices of sheds and out-houses, and which, he says, should be taken from its place whilst the eggs are in it. The web then resembles a small fleece of wool, and the threads are round, and smooth, and strong. We propose to give the account of this ingenious effort, in Lieut. Maury's own language:

"To re-spin these threads, I took a slip of whalebone about a foot long, just light enough to be lifted by a single thread without breaking it. I then made it into a bow, with not quite elasticity enough to break the thread. Its ends were coated with bees-wax, to which a line of proper length from the web was secured by taking a couple of round turns with it, and then confining the ends by pressing them into the wax with the fingers. Thus prepared, the whalebone, with the spider line stretched across it, looks like a bow that is strung. The whole is now held in a basin of water for ten or fifteen seconds, when the line, by the elasticity of the bone, is drawn out to nearly twice its original length. If the elasticity of the bone be not sufficient to draw the line out enough, it may be greatly assisted with the fingers and thumb. Removing the thread from the water, and leaving it a few moments to dry, it appears now exceedingly glossy, round, smooth, and fine.

"It is now placed across the diaphragm, the bow hanging below, freely suspended by the thread. The thread is then placed in the score under a magnifier with an edged tool of soft pine, taking care not to remove the burr made by the cutting tool of the dividing engine. This pine imple ment yields enough to *score* the wire well down in its notch. The ends of the spider line are now made fast, by pressing down upon them with the wet end of a smooth stick, a small piece of bees-wax. The pressures are repeated until the wax is spread out sufficiently thin, when it is protected by a thin coating of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. The spider lines, thus re-spun and stretched, have remained in all weather as 'taut as a bar.' They are beautiful. Those in the equatorial, which were re-spun and put in, are only 0.45 in thickness. They are straight, smooth, and glossy like the rest. It is said, that if spiders, by any chance, as they sometimes will, find their way to the interior of the telescope, they will cut the wires from the diaphragm, because, as it is suggested, they are not put in 'spider fashion;' but the spiders have complimented the skill with which our wires have been re-spun and put upon the stretch; for, finding their way on one occasion into the equatorial, through the lamp-holder, which had been left uncovered, they proceeded to spin upon the lines I had put in, and actually used them as a part of their own web. A more delicate compliment a spider could not annoy one with, certainly."

The value of this improvement can be properly appreciated only by the practical astronomer. All his measurements are made with spider lines.—The diameter of the sun, or a planet, for instance, is measured by placing one spider line on the upper, and another on the lower limb of the object as it passes through the telescope. The optical distance between these two lines is the diameter required. For this purpose, it is not only required

that the lines should be straight and even, but it is equally necessary that the thickness of them should also be determined and known. A single spider's thread may subtend an optical angle of a second, or more, according to its thickness, and the instrument of which it forms so important a part; and the neglect of such a quantity would create confusion among the astronomers as to the magnitude of the sun, moon, and planets.

Other improvements have also been made. By a peculiar system of lines, which the superintendent has contrived and adapted to his instruments, the observers are enabled to dispense with an assistant—a curious achievement, which makes the web of a spider do the work of a man! The great Bessel, in his "Zone Observations," the most extensive catalogue ever made, was assisted by the "brave" Argelander, who read the instrument and recorded while the other observed. By the Washington arrangement, the same person observes, reads, and records. Bessel, with the aid of his assistant, could observe three stars per minute; Lieut. Maury, by his arrangement, can observe two stars in a minute without an assistant, and with a greater degree of accuracy, if, (as we believe was the case,) the Konigsburg instrument was read with but one microscope—as the Washington observers read with six microscopes, the mean of which is likely to afford the most accurate result.

We have been led into making more detailed remarks than was intended at the outset of this article, upon some of the subjects embraced in the volume before us, from the consideration that this important establishment is rather a novelty in our country, and that its present publication is the first report of its progress to the public. Several other observatories are now, or will soon be, in operation. We approve highly of the present plan of having this one of the observatories a naval institution, under the management of navy officers; yet we think that its organization is susceptible of one improvement. It should be separated from the Bureau of Ordnance, and called the Bureau of Longitude and Hydrography. A bill for this purpose was reported from the naval committee at the last session of Congress, by unanimous consent. We hope to see this bill become a law. The English and French governments, with the foresight and prudence worthy of great maritime nations, practice in this respect upon the advice of General Washington, and "in peace prepare for war," by causing their appropriate bureaux to be constantly collecting hydrographical information—to publish such parts as the interests of commerce require, and to reserve that which would be exclusively useful for naval operations in the event of war. With squadrons cruising in every sea, we have not profited by the advantages thus presented, principally from the want of a bureau specially organized for the purpose. Every attentive observer of passing events must be aware that some of our recent naval operations would have been successfully promoted had such a bureau existed but a single year back. But chiefly from the want of such hydrographical information as it would have been the business of the proposed bureau to furnish, we have seen a commanding officer of acknowledged ability, energy, and gallantry, unable to secure for some of his efforts the success they deserved.

Another important duty for this bureau would be the construction of the American Nautical Almanac, a useful and necessary work, which has been recommended to Congress by the present popular and judicious Secretary of the Navy, who so well understands the real wants of the service, and for which the observations already made at this naval observatory afford ample materials.

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.*

It is evidence of the progress of a humane and enlightened spirit in our state legislation, that at the last session of our Legislature, four out of a committee of five, appointed to consider the subject of the death penalty, reported in favor of its abrogation. The report, prepared by Mr. Titus, Chairman of the Committee, is an able condensation of the proofs and arguments furnished by the various advocates of the reform, with views and comments by the committee, which give them additional force. It was the misfortune of this document to have been presented late in the session; too late to produce that crowning result it is so well calculated to enforce. This we know was not the fault of the committee, who earnestly desired the action of the Legislature, had an affirmative vote been practicable. But it was early apparent that members, studious of their interests in the ordinary concerns of politics, were reluctant to commit themselves on either side of a question of such perilous uncertainty, as whether the humanity of their constituents might be superior to their prejudices. There was the ordinary disposition to engage in merely political discussions, and to adopt measures for the physical improvement rather than the moral welfare of the State.

Greater agitation of the public mind was required, before the voice of philanthropy, uplifting the injunction, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," could be made to penetrate the obtuse ears of those common legislators, who have no better test of public opinion, than popular excitement and clamor.

The committee, therefore, did well to submit their report, even at a late hour of the session, though hopeless of the action of the Legislature. It is a response to numerous petitions, which shows that the white flag still towers above the red from the top of the capitol. It will aid the progress of a just and enlightened sentiment, which will, in the end, command the obedience of those legislators, who consider that as justice is mythologically represented with bandaged vision, they the better obey her mandates, by shutting their eyes and ears against experience.

We hope we shall not be required to continue the discussion of this subject beyond the sitting of the Legislature, which is about to convene. The people have instructed their representatives upon it with a potency hardly short of the warning voice of revolution. The law of blood is virtually inoperative. Every test by which the awful conclusion of the punishment is to be reached, is rendered so uncertain, that murderers, unless withheld by other terrors than those of the law, would sooner take a life than commit a forgery, or a larceny. Whether frozen judges, or dogmatic Christians, or unsympathising statesmen, may be able to appreciate it or not, it is evident, in the result of almost every trial for murder, that jurors can no longer hold the scales of judgment with an even hand, when one man's blood is to be weighed against another's. They evidently incline toward the living being with a force of sympathy which perverts their reason, and brings them to conclusions which astound

* Report from the Select Committee on the subject of Capital Punishment. In Assembly, May 4, 1846.

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every mere looker-on, whose opinion does not stand under the responsibility of a life.

We have heard of several men strongly in favor of the gallows, whose opinions have been changed, when called to assume the responsibilities of jurors in capital cases. The writer of this *theorised* in favor of capital punishments, when a student of books, until compelled to change his convictions from his experience with men. He has so often witnessed the success of those legal tragedians who, in the living drama, where life is at stake, can, with the angel of mercy at their side, appeal to the sympathies of men with so much greater force than the public prosecutor, whose imagination struggles against the horrors of the cord and the gibbet, that he has been forced to the conclusion that the law must be changed, so that mercy may be on the side of justice.

And can there be an instance of grosser infatuation than that which possesses the opponents of this reform? One would think, if they did not yield to considerations of benevolence and mercy, and to their fears of punishing the guiltless, they would be persuaded, when it is so clearly apparent, that they aid in the escape of the guilty! And although they argue that it is against the Christian religion, and the spirit of our institutions, that murder should pay any other penalty than that of blood, are they not rebuked into silence by the fact, that human nature, under the subduing influences of both, revolts at the required forfeiture, and prefers to encounter any obloquy rather than pronounce the fatal verdict?

Nothing is clearer than the immediate necessity of this reform. When a human life is at stake, it is evident that the minds of jurors become distempered and unsettled, and they rush to any conclusion, however irrational and absurd, rather than pronounce the doom of a fellow-being. Many recently occurring cases are full of considerations severely painful to the philanthropist, who looks for justice in that *certainty* which is foiled by the *severity* of the law. The cases of Ezra White and Polly Bodine, in this state, of Tirrell, in Massachusetts, of Myers, in Virginia, of Selby, in Kentucky, of Spencer, in New-Jersey, are sufficient to illustrate the principle. Whatever differences there may be in these cases, it is evident that there is, throughout the Union, but little terror in the law of murder, while the arbitrament of juries may be looked to, to extract its force with almost as much certainty as the metallic rod disdains the thunder.

It is to be considered, that the terrors of the sanguinary law have rendered the rules for choosing jurors so peculiar, that in this state a jury can only be chosen, in strongly contested cases, with great difficulty, and at an enormous expense. By the arts of the counsel for the prisoner, the jury, when so chosen, is rather likely to be of the feeblest, than of the firmest judgment, and to have predilections, or strong sympathies for the accused, and prejudices against the law. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that every murderer has the strongest hopes, and society the greatest fears, while the law remains unchanged.

We could have hoped that our republic would have punished, in the different States, the earliest examples of cultivating a tenderness of human life, even in the penal statutes. Proceeding, as our government do, upon the basis of a confidence in human nature, there are, nevertheless, those amongst us, who distrust the appeal of mercy and humanity to the motives and passions of men. We have waited till monarchical governments have led the way successfully in this grand and elevating experiment.

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There are pyramids of proof, all tending in the direction of faith, hope and charity, and yet we hesitate! Michigan has, however, taken the lead in purifying her statutes from the stain and the smell of blood; and it is hoped that New-York, although having lost the honor of being first in this work, will be able to advance to the second place, by the aid of those hesitating spirits who can better comprehend the light of an example, than see or feel the force of a principle.

We shall avail ourselves of the next number of the Review, to give a synopsis of the argument of the Legislative report, with a few additional comments.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

HON. EDMUND BURKE.

The career of few men affords a better illustration of the fostering tendency of republican institutions, than is to be drawn from that of Edmund Burke, now Commissioner of Patents.

His family, of Irish origin, as indicated by the name, originally resided in the town of Westminster, Vermont, situated in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, where his father cultivated a farm, on which the subject of this sketch was born, on the 23d of January, 1809. The circumstances of the parent, like those of most middling farmers of New-England, were such as to compel him to keep the son at agricultural toil until sixteen years of age, with the exception of the time prior to his fifteenth year, devoted to the exercises of the ordinary country free school of those days. Fortunately for the son, the mind of his parent had, by reading and reflection, become devotedly attached to the theory of government, as expounded by Thomas Jefferson, the reviled by the influential, and nominally wise, of New-England, of those times. He strictly fulfilled the duty of training the mind of his son, which, at sixteen, was sufficiently developed and well-informed to fit him, without any other than this common school and parental education, for commencing the study of law, in the office of the Hon. W. C. Bradley, (of Westminster, Vt.,) who has so long ranked as one of the most enlightened republicans and eminent jurists of New-England.

In the autumn of 1829, and indeed before the close of his twenty-first year, Mr. Burke, having passed the usual examination, was admitted to the bar; and in the following spring commenced the practice of his profession in the wild northern region of the state of New-Hampshire, where, in three years, his experience with men and things, not only taught him much of human nature, but matured his intellect and confirmed his political principles.

In 1833, Mr. Burke removed to Claremont, in the county of Sullivan, (N. H.,) and there established the "New-Hampshire Argus," which, under his management, immediately took rank as one of the first democratic newspapers in New-England. The success of the Argus soon caused its removal to Newport, the shire-town of the county, where it was united with the "New-Hampshire Spectator," a paper then, and for many years previous, of considerable standing among the democratic journals of New-Hampshire; and under the sole editorial direction of

Mr. Burke, the joint establishment took the name of the "New-Hampshire Argus and Spectator." Such was his success in this theatre, that, in 1837, though personally a stranger to the present President of the United States, (then Speaker of the House of Representatives,) and Senator Grundy, he received overtures from these gentlemen, on behalf of the leading democratic politicians of Tennessee, to remove to Nashville, and assume the editorial charge of the Nashville Union. Mr. Burke, on reflection, having determined to accept this invitation, published his valedictory, which immediately brought forth so strong a remonstrance from his political friends at home, that he gave up the intention of removing to Tennessee.

At the next Congressional canvass he was nominated, and triumphantly elected to the House of Representatives of the United States; and took his seat on the 2d of December, 1839, at the opening of the 26th Congress.

He soon obtained rank in this new field, as a man of a high order of intellect, extensive acquirements, untiring industry, and uncompromising political integrity. The famous debate of 1840, on the Sub-Treasury bill, may be said to have first made the democratic party, out of New-England, acquainted with the intellectual powers of Edmund Burke, and to mark him as one of the rising men of the country.

This fruitful theme, opening wide the whole field of political economy, afforded an opportunity for the impression of his influence on the future financial policy of the government. As it fortunately happened, his previous studies had taken the proper turn, his speech, devoted to the elucidation of the difficult problem of fluctuations in prices and wages, and to an exposition of the principles which regulate exchanges, both foreign and domestic, crowned his reputation as a bold and clear headed thinker. He brought all the powers of his searching mind to sustain and illustrate his propositions, which were fortified with an impregnable array of facts and figures, the result of weeks of untiring research. In so doing, he gave to the country an invaluable essay on the principles which regulate prices and wages, and the derangement of the exchanges, legitimately growing out of the speculations of Biddle & Co., which were then so furiously charged as the result of the policy of the administration of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

This speech, in making his reputation, also made him a mark for the shafts of the spouters in the federal ranks; and in the first session of the 27th Congress, a Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, famous for congressional fanfaronades, undertook to attack Mr. Burke, and, unfortunately for himself, at the same time attacked the intelligence and integrity of the people of New Hampshire. In reply, Mr. B. delivered one of the most eloquent, vigorous and caustic speeches of the session; in which, after nobly defending the state of his adoption, and demonstrating by statistical comparisons, the difference in an educational point of view, between New Hampshire and the portion of Tennessee represented by his antagonist, he fell on poor Arnold without mercy. Prior to this occasion, he had taken no notice of congressional assaults on himself, preferring to let them pass at their true value. Afterwards, he had no occasion to defend himself; for this legislative thrashing of Arnold appeared of a sudden to divest gentlemen of his peculiar stamp of all desire to appear witty or zealous at the expense of the New Hampshire representative.

In 1842, he had occasion to approach the tariff question, in an argument supported, as usual, with results of his statistical researches, in connection with the science of political economy. This effort, which won

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him great credit with his political friends in the House, having been extensively republished in democratic journals, was attacked and elaborately reviewed by the peculiar organ of the great manufacturing corporations of New England, published at Lowell.

The growing political difficulties in Rhode Island early attracted the attention of Mr. Burke, who, being emphatically a "progressive democrat," after close investigation into the questions in issue between the self-styled "law and order" party and the supporters of Thomas W. Dorr, became a zealous and efficient advocate of the cause for which the latter contended. The fact, that he was known to have mastered the points of this contest more thoroughly than had any other member of the House of Representatives, superinduced his nomination as chairman of the select committee appointed to examine this particular subject; and in behalf of the majority of this committee he made a voluminous report on the 7th of June, 1844, which brought him even more fame than he had hitherto acquired from his congressional labors. In this report, the questions of individual political rights, of the political rights of communities, and of the rights and duties of state governments, were discussed with a bold and profound, yet clear cogency, which would have done honor to the intellect and patriotism of "John Taylor of Caroline," in his palmiest days. From the times in which the latter wrote, to the appearance of Mr. Burke's report on the Rhode Island difficulties, the political history of the country furnishes, intermediate, no such link in the chain of finished essays on the theory of the American government, in all its parts, which may be said to have been forged by Jefferson, and perfected and brightened by Madison, John Taylor, Luther Martin, and other distinguished republicans of the Jeffersonian age.

The six years of his Congressional life were devoted to intense labor, which, besides producing the fruits to which we have before referred, has left in the public archives honorable and abundant evidence of his indefatigable industry and expanded intellect. His reports, and other efforts in behalf of literature and science, made during the 28th Congress, when chairman of the standing committee on the Public Library, prove that his mind is as polished as enlightened.

Upon the advent of the present administration, without personal solicitation on his part, the President called Mr. Burke to the responsible position of Commissioner of Patents; which trust he now fills, with so much credit to himself, and satisfaction to the scientific and ingenious of the country, with whom his official duties bring him, constantly, in contact.

After the close of the session of 1844 and 1845, when some of our timid friends began to express doubts as to the propriety of attempting to carry out the pledge of the Baltimore Democratic Convention, upon the question of the tariff, Mr. Burke, appreciating the danger which this hesitation threatened to the supremacy of the policy of the democratic party, boldly stepped forward as its champion, and contributed to the columns of the "Union" the well-known series of essays on, or rather against, the Protective System, published over the signature of "Bundlecund." Nothing before, emanating from his fruitful pen and fertile mind, had so served to spread his fame; for they were immediately republished, wholly or in part, in nearly every democratic paper in the Union; and from their appearance, until the final vote on the tariff of 1846, were the object of incessant and virulent attacks from the opposition. The democratic party, with very few exceptions, planted themselves firmly on the principles there laid down by Mr. B.; which, being

adopted by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives and Treasury Department, were made the basis of the revenue law, so triumphantly passed on the 30th of July, 1846. Had the public life of Mr. Burke resulted in nothing else, these essays, pleading the rights of the laboring million with such convincing force and eloquence, would have won for their author an imperishable reputation, with those who have a care for the preservation of the true principles of our institutions. So long as our government shall last, these essays will stand as the basis of the American superstructure of liberal commercial regulations, which, day by day, is coming more into popular favor, as the already wonderful results of our late approximation to free trade are being better understood by the people at large.

We have written above of little else than the labors of Mr. B., and of their results, and will conclude this sketch with a quotation from a short sketch of the subject of this notice, which, in few words, will give our readers an admirable idea of the tone and temper of the man:

"Mr. Burke possesses one of the best informed minds in the country. In the midst of all his political labors and private business, which has never been neglected, he has found time to devote himself to the acquirement of much scientific and literary information, and there are few, very few private libraries in New-England, which will compare with his in size or in usefulness.

"Mr. Burke's characteristics are energy of purpose, untiring industry, uncompromising hostility to everything aristocratic, or *un-American;* devotion to his political principles, equal to that of a Mahometan to his prophet; attachment, which hardly knows a bound, to his friends; frankness, which never permits him to conceal his honest opinions on any subject.

"In his bearing and manners, he is urbane and gentlemanly to all who have occasion to come in contact with him in public or private life."

FOREIGN POLITICS.

The late news from Europe is of a most interesting nature, inasmuch as that it marks a new era in politics. Up to 1789, the people of Europe reposed in perfect submission to ancient feudal dynasties. There were but two parties—the governed and the governing. The former had no rights, and the latter seemingly no responsibilities. The bonds of absolutism oppressed every nation of Europe, and the people groaned helplessly beneath them. The American war, however, applied the spark to the materials of combustion that had long been collecting in France, and Europe was shortly in flames. Previously, the notion of the "balance of power" comprehended merely the division of all the land, and people occupying it, among certain reigning families, utterly irrespective of the wants or wishes of the people, who were transferred by private contract from one despot to another, with no other ceremony than the announcement of the fact, when the bargain was completed. France suddenly roused itself in 1789, and with terrible energy not only shook off the authority of a line of sixty kings, but burst over Europe in terrible retribution to those crowned heads who attempted to take part with the unfortunate Louis against the people who had repudiated him.

The throne of the Cæsars was twice in the possession of republican armies, from which the House of Hapsburgh as often received back its inheritance. The throne of Prussia was subverted by the "child of the peo-

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ple," and the heir of Brandenburgh became a fugitive in foreign courts—the Germanic Empire crumbled into ruins—the States of Italy, released from Austrian oppression, rose into republics on the south, and Holland was annexed to France on the north. The skill and genius of the English ministry, with its lavish expenditures, unscrupulous frauds, and remorseless crimes, could not combine the shattered remnants of ancient despotism in Europe, in effectual opposition to the power of republican France, wielded by the *quondam*, "Lieut. of the Regiment La Fere," until that power broke before the snows of Russia, when, as it were, a counter-revolution was effected in 1815, and Republican France being driven back within her borders, despotism assembled at Vienna to force upon France, as well as upon the people of all nations, a new set of chains, in the shape of a treaty. In that "settlement of Europe," each imperial robber affected to be governed by the most moderate views, and to be imbued with the profoundest respect for the territory of others. The active genius of Bonaparte had given them such an example of the aggrandisement system, that their small souls shrunk into their "boot tops," at the mention of his name. It was well said that there needed but to "erect the small three-cornered hat and grey coat upon a stick in any part of France, to make all Europe run to arms." The congress of tyrants, acting under these wholesome fears, and the temporary virtue they elicited, constructed a treaty which they forced upon France, pretending to settle the boundaries of each state forever. This was the first re-action from the movement of the people; but the eruption of France, and the example of the United States, have given an impulse to popular progression throughout the world, that is constantly producing its fruits.

By the treaty of Vienna, the limits and rights of each power in Europe was defined, and the German princes mediatised. That is to say, before the war Germany was divided into some 300 absolute sovereignties, governed by fellows who sold their subjects at so much per head. Most of these were mediatised, or merged into greater states, to preserve the "balance of power," said to be an admirable system to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak. Belgium was united to Holland, France restricted to the Rhine, &c. &c., and what remained of poor Poland, viz. Cracow, was declared *free and independent forever*. The treaty runs as follows:

CRACOW DECLARED A FREE CITY.

"ART. 6. The city of Cracow, with its territory, will be considered in *perpetuity* a free city, independent and strictly neutral, under the protection of Russia, Austria and Prussia."

The 7th article defines the limits of Cracow, and the 9th specifies the neutrality of Cracow, as follows:

"The courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, engage themselves to respect, and to cause to be respected, *in all time*, the neutrality of the city of Cracow and its territories; no armed force shall ever be introduced into, on any pretext.

"In return, it is intended, and expressly stipulated, that no aid or protection shall be given in Cracow or its territories, to any refugees, deserters, or violators of the laws of either one or the other of the high contracting parties, and that, on demand of competent authority, such individuals shall be arrested and delivered without delay, under good escort, to the guard which shall be charged to receive them on the frontiers."

This treaty was signed by all the powers of Europe—England, Russia, Prussia, France, &c. This highly respectable Holy Alliance, having so successfully produced a counter-revolution, and restored the Bour-

bons to France, in the person of Louis XVIII., concluded to continue their assumed powers, to protect the Princes of all countries against the people of all countries, in terms as follows:

"The undersigned, specially authorized to make some additions to the Treaty of the Holy Alliance, after having exchanged their respective credentials, have agreed as follows:

"ART. 1. The high contracting powers, being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the divine right, engage mutually, in the most solemn manner, to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative governments, in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.

"ART. 2. As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the press is the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations, to the detriment of those of princes, the high contracting parties promise reciprocally to adopt all proper means to suppress it, not only in their own states, but also in the rest of Europe."

These are the secret articles appended to the treaty of Verona, and signed in 1822 by all the parties except England, which, under Mr. Canning, ceased to take an active part in the proceedings of the Holy Alliance until 1830, when it resumed its connection, and united to put down the popular movement in Belgium, perpetrating upon the people of that country one of the grossest outrages ever inflicted upon any people. The Holy Alliance, from London, declared Belgium "neutral," which means that she is to do as she is bid, and no more. The above secret treaty has lately been denied in Europe—but it cannot be blotted out; nor can the outrages committed in accordance with its terms, such as the invasion of Spain by France, under joint pay of the powers, in 1823, be undone. This precious conclave were somewhat astonished in 1830 at a new movement of the French people. France again cast off the Bourbon race, and determined upon a constitutional government; a thing at variance with the treaty signed by her former rulers. Unfortunately, however, France was again to be the dupe of a Bourbon, and that one of the worst of that iniquitous race. When the French Revolution of 1789 began to gather strength, the Duke d'Orleans, one of the greatest monsters, if we except the English Prince Ernest, King of Hanover, that ever disgraced the human race, in the hope of displacing the king, Louis XVI., and of becoming regent during the minority of the young king, joined the popular side; and, as Philip "Egalité," or equality, was made a member of the National Assembly, voting as such for the death of his brother, the king, with the view to get his place, while the galleries were filled with his prostitutes eating ices, and openly applauding the fratricide vote. At the same time, his hopeful son, young Egalité, was door-keeper to the Jacobins' club. When Egalité, the elder, a few years after, having filled the measure of his crimes, bowed his own head upon the scaffold, the guillotine shearing away that bloated excrescence of humanity, never did a holier service to the world. The young Egalité, in the exercise of his proverbial prudence, fled into exile; re-appearing in 1830, when again the French people cast off these Bourbons. It was then that this young Egalité, more successful than his worthy father, obtained the crown as a constitutional king, through the exercise of more cunning, and quite as much falsehood and insincerity as the less fortunate, but equally worthy, Egalité senior. The Allied Powers hesitated about permitting this sprig of Egalité to possess the throne of France. A very short time, however, convinced them, that in that position he was not so much a king of France as their

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agent in restraining the progress of the French people; that he was but the willing instrument to re-inslave France, as far as in him lay. A glance at the constitution he put forth, and the first steps he took under it, were enough to satisfy the most skeptical upon that point. Every measure of state since adopted, has had, obviously, but one tendency, viz. to strengthen his dynasty and to weaken France. The fortifications of Paris are a most notable example. In 1833, the people of France decided against these works; not so much on account of their expense, as the fact that their construction forever again prevents any successful movement of the people of Paris against their master. In 1840, Thiers lent himself to the design of the king, who, in the midst of the war excitement, created by that minister, in relation to the quintuple treaty, procured the law for the completion of the fortifications. He then dismissed the minister, threw upon him the odium of the excitement, made France pocket the insult offered her, and drew closer than ever the bonds of friendship between himself and the English government. Suddenly it is discovered that the affection for England, his visiting and be-sistering Victoria, was to procure her countenance to the marriage of a little Egalité to the heir of the Spanish crown, whereby little Egalité makes a good deal of ready money, and obtains a chance for a future claim to the Spanish crown. This is the first great renewal of personal aggrandizement by despots since 1815; and it opens the way to endless squabbles. Every crowned robber in Europe has his eye upon some territory, which he means some day to seize by force, irrespective of the will of that people, whose strength is silently augmenting like the fires of a long repressed volcano. Russia has had its eyes, for centuries, fixed upon Constantinople. Austria coveted what remained of Poland as well as the Italian Ports, being jealous of the increased influence of Prussia, which, through the Customs Union, has contrived to unite under its influence the States of Northern Germany, in a manner reconstructing the ancient Empire. In the meantime the Pope died, and a new Pope of liberal principles and views began so to gain on the affections of the people, that Austria became alarmed at the popular progress. It was ascertained, however, that the French minister was encouraging the course of the new Pope. No sooner, however, had Egalité determined upon the marriage, than, not depending altogether upon the friendship of England, so far as to give its assent to this measure, he caused to be intimated to the allies that he was willing to do anything to be agreeable to them. This was kindly received, and on the 10th October the youngest son of the reigning king of the French was married to Donna Louisa, the sister of the reigning Queen of Spain, and heiress presumptive to the Spanish crown. Egalité then caused all the poor Poles and their papers in Paris to be seized, and the French Minister at the Court of Rome had orders to change his policy. Suddenly an Austrian Proclamation announces the annexation of the republic of Cracow to the Austrian Empire.

The amusing part, however, is the farce of the protests. England protested against the marriage, and Egalité laughed. Egalité then protested against the annexation of Cracow; but his protest contained simply the announcement, that the act of annexation violated and made null the treaty of Vienna, with all its pledges and responsibilities, and that hereafter everybody is to do what he pleases. That the matter was arranged before the marriage, is apparent on its face. The farce of the protests is accompanied by attacks on the Austrian government by the *Journal des Debats*, the government organ. Nobody is deceived by such duplicity,

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however. England protests also; but it is remarkable that she refuses to join her protests to that of France, because that would make it effective, and cause the restoration of Cracow,—a thing nobody, least of all a Palmerston administration, intends.

The rebellion, which is the pretence for the annexation, took place in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and in Gallicia. The insurgent force withdrew into Cracow, and that *free* city not being sufficiently strong to arrest them according to the terms of the above treaty, the Senate called upon the Austrian force to occupy Cracow. This was done by Gen. Collin, before the insurrection. He quitted it on learning the insurrection in Gallicia. When once abandoned by the Austrians, Cracow fell into the power of the insurgents, for the Senate could not defend it. On this pretence, Egalité having led the way in aggrandisement, Ferdinand annexes Cracow, and he, in doing so, publishes *two* proclamations, of nearly the same date. One in Vienna, alledging that the insurrection took place in Cracow, and the other in Cracow, by Count Castiglione, acknowledging that the outbreak occurred in Gallicia. This piece of contemptible duplicity is worth mentioning only, that it shows how difficult communication is supposed to be among the people when the government publishes two falsehoods so near together. The "regulations" of the press are efficient in preventing too much being known to the people.

That these movements will be followed by new encroachments by the other powers, there is no manner of doubt. Austria did not deliberately and coolly destroy the treaty of Vienna, which has been the base of 30 years' peace, without having previously ascertained the state of affairs in relation to it in the courts which signed the treaty. Another significant fact is contained in *La Presse*, which announces that the Minister of Marine has just concluded contracts for ship-timber, to be supplied at Toulon, Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient and Rochefort, to the extent of $5,000,000—25,000,000 francs. What now will be the result? Is England a party to the new schemes? or does constitutional France intend to join absolution, and commence a war upon the people? There are four leading facts. Louis Phillipe Egalité became king of the French upon pledges, every one of which he has violated. He has put Paris in prison by the fortifications, thereby releasing himself from responsibility to the French people. He then projects the marriage by which his son is a great gainer, and in doing so, cuts adrift from constitutional England, and makes new alliances with absolute Europe. He then declares the treaty of Vienna at an end, and arms France at all points! The destruction of the treaty of Vienna implies that France is at liberty to advance her border to the Scheldt, and re-annex Belgium, already ripe for such an event! As an offset, Russia wants Constantinople; Austria the Italian ports, and Prussia the Hans towns, which she has long attempted to coerce into the Customs Union. What has England to oppose to this coalition? Has she also some wants to satisfy?

However, tyrants may propose; but hereafter, we trust, that the people will dispose. While intriguing statesmen, and unscrupulous sovereigns, are planning the aggrandizement of dynasties, without regard to the wants and wishes of the people, the latter are rapidly gaining intelligence, knowledge of their rights, and withal, the means of resistance, in their improved condition. The tyrants of Europe have long sought, by the protective system, to build up a monied class, dependent upon the government, and to impoverish the people, by increasing the profits of capital, and diminishing those of labor. It is only in the poverty of the people that the tyrant finds safety.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE opening of a session of Congress is usually attended with a degree of anxiety on the part of the commercial community by no means favorable to the developement of enterprise, or the vigorous prosecution of extended plans of business. The action of the federal government has so long turned upon commercial affairs, and the interest of thewhole community have so frequently been ruthlessly sacrificed for the benefit of special interests, that the public mind becomes timid, and capitalists, in particular, choose rather to await the full developement of legislative proceedings before risking any considerable sums in enterprises, the result of which may be seriously affected through the undue influence of adverse interests upon national legislation. The opening of the present session was looked for with peculiar anxiety, because it was anticipated that two great interests, viz., the banking and manufacturing, would make desperate efforts to prevent the permanency of those principles adopted by the people as a rule of government at the election of 1844, and because the existence of a war, with its uncertain continuance, and extent of expenditure, were apparently to be made the instrument of restoring the protective system, and overthrow the independence of the treasury. The power of banks, like that of governments, although capable of very little good, is efficient for the developement of much evil to private interests; and when it was evidently to be exerted for a final effort to prevent the exclusive use of the constitutional currency for government purposes, men of property were not disposed to extend their obligations, thereby placing themselves in the power of the banks to be made the victims of their warfare upon the government. The present session is a short one; and if the great measures of the government are preserved in tact, the general situation of affairs is such that they will so vindicate their own soundness before the meeting of another Congress, that future tinkering will become impossible. Hence arises the energy with which the attempt will be made to modify or change them, and the importance of firm ness in their preservation. The idea of government "protection" to special interests was formally abandoned as a *principle* by the compromise tariff of 1832. It was again through peculiarity of circumstances, recognized by or smuggled into the tariff of 1842, and was finally renounced by the people at the great election of 1844. The tariff of 1846, resulting from that election, came into operation in Dec. 1846, and a combination of circumstances, arising from the repeal of the corn laws of Great Britain, and the state of the foreign markets for United States produce, promises to develope the advantages of the new tariff, and permanently vindicate its principles. Great efforts, therefore, will be made to prevent its confirmation, by time. The war expenditures were known to be large, and it was feared that the demands of the government for money, in the shape of loans, would be so large as to affect seriously the state of the markets, and distinct threats were thrown out that the loans would not be filled up unless the specie clause of the independent treasury bill should be repealed. With these three causes of disquiet, it was not to be expected that much animation should be displayed in the several markets. The reception of the Message of the President, and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, however, imparted a somewhat more confident tone to affairs. The full and clear sketch which the former contained of the causes that produced hostilities with Mexico, was felt universally to be of a nature to vindicate the position of the United States to the world, in spite of party misrepresentation here, and malevolent opposition abroad. The expenses that attend it were stated at a figure much less than it was feared; and when it was announced that $20,000,000 additional to the ordinary revenues would suffice to prosecute the war vigorously until the close of the fiscal year, July, 1848, a feeling of relief was apparent. The continuance of the war is almost the sole drawback upon the general prosperity. It is, however, unlikely that it can interfere directly in mercantile pursuits, or restrain the free movement of commerce; and the demands of the government for funds to carry it on are fortunately made at a time when money is, and is likely to be, through the operation of trade, exceedingly abundant. The large exports of produce that have been

and will probaby continue to be made, at remunerative prices, will accelerate the influx of specie from Great Britain. Some $800,000 has already arrived. These exports of produce at a time when the imports were small, have caused money to become very abundant; a fact which, in its turn, would soon lead to large imports, and, by so doing, swell the revenues under the new tariff. Such a moment presents a favorable opportunity for the government to come into market and borrow, as is proposed, on a twenty years stock, as much money as will carry the government, in all probability, through the war, even should it not cease before the close of the fiscal year, 1848.

There have been attempts to mystify the provisions of the Independent Treasury law in relation to the specie clause, which takes effect Jan. 1st, 1847. The banking interests have endeavored to promote the idea that the government will turn round and demand specie forthwith from all its creditors, particularly the banks, which hold some $2,000,000 on deposit. This, however, is an error. The 19th section of the law approved August 7, 1846, requires that all the *receipts* of the government shall be in gold and silver, on and after Jan. 1st, 1847; but it does not *require* all *payments* to be made in gold and silver, until April 1st, 1847—leaving three months for the disbursement of all paper on hand, and all deposits with the banks in their funds, without requiring from them any specie whatever. The Treasury ceases to recognize any promises of individuals, whether single or incorporated, as a constitutional currency. The money furnished by commerce, and heretofore monopolized by banks, will be coined and sent into circulation through the agency of the government—leaving the public to retain it or change it for paper, or throw it into the sea, as they think proper. There can be no possible disturbance to the course of business by the gradual manner in which this change takes place under the law; and politicians, banks, and brokers united, are unable to produce any panic in consequence. There is now more specie in the country than is absolutely necessary, and sums larger than the government can ever demand will be brought in by the course of trade this year.

The state of affairs in England and Europe is such as to come eminently in aid of the United States at the present juncture. Since the failure of the English harvest in 1839, the specie of the world appears to have been flowing to London, and concentrating in the bank vaults there, from all quarters, until the accumulation of the precious metals there has been far greater than ever before. In the two years, ending with the autumn of 1839, some $50,000,000, in specie, were exported from England, mostly to the corn growing countries of Europe, and its influence there appears to have been aided by government enactments, and the stimulus given to enterprise, through the internal free trade of the German Customs Union, to foster manufactories to a very considerable extent, enhancing the consumption of food on the continent. The progress of railroad building and steam intercourse, by economising time and space, have also tended to increase the activity of capital, and thereby promote an apparent abundance of money, which has manifested itself in the vast accumulations of coin in the banks of England, France, New-York and New-Orleans. This has been the case, notwithstanding the great speculations that have been undertaken in rail roads, both in England and France.

The following is a table of the sums authorised to be raised, by act of Parliament, for these purposes:

MILES OF RAILROAD AUTHORISED TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN GREAT BRITAIN WITH THE REQUIRED CAPITAL.

	No. of bills.	Capital.	Loans.	Total.	Miles authorised.
England	189	£70,234,878	£23,612,027	£93,846,897	3,230
Scotland	60	11,749,780	3,903,000	15,652,780	895
Ireland	21	6,517,900	2,830,558	11,348,458	670
Total 1846	270	£90,502,550	£30,345,585	£120,848,135	4,795
" 1845				£58,453,420	2,860
" 1844				15,682,212	819
Total three sessions				£194,983,767	8,374

This almost incredible sum, equal to $945,922,081, is in process of expenditure in the British islands; and it has had the effect of vastly increasing the consumption of food, and that of a better description, a fact which has greatly enhanced the effect of the short crop. In France, there has been speculation of almost an equal magnitude. Stocks of projected lines were carried to very high prices by persons

whose means were not adequate to the undertakings; and the calling in of instalments had the effect of causing them to sell. The market was, in consequence, "broken," and immense losses have been sustained. The Paris northern line of railroads made a call of $25 per share upon the stockholders, of which $15 was payable January 1st, inasmuch that the company were to pay on that day $1,000,000 to the government, which, however, consented to put off the payment until February 15th; the remainder of the call, July 1st. The whole amount of the call is about $6,000,000. The Lyons road also called for $2,000,000, and the calls of thirteen roads are $31,000,000, payable within the year. As large quantities of these stocks were hypothecated by weak holders, who could not pay, and who could not borrow, they were obliged to sell, and a great revulsion resulted. Money was worth 5 per cent. in Paris, and so great was the demand for money, that the Bank of France, at one sitting, that of October 31st, discounted over $17,000,000. The fall in stock was prodigious, and four large capitalists, including three peers of France, and a large manufacturer, were obliged to "let go." On nineteen lines of railroad the fall, in the value of shares, amounted to 245,412,750 francs, or say $46,000,000. The large purchases of grain, by France, had caused an extensive export of silver, and the "reserve" of the bank had fallen very low—say from $38,000,000 to $18,000,000—an export of $20,000,000 in silver to the north and west of Europe, tightening the money market to a considerable extent. Under these circumstances, it was stated that Baron Rothschild was about to proceed to London to obtain a loan of $2,000,000 silver for the Bank of France from the Bank of England, which holds £2,506,000. The railway revulsion in Austria had determined the government on the dangerous experiment of loaning $5,000,000 on shares; in consequence, shares advanced 5 to 10 per cent.

We mention these facts as evidences of the immense extent to which capital is being appropriated directly in the employment of the people in the construction of railroads and other extraordinary labor, whereby their means of purchasing food is much enhanced, and they have, doubtless, aided quite as much as deficiency in supply in producing the present scarcity in breadstuffs. In Ireland, where the British government has undertaken large expenditures, with the sole object of employing the destitute, with the view of providing them with the means of buying food, some 52,000 persons were so employed on the 31st of October, and as new applications were constantly made, the number was rapidly augmenting. A curious result of this was manifest in the enhanced consumption not only of certain articles of necessary food, and sugar and coffee, but of guns, to the purchase of which the money wages paid out by the government were, in some degree, appropriated. The demand for iron, for railroad purposes, has also imparted a degree of prosperity to the mining districts, to which they have long been a stranger, and their consumption of food was thereby enhanced. Late accounts stated the orders for railroad iron ahead, at 100,000 tons, or three months make for the kingdom. As an indication of the consumption of articles of food, independent of breadstuffs, in United Kingdom for eight months, we give the following, from official tables:

ARTICLES OF FOOD ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION IN GREAT BRITAIN, NINE MONTHS ENDING OCTOBER 10.

	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Live animals	....	2,990	1,617	3,958	19,592	84,162
Provisions, cwt	....	2,657	2,563	116,537	109,531	206,137
Butter, do	196,596	150,594	118,162	138,089	188,801	188,039
Cheese, do	185,462	142,776	111,876	147,541	191,439	231,812
Sugar, do	3,165,577	3,064,477	3 129,432	3,204,887	3,888,923	4,021,471
Cocoa, lbs	1,114,312	1,451,137	2,039,159	2,086,572	1,960,671	2,136,298
Coffee, do	21,406,024	21,652,276	22,919,515	23,827,569	26,307,124	27,386.336
Tea, do	27,641,613	28,693,041	30,624,256	31,665.018	33,972,645	35,962,670
Tobacco, lbs	16,693,460	16,362,407	17,064,256	18,432,433	19,749,586	20,228,816
Total, in lbs	469,963,346	446,215,561	449,750,918	481,805,157	574,592,876	608,553,251

Here we find the consumption of seven articles of imported food, other than grain, has increased 25 per cent., besides 65,000 head of live cattle, in nine months. We also find that for the half year, ending July 5, articles of British growth, charged with excise, were as follows:

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	1844.	1845.	1846.
Bricks, number	784,426'759	911,903,319	1,073,282.628
Malt, bushels	22,878,085	23,544,665	25,948,466
Paper, lbs	52,448,256	59,024,233	62,527,308
Soap, do	83,256,437	87,311.389	80,687,863
Spirits, gallons	9,823,112	10,865,547	11,277,297

These articles, with the exception of soap, appear all to have increased 25 per cent., an evidence of greatly increased industry and comfort on the part of the *people*. All engaged in the manufacture and use of bricks and paper, must have had their business increased 25 per cent. All branches of industry appear to have been stimulated, and we find the general consumption of necessaries and comforts increased. It cannot, therefore, be alleged, that because grain is high and scarce, that it arises solely from deficient crops. If the primary article of breadstuffs has increased in consumption as much as the other articles, it would have required a production of at least 25 per cent. more in 1846 than in 1844, when, therefore, the breadth of land sowed, and the available product is "carefully investigated," and the results given as equal for wheat in *abundance to former years*. We are not, therefore, to infer that the *supply* is as great in proportion to the *demand*, as it then was. From all these circumstances we are not to draw the conclusion that the demand of England for foreign food comes simply from a short harvest, and will cease with that contingency. It is no doubt true that better grains are equally as abundant in quantity and quality as in former years. The coarser descriptions of food are short in quantity, and the demand from causes indicated, greater. The nature of that demand, however, enables those on whose part it exists, to buy food of a better quality than heretofore. Hence, notwithstanding that the finer grains are as abundant as ever, they are inadequate to the extended demand. Under these circumstances, we may compare the quantities of flour and grain entered for consumption in Great Britain, for a period corresponding with the above:

QUANTITIES OF GRAIN AND FLOUR RELEASED FROM BOND JAN. 1ST, TO OCT. 10.

	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Grain, bushels	22,436,982	26,598,455	10,306,971	16,772,454	8,434,977	29,589,173
Flour & meal, cwt.	1,175,125	1,079,166	199,505	600,639	380,249	3,081,791

This large supply of grain and flour this year did not affect prices, but they continued to advance up to Nov. 7, when, as compared with Sep. 5, and July 5, they were as follows:

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Rye.		Beans.		Peas.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
February 4	52	10	27	5	23	8	33	11	35	10	35	5
September 5	49	0	31	0	23	2	32	7	40	4	37	1
November 7	62	3	44	3	27	3	41	5	46	6	50	11

The largest proportion of the above quantities taken for consumption, were released from bond in the first week of July; and from that time to Sept. 5th wheat declined; other descriptions continuing to rise up to Nov. 7, when wheat was 10s. higher than in July. Up to the close of October, the London Times, in the most profligate manner, used its great influence to promote alarm in every possible way, predicting a famine. On the sailing of the United States steamer of Nov. 1st, it changed its note, and declared that the alarm, it had striven to increase, wholly unfounded; and some lame attempt to excuse its profligacy was made, by saying its motive was to induce large shipments of food to England, a mode of excuse somewhat worse than the error, since it admits a design to make food cheap by the ruin of individuals. Europe was short of grain, and France in particular; it was not, therefore, to be supposed that the French government, which is usually a larger buyer in times of scarcity, would wait until corn was bought up to supply the deficit, that the Times alleged existed. It entered the market, and compelled, by so doing, English buyers to give higher prices than they otherwise would have done. American holders refused to sell at limits. The foreign supply in all directions was checked, at the same time the home influence was to induce farmers to thresh freely, merchants to sell readily, and millers and bakers to stop buying. All these combined to produce a fall in prices, to the injury of the English farmers and the ruin of importers, and all without foundation. The Times was as false at one extreme as the other. Down to the middle of November, under this influence of false reports, prices declined; and the fact of the decline had a depressing influence upon the United States' markets, which have

however recovered. The following is a statement of the quantities of certain grains, delivered at tide-water of the Hudson, from the canals, at New-Orleans from the Mississippi, and shipped eastward on the Pennsylvania works, from Pittsburgh:

RECEIPTS OF PRODUCE—YEAR ENDING NOV. 25.

	1845.				1846.			
	Pittsburgh.	N. Orleans.	Hudson.	Total.	Pittsburgh.	N. Orleans.	Hudson.	Total.
Flour, bbls.	82,092	615,432	2,517,250	3,214,774	156,412...	840,445....	3,309,050	4,296,907
Wheat, bush.	——	1,186,052	1,620,033	2,786,085	——	1,186,614....	2,923,664	4,110,278
Corn, "	——	307,546	35,803	343,376	——	3,839,753....	1,586,671	5,415,984
Barley, "	——	——	1,137,917	1,337,917	——	——	1,421,147	1,421,147

Notwithstanding this increase on the Hudson at the date of closing the canals, the stock in New-York was not over 400,000 barrels—100,000 was sold, waiting freight; leaving as a stock but 300,000 bbls. against 450,000 barrels last year. The increase is, of all kinds, reducing the flour to its equivalent number of bushels, equal to 12,090,696 bushels; a considerable supply, but not equal to the increased consumption of grain in England, which, as seen, is equal to 27,391,545 bushels, and of flour and meal equal to 7,500,000 bushels more. If we admit that one-half the wants of England this year have arisen from short crops, then we have 16,000,000 bushels, as a demand created by the enhanced consumption of her people; a demand not temporary, as arising from one unfavorable season, but active and permanent, as based upon an improved condition of the people. The causes which have led to this enhanced consumption are in full activity, and will so continue at least through another year, and then the total repeal of the corn laws takes effect, imparting a renewed stimulus to the foreign demand.

In view of these things, it evinces want of reflection and superficial observation, to regard the enhanced exports of bread-stuffs, at this time, as the mere influence of alledged short crops; and it is an error to attempt to treat it, therefore, as a mere temporary matter, not to be met by reciprocal liberality on the part of the United States. It is the moment, above all others, for the farmers of North America to secure England as a customer ever more, by taking her goods in payment of the produce she wants. With free trade in corn, and no restriction on the means of payment, other than those that simple revenue purposes require, the trade must be secured to the United States, in spite of all the efforts of Europe, and American shipping will transport it. England imported last year, as we have stated, 27,000,000 bushels of grain, a quantity that requires 960,000 tons of shipping, or one voyage out for all the registered tonnage owned by the United States. Is or is not that an item of trade important to the shipping interest, ship-builders, iron-mongers, cordage and sail-makers, riggers, hemp-growers, stevedores, and sailors? To rail-roads, canals, and founderies? Is it a trade to be thrown away, in order to enhance the dividends of machine-factory owners?

A vast business is about to fall into the hands of the farmers and ship-owners. The great lines of public works, that have been constructed throughout the Union, at such cost of money and honor, are about to become useful. Their outlets are to be unsealed, and the ample market of Europe receive the produce at high prices, which else would accumulate in the seaports, unsaleable at low prices. The value of every farm in the western country is about to be enhanced, because its products will command remunerative money prices to almost any extent. This produce must be paid for by the English in the products of their industry, and those products must be admitted into the United States on reasonable terms. The new tariff permits their introduction on terms better than the last. It is, however, a work of time to build up a market. United States provisions—beef, pork, cheese, and butter, have been admitted into England since 1842; but the lapse of three years has scarcely sufficed to regulate the market. The manner of preparing, packing, transporting, selling and all the peculiar details and business relations of a new trade are difficult to acquire when any new trade is opened; it is a new business to every one; it is a matter without precedent, and only the boldest, most intelligent and enterprising merchants embark in it. These have to encounter all the vicissitudes that attend inexperience, and necessarily the trade is slow of growth. When once established, it is not easily shaken. Young men grow old in its prosecution, and their successors continue as a matter of course.

For more than thirty years there has been but little trade in agricultural produce between England and the United States. In 1842, it recommenced, and has already become large, a fact which evinces in a wonderful manner the enterprise of American merchants. The corn trade is now growing,—not yet consolidated, and is to become of vast importance; it requires only, however, that the federal government should support it by removing restrictions in the way of returns. Where much is sold in England, much is to be remitted to the United States, and England is rich in products of first necessity to the growers of that produce. When, however, the federal government stands with an official wand, and interdicts the entry of those articles which alone constitute the purchasing power of England, those who embark in the growing export trade have double difficulties to encounter; as, for instance, if trade is free on both sides, its own laws will so regulate intercourse that the imports must always very nearly equal the real value of exports, and the fact will be indicated by the exchanges only which operate thus. All those who send produce, whether cotton, corn, lard, cheese, tobacco, or what article soever, to England, for sale, have a bill of exchange to dispose of equal in amount, not to the export value of their shipment, as expressed in the official tables of the government, but for the amount of what the articles actually sell to the consumers in England. On the other hand, those who import goods from England have to *buy* a bill equal, not to the amount of imports, as appears in the government tables, but for the actual sum which they pay in England for goods, when the currency is a specie one, and trade free. These two items, viz., the demand of the importer for bills, and their supply by exporters, will always equal each other very nearly. If a difference arises, a movement of specie either way restores the balance, and exchanges remain at *par*. When, however, the government interferes to prevent imports, it also destroys the demand for bills, and the shipper of produce cannot sell to advantage, frequently not at all, until its prices falls so low as to make it an object for a banking house to buy it, and import the specie. This amount of specie is looked upon favorably, when, in fact, it is only an indication of great loss to farmers and shippers of produce. When the market is healthy, sterling bills should bring $4,90 per £. To import specie, they will not bring more than $4,68 per £. A loss of 22 cents per £. The price of flour in Liverpool being 30s., the shipper of 10,000 barrels will have, say £15,000 to draw for, and on these bills it makes to him a difference of $300, whether he can sell them at par or only at the present rate of 5½ per cent. When they go below that rate, the specie is imported to the profit of the banker; and those private banking houses, which are connected in London, can import specie one-quarter per cent. cheaper than others, because they are not subject to commissions and other small charges. It is also the case that the absence of a mint in New-York, causes exchanges to rule probably one-half per cent. less than they otherwise would. This arises from the fact, that while the United States government allows foreign coins, both gold and silver, to be a legal tender, the British government allows only British gold coins to be a legal tender, and silver below a sum of forty shillings sterling. In France, French silver coins only are a legal tender. As the coin in the New-York banks is mostly foreign, it is ready for export, and is *money* as soon as it arrives out, without recoinage, a process which costs three-quarters per cent. This foreign coin can be exported until bills are over ten and one-quarter per cent. If, however, a branch were established in New-York, and the specie, as soon as imported, turned into American coin, it could not be exported until bills rose to eleven per cent., because it would have to undergo the expense of coinage on its arrival out. The domestic exports of the United States are, say $100,000,000, and this difference of exchange amounts on that sum to $750,000, per annum, lost to sellers of bills, for want of a mint, or rather a national currency, and unrestricted trade. The filling of the channels of business through the operation of the Independent Treasury, and a mint in New-York, will give a broader foundation to credit operations, and a greater stability to the markets, than could ever grow out of any banking scheme, how great soever may be its capital. The prices of bills are now at a level which admits of the import of specie in quantities sufficient not only to supply the wants of the Independent Treasury, but to fill the channels of business, and lay the foundation of most stable individual credits. It is a manifestation that it should not, at its arrival in New-York, encounter a mint which would convert into a national coin and fit it for passing through the hands of the government into those of the people

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Works of the Puritan Divines. RICHARD BAXTER. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

WE have received a volume of this series of valuable and standard works.—It contains the life and many of the writings of the above celebrated theologian. As the name' and merits of Baxter are probably not so generally known in this country as in England, we shall present the reader with a slight incidental sketch both of his life and doctrines. The remark has often been made, that periods of great political and religious contention are highly favorable to the developement of certain kinds of intellectual power, and we have a confirmation of this in the number of enthusiastic and able preachers of the Gospel, who arose during the fermentation of discontent amongst the people towards the close of the reign of Charles I., and which broke out with such bitter violence under the bold, unscrupulous, and wily direction of Oliver Cromwell. Baxter was eminently fitted by nature and education to meet the religious necessities of the times in which he flourished, and he probably would not have attained one-third of his reputation at any other epoch. There was then much to reform and oppose, and as his mind was peculiarly antagonistic and independent, he had a glorious field for the display of his abilities. The early disadvantages of his education were so great, as to be in themselves a sufficient evidence of his wonderful strength of mind and indomitable perseverance.

He was born in 1615, at Rowton, in Shropshire, and from a loose and rather profligate neighbourhood, he was removed, at 10 years of age, to the house of his father at Eaton Constantine, a village on the banks of the Severn, and placed under the tuition of a curate notorious for drunkenness. There, however, he made so little progress, that he was soon transferred to the care of a Mr. Owen, of Wroxeter, where he acquired considerable knowledge of the Latin classics, but scarcely any of Greek. From thence he was put under the superintendance of Mr. Wickstead, the chaplain of the council, at Ludlow, (which is celebrated as the spot where Milton, some two or three years afterwards, wrote his Comus, and Butler the first part of his Hudibras;) and even here, Baxter's improvement was so tedious as greatly to disappoint the expectations formed by his parents. This was again owing to the tutor's neglect. At the age of 15, the youth returned to his father's house, and then, we are told, his mind was given a decisive bent by his accidentally taking up and poring over Bunny's "Book of Christian Exercise appertaining to Resolution."

From that moment he devoted himself with intense ardor to the study of theology, which he pursued without cessation for years, relying chiefly on himself for instruction. He was appointed chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments, and effected much good by preaching to the soldiers. He encountered great opposition, however, in various quarters, but this was to be expected, for he was one of the boldest and most original thinkers of his age, and never feared to give utterance to his religious opinions. His reading was immense, and he was thoroughly acquainted with the views of almost every learned divine; but as he never adopted the entire doctrines of any particular writer or sect, and generally preferred his own deductions, seeking the *via media* in all things, his theology has been most aptly styled eclectic or Baxterian.

Memoirs of the Life of Addison, By MISS AIKIN. 1 vol. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is the fifth number of the "Library for the People," now being issued by the above well known publishers. The fair author, in the treatment of her subject, displays considerable depth of thought and power of language. The work commences most judiciously with a concise biographical sketch of Addison's father, who was a clergyman of some literary ability, and who doubtless exercised a most beneficial influence in the direction of his son's early tastes and

habits. We have then a minute and interesting account of the above celebrated writer's life, with valuable and copious selections from his correspondence, and many entertaining anecdotes. Addison was born in 1672, and was sent at an early age to various and excellent schools, to receive a thorough preliminary education. He was then removed to Queen's College, Oxford, and there he was soon distinguished by the beauty of his Latin verses. This was a most important step towards final success, for it made him friends that he much needed, and enabled him eventually to pass through his collegiate course with *eclat*. On leaving college he entered the field of literature, made numerous translations, characterised rather by their elegance and beauty than correctness, and wrote some poems, and numerous essays, which won him the distinction of being the most chaste and graceful, if not the most vivacious and imaginative writer that had yet appeared. The object of his prose writings, which were published mostly in the "Tatler," and the "Spectator," was to reform the manners of the age by the polished shafts of his wit, which, though they struck hard, were so playful that they never gave offence. Mr. Addison did not, however, in the pursuit of literary fame, entirely neglect his immediate interests, for we are told by Dean Swift, that once, when abandoned by lordly patronage,

> "——— he wisely left the muse's hill,
> To business shaped the poet's quill—
> Let all his barren laurels fade,
> Took up himself the courtier's trade,
> And, grown a minister of state,
> Saw poets on his levee wait."

It will be perceived from these lines, that he was brought into close connection with some of the most distinguished persons of his day, with respect to whom we have, in this book, many interesting facts. We are aware that Addison's name and effusions are familiar to most of our readers, but we have said thus much for two simple reasons; first, that we love to dwell upon the productions and history of those who have adorned their age; and secondly, that we think they cannot be recalled too often to the minds of the intelligent.

Views a-Foot. By J. Bayard Taylor. Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books, No. XXIII. Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

Mr. J. Bayard Taylor, a young poet, whose verses, of a refined and sentimental cast, have been well received by the public, has recently made the tour of Europe, under such peculiar circumstances, that a forthcoming record of his journey, which is announced for immediate publication, will be looked for with interest. Mr. Taylor, smitten with a desire to see the old world, its treasures of the arts, its paintings, architecture, scenery, and people, set out with the intention of making most of his journey on foot, and supporting himself by his own labor, as a printer, by the way. He accomplished his undertaking from the Giant's Causeway to the Eternal City, crossing Alps and Appenines, staff and knapsack in hand, remained in Europe two years, and performed all this, with the acquisition of several modern languages, at an expense of only *five hundred dollars*. How this was done, and what was done, Mr. Taylor's book will declare. It is accompanied by a general preface from the pen of N. P. Willis, in whose pleasant collection of papers, the Ephemera—if we recollect right, there will be found a characteristic account of Mr. Taylor, with some specimens of his verses, before he set out for Europe, There are thousands in this country who every year ask the question, what the wonders of Europe may be seen for, and who receive all kinds of answers from the ten and twenty thousand dollars per annum expenses of the wealthy merchant to the slender parsimony of the poor artist. Mr. Taylor's answer will be satisfactory. His account of what he saw is as agreeable as his manner of seeing it was new.

Glimpes of the Wonderful. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

A beautifully bound Christmas Annual, one of the "instructive sort," contains short and attractive accounts of the wonders of nature and art, as they are to be found in all climes and countries, accompanied with numerous illustrations.

Amy Herbert; a Tale by the author of "Gertrude," "Laneton Parsonage," &c. Edited by Rev. W. Sewell, B. D. Appleton & Co. New-York.

This volume forms the twenty-first number of the "Literary Miscellany," a series of choice books, now being issued by the above named publishers. It is a pleasing, well written story of domestic life, replete with interesting scenes and conversations, and pervaded by a truly amiable and Christian spirit. The principal characters reside in one of the most retired and romantic parts of England, of which we have in this work many faithful and agreeable sketches. We feel great pleasure in recommending this book to the perusal of young persons, upon whose hearts and predilections it cannot fail to produce a most beneficial effect.

The Island Bride, and other Poems. By James P. Coleman. William D. Ticknor & Co. Boston.

The first of these poems appears to have been written in imitation of Lord Byron's Childe Harold, though it must be confessed, that the various cantos into which it is divided are interspersed with many noble, brilliant, and original thoughts, expressed in the most glowing and chaste language. The chief deficiency undoubtedly is, that it presents rather the poetic reflections of a mind having no distinct object in view, than those comprehensive touches, which, though beautiful in themselves, are made to subserve the general effect. Were we asked to characterise this work, we should style it a poem on matters and things in general. The disjointed fragments of which it is composed, are, however, of a high order, and will be perused with pleasure by the reader of cultivated and refined taste.—The other portions of the collection are entitled, "Summer Musings," "Lines, suggested at the White Mountains," "Elegy on a King Charles, drowned at the sea shore," "Mater Dolorosa," &c. which also display considerable poetic genius.

Beauties of French History, and Beauties of English History. Harper & Brothers.

Here are two small volumes, edited by G. J. Frost, LL. D., author of the Pictorial History of the United States. Each book comprises, in a short and graphic sketch, the leading events which have marked the progress of the two great nations respectively of which they treat. Of France we have drawn out in review the prominent points of history from the ancient Gauls to Louis XVI. including anecdotes of Napoleon. Of England, they treat of events beginning with the Druids, and ending with Victoria; and the two form not only a means of convenient reference, but of instruction for the young.

Sisters of Charity. By Mrs. Annett Dorsey. Dunigan's Home Library, No. V. 2 vols. C. Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street.

The preface of these two beautiful volumes, which are got up in a style that reflects credit on Mr. Dunigan, sets forth that they were written with a view to aid in the good work of supplying the younger portion of the Catholic community with a source of mental recreation, which, while it interests the mind, will also lead to the conclusion that religion and morality above all else constitute the only true and lasting happiness. The story itself is well conceived, and executed in good taste, We cheerfully commend it as calculated to further the laudable design of its authoress.

Notes on the Northwest; or the Valley of the Mississippi. By Wm. J. A. Bradford. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

This volume contains much valuable and minute information with regard to the history, geography, resources, and habits of the vast, and, we might almost say, unknown region which lies west of the Mississippi. Indeed, we have seldom read a more comprehensive or apparently accurate book of the kind. So much ignorance prevails, respecting the wilder districts of our country, and so great is the necessity experienced, particularly amongst emigrant farmers, to obtain some previous knowledge of the lands upon which they are disposed to settle, that we cannot too highly recommend this work as a book of reference. Its attraction is greatly enhanced by the descriptions of local scenery with which it is interspersed.

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Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. IX. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The English press has spoken in deservedly high terms of this novel and valuable historical series of lives. The work before us gives the most interesting and minute account that has yet appeared of Mary Beatrice, of Modena, consort of James II. The materials with which it is so abundantly supplied, are derived from exclusive and authentic sources, to which few, if any, previous writers have ever had access. Many of

> "The treasures of antiquity, laid up
> In old historic rolls" ————

are opened for the first time; and this species of biography is invested with new and appropriate charms, which must greatly increase its popularity and usefulness.

Alderbrook. By Miss EMILY CHUBBUCK. Boston; Ticknor & Co.

Most readers are aware that these agreeable tales and sketches, which have appeared from time to time in the Columbian Magazine, under the "nom de plume" of "Fanny Forester," were the production of Miss Chubbuck, now Mrs. Judson, and wife of the distinguished Baptist Missionary in Burmah, whither she has gone to share his labors. The two volumes before us comprise a collection of those productions which have appeared in the magazines, as well as many that have never before been published. A likeness of Miss Chubbuck, said to be good, serves as a frontispiece. The volumes are beautifully got up.

Campbell's Complete Poetical Works. New-York; Appleton & Co.

This is an exceedingly neat duodecimo edition of all the poems of Thomas Campbell, prefaced by a spirited sketch of the author, with a portrait, and numerous fine steel engravings. The volume is a most desirable acquisition to the library of every one; and forms a most desirable present at this season of friendly mementos.

Izaak Walton's Lives. Wiley & Putnam.

This is a very welcome republication of the Lives of Walton, and is founded upon the one published by Mr. Major, with the Life of Walton by the Rev. Mr. Touch, in the edition of 1805. It is a valuable work. The Life of Dr. Donne, by Walton, was a great favorite of Dr. Johnson.

Elementary French Reader—Containing Fables, Select Tales, with a Dictionary of all the Words, translated into English. By M. DE FIVAS. D. Appleton & Co. New-York.

This book is admirably adapted to assist the student of French, and as an aid to translation. The Dictionary contains all the words used, and consequently, a great number not to be found in ordinary Dictionaries, particularly the various forms of verbs. Hence the learner is exercised in the correct use of the words before going through the difficult conjugations of French verbs. No student of French should be without it.

Arnold's Greek Prose Composition. Revised and corrected by Rev. J. A. N. SPENCER. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a most valuable addition to the Arnold Series of Classical Books, for Schools and Colleges, as published by the Messrs. Appleton. The work in question is designed to enable the student, having learned to decline and conjugate, to translate most sentences.

English Synonymes—Classified and Explained by G. F. Graham. Edited by HENRY REED, LL. D. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New-York.

An exceedingly valuable assistant to the student of the English language. The words, which approach each other in their signification, are clearly and methodically arranged, with copious explanations of the difference that exists between them, and are of easy reference. The careful study of the work is of the highest importance in seeking to attain purity of style, and cannot be too warmly commended to the use of young learners.

The Juvenile Companion and Fireside Reader. By Rev. Mr. Blake. Harper & Brothers.

A cheap edition of a compilation for youth; comprising a large amount of varied and instructive reading, upon all sorts of topics.

Boswell's Life of Johnson; including Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, and numerous Additions and Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

This, perhaps, is one of the most complete and acceptable editions that have been published of this master-piece of biography. The peculiar clearness and familiarity with which the manners of the age of giant intellect are brought before us, make it peculiarly valuable to the student of English history. It has been well named the richest Dictionary of wit and wisdom, of which any language can boast. The London Quarterly has truly said of it:

"It is, without doubt—excepting a few immortal monuments of creative genius—that English book which, were the island to be sunk to-morrow, with all its inhabitants, would be most prized in other days and countries by the students of us and of our history."

The Emigrant. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Harper & Brothers.

Whoever has read the delightful work of Sir Francis B. Head's description of the "Pampas" of South America, will turn eagerly to this new production of the talented author, the more so that his administration in Canada during the troublesome times of 1836, '7, add a double interest to his story, both to the curious and to the politician. The book is full of amusing incident and vivid description, as well as valuable observations, on the condition and prospects of our northern neighbor.

Guide to Wisdom and Virtue. Harpers & Brothers.

This is a small volume of brief extracts and selections designed for youth, and calculated to inspire good thoughts and actions.

The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M. D.

This work, forming No. 20 of the new miscellany, is by the author of a series of papers that attracted much notice from the European press. It is an excellent book. presenting important knowledge in an attractive form, and thoroughly pervaded by a Christian spirit. Its publication cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the religious public, and highly beneficial to all.

A Progressive German Reader: adapted to the American edition of Ollendorf's German Grammar. By G. J. Adler, A. B. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

The impulse which the study of the modern languages of Europe has received of late years in this country, has been greatly aided by the admirable series of instructive books, published by the Messrs. Appleton. The series appears to be formed on a uniform plan, combining all that is valuable for the aid of the student, to whom learning is certainly made easy, by the skillful manner in which it is presented to the learner of these works.

The reader in question is made up of selections from the German classics, arranged with special reference to the wants of the pupil at each stage of his progress. It can be used immediately after the elements of the grammar have been mastered, and cannot fail to conduct the pupil to a very exact and familiar acquaintance with the German tongue. In the earlier portions of the work, the successive lessons are accompanied by notes, embracing all that is needed to translate them readily; and in this way the learner is taken from step to step. An excellent vocabulary is appended. We commend the work to the favorable notice of teachers, and all interested in this department of education.

Juvenile Companion: consisting of historical and biographical anecdotes and selections in poetry. By the Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D.

An exceedingly neat volume, contains a selection of 168 most interesting sketches and anecdotes of a truthful nature; and as such, contain amusement with instruction, in a manner calculated to ensure the interest of youth, for whom it is designed, without misleading.

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Mrs. Southey's (Caroline Bowles') Poems. 2 vols. Wiley & Putnam. New-York.

These poems are varied, graceful and pleasing, and will form a valuable addition to any Family Library. Some few of them are not above mediocrity, but there are several pervaded by a truly poetic spirit, and which tend to inspire the reader with a love of all that is beautiful in nature, and elevated and consoling in religion. These volumes are interspersed with lively and interesting prose essays on various subjects, some of which present a very agreeable contrast to the more fanciful portions of the work. The chief characteristic of Mrs. Southey's mind is pathos, and in this respect, many of her poems have not often been excelled.

We have much pleasure in commending this book to the perusal of young ladies of taste and intelligence, for they will find it especially congenial.

Flowers of Fable: with Engravings. Harper & Brothers.

Among holyday gifts, none apparently is more desirable for the amusement and instruction of youth than this beautiful volume, comprising selections of fables, elegantly illustrated and printed, and wonderfully cheap.

Evenings at Home. By Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld. Illustrated by Adams. Harper & Brothers.

This work, which has been an established favorite for half a century, is now presented to the American public in a style seldom surpassed. The illustrations are such as do credit to the artist, and to the enterprise of the publishers.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

The public amusements of the city, during the past month, have neither been as numerous, nor of such high character, as at certain previous periods, for like many other matters, they have their ebb and flood; but we have had at least one novelty, which surpasses all others wafted to our shores. The Vienna Children, notwithstanding their fright at the mishap of the Great Britain, and the fears which, we have been assured, were entertained by some of the *troupe*, of being tomahawked by the Indians, should they visit America, made their appearance at the Park Theatre, about three weeks since, to one of the largest and most fashionable audiences ever seen within its walls. Figure to yourselves, a miniature regiment of infantry, drilled to perfection, going through the most difficult evolutions, and you will have some idea of the *ensemble* of these children's movements. Let your fancy wander in search of every fascinating and eccentric grace of combination, and you may then justly appreciate the inventive genius of Madam Weiss, the directress, and the triumph she has achieved. Individually, there is nothing in the dancing of these children that is even surprising, but collectively, their performance is truly wonderful.

The different figures into which they resolve with such rapidity, possess all that is pleasing in regularity without any of its stiffness, and infinitely more elegance than we had thought consistent with the uniformity which they describe. Their celebrated *pas des fleurs* is considered their *chef d'œuvre*, and indeed, if we may judge from the comparative pleasure it has afforded, we should concur in this opinion. * * The Italian Opera Company will probably have commenced its representations ere the publication of this number of the Review. All its members seem to be actuated by the best possible spirit, and every thing augurs well as to its success. Madame Pico, our favorite *cantatrice*, in accordance with the extreme amiability and condescension she has so frequently manifested, consented to appear in a second *role*, thereby setting an example which, it is to be hoped, will be more frequently imitated by her compeers in the profession. We were highly gratified, though not surprised, to learn that she had joined the *troupe*, as it would have been incomplete and unsuccessful without her fine *contralto* and excellent acting. The Operas selected for representation during the season will comprise some of the best works of Rossini, Bellini, Donnizetti, Mercadante, and,

Verdi. Considerable alterations and improvements have been made at Palmo's, so as to render that theatre as agreeable and comfortable as possible. From all that we have heard on the subject, we should conclude that this company is superior to any we have had here yet, and that nothing is required to ensure the complete triumph of the Italian Opera in this city, but a continuance of the good understanding and unanimity whith which the season will have been commenced. * * * Sivori's last concerts here were crowded to excess. He was assisted by several distinguished artists, amongst whom were Signora Pico, and Signor De Begnis. The latter, it is true, has nearly lost his voice, but the *terzetto* of "Il Fanatico," in which that lady, Miss Northall and himself took part, was rapturously encored. The great *mæstro* never played better, and the audience listened to him, if possible, with a profounder admiration of his wonderful skill and genius.

We attended some few of Mr. Whitney's highly intellectual entertainments, entitled "Evenings with American Orators," and we must say that we were gratified beyond expectation.

This gentleman's manner is rather deficient in grace, but he possesses considerable talent. He has been evidently an extensive and discriminating reader, and his memory is singularly retentive. His "Evenings" are valuable, as affording those persons who have neither seen nor heard our great statesmen, an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with their respective styles of oratory, and even with their personal peculiarities, as observable in public. In every case, the man, the speaker, and the legislator, are brought in one vivid impersonation before our eyes, and we are thrilled almost by the very emotions which the original himself excited in the moments of his triumph. To a lecturer who so ably recalls the early struggles and glories of our country, in the best speeches of our public men, we cannot wish other than brilliant success.

Having touched upon those matters that appear to us of peculiarly local interest, we shall present to the reader a slight incidental sketch of the life of one who may be considered the type of a class, once numerous, and now almost extinct, but the memory of whose numberless acts of patriotism will render them ever dear to the American heart.

We are indebted for these particulars to the kindness of a friend, whom we thank warmly for enabling us, in this instance at least, to do our part in giving "honour to whom honour is due." Not to keep the reader in suspense, we may tell him or her at once, that the subject of this item of our gossip is no less a personage than

Mother Bailey.

Of course, every one knows who Mother Bailey is. It may be inquired at some future period, who is James K. Polk, or Henry Clay, or Martin Van Buren, for the shifting scenes of the world might possibly hide these distinguished persons and their fame from human sight. But none will think of asking who Mother Bailey is, for every body knows *her*, and will remember her whilst this may be called the land of freedom and adventure. She is celebrated, the wide world over, as the heroine of Groton, Connecticut. She distinguished herself greatly in the days of the Revolution, but more particularly during the last war with England, and in an event which transpired in an attack on the above place by a strong naval force. This event is calculated to transmit her name to the latest posterity, as that of one who has done a deed of almost *unmentionable* address, promptitude, and patriotism, and which might well have served to stimulate even cowards to the display of heroic courage and devotion. But let us recur to some of the earlier phases of her checquered life. She witnessed many of the most revolting scenes of the Revolution, and amongst others the massacre at Fort Griswold on the sixth of September. On that occasion she lost several of her nearest relatives, who had long suffered almost inconceivable hardships, of which she was, to some extent at least, a partaker.

It will be remembered that at the time of the burning of New-London, a detachment of the army of the traitor Arnold, under whose personal direction that feat of vandalism was performed, was directed to attack and carry Fort Griswold at Groton, on the opposite side of the river. It was then under the command of Col. Ledyard, a noble, brave, and meritorious officer, whose

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memory will live in the warm affections of his country, as that of one of the early martyrs to her liberty, whilst the granite pile which now lifts its summit above the spot where he was sacrificed, shall long remain to bear the record of his death. The fort was, in truth, little more than an embankment of earth, thrown up as a breast-work for the handful of troops it surrounded, and with a strong *log-house* in the centre. The force which attacked it was altogether superior to that of its defenders, even when the difference in their position is taken into view. The case was so hopeless, that the slightest share of prudence would have suggested retreat. But the chafed and gallant spirits of Ledyard and his men would not permit them to retire before a marauding enemy, however powerful, without making at least one effort to beat him back. With a boldness and heroism scarcely ever surpassed, they stood their ground, until overwhelming numbers of the enemy were in the fort, and engaged hand to hand with its heroic defenders. Fierce and terrible, for a few moments, was the encounter, and it was not until the last ray of hope was gone, and nothing but a useless effusion of blood would have resulted from further resistance, that they at length yielded.

In doing so, however, they were inclined to believe that the gallantry displayed by their little band, would at least shelter them from indignity. Ledyard had turned the handle of his sword to the commander of the assailants, and in answer to the question, "Who commands this fort," replied, "I did, Sir, but you do now," when he was pierced to the heart with his own weapon, and by the dastardly hand in which he had just placed it. An almost indiscriminate butchery now commenced; many falling instantly dead, and some being desperately wounded. The fort was then entirely at the disposal of the enemy. The barbarity, however, did not end there. When it was found that several of the prisoners were still alive, the British soldiers piled their mangled bodies in an old cart, and started it down the steep and rugged hill, towards the river, in order that they might be there drowned.

But stumps and stones obstructed the passage of the cart; and when the enemy had retreated (for the aroused inhabitants of that region soon compelled them to the step) the friends of the wounded came to their aid, and thus several lives were saved. Among the desperately wounded, was a relative of Mrs. Bailey, we believe an uncle, who had left at home an infant, which in his dying moments his soul yearned to see.

This lady, who had come to aid the suffering, heard his request, and went to a distance of three miles to obtain the child, which she brought all the way in her arms, and placed on the bosom of its father. Such were the pictures frequently presented to Mrs. Bailey's eyes, and it is therefore no matter of astonishment, that in her mind and heart was engendered that bitterness of feeling towards the Britishers, which gave a coloring to her whole life, and which has been evinced in so decided a manner in those deeds which have most contributed to her celebrity.

In the war of 1812, as it is called, this sentiment of hostility, which time had somewhat modified, was aroused with all its vengeful ardor, and the country knew no readier hand than Mrs. Bailey's to inflict chastisement for the injuries that had been heaped upon her countrymen, her kinsmen, and her friends. The time at length drew near in which occurred the circumstance which, as we have before intimated, will transmit her name with honor to unborn ages.—In July, 1813, there appeared off New-London harbor a blockading fleet, consisting, we believe, of the Ramilies 74, and several other large vessels of war.—On the 13th of that month, the British made demonstrations of an intention to land, and attack New-London. The theatre of these hostile movements was too near the many painful incidents of the Revolution, and the scene bore too striking a resemblance to the occurrences of which we have spoken, not to awaken instantly the memory of deep-felt and aggravated wrongs, and to fire the bosoms of the inhabitants with a spirit akin to that by which they had been actuated in the Revolution. No sooner, then, had the British squadron approached, and their object become apparent, than crowds of men, from beardless youth to extreme old age, hurried to the scene of danger on both sides of the river. All was intense commotion in expectation of an immediate attack. Old Fort Griswold was again tenanted by a company of hastily gathered volunteers, under the

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command of Major *Simeon Smith*, and every arrangement made for a vigorous and determined defence. The defendants were all animated as one man, and though their means of resistance were meagre, they resolved to make the most of them. Small cannon, the best they had, were planted and manned at the fort; but it was soon discovered that there was an insufficient quantity of ammunition for a protracted contest. They wanted flannel to make the cartridges, and feared that the time would not allow to cross the ferry to New-London in search of it. In this emergency an individual was despatched to obtain all he could, in the neighboring village of Groton. But whatever stores the villagers might have had, there was no flannel.

What was to be done? The messenger, almost in despair, called upon Mrs. Bailey for counsel, and made known his wants. He knew, at all events, that she would do everything in her power to assist him. She at once proposed appealing individually to the occupants of each house in the neighborhood, and they found all ready to give up what they had to spare, whether unfashioned or made into garments. Having completed their respective visits, Mrs. Bailey and her co-laborer met in the street, and she delivered to him all that she had collected. But even when added to his it was found inadequate to the occasion. Mrs. Bailey, however, was not to be defeated in her object. She instantly *threw off her petticoat from her own person*, where she stood in the street, exclaiming, as she gave it to him, "There, put that in the d—d Englishman's g-ts!" and the messenger started off immediately to his comrades. The result is known. The enemy, in this case at least, deemed discretion the better part of valor, and did not land. Such is the prominent incident which has won for Mother Bailey an imperishable fame. The effect through the region was electric, and *that petticoat*, had it been borne aloft as a banner in the day of fight, would have animated the soldiers of the good cause, had it been necessary, with an ardor as enthusiastic, a courage as undaunted, and an energy as indomitable, as were once inspired in the bosoms of Frenchmen by the presence of Joan d'Arc.

What agency the petticoat had in prosecuting the war by way of cartridges we know not; but of this we are assured, that Mother Bailey feels as proud at this moment of the act of its appropriation, as the monarch possibly could of the crown he wears.

Mrs. Bailey resides with the husband of her youthful days, who was a participator with her of the scenes of strife and war that darkened her country's early history. He is now the sharer of her patriotic ardor for her country's welfare, and they mutually rejoice in its unparalleled prosperity. She is Post-*Master* of Groton for life, and the duties of her office will be faithfully discharged.

The old lady is visited almost daily by the curious from all quarters of the land, and receives their visits with unreserved cordiality, provided, of course, that they are of the true *Democratic* stamp, and have an undeviating love of country at heart.

But woe to the sympathisers with her country's enemies, and the opponents of Democratic truth, if the volubility of her ready tongue can procure that woe. Talk to her of anything but her country's weal, or utter one sentence of condemnation against any one of those eminent statesmen, Van Buren, Jackson, or President Polk, and you arouse at once a fire, which nothing but penitence on your part can ever extinguish. It may naturally be supposed that Mrs. Bailey has attracted the notice of distinguished travellers, all of whom, when they can, avail themselves of the opportunity of paying their personal respects, and hearing from her own fervid lips, the recital of those deeds which have made so indelible an impression on her soul, and given such peculiar bias to her character. She has been visited and taken by the hand by several Presidents of the United States; but for none does she seem to cherish a more profound respect than for Van Buren and Jackson. The latter, especially, is her *beau ideal* of the WARRIOR and STATESMAN! and his name finds, in her view, no worthy associate in the annals of the world, save that alone of the Immortal WASHINGTON. She has of course received from visitors various tokens of remembrance, but none of which does she seem to value so highly, as a small box made of the oak of the Frigate Constitution, or "*Old Ironsides*," as she loves to call that gallant ship, in which box she keeps very safely deposited a lock of hair, from each of the heads of Jackson and Van Buren. These, she says, "*money is too poor to buy*."

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The lock from the head of *Jackson*, we believe, she was privileged to clip with

her own hand, at the time when he made his Presidential tour of the Eastern States. That from Van Buren's head was obtained though the agency of a friend, but accompanied by a note from Mr. V. B., which, by the sentiment it conveyed, that "Columbia has no daughter whom he would more cheerfully oblige," has inspired her with the loftiest conceptions of his *gallantry*, in addition to those which she had before entertained, of his statesmanlike qualities and patriotism.

Mrs. Bailey is, in many respects, physically as well as mentally, and patriotically, a remarkable woman. On Sunday, October 11, 1846, she numbered EIGHTY EIGHT years of age, and being yet in the possession of the ordinary faculties of the body, as sight, hearing, memory, utterance, and even *agility*, she is as the girl of *eighteen!* Her countenance and voice alone, indicate the ravages of age.—Time, as it marks its furrows on the mountain's brow, has inscribed its wrinkles on her's—and in this respect, you feel that she is not exempt from the condition of most earthly things, but is "*passing away*." All that emanates from her feelings, however, indicates, even now, the vigor and the vivacity of youth!—The *jest*, the *song*, the *repartee*, come with a freshness and readiness from her lips, unsurpassed by any; and even if she be called to "*trip it on the light fantastic toe*," she can show you, Sam-Patch-like—"that some things can be done as well as others"—on the sole condition that the tune be "Yankee-doodle," or "Jefferson and Liberty." Notwithstanding her extreme old age, she has never been subjected to the necessity of wearing glasses, and she can, even now, as in her youthful days, read the finest print. If any one wished to put her hearing to the test, let him but *whisper* a word in her presence, against the fair fame of her revered JACKSON, or in favor of the British Crown, and he will no longer be inclined to doubt.

One incident we must mention, before we close, illustrative of the quickness of her wit, and the keenness of her feelings of satiric bitterness, toward the memory of the *Traitor Arnold*, whose name even, she holds in utter scorn and detestation.

Calling upon her a few days since, we introduced her favorite topic, the prosperity of our country, and the ample means of subsistence for our citizens, while thousands in Europe were *starving*. This turned her thoughts to the "*potato-rot*," now so extensively prevalent, when, as if struck by a new and sudden thought, she raised herself to the full originality of her tall and muscular frame, (for she is very tall and erect,) and said, "There has been much speculation about the cause of the *potato-rot*, and people seem to be at a loss to know to what to attribute it; but the cause is plain. Don't *you* know what it is?" We do not, we replied. "Well," said she, "when that old devil, Arnold died, they buried him in Nova Scotia, and the poison is now spreading through the whole continent!"

Such, then, is Mother Bailey. Had she lived in the palmy days of ancient Roman glory, no matron of that mighty empire would have been more highly honored; and the state, arraying her name with its mightiest and most revered, would have exclaimed, with double emphasis, as did the Roman matron, with regard to her children, "*These are my Jewels;*" and on her passing from the shores of time, her name would have been the fitting subject for Apotheosis.

But living remote from the age and the theatre of such doings, and having her still amongst us, we must evince our respect for the devotion she has manifested to her country, however devoid of refinement that devotion may appear, by making use of that simple, emphatic, and eulogistic phrase, prevalent in all Yankeedom—"Hurrah! for Mother Bailey!" And when the sun of her existence is set, should it be ordained us to survive her, we shall waft, warm from the heart, in common with thousands of our countrymen, the last solemn invocation—Peace to her manes.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY, 1847. No. CIV.

THE WAR.

THE progress of the United States, from its first settlements at isolated points on the Atlantic border, has been one of continual territorial aggrandizement. Communities in their growth have constantly thrown forward a race of hardy pioneers, before whom the savages have fallen back and the wilderness has been subdued. The busy and enterprising settlers have descended from the Alleghanies, occupied the plains, pushed across mighty streams, traversed the prairies, penetrated the passes of the Rocky mountains, and are even now loading vessels in the harbors of the Pacific, with produce that their industry has raised from the lands of its tributary streams, forming the germ of that great commerce, which a few short years will find whitening the Pacific with its canvass. This whole progress, which has added 15 sovereign states to the Union, embracing an area of 500,000 square miles, as well as millions of acres not yet formed into states or occupied by emigrants, has been but a continuation of that pressure of emigration from the east, which the Roman empire was unable to resist, and which is destined to carry back to Asia the refinement of arts and the influences of Christianity, gathered in a journey of two thousand years round the world, from east to west. The progress of the emigration in Europe was a military one, and was attended by the subversion of states and the triumph of barbarism; the strong arm of the conqueror established those feudal customs which the people are but now gathering strength to shake off. On this continent the reverse has been the case—barbarism has vanished before the intelligent and peaceful settler; states and civilized governments have sprung up in the path of the emigrant, whose march has been supported and accelerated by the blessings he has left in his rear. As territory has been overrun, numbers have increased, and free institutions have insured to all a share of the growing national wealth. It has been democratic energy and enterprise that have given vigor to the movement and sustained our rapid growth. When we say democratic in this connection, it may be understood in its less comprehensive sense, as it will be found that it is the democratic party, as opposed to the aristocratic tendencies and predilections of the federalists, through which the blessings of civilization have been extended over the continent. A proof of this is to be found in the large democratic majorities of all the new states. Wisconsin, as an instance, sent as her first delegate to Congress a democrat in 1836, and no whig has ever been elected, nor has there been a whig majority in the Legislative assembly. It is the people who go forth into the wilderness to work out a home for themselves and an inheritence for their children, in a hard struggle with nature and the savage. These are not to be staid in their course by

imaginary lines, nor held back by theories which teach that a government is strong or a community well organised, in proportion only as numbers are confined in a narrow limit, laboring to swell the profits of the aristocratic few. The country beyond the Sabine offered to the emigrant inducements to settle, and its then government added other allurements to draw on to the soil the hardy and intelligent race, whose vigorous industry had in a few years placed the northern republic foremost among commercial nations. The fact was overlooked, however, that that race would bring with them the education, intelligence and faculty for self-government, which would make them unfit subjects on whom to vent the caprices of the turbulent chiefs of a military anarchy; and as soon as the articles of confederation by which Texas formed one of the United Mexican States were violated, without her consent, she declared her independence, and bade defiance to the utmost power of the dictator, who was simple enough to suppose "that the gnarled oak could be twisted as easily as the young saplin;" that the sturdy independence of emigrants from the north could be moulded to the will of a military usurper. The very virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race make their political union with the degraded Mexican-Spanish impossible. The missionaries of republicanism and civilization, who go out from among us, are sure to return into the bosom of the nation with the fruits of their enterprise.

The Mexican race now see, in the fate of the aborigines of the north, their own inevitable destiny. They must amalgamate and be lost, in the superior vigor of the Anglo-Saxon race, or they must utterly perish. They may postpone the hour for a time, but it will come, when their nationality shall cease. It is observable, that, while the Anglo-Saxon race have overrun the northern section, and purged it of a vigorous race of Indians, the Spaniards have failed to make any considerable progress at the south. The best estimate of the population of Mexico, is 7,000,000—of which 4,500,000 are pure-blooded Indians, and only 1,000,000 of white Europeans and their descendants. From these data, it is evident that the process, which has been gone through at the north, of driving back the Indians, or annihilating them as a race, has yet to be gone through at the south. The proud, rapacious, and idle Spaniards have but poorly fulfilled their mission. They have neither civilized nor christianized the people, nor reclaimed the country, in the possession of which they have been undisturbed for centuries. The native Indians have been allowed to remain in their passive state of idleness, as long as they could yield anything to the rapacity of their rulers, clerical, civil, or military. The descent of the northern race, now become imminent by the occupation of Texas, threatens speedily to change this state of things. The mineral and agricultural wealth of Mexico strongly tempts the hardy emigrants, whom no toil discourages, no danger appals; and the lands south of the Rio Grande are many of them more desirable than those north of it. Who shall say that the torrent of emigration, that for two thousand years has been pouring from the remote regions of Asia, across Europe, overturning empires in its course, bridging the Atlantic, peopling a new world, and surging to its confines, shall be stopped by the theories of the Whig party, the voice of Daniel Webster, or the frown of Santa Anna?

All that the Spaniards have failed to do, remains yet to be done. The progress of emigration on this continent has hitherto been peaceful;—but the Spanish race, to maintain their slothful possession of the country they hold, have, in the madness of their pride, attacked the colossal power that is about to overwhelm them. The result cannot be but to hasten the event, which peace would, sooner or later, have surely accomplished.—A state of war is entirely incompatible with our institutions and demo-

cratic form of government; and when, in our progress as a nation, such a calamity overtakes us, it becomes every citizen to exert his utmost to bring that war to a speedy and honorable termination. Every other consideration should be laid aside, and all energies exerted, to push this war to a speedy end. With a nation like Mexico, with whom no accommodation can be hoped for, and, as sad experience has shown, no faith in treaties, even when made, can be entertained, there can be no end to the war short of her annihilation as a nation. The matter should be taken in hand in the spirit of Bonaparte's Bulletins, in commencing the Prussian war: "The House of Brandenburgh has ceased to reign in Europe." His vigorous strokes ceased not until that edict was apparently accomplished, and a few weeks sufficed for the purpose. Of the same nature should be our proceedings. "The Spaniards have ceased to rule in Mexico," should be the motto, and corps after corps poured in at all quarters, until it is enacted.

The war is not a matter of choice. It exists through the acts of Mexico, without any present prospect of peace. The known obstinacy of the Spanish race, and the want of any respectable head to the Mexican government, indicates that the war can be ultimately terminated only by the seizure of all the large cities, including Mexico, occupying them by strong garrisons, and, while suppressing every species of Mexican military force, protecting the people from every kind of oppression, and, affording security to property, throwing the whole open to the free trade of all nations. Great commercial and industrial interests will then grow up. The capital of Europe, operating upon the great natural resources of that favored region, will soon produce such barriers to military aggressions, that the curse of Mexico, her military mountebanks, must cease to be; once imbued with the spirit of commerce and industry, internal revolutions and external aggressions will become unknown. It is an acknowledged law of nations, that when a country sinks into a state of anarchy, unable to govern itself, and dangerous to its neighbors, it becomes the *duty* of the most powerful of those neighbors to interfere and settle its affairs. That such is the case with Mexico, no one can deny; and that the anarchy which prevails there, arises from the absence of the great conservative interests of commerce and manufactures, is self-evident. The remedy is to introduce the latter; and it can be done only by overrunning the country, occupying its strong places, and suppressing its turbulent army. No time should be lost in effecting this great object. The coast cannot be held in the sickly season; but once purged of the banditti, and United States troops in possession of the back country, the coast can be left open to trade without fear of disturbance; as, for instance, Vera Cruz may not be occupied by a northern army in the summer months; but the Mexican military once driven out, a small United States force stationed at Jalapa, 70 miles in its rear, overlooking the port, will command and protect it; and that place is described as the most desirable residence.

It is not alone the war and the expense, great though it be, that is to be dreaded. We are rich and industrious, and having plenty of resources, can pay any sums. A protracted war is, however, building up a great military interest, heretofore unknown to our institutions. The great peril which destroyed Mexico we are about to encounter. The long Spanish war of Independence stifled her industry and smothered her commerce. No interest flourished but the military, and her liberties ultimately perished in its giant gripe. This interest having no sympathy with industrial pursuits—in its nature aristocratic, and harmonizing with all the splendid-government theories of the Whig party, is already rapidly growing among us. A few years only will consolidate its strength, and spread its influence through all the ramifications of contractors and employees dependant upon war expenditures. Such an interest is one to be dreaded perhaps more than any other,

when we reflect upon the materials of strife within us, the rancour of party spirit, and the recklessness of fanaticism. Already has this war been prolonged to a needless length. The importance of the case required that the city of Mexico should have been occupied by our troops in the fall, and that the Mexican Congress should have received propositions of peace from the United States government while our troops occupied their capital. There has, however, been but little disposition to push on the war. Twenty millions dollars and many lives have been expended, while comparatively but little has been accomplished. In most countries of Europe, England and France particularly, the "peace establishment" is on a scale which suffices France to conduct a war in Algiers, and England one in China and India, with but little increase of expenditure. In this country, where democratic principles require the revenue to be proportionate only to the economical wants of the government in time of peace, hostilities of any description require an extraordinary outlay, and to procure the means by unusual expedients. At such a time, therefore, every possible expenditure that can be spared or postponed should be stopped while the war lasts. Every effort should be made to raise promptly a sufficiency of means in men and money, and to make the debt necessarily contracted as small as possible. Thus, their improvement of rivers and harbors, how great soever may be its importance to the welfare of the country under ordinary circumstances, sinks into insignificance in time of war, compared with the necessity of speedy peace. Such appropriations should, therefore, be postponed until that peace is acquired.

The war *exists*. There is no alternative between deep national disgrace and the conquest of territory. The blood and treasure of the whole Union must be expended in the vigorous prosecution of the war. The inevitable results will be the acquisition of territories which will be the common property of all the states. To incur, voluntarily, national dishonor, the dangers of a large military force superadded to enormous expense, with the view of forcing peculiar notions upon one section of the Union, is conduct too nearly allied to the imbecile follies of our miserable neighbor, to meet with countenance or support from the people at large.

MESMER AND SWEDENBORG.*

The author of this work, for many years one of the most eminent and learned of the clergymen attached to the Presbyterian church, has recently created no little sensation by his abandonment of the doctrines and fellowships to which he has all along adhered. His profound knowledge of the oriental tongues, and his ability and force as a writer, gave him a high position in the Christian sect in whose symbols he professed faith. He was generally known as a most diligent and various student; and by his commentaries on the Scriptures and several other works, displaying no little research and erudition, acquired a reputation beyond the precincts of his own church. We remember to have read, some years since, a book of his on the Millenium, which was marked by great originality; and also a series of Dissertations on the Prophecies, unusually clear and vigorous in their reasonings. A Hebrew Grammar from the same source has been commended to us since, as one of the best of its kind ever published.

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* Mesmer and Swedenborg; or, the Relation of the Developments of Mesmerism to the Doctrines and Disclosures of Swedenborg. By George Bush. John Allen, New-York. 1847.

When, therefore, in the maturity of his age and his fame, Professor Bush completely relinquished the modes of thought that had hitherto governed him, it may reasonably be supposed that his course excited a more than ordinary degree of attention. The first indications of his departure from former standards were given in a treatise on the Resurrection, in which he undertook to combat the tenets now almost universally received by the churches, and to show that they were repugnant to human reason and the commonest facts of science, unsustained by a fair interpretation of Scripture, and pernicious in their bearing on the foundation-principles of morality. With what success he maintained his ground, it is not our province to decide; we simply know that his arguments were put with so much force and acuteness, that the opposite party were induced to issue a great many replies, both in the shape of sermons and books, to counteract their effect. This heresy, however, though regarded by many as fundamental, could have been forgiven him in time, if he had not, a few months afterwards, followed up his original offence by one infinitely greater. He was compelled, in the course of his pursuit of the truth, not only to bring other tenets of his faith into question, but to review the bases of his whole religious belief. In this state of mind, he fell in with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, an old Swedish prophet and Seer, and they impressed him so deeply, that he gradually surrendered his convictions of the truth of his previous theology and embraced that of the new-found light. A change so thorough and universal, under all the circumstances of the case, was likely to produce a prodigious stir; and we believe, that ever since the announcement of it, Professor Bush has had his hands full of controversies with his old friends. These he has conducted with spirit and enthusiasm, but, so far as our observation extends, in candor and true Christian kindness. If he be in error, as his opponents allege, we are glad to see that his errors do not lead him into that bitterness of bigotry which is ordinarily their accompaniment. No one certainly could have vindicated himself in a new position in a more open, sincere and dignified manner, than Professor Bush has done in every instance.

In the work before us he appears as the defender of Swedenborg on new grounds. His object, as he states in his preface, is to elevate the phenomena of what is called Mesmerism to a higher character than that in which men have been wont to contemplate them, by bringing to their elucidation the spiritual theories of Swedenborg. He assumes, consequently, that the most important facts brought to light in the Mesmeric state are of a spiritual nature, and can only be adequately solved, by being viewed in connection with the state of disembodied spirits, and the laws of their intercourse with each other, as described in the visions of Swedenborg. He does not attempt to demonstrate Mesmerism itself, but throughout his work takes it for granted. He regards its peculiar manifestations as already established by an abundance of evidence; and he simply argues, that their uniform coincidence with what Swedenborg revealed many years ago, is a striking testimony to the truth of his disclosures. If Mesmerism be true, he says, then it follows, as an inevitable inference, that Swedenborg is true, because he has accurately foretold all its results and causes; but the converse of the proposition will not follow, *i. e.*, if Mesmerism be false that Swedenborg is false. For the disclosures of Swedenborg are held to rest upon an independent and substantial footing of their own, so that whatever becomes of the phenomena he is brought forward to explain, the intrinsic truth and rationality of his system is not disturbed.

Prof. Bush's general plan is, first, to display the prominent facts exhibited in the usual Mesmeric experiments, and then adduce such portions of the works of his teacher as coincide with or explain them, and thus show that the two classes of development belong to the same order of pheno-

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mena. He relies, for the most part, for his Mesmeric facts, on the accounts given in the works of its disciples, but occasionally he draws from his own experience, for which he claims implicit reliance. He says, that he has long studied the subject; that he has had as good opportunities to decide upon it as any body in the world, and that he is perfectly conscious of having been animated solely in all his researches by a sincere and uncompromising desire to know the truth. Others may have been deceived in their experiments, but he is positive that his own experience has been full and unmistakable.

In the first chapter he attempts to determine Swedenborg's own state, which he says was infinitely higher than that attained by any mesmeric patient, and then proceeds to point out the difference in the conditions of their minds.—"The main facts in the Mesmeric processes," he remarks, "are, the agency of one person in producing what is termed the magnetic sleep in another, by means of certain manual and mental operations, and the complete subsequent oblivion, in the subject, of everything that had occurred during the trance. The case of Swedenborg was, in all these respects, entirely the reverse. His state was not a state of sleep—it was not one which any other human being had an agency in producing—nor was it marked by the least absence of recollection upon coming out of it, if, indeed, there was any such thing as coming out. On the contrary, he was in the perfect possession of his senses during the whole time. Unlike the magnetic seers, who are in a state of internal, but not at the same time of external consciousness, Swedenborg was in both at once. His prerogative was the opening of a spiritual sight, which left him still in the enjoyment of his natural sight." Mr. Bush then quotes from Swedenborg a description of his own state, which also refers to other states similar to those of mesmerizees; but we cannot say that we are much impressed by the views propounded in this chapter. The Professor, in his eagerness to maintain a superior and exclusive authority for his teacher, has hurried himself to some unphilosophical conclusions. But it is not our object now to enter into controversy on the numerous questions suggested by his essay—of which we propose simply to give a brief account.

Well, then, after the Professor has determined, satisfactorily to his own mind, the peculiar and pre-eminent claims of Swedenborg, as a divinely-commissioned messenger of God, he enters upon an elaborate discussion of the more obvious mental phenomena of Mesmerism, under the heads of the Transfer of Thought, Phantasy, Spheres, Memory, Clairvoyance, Magnetic Hearing, Repugnance to Names, and Truthfulness. His illustrations of all these points are full of interest. Even the most sceptical reader will find his curiosity kept on the stretch, either by the extracts taken from the works of the Magnetisers, or by the singular applicability of the quotations from Swedenborg, adduced in elucidation. It is certainly one of the most remarkable coincidences on record, to consider it in no higher light, that a man, whose works were written nearly a century since, should have anticipated, with such minuteness, so peculiar a class of developments. Nor is the strangeness of the fact at all diminished, whether we consider the Mesmeric results as genuine or illusive. If the phenomena, said to be elicited in this way, are delusions, on the part either of patients or performers, how is it that they so uniformly agree with the spiritual laws laid down by Swedenborg? On the other hand, if they are the real things they pretend to be, how came Swedenborg by a knowledge of these, many years before Mesmer even was born? The whole subject, therefore, is worthy of serious inquiry, no matter what may be our present impressions of its nature and tendencies.

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Appended to these discussions are accounts of famous visionaries, such

as the Rev. William Tennent, whose case once excited some attention in this country; of the Seeress of Prevorst, described so graphically in the interesting work of Kerner; and last and latest, though by no means least, the recent revelations of the young man in this city, named Andrew Jackson Davis. What is said of the latter is marvellous in the highest degree. It seems that he is a young man, about twenty years of age, who worked at the trade of shoemaker, until within a year or two past, when he began to exhibit, it is said, great clairvoyant power in regard to disease. This power has grown upon him, until he now lays claim to the higher faculties of spiritual insight. Professor Bush gives this account of him:

"In consequence of what he *deems* a direct communication from the spirit of Swedenborg, a year or two since—of whose name, by the way, or the fact of his ever having lived, he was then entirely ignorant—he was prompted to enter upon a course of lectures in the Mesmeric state, on a large class of scientific subjects, of which he has thus far delivered about eighty, embracing Cosmology, Ethnology, Astronomy, Geology, Physiology, Language, and various others, upon all which he is profoundly ignorant in his natural state. He is a young man whose educational advantages have been of the most limited character, having never enjoyed, from the age of childhood, but about five months schooling. Up to the period when he entered on his Mesmeric career, he had served as a shoemaker's apprentice; and the gentleman in whose employ he was, is ready, at any time, to testify to his entire unacquaintance with the scientific topics, of which he has treated in his lectures; and that, too, on many points, in a truly masterly manner. Since that date, he has been so constantly occupied in the examination of diseases and in the lectures, that no time has been left him for anything like the connected study, which would be requisite for such elaborate discussions as he goes into, on the entire *philosophy of the universe*, besides that he considers himself prohibited by an internal dictate, from reading a page or a line on any of the subjects of which he treats. To these inward monitions, or *impressions*, as he terms them, he uniformly pays a religious deference; and as he acts under the conviction, that his only security for his being made the medium of truth, is his own unimpeachable *truthfulness* and general moral integrity, I am, for myself, perfectly satisfied that entire confidence is to be reposed in his statements. Having had, for many months, a fair opportunity of acquaintance, and having closely studied the leading traits of his character, I can freely say, that a more simple, guileless, unsophisticated spirit, I have seldom met; or one more utterly incapable of being a party to any scheme of imposture or delusion. He has been, from his earliest years, religiously disposed; and his former employer has certified, in the fullest manner, to his uniformly upright and exemplary conduct, during the time that he was in his service, and an inmate in his family. The same testimony is given by all who have known him from a child. Indeed, were his character, generally, other than it is, I doubt if he would ever have been made the medium of such astounding developments as have uttered themselves through him. He possesses, both physically and mentally, in an eminent degree, the requisites for a clairvoyant of the highest order. But it is the less necessary for me to dwell upon these traits of his character, and his claims to credibility, as his lectures are to be published, in connection with a voluminous mass of testimony, from the most authentic sources, to his absolute incompetency to such revelations, except upon the ground of supernatural agency. This conclusion will probably be confirmed by the purport of the ensuing communication.

"I may here remark, in regard to the series of lectures above mentioned, that while I express no opinion as to the absolute truth of the scientific principles and positions advanced in them, I am fully prepared to bear witness to the fact, of his making correct use of a multitude of technical terms, appropriate to the themes of science, which he is wholly unable to define in his waking state, and which would naturally occur only to one who had been long familiar with the subjects, and with their peculiar nomenclature. Indeed, I have been sometimes amused at his bungling attempts, on casually reading the manuscript, even to pronounce accurately the words which he utters with entire freedom and correctness in the Mesmeric delivery, and which are taken down *verbatim* by a scribe, with a view to ultimate publication. I can also testify, that having been occasionally present at some of

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these lectures, I have heard him quote, with the utmost accuracy, from the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, of none of which he has the least knowledge in his normal condition. He has also quoted long extracts from the Sanscrit, the substance of which I have been able to verify from a French translation of the Vedas. Whether the same thing exists in an English version, I have not learned. But I am entirely confident he has never read it in *any* translation. At the same time, I have no reason to suppose, that, even in his preternatural state, he can be fairly said to be acquainted with these tongues. He would, probably, be unable to give the meaning of any sentence in a foreign language, that might be submitted to him by way of experiment. But whatever word or phrase may be necessary to the more full elucidation of any point which he is explaining, seems to come spontaneously to his lips, from the same source with the body of the disclosures themselves; and that these are suggested or dictated by the influx of some other mind into his own, is, I think, beyond question. But that it is any mind inhabiting a material body, which prompts his revelations, I am convinced is not the case, for they are often in direct contrariety to all the opinions which have ever been advanced upon the same subjects; and when not *contrary*, they are frequently *beyond* all that has been known to be propounded respecting them.

"Not the least remarkable among the phenomena of the case, is the fact, that his enunciations, from the outset, in this course of lectures, have coincided, most astonishingly, with those of Swedenborg, although he has, to this hour, never read a page of his works, and has never been intimately associated with those who have, or who would be capable of determining his thoughts in that direction. The two gentlemen, who are permanently connected with him in his Mesmeric operations, are both of them nearly as ignorant as himself of the peculiar doctrines, philosophical and theological, of Swedenborg; and since they have become aware of the fact of the coincidence mentioned, they have stifled their curiosity, and rigidly abstained from all recourse to those writings, with the express design of being able to say, in the issue, that from whatever source his information may have been derived, it has not come from their minds."

We do not mean to engage in a discussion of the general subject presented in this volume, because our own views are not sufficiently decided, to commit the pages of this Review to either one side or the other in the controversy. But one thing we will do, and that is—protest against the spirit in which inquiries of this sort are received in certain quarters. The scepticism, mockery, prejudice, and ridicule, with which anything pertaining to Mesmerism, and everything that indicates the present and immediate existence of a spiritual world, is escorted into notoriety, seems to us as unphilosophical as they are unchristian. The whole proceeding betrays a most grossly naturalistic or animal state of the human mind. It shows that there is as little of the spirit of true science abroad, as there is of the spirit of true religion. For, it is as much opposed to the principles of Bacon, as it is to those of the Gospel, to meet every new thing in the haughty tone of unbelief and conservatism. Bacon, indeed, has most beautifully remarked, somewhere in his works, that scientific truth is best received, like the Kingdom of Heaven, by "little children"—by those who have the docility, innocence, and fresh faith of childhood. "To believe all things," and "to hope all things," is a sign, as well of the philosophic as of the Christian temper; and nothing could be more opposed to a rational and intelligent method, than to reject what is novel, merely because it is novel, or because it seems to contradict what we have been before taught to regard as truth. The realms of Truth are as infinite as the Divine Wisdom; our conquests within them thus far have scarcely passed the borders; and for any one, under these circumstances, to say what is possible or what is impossible, is to be guilty of a prodigious presumption. Man's life on earth is but one continuous scene of mental development. Every day unfolds to his mind some new view of the wonders of the Creative Power. His business here, therefore, is to live and learn. He is not to thrive, like an oyster, by tak-

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ing in a certain amount of the surrounding elements, and then shutting his intellectual shell for ever: but like a plant. he must keep his system perpetually open to all the genial influences of the world. Around him are the infinitudes, rich in life, and peopled with multitudes of interesting forces: what he knows of their powers and tendencies is little; whether they be material, or spiritual, or celestial, or divine, he has yet to learn; in how far they act upon each other or upon him, he has also yet to learn, with much else besides; and to assert positively, in view of such tremendous ignorance, what is or is not, or what may and may not be, is to assume most sacrilegiously the prerogative of a God. We know that man's mind is in its infancy; we know that Humanity, as a whole, has scarcely left its swaddling bands; so that it does not do for us to put on the grave airs and imposing looks of supereminent wisdom. There is a good deal in this universe, we may depend upon it, "not dreamt of in our philosophy." We only demonstrate our own littleness and conceit, when we attempt to impose limits on human faculties or human acquisitions. The career of Knowledge is doubtless gradual, and it may be retrograde for a while, but it is never stationary.

One would think, that the frequent and ignominious defeats that the unreasoning sticklers for things as they are have suffered, would damage their faith in their own infallibility. But they proceed now to fight over their old battles with as much arrogance as at first. Conservatism, in short, is like india rubber, it will stretch a long while before breaking. The entire history of human advancement, is a record of the absurdity of that tenacious spirit in which it acts, yet it continues to manifest the same spirit. On this subject of Animal Magnetism, for instance, it is as scornful and incredulous as it once was on that of Christianity, or the Copernican system of Astronomy. It begins by taking for granted that its very pretensions are absurd, and then ridicules and abuses all its developments as charlatanism and irreligion.

Now, we say, without committing ourselves to the truth or falsehood of Mesmerism, that this spirit, in which it has been heretofore discussed, is a fundamental wrong. A philosopher or a Christian ought to approach the matter in a wholly different tone. We find that for half a century at least, men of irreproachable character and sane minds in other respects, have asserted the existence of certain peculiar manifestations, which they call Animal Magnetism. We find, in looking over their books only cursorily, the most evident air of sincerity on the part of the writers, and a singular uniformity in the results they describe. We find, also, a numerous class of competent thinkers, like Professor Bush, connecting these phenomena with a high and consistent spiritual philosophy, in the truth of which they express an immoveable confidence, and which they maintain is intimately related to the moral welfare of mankind. What, then, is the proper course for a philosophic mind? To condemn the whole thing at the first blush—to overwhelm it by ingenious appeals to prejudice—to ally it in public estimation with witchcraft and heathen juggleries, or to treat it as the mere dream of weak or wicked enthusiasts? Not at all. But to look it candidly into the face, to examine its claims cautiously but honestly, and to keep the mind in a state ready to embrace it, should the investigation perchance prove it to be true. It is only in this way that Humanity can from time to time be led into higher knowledge. We must never discard Reason, but we must keep reason in subjection to the laws of positive Evidence.

The other day we were travelling in the obscurer parts of New-Jersey, when we happened upon an excellent and kind-hearted old lady, who had known us in the days of our youth. In the course of a long conversation upon the changes for better or worse which had happened during the inter-

val, a word was dropped touching the operations of the magnetic telegraph. —"And pray, sir, does a man of your good sense," she was pleased to phrase it, "really believe in the stories that are told about that thing?" "Why, madam," we answered, humbly, "we not only believe, but know; for we have seen the instrument at work." "Ah!" she resumed, "there must be some mistake about it." "But consider," we interposed, "how long now it has been in actual use by the newspapers and thousands of others." "Well, that may all be," was her conclusion, "but I had rather believe them all deceived in some way, than that news can be transmitted five hundred miles in a minute." She was a capital specimen, we thought, of philosophic conservatism.

NAVY REFORM.

The subject of Navy Reform has been for many years gradually attracting an increasing amount of the public attention. The knowledge has become pretty generally extended, of the existence of abuses in our naval system, claiming correction; extravagances loudly demanding reduction; and even some incongruities so absurd, that, if not reformed, they must inevitably result, sooner or later, in the total demoralization and ruin of the service. All military establishments appear to have a natural tendency towards pecuniary extravagance; and there are no applications of public money, in which less account seems to be habitually taken of the precise ratio between expenditure and utility, than in those which have for their object the destruction of human life in war, whether on the field or the flood. A certain exclusive pride also seems to wall in, not only the uniformed and epauletted body of the officers of each of these professions, but the various grades of functionaries connected with those departments in every government. From highest to lowest, the pervading bias is generally conservative—adverse to change—distrustful of innovation, and especially jealous of impertinent *civilian* suggestions of improvement and economy. Slow and difficult is the headway that reform can ever make in the organization and administration of these establishments. It is sad up-hill work. Swimming against the stream, and cutting against the grain, are far easier and more agreeable tasks. Every step discovers an obstacle and raises an opponent; an opponent equally troublesome, whether active in open resistance, or still more provoking in the sluggish slowness of a passive *vis inertiæ*. Wo betide the daring civilian who goes into the office of head of either of those departments of the public service, as a reformer, an investigator of veteran abuses, a retrencher of customary extravagances! If he escape being stifled to death in the clouds of dust and cobweb disturbed by his own broom of reform, he may esteem himself fortunate, and may thank his stars if he escape with no worse penalty than a little "unpopularity" among those classes who happen to be unpleasantly affected by that very line of policy which constitutes his best title to the public gratitude and applause.

We have watched with no slight degree of attention Mr. Bancroft's recent brief but brilliant career at the head of the Navy Department. At first curious to see how such novel duties of administration would be performed

by one whose previous reputation had been only that of a scholar, a student and an author. A still higher interest, in our estimation, soon began to attach to the experiment which he seemed determined to make, of the practicability of carrying out some such extensive, thorough and vigorous system of *Navy Reform*, as we well knew to be loudly demanded by the true interest of the profession, as well as of the public service.

As was to be expected, it was not long before a great outcry began to make itself heard, both in and out of the service, against the Secretary and his reforms. The social influence of the officers of the navy, as a class, is no insignificant power; consisting as it does of so large a number of generally intelligent and estimable gentlemen, distributed over the country, especially on the Atlantic border; animated by a common feeling of prejudice and alarm; and everywhere enjoying the easiest facilities of access to the columns of the press, and to the minds of those by whom it is directed. When with this influence co-operated the partisan hostility of two-thirds of the newspapers, always so credulous to believe, and so unscrupulous to exaggerate evil of a prominent political adversary, (and with the addition, moreover, of one or two Democratic prints, whose editors were provoked into a still more bitter enmity, by the offending Secretary's refusal of official favors claimed by persons alike unworthy and importunate,) it is not difficult to form a pretty just estimate of the true value of the clamor that was raised, with such industrious concert and vehemence, against the late head of the Navy Department.

By an unfortunate coincidence, also, it happened that some of the more important of Mr. Bancroft's propositions of reform were brought forward at about the very period when our relations with the greatest maritime power of the globe seemed to wear the most threatening aspect; when, indeed, to many minds, the day did not appear distant, when we might find ourselves with two or three formidable wars at a time on our hands. Reduction in the numerical force of the officers held a prominent place in his plans, (though that reduction contemplated an increase of efficiency, and an increase, rather than a decrease, of the number of vessels and guns to be kept afloat,) and it was easy for hostile prejudice to drown the arguments advanced in support of the proposed reforms, in plausible outcry against their unseasonableness. These plans had, indeed, no reference to the question of war or peace; in either event they justified themselves by incontrovertible reasons. Increased efficiency was even in a higher degree their object, than economy in expenditure; and in reference to the possibility of a state of war, and the demands upon the service which it would involve, the economy aimed at by the Secretary derived all the stronger recommendation from that circumstance.

At the very time when this clamor was at its worst, it was no unfrequent remark among some of the best officers in the service, as well as members of Congress and others deliberately acquainted with the subject, that Mr. Bancroft was probably the very best Secretary that had ever been in the department; that his reforms were in general of the most valuable character; and that the adoption of at least the principal of them was indispensable to the continued healthy efficiency, if not to the very existence, of the navy, in any sense worthy of the name.

A striking illustration of the occasion existing in the navy for useful retrenchment, was certainly afforded by Mr. Bancroft's statement to Congress, in his communication to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of April 23d, 1846, that while the expenses of the establishment (on the existing basis of about 7,500 seamen, and about 1,000 marines) have hitherto been estimated at more than $6,000,000, "a series of reforms have been

begun, which, if vigorously maintained by necessary acts of legislation, will have effected a saving of nearly a million of dollars, *without diminishing the number of officers, or of men, or of ships, or of guns, employed at sea.*"

The same communication, elicited by a resolution of the House of Representatives, proceeds to give the following condensed summary of the reforming and retrenching policy of the late Secretary:

"To effect this, a unity of purpose must pervade the entire administration of the Navy Department. The service must be relieved from the burden of supernumerary officers; appointments and promotions must be made of none but officers capable of fully doing the duties of their stations; the pay must be graduated according to length of service; the number of shore-stations, as they are called, must be still further curtailed; the complement and allowance of ships at sea must be regulated by the severest economy, consistent with efficiency; the number of the navy-yards must be no further increased; the employment of labor at the navy-yards must be directed by a harmonious system, so that preparations may not be made for doing at each of our eight navy-yards what can only be done at one or two; the pressure for places to be filled by persons who wait for work, instead of employing workmen when work is to be done, must be resisted; the contingent expenses, especially those of travel and incidental labor, must be reduced; and the number and force of the squadrons to be maintained, must never exceed the limits required by the public exigencies."

It is an indisputable fact, that our navy is the most expensive, in proportion to its size, and force afloat, of those of all the maritime powers of the world. Not only is its scale of pay much higher, (with the exception of the highest grades of officers,) but its other general expenditure is comparatively more costly, than is to be witnessed in the naval administration of either England or France; a fact which, if left much longer unreformed, may well be pointed at, to the discredit of a government professing to be enlightened by popular intelligence, stimulated by democratic energy, and simplified by republican frugality.

In no application is the maxim more true, than in reference to the present subject, that "*a penny saved is a penny gained.*" The navy is justly a favorite branch of the public service with our people and government; at the same time that very large expenditures, for any objects of no very pressing immediate necessity, are at variance alike with the wishes of the one, and the theory and spirit of the other. Every dollar wasted is, therefore, as was well understood by Mr. Bancroft, a dollar withdrawn from effective application to the extension and improvement of the navy; every dollar saved is a dollar beneficially added to those valuable objects. The promised economy of a million, as proposed by the Secretary, *without diminution of the effective force afloat*, whether in officers, men, ships, or guns, was, therefore, in fact, no "*reduction of the navy,*" but, on the contrary, a basis for corresponding extension as well as improvement. And, indeed, not only would the people's representatives vote, but the people themselves would gladly sanction, increased expenditure in a much larger proportion, than in merely equal amounts with the savings thus rescued from waste. A true economy being the wise and skillful application of adequate means to valuable ends, hundreds would be cheerfully given, on an assurance of the most effective and productive application of the expenditure, where tens are begrudged to a system known to be rife with tendencies to misuse and abuse.

One of the retrenchments proposed by Mr. Bancroft was a reduction of the number of officers employed, in proportion to the number of men. Let it not be lost sight of, that this involved no reduction of the effective force

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of the navy; but a mere re-adjustment of the proper relative proportions of the respective branches of the service. As this was, probably, the head and front of the late Secretary's offending, in the estimation of those by whom the clamor against him was chiefly stimulated, we will let him state the case for himself, by quoting the following extract, long as it is, from his letter on Navy Reform, already referred to:

"A disproportion exists between the number of officers, of the higher grades, and the number of seamen. At the opening of the present session of Congress, there were sixty-eight captains, ninety-seven commanders, and three hundred and twenty-six or three hundred and twenty-seven lieutenants. Of the captains, but fourteen were at sea; of the commanders, but twenty-two; of the lieutenants, but one hundred and twenty-six. Of the captains, sixteen had not been at sea since their promotion; of the commanders, thirty-eight were in the same condition; and in each of the two highest grades, the number is still larger, of those who within that time have made no full cruise.

"The navy languishes from the profusion of officers.

"'The practice heretofore in our service,' says Commodore Stewart, 'of filling up the different grades with more officers than are requisite for duty, and the creating civil shore-stations for their employment, has ever seemed to me impolitic, and attended with injury to the officers themselves. * * * * * It is only an active and devoted career on his own element, that can constitute the accomplished seaman and skillful commander. This is the only path for the acquirement of distinction, honor, and success, when the country calls upon him to meet the foe on the ocean. I would therefore recommend a re-organization of the navy-yards, and the suppression of shore-stations as much as possible. * * * * * In the views which I have at different times set forth on naval subjects, it has been a main point with me, not only to restrict officers as much as possible from civil service, but also to keep their numbers within the wants of our navy in peace. And in these views I have been actuated by considerations of permanent advantage to the officers themselves, and to the service in general; for it is at all times good policy to keep in mind, that in our country a naval establishment can be as readily destroyed by the hand of profusion as by that of penury. By prescribing a limit to it by law, the executive department would be relieved from the pressure of applicants, the corps would be rendered more select, and the promotions less irregular and more satisfactory in regard to competency and talent.'

"In ascertaining the proper limits to appointments of each grade, the statute-book furnishes the best exposition of the purposes of Congress. Previous to 1813, the number had been limited by law. In 1842, to check a system of numerous promotions, Congress forbade an increase beyond the number in service at fixed dates.

"For the evil already existing, of supernumerary officers, no immediate remedy was provided; but the second section of the act of 3d March, 1813, was neither repealed nor modified. By that section it was enacted 'that the President be, and he is hereby, authorised to appoint such officers, and to employ the number of seamen, which may be necessary for such vessels as are authorised by law to be put in commission, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.'

"It would appear, therefore, that it had been the manifest intention of Congress to authorise the appointment of such officers, and such only, as were necessary for 'such vessels as are authorized by law to be put in commission.' The great increase which subsequently took place, seems, plainly, never to have been contemplated by law.

"The question arises, how many are necessary for the purpose indicated in the act approved March 3, 1813? A mode for the ascertainment of this number was suggested in a communication, made the 29th January, 1821, to the House of Representatives, by an able committee of that body; and it is this: 'That if we retain in service, in time of peace, a sufficient number of officers to officer all our ships which are built, equipped, and launched, it will afford a liberal peace-establishment.' And the committee proposed a reduction.

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"At that time, when the committee of the House proposed a reduction, there were thirty-two captains, thirty-two commanders, and one hundred and ninety-three lieutenants; the committee found an excess of fifteen captains, of twenty commanders; and of seventy lieutenants. By inference, they recommended an establishment, to consist of but seventeen captains, twelve commanders, and one hundred and twenty-three lieutenants. A limit was not then established, nor was a reduction required by law; but the effect of the inquiry and report was manifest; the number of officers of the two highest grades for the next seven years, rather diminished than increased; so that in 1828, at the opening of the last year of Mr. J. Q. Adams's administration, the aggregate number of captains and commanders was but sixty-two.

"The number in 1842, and since that time, has been fixed at sixty-eight captains, ninety-seven commanders, and three hundred and twenty-seven lieutenants. The number required to officer all the vessels afloat in that same year, 1842, was estimated by Commodore Stewart, at eighteen captains, eighteen commanders, and one hundred and eighty-five lieutenants. That is to say, there was an excess of fifty captains, of seventy-nine commanders, and of one hundred and forty lieutenants. 'But to the actual floating service,' says Commodore Stewart, 'let an additional number be allowed for disability from age, sickness, or other causes, and for the supply of all proper stations on shore. The captain's list should be increased by the same number, the commanders by three-fourths, and the lieutenants' list by one-half.'

"For the ships on the stocks or to be built, no allowance is made; it will be early enough to appoint officers for them, when the time comes for launching and employing them; and the grade of midshipmen is the school from which accomplished officers may at any time be draughted.

"Were all the ships now in ordinary to be called into actual service, in addition to those already in commission, there could, at this time, be employed at sea, not more than from twenty-six to thirty-two captains, about thirty commanders, and about two hundred and fifteen lieutenants.

"Last year, there were in commission as many ships as could well be kept afloat, under the limit of seven thousand five hundred seamen; and there never were employed at sea more than about sixteen captains, of whom ten only commanded ships, and six commanded squadrons; about twenty-one commanders, and one hundred and thirty-one lieutenants.

"If these views are correct, in the three highest grades, the number of officers liable to be called upon for active duty, after a liberal allowance for reliefs and shore-stations, may be reduced—that of captains, from sixty-eight to forty-eight; of commanders, from ninety-seven to fifty; of lieutenants, from three hundred and twenty-seven to two hundred and sixty."

Few readers will give a fair and candid attention to the above reasoning, without concurrence in the conclusion to which it leads. It is incontrovertible, that the navy has long been, to use the language of Mr. Bancroft, suffering seriously from a "plethora of officers;" that is to say, relatively to the number of men authorized by law, and of vessels in commission. It has needed reduction, in this particular, in a twofold point of view; both to diminish the relative number, even on the imaginary supposition of a general equality of merit; and to purge it of the inefficient, in reference to the actual state of things, in that respect, well-known to exist in all of its several grades. If, by a permanent increase of the number of men and of vessels which it may be the future policy of the government to keep afloat, an increase in the number of officers should become necessary, beyond the number now dictated by a proper proportion to the present demand, there will be no difficulty in obtaining them by promotion from the ever ready and aspiring ranks of the lieutenants and midshipmen.

The following exhibits the number of officers of the grades indicated, for a series of years past:

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	Captains.	Commanders.	Lieutenants.	Midshipmen and Passed Mid.
1835,	37	40	237	450
1836,	38	40	237	450
1837,	40	41	258	450
1838,	50	49	276	428
1839,	52	55	285	445
1840,	55	55	290	422
1841,	55	55	288	457
1842,	68	96	328	563
1843,	67	94	324	543
1844,	67	96	324	543
1845,	68	96	327	473
1846,	68	97	327	451

The only mode in which we can fix the proper proportions between the number of officers required, and the force, in ships and men, which it may be the policy of the government to keep in commission, is by determining a certain ratio that shall be maintained between the number on shore and afloat. Of the grade of captain, if an equal number remain on shore with that of those at sea,—of commanders, if there are two ashore for three afloat,—and of lieutenants, if three ashore for five afloat,—there certainly can be no cause for complaint, either of a lack of a proper reserved force of officers, always ready for orders, or of over-tasking the service, by too great a proportion of the time of officers being required to be spent at sea. In view of the liberality of the salaries paid, their life-permanency, and other advantages, together with the active service which the country has a right to expect in return, it certainly is not unreasonable that a captain should be expected to pass *half* of his time at sea; a commander, *three-fifths;* and a lieutenant, *five-eighths.* Larger proportions of time, devoted to active service, are, indeed, due from its officers to the country. It cannot be questioned, that these proportions would involve a liberal allowance of officers on shore, for repose, recreation, sickness, &c.; and always place at the disposal of the Department an ample number, upon whom, at any moment, to call, for all the wants of the service.

It must be borne in mind, that we are here treating of a peace-establishment. It was in reference to a peace-establishment, that the late Secretary made his propositions of reduction, conceived and proposed before the present difficulties with Mexico had risen to the serious character they have since assumed. We still both trust and believe, that the present state of things is but temporary and accidental; and well aware that at the present actual moment it would be vain, for any practical purpose, to ask the public attention to any plans of reduction or reform, we desire our readers to consider the subject in this point of view alone, that of a *peace-establishment.* In all probability, it will not be very long before all occasion will be at an end for regarding it in any other.

Some curious contrasts, by the way, would be found to result from a comparison between the salaries of naval officers, and the amounts of compensation found adequate, in the various civil professions, to secure for the public service, both under the federal government, and in a still higher degree under the state governments, the devotion of distinguished talent, learning, and active energy; and in official posts, not only accepted, but sought with emulous ambition. The pay of captains in service, ranges from $3,500 to $4,500. The average salary of the governors of the sovereign States of this Union, falls considerably within this amount. In the one case, moreover, the salary is a life-tenure; in the other, for a brief term. Few chief-justices of the States receive compensation equal even to that

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of a master-commandant, which, in service, is from $2,100 to $2,500; and, as is remarked in the Report of the Select Committee on Retrenchment, March 28, 1844: "Even a lieutenant in the navy receives a larger salary than most of the supreme judges of the States." The pay of a lieutenant, in service, is from $1,500 to $1,800. The same might be said in reference to the salaries paid to the highly accomplished and superior class of men, who fill the professorships of our colleges and other literary institutions.

These comparisons are not suggested with any view to the recommendatation of a reduction of the naval salaries. A bill was reported by the select committee on retrenchment in 1844, restoring the pay to the rates that existed previously to the act of 3d March, 1835. This is a question we have no desire to raise. The present rate of pay is not too high. Liberal and sufficient as it ought to be, it cannot, however, be justly charged with excess. If it is higher than the customary compensation of various other employments of equal, and, in some cases, of higher public utility, and requiring at least equal or higher personal qualifications, it is not because the one is too high, but because the other is generally too low, when we consider that in return for his services, time and life, bestowed in the performance of any duty, every man is justly entitled to a reasonable support for a family, as well as for his single individual self. The high scale of these salaries is here referred to, only as a basis for the inferences to which none can refuse assent, that in return for a compensation so liberal, the country has at least a right to expect a full measure of vigorous and active service from all receiving it; that no supernumeraries, no idlers, shall at once burthen the treasury and cumber the service; that none but men of choice merit shall be admitted to these offices, especially in their higher grades; and that mediocrity shall not deem itself entitled to be carried forward to the honorable distinctions and emoluments of the naval profession, by the simple sluggish lapse of the tide of time, on a mere imaginary right of undiscriminating seniority, which too often only superadds, to inferior natural capacity, the redoubled disqualification of years far advanced beyond the period of active energy.

The pernicious influence on the navy itself, of the great relative plethora of officers of which we have spoken, can scarcely be overstated. Within the period of life adapted to active service, the water is the naval officer's proper element, the land but his resting place. The quarter-deck is his home; on shore he is abroad. An idle lounger about the fashionable resorts of our cities, the sailor rusts and spoils. Habits of indolence, dissipation, expensiveness, forgetfulness of the nice details of professional practice, steal gradually upon him. The man of first-rate vigor of mind and tone of character, will successfully withstand these deteriorating influences; the one of second-rate stamp is more or less ruined by them as an officer. There can be no better authority on the subject, than the declaration of Commodore Stewart, already quoted, who says that,

"The practice heretofore in our service of filling up the different grades with more officers than are requisite for duty, and the creating shore-stations for their employment, has ever seemed to me impolitic, and attended with injury to the officers themselves. * * * * * * * It is only an active and a devoted career on his own element that can constitute the accomplished seaman and skilful commander. This is the only path for the acquirement of distinction, honor and success, when the country calls upon him to meet the foe on the ocean."

If we take the quantity of sea service of the year 1845, as the average sea employment that can be afforded by the present size of our navy, it will be seen that, with the present number of officers of the several grades, it will afford the means of keeping, on the average, of 67 captains, about 13 at

sea; of 97 commanders, about 20 at sea; of 326 lieutenants, about 128 at sea; of 451 passed and other midshipmen, about 298 at sea. And this proportion, let it be observed, arises under a system of complements, framed by a committee of captains, with reference to the navy as it is, and under a practice, therefore, which makes every ward-room uncomfortable by crowding it with unnecessary officers. Comment on such a state of things is unnecessary.

But a full view of the magnitude of this evil in the service, the redundancy of officers, especially in the higher grades, is not seen, till it is regarded in connexion with the usage which, though not directed by law, has nevertheless acquired all the practical force of law; namely, the rule of *undiscriminating promotion by seniority.*

This is, it is true, a favorite rule in the service. The reasons are obvious enough, which should commend it to the approbation of every officer already advanced in the profession; to the larger class in its middle and lower ranks, who are compelled to render a tacit justice to their own conscious mediocrity of talent and energy; and to those who, though not falling within either of these categories, yet feel no particular stimulus of ambition to overcome the *vis inertiæ* of the indolence natural to us all, and to spur them on to a keen emulation of labor, study and enterprise, with a host of competitors. But besides these, there are many others who, having been educated in the present system, have acquired the habit of regarding the right of promotion by seniority as a fixed and necessary principle, which carries with it a certain obligation of professional honor, forbidding a senior to receive command from a junior. Most of this class also, as well as the former classes in regard to whom less disinterested motives may be imagined, naturally receive with adverse prejudice the suggestion of a change of the present rule—or rather the present practice; for rule or law to that effect there is none. The navy, then, generally (but by no means universally) opposes itself to the reform suggested by Mr. Bancroft on this subject.

Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that the present system cannot possibly be made to work much longer. A few very simple calculations of arithmetic will suffice to demonstrate, that if that system is allowed to continue unreformed, the navy must become, within one or two generations at the furthest, wholly demoralized in a military sense, and ruined for all purposes of efficiency.

There are now 181 passed-midshipmen. By death, and promotions, the average rate of advancement to the grade of lieutenants is about 12 per annum. Twenty years, therefore, will be required to carry these all forward to lieutenancies; and as their ages range from 20 to 26 years, the day is not distant when no one can soon expect to pass out of the youthful grade of midshipman, till he shall have attained an age verging upon half a century.

There are 326 lieutenants. Suppose the above passed-midshipmen carried forward to that grade; the average rate of advancement to the grade of commander is 7 per annum. This would imply 46 years to carry all the lieutenants forward, unless their hoary ranks should be more rapidly thinned by the death which might be expected in many instances from simple old age. In a word, the inevitable result of the present system must bring us to grey-headed midshipmen, venerable lieutenants, and octogenarian commanders, crowned with the climax of centenarian post-captains. A result which is by no means commended to favor, when we add the reflection that it is rather the comfortable dulness of mediocrity and inactivity that is most likely to reach these higher grades of age, which our system makes synonymous with the higher grades of professional rank; while the active, enterprising, courageous, indefatigable officers, are those whose very professional

virtues are most likely to shorten their length of days. We grant the exaggeration involved in this mode of tracing out arithmetically the practical consequences of the present system, and that there will not probably be many really octogenarian commanders, nor captains of a hundred years, tottering under the burden of their recently bestowed epaulettes. Still the exaggeration of the extreme case supposed, grows only out of the fact that all these upper grades, lieutenants inclusive, must become filled with none but *very old men*, among whom, death will be proportionately more rapidly busy. And with all allowance for this, 60 may safely be fixed, as the probable age of the youngest captain to be found, a few years hence, in our service. Upon this, no other comment is required than an allusion to the simple fact, that 60 is the precise age fixed by the constitution of the State of New-York, as that of disqualification for the tranquil, sage, judicial functions of *the bench*. The adaptation of the period lying beyond it to the energetic, vigorous, daring and indefatigable executive duties of the quarter-deck, may safely be left to unaided reflection.

From the proposition that all executive military command, whether by land or sea, should be in the hands of men, either young, or but little advanced beyond the period of the ripeness of the mental and physical powers of complete manhood, no one will be found to dissent. By such all great military glories, in all ages and climes, have been won. The bold and active energies of such are alone in a peculiar degree suitable for the command of American arms. The rare exceptions to this rule which may be occasionally gleamed from the pages of history, do not invalidate its general truth, which has a peculiar applicability to the military history of republics; our own, short as it has yet been, affording it no small number of signal illustrations.

The system of promotions that should be practised in our navy, ought to be such as to fill each grade, not with the *oldest*, but with the *best* officers to be found in the grade next below. For this purpose, some power of discrimination, of selection, must not only be legally vested in the appointing power, but must be practically exercised by it. This is especially necessary in regard to the higher grades of commanders and captains. The common objection to it, is that of the favoritism—possibly, political favoritism—to which it is feared by some that it might lead. Little weight, however, will be found, on consideration, to attach to this objection. Even if occasional instances of improper favoritism should ever occur, the evil would be a much less one than that already exposed as involved in the present absurd rule of simple seniority. But the danger is more imaginary than real. The plan has been suggested by Mr. Bancroft, that when a promotion is intended, a circular letter from the department should require from every officer within reach, both of the grade *from which* and of that *into which* a promotion has to be made, an expression of his opinion, or suffrage, as to who is the oldest officer fully qualified for, and well meriting the promotion. These suffrages would alone afford a basis of selection which would render error or injustice extremely rare. Together with the evidence of the comparative merits of officers contained in the records of the department, they would afford to the appointing power the best possible materials for a proper judgment. Sent to the Senate together, with all the other evidence inducing the selection, they would afford an ample guaranty against improper favoritism. Selections thus made would carry their own justification with them, and would command the general confidence of the public and acquiescence of the profession. And even though to some officers who should find themselves repeatedly neglected by the promotion of juniors over their heads, it might not be very gratifying, yet if it should lead to their voluntary

retirement from the active ranks of the service, that result would rarely in such cases afford much just occasion for regret.

In reference to the present condition of the service, the truth is notorious that every one of its grades is more or less heavily overcharged with individuals little servicable in their actual positions, and less suitable for promotion to a higher. A great benefit would be conferred upon the country, and especially upon the navy, if its ranks could be purged of these worse than merely supernumeraries. Why should liberal salaries be continued to men far from capable of rendering any adequate return of effective service? Why should they obstruct the natural course of just and wise promotion, to junior merit, distinction, ambition, and capacity for useful service? Would such an anomaly be tolerated an instant in any organization of the various offices and officers of civil employment? And we should ask in vain for any good reason for a difference in this respect between the military and the civil service of the republic; unless, perhaps, it should be said, that there is much less right or reason in such a system as applied to the naval profession than as applied to any branch of civil administration; inasmuch as persons who have been long employed in the latter, can with much less ease find other employments, than those whose naval training has, or ought to have, well qualified them to fall back upon the inexhaustible field of employment afforded by the vast commercial marine of the country.

No other navy in the world is organized on this principle of simple seniority of promotion; and we think it will be deemed pretty clear, that no navy in the world can, for any length of time, get along on such a principle. It is true, it may be objected, that the practice under monarchical and aristocratical forms of government, in regard to promotions, is but a doubtful authority for republican imitation. The pleasure of the sovereign and the interests of powerful and wealthy families, under the former, must, of course, be the controlling influences in the bestowal of the honors and emoluments of both the military professions. But at the same time that the discretionary bestowal of the patronage of the navy, in the way of promotion, may enable an aristocracy to secure the greater portion of it for younger sons, it also enables the government to secure the services of the best talents, the most spirited and courageous energies.

In the French navy, we find a judicious combination of the principles of seniority and discretionary selection, in the rule of promotion. The rank next above that of lieutenant, is that of "*Capitaine de corvette*"—corresponding to our "commandant." All promotions above this rank are made at the pleasure of the king. Of the *capitaines de corvette*, one-half are appointed on discretionary selection, the other half by right of seniority. Of the lieutenants, two-thirds are promoted by seniority, the remainder at pleasure. Such a rule, accompanied by a well-arranged sytem to secure a proper amount of service at sea, together with respectable ability and character, before an officer can be entitled to promotion at all, appears to afford, what might not be a bad example for our imitation, if insuperable objection should be made to the full and frank adoption of the simple principle of promotion by merit alone. Priority of age would still receive its certain degree of preference, while for the more important and responsible grades, the service would have all the benefit of selection by priority of merit. If coupled with publication of the reasons for the preference awarded to the junior officers chosen for advancement, over those possessing only the accidental aud equivocal advantage of years, together with submission to the Senate for ratification, we feel well-assured that there would be rarely, if ever, any just reason to find fault with the working of such a system. And

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even if occasional instances should ever creep in, where modest and unknown merit might be kept in the background for awhile, the evil would be nothing in comparison with the great and manifold mischiefs inseparable from the present system.*

* The following general view of the organization, and law of promotion existing in the French navy, will be interesting to our professional readers, and perhaps not unprofitable to some others:

NUMBER AND RANK OF OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH NAVY. [a]

1. Admirals, in time of peace			2
" in time of war			3
2. Vice-Admirals			10
3. Rear-Admirals			20
4. Capitaines de vaisseau,	1st class	33	100
" "	2d "	67	
5. Capitaines de corvette,	1st "	66	200
" "	2d "	134	
6. Lieutenants de vaisseau	1st "	100	600
" "	2d "	500	
7. Enseignes de vaisseau			500
8. Elèves de 1ere classe, [passed midshipmen]			200
9. " 2 " [No. fixed annually by the King,]			210

Other Ranks.—Maitre, [boatswain]; Premier maitre; Second maitre; Quartier maitre; 1st class seaman, &c.

LAW OF PROMOTION IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

[*Law of April*, 1832, *as modified by that of May*, 1837.]

1. No one can be a *quartier maitre* unless he has served at least six months on board a national vessel as a seaman of the 1st class.

2. No one can be a *second maitre* unless he has served at least six months on board a national vessel in each of the classes of the rank immediately inferior.

3. No one can be *maitre* and *premier maitre* unless he has served at least six months in the first class of the rank immediately inferior, on board a ship of the line or frigate, or in a corvette of 24 guns at least, performing the duties of *maitre*.

4. Every seaman in the French navy, in active service, has the right, until he is 25 years of age, to stand an examination at the polytechnic school.

5. No one can be an *élève* of the 2d class unless he has been admitted into the naval school after a public examination; has followed for the full scholastic year the course of studies and exercises of the said school, and has passed a satisfactory examination before leaving the school.

6. No one can be an *élève* of the 1st class unless he has served two years on board a national vessel in the capacity of *élève* of the 2d class, or unless he has studied two years at the polytechnic school.

The polytechnic school has the right to appoint, every year, four *élèves* of the 1st class.

Before an *élève* of the 2d class can be promoted to the 1st class, he must pass a satisfactory examination, both in the theory of navigation, and in rigging, equipment, manœuvring and gunnery.

7. No one can be a *lieutenant de frégate* unless he has served at least two years on board a national vessel in the capacity of an *élève* of the 1st class, or in that of auxiliary *lieutenant de frégate*, furnished with a certificate of his having been a captain in the mercantile marine; or unless he has served at least two years on board a national vessel as *premier maitre*, and have made, in that capacity, a cruize in a ship of the line or frigate, and moreover have passed a satisfactory examination, both in the theory and practice of navigation.

An *élève* of the 1st class, nominated by the polytechnic school, cannot be promoted to the rank of *lieutenant de frégate* until he has passed a satisfactory examination in the theory and practice of naval science.

8. The mode and conditions of the examinations prescribed in the three articles immediately preceding this, are determined by a royal ordinance.

9. No one can be a *lieutenant de vaisseau*, (lieutenant of a ship of the line,) unless he has served at least two years on board a national vessel in the rank of *lieutenant de frégate*, or in that of *enseigne de vaisseau*.

10. No one can be a *capitaine de corvette* unless he has served at least four years in the rank of *lieutenant de vaisseau*, two of them on board a national vessel.

11. One-half the appointments to vacancies in the rank of *capitaine de corvette* shall be made according to seniority.

In all grades superior to that of *capitaine de corvette* appointments shall be made according to the pleasure of the king.

12. No one can be promoted to the rank of *capitaine de vaisseau* unless he has served three years on board a national vessel in the rank of *capitaine de corvette*, one year of which, at least, as commandant; or unless he has had the rank of *capitaine de corvette* for four years, two of them on board a national vessel, and have commanded for two years subsequently to promotion from the rank of *lieutenant de vaisseau*.

[a] In the year 1845.

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Some reform, it is clear, there must be in the rule of promotion. We care little what shape it may assume, provided only, that some regard be paid to *priority of merit* as well as *priority of age*. The plan above mentioned—(that of collecting the suffrages of the two grades affected by each promotion, by means of circulars to all within reach—suffrages to be given *on honor*)—strikes us more favorably than any other plan we have heard advanced. It is well in harmony with our institutions. It would afford an ample guaranty against favoritism—especially political favoritism. It would exercise an excellent influence on the profession itself. Daily and hourly, in small things and in great, ashore and at sea, every officer would forever feel himself in the presence of those whose respect and appreciation he ought to cultivate—whose suffrages would at some future day directly influ-

Time passed in the rank of *capitaine de frégate* will be counted as part of the four years service required by the preceding clause, before being appointed to the rank of *capitaine de vaisseau*.

13. No one can be promoted to the rank of *contre amiral* unless he has been, in all, at least three years in command at sea, in the rank of *capitaine de vaisseau*, or unless he has held that rank four years, two of them, at least, in service at sea, as commissioned commandant of a naval division of three ships of war.

14. No one can be promoted to the rank of *vice-amiral* unless he has commanded at least three years, in the rank of *contre amiral*, a squadron of at least five ships of war.

15. Performing the duties of *chef d' état-major* of a fleet or squadron will be considered the same as having commanded, in making promotions to the rank of *contre-amiral* or *vice-amiral*.

16. In no case can any one be promoted to two grades consecutively, in serving as an officer or as *chef d' état major general* on board national ships.

17. The *élèves* of the 2d class will be promoted to the 1st according to seniority, provided they have complied with the conditions prescribed in Article 6.

18. Two-thirds of the *lieutenants de frégate* shall be taken from among the *élèves* of the 1st class, and the other third from among auxiliary *lieutenants de frégate* in active service in that capacity, and *premiers maitres* in active service who shall have conformed to the conditions prescribed in the second clause of Article 7. Nevertheless, in default of a sufficient number of *auxiliary lieutenants de frégate* and *premiers maitres* who have complied with the prescribed conditions, the latter third may be completed from among the *élèves* of the 1st class.

19. Two-thirds of the vacancies in the rank of *lieutenant de frégate* and *lieutenant de vaisseau* shall be filled according to seniority.

20. All appointments in the rank above *capitaine de corvette* shall be made according to the pleasure of the King. [*See Art.* 11.]

21. In making promotions, seniority shall be determined by the position of the name in the general register of the navy.

When an officer shall cease to be included in the roll of *officiers de vaisseau*, except in the cases where he has been ordered in service, or the employment has been suppressed, the time during which he shall not have been included in the roll shall be deducted from his seniority.

Time spent in service not connected with the navy shall be deducted from seniority, excepting time spent in service under the department of war, or in a diplomatic mission.

In all cases, time spent in the service of a foreign power shall be deducted.

22. The time of service required for promotion from one grade to another, at the pleasure of the King, may be reduced one-half during campaigns in war.

All the regulations respecting promotion according to seniority, are obligatory during campaigns in war as well as in time of peace.

No departure shall be made from the rules prescribed in this article, except for brilliant actions, duly set forth and specified in the decree of promotion, which shall be published without delay in the Bulletin des Lois, and inserted in the Moniteur.

23. Officers who are prisoners of war shall retain their rights to promotion by seniority.

24. No officer admitted on the retired list can have his name replaced on the rolls.

25. All promotions and nominations of officers shall be immediately published in the *Annales Maritimes*, and in the *Moniteur*, with a specification of the degree of promotion, the name of the officer who held the vacant place, and the cause of the vacancy.

26. Employment is distinct from ranks. No officer can be deprived of his rank, except in the cases and according to the forms prescribed by law.

27. No one can in any case be nominated to a rank not provided for in the rolls, nor have an honorary rank bestowed on him.

28 Time spent in service on land, which, in virtue of decrees, was considered equivalent to service on ship-board, shall cease to give a title to promotion from the time of the promulgation of this law, [of April, 1832,] but until that time it shall be so considered, according to the tenor of the said decrees.

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ence his advancement; whose opinion of him would soon circulate into reputation—reputation as to ability, spirit, enterprize, judgment, character, seamanship and gentlemanliness. Unworthy arts, to "affect a virtue if you have it not," would be their own punishment. They could never long deceive, and would speedily generate a hopelessly and justly killing contempt. If no man was ever a hero to his valet, as a modern writer tells us, and if the ancient adage be true—that nobody of mortals is at all hours wise, still more true is it, that no one can long be a successful deceiver to all surrounding him, who behold him at all times, in all moods, and from all points of view. It seems to us that the result of such a system would, before long, be the formation of one of the most splendid and noble bodies of men that any country has ever had to glory in. How high and correct the tone of conduct and manners it would tend to produce in all grades of the profession; —how strong the constant incentive to effort, study, self-improvement in all the knowledge, and all the qualities appropriate to the profession! And how sure the selection for promotion of none but officers the best qualified to serve the country and adorn the profession! This plan was that preferred, we believe, by the late Secretary. In making, however, his own first practical attempt to disturb the old routine of seniority promotion, and to introduce the principle of some reference to merit, he did not venture on an innovation so bold. He convened a board of twenty senior officers, all post-captains, and called upon them for their opinions as to the individuals nearest to the top of the grades from which promotions were to be made, who ought to be advanced. By the action of that very distinguished board, the *principle* which the Secretary was anxious to establish was fully recognized; and discarding the right of mere seniority, the board, in its recommendations, unceremoniously "overslaughed" several individuals whom they deemed less worthy than those whom they felt bound to select.

This practical acceptance of the principle in question, by an authority so eminent in the profession, is a point gained of no small importance. The principle itself can scarcely now be considered as open to further attack. Whether that particular mode of making selections for promotion—namely, by seeking advice from a board of senior officers—is the best or not, is another question. It is certainly open to some objections, on this point; various opinions will, doubtless, be entertained. Our own preference has been already expressed; and we are much mistaken, if the plan above stated, novel as it may be, does not soon, if fairly tried, commend itself to general favor,—like many another excellent novelty, against which it was easy at the outset to turn up an experienced nose. To promotion by merit, in combination with seniority, must also, it is clear, be added some plan of a *retiring list*, for officers who may become incapacitated for active service, by age, chronic infirmity, or other cause. On the necessity of this feature, required to be added to the organization of our navy, there is, we believe, little difference of opinion in the profession. Mr. Bancroft made an approximation, when he adopted the system of putting on *furlough*, officers who, without satisfactory reason, were either unable or unwilling to go to sea when ordered. And we believe that the Department soon ceased to be embarrassed with the constant excuses, which before had rendered it no easy matter to get together a complement of officers for a ship about to proceed on an unpopular, and, indeed, on any, cruise, as soon as it came to be generally understood that the Secretary did not insist on the acceptance of orders, but was pretty sure to insist on the acceptance of a furlough, on half-pay, if they were declined. The power of putting on furlough, reluctant or incapable officers, has already, by a late act of Congress, been

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placed in the hands of the Secretary. The power thus bestowed, carries with it the duty of its exercise; its inflexible exercise, to carry out its intended object, with stern disregard to all solicitations, or remonstrances, of private influence. This power may be made, to some extent, to afford a basis for a practical retiring list, though scarcely sufficient as a means of making that reduction, in the present numbers of the several grades, which are loudly called for by the public interest. A full length of sea service should alone be regarded as entitling to the honorable privilege of the retiring list, except in the case of health impaired in the public service; while it is certain that there are, in some of the grades, not a few, who, without any such title to the privilege of a life-pension, (unknown to the civil service of the state,) might be curtailed from the rolls of the navy, with decided advantage to the interests of the profession, as well as of the Treasury. In such cases, half-pay, for a certain limited period, might, perhaps, with equity be allowed. The mode in which should be made the selection of those whom it would be expedient thus to discharge, will be no matter of difficult adjustment, whenever that course shall be determined upon. A special board, from the senior ranks of the profession, could be constituted by Congress, for the purpose, to whose hands might be, satisfactorily and safely, entrusted the performance of this delicate duty.

We have more to say on Navy Reform, desiring particularly to notice a few of the other useful improvements introduced by Mr. Bancroft—the "Scholar-Secretary," as he has been termed—with a compliment mistakenly-intended to disparage. But the number of pages already devoted to the subject, warns us to defer to another occasion, the completion of our purpose.

POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.*

By Europe, in the work before us, is meant the continent of Europe, and not the whole territory usually included in the term. The publishers having already issued a collection of the poetry of England, have probably not allowed the editor to embrace the literature of Great Britain within his plan. This ought to have been stated in the preface, to prevent misapprehension on the part of readers who do not always care to keep themselves informed of the goings on of the book-market. Nor does the volume contain portions of the whole of continental poetry. Specimens are given from the six gothic languages of the north of Europe, viz: the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German and Dutch; and from the four Latin languages of the south—French, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese. Thus it will be seen that the Celtic and Sclavonic of the north, and the Turkish and Romaic of the south, have been omitted, the editor apologizing for the omission, on the ground of his want of acquaintance with those tongues; but we hope the neglect will be supplied in another volume, similar to the present series. This whole series of "collections," which Messrs. Carey and Hart have had the enterprise to

* Poets and Poetry of Europe. By H. W. Longfellow. Carey & Hart, Philad., 1846.

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inmost being has been moulded into excellence and beauty, by the divine conceptions of Genius. "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise"—the Poets—among the highest Forms of Humanity—utterers of the Breath of God.

In looking over the literatures of the different nations, as they are here arrayed before us, it is difficult to say which is the most rich and valuable. The same compensatory system which prevails in the other distributions of Providence, seems to prevail in its allotments of poetical genius. No one people can claim any extraordinary superiority to others on the whole. A deficiency in one respect is supplied by an excess in another—the want of one talent is made up by a copious endowment of another; or, as in Pharaoh's dream, a seven years' dearth is followed by a seven years' plenty. Thus, the poetry of France, for instance, as a whole, or rather in its grander epic and tragic developments, we think inferior to that of either Spain, Italy, Germany, or England: there is something in her very language averse to the grander styles of poetry: the genius of her people is not essentially poetic; yet in certain sorts of lyric effusion, in light, graceful song-writing, her literature is richer than any other, and was about the earliest to be distinguished, and to stamp itself upon the European mind. In fact, the merits of the poetry of different nations are so various, that it is quite impossible to draw just comparisons. They seem to have been designed to work out different phases of Art; and each one has accomplished its mission in a way peculiar to its own destiny. In general terms, the Northern nations are more profound and affective than those of the South: but they are less brilliant and exuberant. They have a greater depth of sentiment, but not so much liveliness of sensibility; richer and deeper emotions, but not so keen or rapid perceptions. The former are more religious and mythological; the latter, more sensual and allegorical; these living more in external nature and the mind, and those more in interior experience and the heart. What Mr. Carlyle says, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," on the genius of the Norse, has force in it. "There is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian system. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of things—the first characteristic of all good thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-spirit, as in the Greek Paganism—a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a quiet, rude sincerity discloses itself here It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo-statues and clear-smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse-Gods, 'brewing ale,' to hold their feast with Æger, the Sea-jötun: sending out Thor to get the cauldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it;—quite lost in it—the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels. A kind of vacant hugeness, large, awkward giant-hood, characterises that Norse system; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless, with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the creation. The Gods, having got the giant Yuva slain—a giant made by 'warm winds' and much confused work out of the conflict of Frost and Fire—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea: his flesh was the Land: of his eyebrows they framed Asgard, their gods' dwelling; his

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skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untrained Thought, great, giant-like, enormous, to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but godlike and stronger than giant-hood, of the Shakspeares, the Goethes! Spiritually, as well as bodily, these men are our progenitors."

Most true; but the "light, graceful Greek Pagans," are also our spiritual progenitors—and the progenitors of our Shakspeares and Goethes. Their worship of beauty is no more to be depreciated than the Norse worship of strength. Their light gracefulness was a necessary element in humanity, and has surrounded the many spheres of life with their most fascinating and splendid charms. Rude giant force is good; but it is infinitely better when tempered by grace and beauty. If our primeval Thors and Odins have become Shakspeares and Goethes, it was through the grace of Greece that they have been transmuted. It was this that disciplined their enormous rustic energy into the compact greatness which is better than gianthood. The love of beauty, which is co-eternal in the human breast with the love of wisdom and of power,—has raised us from the brute into a finer manhood. The Greeks, by whom we mean the southern nations generally, have been indisputably the depositories of Art. It was with them that Art was earliest developed; with them that it attained its highest expression; and for centuries with them, it in some measure supplied the place of a revealed religion. By it, in conjunction with christian influence, the barbarians of the north were tamed, and their souls enlarged and elevated into the "fair humanities" which mark the modern eras. Schiller has exquisitely expressed this thought in his poem called the Artist*—where he represents every step that man has taken from his state of rudest savagery, to be the result of his gradually unfolding perceptions of Art. Indeed, he says that before Art introduced its symmetry and method into the world, all was chaos, but when it came, law and knowledge were revealed, and the human soul was refined beyond the power of science or philosophy. "Scorn not," he exclaims, "oh man,"

> "Scorn not to prize and praise the fostering hand
> That found thee weeping, orphaned and forlorn,
> Lone on the verge of life's most barren strand;
> That seized from lawless chance its helpless prey,
> And early taught thy young heart the control
> Of Art—thy guide upon the upward way—
> The softener and the raiser of the soul—
> Cleansing the breast it tutored to aspire,
> From the rude passion and the low desire,
> The good, the blessed one, who, through sweet play
> To lofty duties lured thy toilless youth;
> Who by light parables revealed the ray
> That guilds the mystery of each holier truth."

The mention of Shakspeare and Goethe above, reminds us of the only two poets of the south who can be placed in the same category—we refer to Calderon and Dante. Nor do these, in our estimation, hold precisely the same rank—although all are stars of the first magnitude. Shakspeare, whether we consider the variety or grandeur of his faculties, stands head and shoulders above the rest; and next to him we should be inclined to place Goethe. But these all differ so much in their character-

* Which ought to have been translated for Mr. Longfellow's work.

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istics, that it is no easy task to place them in comparison. A late German writer, Dr. Ulrici, in his profound and admirable work on dramatic art, has made an attempt of the sort, in regard to three of them, which is distinguished by great penetration and critical acumen; but like most of the Germans, he is such a thorough-going Shakspearian, that his treatment of the others is scarcely just. He rather depreciates both Calderon and Goethe, in order to elevate the great English master, though his criticisms, in the main, are acute and instructive. One thing worthy of note, however, he suggests as common to all, and that is their representative function in regard to the ages in which they respectively lived. He sets out with the principle, that the age which could give birth to such a genius as Shakspeare, for instance, must have possessed the virtues and power requisite for the production and maturity of so rare a fruit. For every man, and every one especially who figures on the stage of the world, he says, is for the most part the creation of the spirit of universal history, and his birth may be looked upon as necessary, in the same way that every great invention is not simply the arbitrary or accidental achievement of the inventor, but the inevitable result of the want of the age, which required to be satisfied. In pursuance of this thought, the author finds Shakspeare to have existed at a time when the fantastic and poetic spirit of the middle ages was met by a mental tendency directly the opposite—by the spirit of political independence and philosophic reflection. Calderon he places at that period in history, when the Catholic Church was making its most strenuous efforts to give an outward and objective validity to the precepts of Christianity, and therefore he treats the Catholic religious spirit, not only as the basis, but as the direct agent and vital element of Calderon's poesy. Dante, who is, we think, a more genuine and legitimate representative of the Catholic spirit, particularly as it was manifested in the mediæval times, it does not fall within his plan to observe upon. And Goethe he regards as the flower and consummation of the transitional era, when society was passing from the religious influences of the seventeenth century, to the sceptical and intellectual activities of the close of the eighteenth. These generalizations as a whole, are marked by great learning and clearness, and he developes them in their details with that patient minuteness and accuracy, which seems to be only known to the German mind. But our object is not now to follow Professor Ulrici, to whose volume we propose shortly to devote an elaborate review.

We must return to Mr. Longfellow's book. It begins with a brief view of Anglo-Saxon literature—a field that has been somewhat diligently worked of late years, though we are doubtful whether the yield has altogether repaid the labor of exploitation. Its remains are the mere fragments and mutilated parts of a whole that has long since perished. As the editor finely says in his introduction—

> "The dead alone speak. Voices half-understood; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips; homilies preached to congregations that have been asleep many centuries; lives of saints that went to their reward long before the world began to scoff at sainthood; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, but now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale; nothing entire; nothing wholly understood, and no farther comment or illustration than may be drawn from an isolated fact found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript."

To delve in such a literature is like digging amid the buried ruins of

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Herculaneum or Pompeii, to find a few treasures lost through the heaps of dust and rubbish that have been deposited by the lava-fermentations of the world. They are useful to the historian, as throwing a glimmer of light upon the manners and customs of a remote era, and interesting to the curious, as relics of an ancient and different condition of society; but we think they have little value for mankind in general. At the same time, nothing that has once had life, no genuine product of the human soul, can ever become completely valueless. This Anglo-Saxon race in particular has impressed itself upon the world as a race of strong, earnest men, and we find in its poetry many of the qualities which have enabled it to carry the highest power of civilization round the globe. The language is sinewy and robust, the metaphors bold, the style combining a great rude simplicity, with fiery, energetic abruptness. We feel that the men who could listen to such strains, whether from glee-singer or from sceop, were men of muscle and firm hearts. They breathe of battle-charges, of stormy fightings against Nature and the invading Powers, and of joyful triumphs, victorious hymns to the protecting God.

But the most remarkable remains of the old Northern tongue is to be found in the Icelandic poetry—the second in the order of Mr. Longfellow's volume. There is not only more of it than is to be found during the Anglo-Saxon period, but what there is, is better and more impressive. There is a more vivid imagination in the Icelandic skalds than in the Anglo-Saxon sceops. It is known that, when not heroes themselves, they accompanied other heroes to battle, and drew their inspiration from the very midst of the battle-tumults. It was for this reason that, as the editor has forcibly remarked, "the skald smote the strings of his harp with as bold a hand as the Berseck smote his foe." All the influences of Nature, too, touched his soul with wild, and fierce, and deep emotions.

"In the vast solitudes around him the heart of Nature beat against his own.—From the midnight gloom of groves, the deep-voiced pines answered the deeper-voiced and neighboring sea. These were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm. Fields of lava, ice-bergs, geysers and volcanoes were familiar sights. When the long winter came, and snowy Hecla roared through the sunless air, and the flames of the northern aurora flashed along the sky, like phantoms of Valhalla, the soul of the poet was filled with images of terror and dismay. He bewailed the death of Baldar, the sun, and saw in each eclipse the horrid form of the wolf Managmer, who swallowed the moon and stained the sky with blood."

Accordingly, the earlier Icelandic poetry—the various Eddias, are filled with these gigantic personifications, of which the reader will find much to the purpose in Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

When we reach, next, the Danish Poetry, we come to a more cultivated literature. It retains a great deal of the old Norse vigor, of which it is a descendant in the first degree; but this is tempered by the softer influence of agricultural and peasant life, and the genial affections of home. The earlier ballads are still full of the achievements of heroes, sea-rovers and knights, but have also a vein of the tenderness of love. Their affinity to the oldest Scottish ballads has, for this reason, been often remarked. It is sometimes impossible, in reading them—particularly in Mr. Jamieson's translations, which Mr. Longfellow judiciously adopts—to avoid suspecting that one is in the midst of the Minstrelsy of the Border. The Scottish dialect, into which they are rendered, contributes

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somewhat to this impression; but apart from this, there is a strong resemblance to be detected in the tone of thought and general structure. The later Danish writers, however, are more akin to the Germans, who seem recently to have given the cue to the literature of nearly all the northern nations. Mr. Longfellow has consequently furnished us with a most elaborate exhibition of the achievements of the German muse. Beginning with the Minnesingers, he has carefully traced the rise and progress of their prodigious literature, down to the modern singers, who are still "alive and kicking." We can earnestly commend this portion of his work to that large class of readers who are now interested in the literary life of Germany. It is true, we should have liked a larger selection from Goethe and Schiller, who may be said to resume in themselves all that is great and worthy in the poetical production of the nation; but we suppose it was an object with the editor to supply specimens from German writers less accessible than these, who are almost in every body's hands. Of Goethe, in particular, the exhibition is very inadequate. Not a word is taken from some of his best tragedies—as Tasso, Iphigenie, the Natural Daughter—and they are scarcely mentioned in the preface; not a word from his comic pieces or the graceful little operettas in which he abounds, and not much from those noble and striking lyrics, which are only to be equalled by passages in the best Greek poets. Indeed, the deficiency is so obvious, as to lead one to suppose that the editor had purposely slighted the great Master of Modern Song. But we have too much respect for his taste and judgment to indulge the suspicion; hoping, however, that when another edition of the book is called for, we shall be treated to several additional pages from the Greatest of Modern Poets.

It would be interesting to inquire what it is that lends such pre-eminence to the modern German literature. But our limits warn us to close for the present, though there is much ground in the remaining parts of the volume that might be profitably passed over. In respect to German superiority, however, we must add, that, in our opinion, it arises from the humanitary spirit that characterises nearly all the German writers. They do not confine their sympathies to Nature, nor any of the peculiar aspects of Nature, but they extend it to all forms of existence, and particularly to Man. Their home is immediately in the affections; they are sincere, earnest, true-hearted lovers of their kind. No human feeling is too lowly for the sympathies of the muse; no human creature mean enough to be despised. As Halleck has said of Burns, theirs are the lyres,

> "to whose tones
> The common pulse of man keep time."

The genial, racy, affectionate mood in which they contemplate all things, goes at once to the hearts of men, who repay their devotion to the best feelings, with the highest praise—with a grateful return of admiration and love.

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COLLEGE EDUCATION.*

The season has arrived when the several colleges send forth their annual catalogues, containing the names of the officers and students, the requisites for admission, the course of study and other information necessary to be spread before the public. Any one who carefully examines these catalogues, will be struck with the great similarity of the several colleges, in all their arrangements; the course of studies continued through four years, embracing the same subjects in all, with only some slight variations in the text books. It is indeed singular, that in this land of experiment, no college has been organized upon a different plan. Each new college has been fashioned after the old model, as if no improvement was possible. The four classes, the fixed course of studies, the yearly advancement from one class to another, originally copied from the preparatory schools in England, are found in all.

We do not propose in the present article to offer any new plan for a college, but simply to point out some obstacles in the present system, which stand in the way of the usefulness of institutions, so important to the literary character of our country.

It has frequently been a subject for complaint, that our colleges send forth so many superficial and defective scholars; and some reform in the system of instruction, or other change, has been loudly demanded. Some have recommended changes in the course of study, so as to allow each student to pursue that branch of science most congenial to his taste, with the hope of making the pursuit of knowledge so inviting, as to secure the requisite amount of application. Some, again, have urged the institution of prizes and honors as stimulants to industry; and others have demanded of those entrusted with the government and discipline of these institutions, a more rigid administration of discipline. All these methods have been tried, and still our colleges remain substantially as they were, and annually send forth a multitude of young men, who have acquired nothing during the four years course of study, but a few general ideas, together with habits of desultory application and superficial investigation. The remedies applied have failed of the desired effect, because the real evil is neither in the studies, nor the want of incitements to study, nor in the want of such discipline as the system admits.

In the first place, the freedom of choice in studies is of little importance, for at the age when a majority of our young men enter college, the freedom of choice is not exercised so much upon the different branches of study as upon the alternatives of study and pleasure; and experience has shown that those who would not be industrious when pursuing a fixed course of study, are uniformly found making choice of those studies, which promise the least amount of labor. The difficulty is not to induce them to pursue a particular branch of study, but to induce them to study at all. At no period of life is continuous application so irksome, or idleness and pleasure so attractive, as between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. That is the period of the most rapid growth of the body, and the most marked development of the passions; a period when the health, both of body and mind, require the most assiduous care; and when least can be expected from the attractions of knowledge, in the way of securing application to study. It is, as every

* Catalogue of Brown University for 1846-7. Catalogue of Howard University for 1846-7. Catalogue of Yale College for 1846-7.

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one who has reared a family knows, the thoughtless, the reckless, the indolent period of life.

In the second place, prizes and honors are well as far as they go, and cannot well be dispensed with; yet they have little effect upon the great mass of students. A few trials will show who are to be the successful competitors, and the remaining portion of the class are left to the influence of the common motives to application. Prizes and honors may be useful in producing a high grade of scholarship in a few, and thus elevate the standard of attainment in a college; but the great majority of students cannot be stimulated to exertion by the promise of honors and rewards, which they can have no hope of obtaining.

For those, then, who are too dull or too indolent to aim within the range of prizes and honors, and those for whom knowledge has no charms, there is nothing left but regard of discipline. But discipline is administered under great disadvantages in an American college. The laws are, indeed, sufficiently strict and severe, but there are no facilities for administering them effectively. By these laws students are required to occupy rooms in the college buildings, unless specially excused, to lodge in them at night, and be constantly in them during the hours appointed for study. For convenience in enforcing these regulations, the buildings are generally so constructed, that from twelve to sixteen rooms open into the same entry; and an officer of the college, commonly a tutor, occupies one of the rooms, and has the supervision of the remainder. But the utmost vigilance on the part of the tutor, will not enable him to secure a strict observance of the laws. Students can pass from one room to another, or go out of the building without his knowledge; unless, indeed, he were to stand sentry in the hall. They can assemble together for conversation or amusement, provided they keep moderately quiet; they can, and frequently do, collect together, to read over their Latin and Greek lessons, the best scholar in the group performing all the real mental labor, and the others deriving less benefit from the exercises, than if they used a liberal translation. Every method which ingenuity can devise to lighten the labors of study, and yet appear passably in the recitation room, can be resorted to without interruption from the tutor. The consequence is, that the law requiring students to be in their rooms and attend to their studies during study hours, becomes practically no more than this: students are forbidden to make any noise, which might annoy the tutor, or disturb those who are inclined to study. In practice, the attempt to compel an attention to study by a supervision of the rooms, has been long abandoned, and the recitation room is made the arena of discipline, the tribunal where the application and industry of the last two hours study is to be tried.

To an experienced teacher, the manner of the recitation reveals, in some degree, the character of the last two hours study; and yet he is often at a loss to determine whether the blunders of the recitation room are the results of indolence or stupidity. There will be cases so marked as to leave no doubt of their being fit subjects for punishment, but many will aim only at that degree of attainment which will allow them to escape without marked censure, and which, for want of accuracy and thoroughness, will be of little practical use. Nevertheless, all the discipline of a college, which acts upon the industry of the student, must depend upon the daily recitation, and the examination at the end of the session; mostly, however, upon the former, for the examination is too remote in the mind of an indolent boy, to induce much exertion till within a few days of the ordeal. Yet a little reflection will show how difficult this discipline of the recitation must be. All that the instructor can require, is a knowledge of the lesson. How this knowl-

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edge was obtained, whether by intense and persevering study, by desultory and irregular application, by the aid of another and a better scholar, or by literal translations, he has not the means of knowing; and could he know, he has not the power to enforce that kind of application which will tend to invigorate their minds, and lay the foundation of good scholarship, in good habits of study.

He has still another difficulty to contend with. A number of students, of various ages, capacities, and degrees of preparation, (for whatever standard a college may assume for the terms of admission, there will always be some below that standard,) are put into the same class, and are designed to go through a few years course of study together. It is impossible so to regulate the studies of a class, as to keep each member employed to advantage on his lessons. The lessons must be graduated to the medium scholars of the class, and are not long enough to keep the best scholars employed, and too long for the poorest to master thoroughly in the allotted time. By this means the former are in danger of forming habits of idleness, and the latter are little benefited by their industry; while their defective recitations lower the standard of attainment for all the indolent members of the class, who will not fail to take credit to themselves, as long as any rank below them. The instructor may discriminate, and discipline those whom he is persuaded do not come up to the measure of their ability; he can make the recitation room exceedingly uncomfortable to those who come there badly prepared; but there is a limit to the effect of this, unless it is followed in some cases by the severe discipline of dismission. The dread of dismission for deficient scholarship, where this punishment is frequently inflicted, will secure a certain amount of application; but it can never create in the mind of the student that interest and zeal in his studies, which are essential to success. The discipline of the recitation and examination rooms fails of its effect, because the previous discipline of the study room is wanting. The latter permits, I might rather say, encourages negligence, the former punishes it, often to the ruin of the individual, and with little benefit to the other members of his class.

Something can be effected by a judicious blending of discipline with rewards, and bringing parental and public approbation and disapprobation to bear upon the students, together with the exercise of a strong personal influence on the part of the instructors. It is upon these means that the judicious instructor mostly depends. But even these are applied to boys in college under great disadvantages. Rewards, as has been before remarked, are operative only on a few. Parents cannot be made acquainted with those little aberrations from the line of duty, which, if persevered in, as surely corrupt the mind and the heart as the grosser offences. Even the officers of the college may be ignorant of them, till their effects begin to appear in gross negligence and immorality. The parent reviews the report of his son's conduct and proficiency at the close of the college term, but he knows too little of college life to comprehend it fully. He finds that his son has not secured the approbation of his instructors, and he is disappointed, but he knows not what remedy to apply. His admonitions are of great importance, and may do much to correct the evil; but his son, a lad of fifteen, perhaps, has learned in college that he is a man, and that it is puerile to heed the admonitions of his father. The father, too, instead of blaming his son, may feel that his negligence or misconduct is the result of unfaithfulness on the part of his instructors, or pressed with other cares, may have little leisure to attend to such matters. He has committed the education of his son to the college, and holds it responsible for the result.

Public opinion has little influence upon those students who most need

its restraining power. The college has a public opinion, a standard of excellence, and a code of morals of its own; and the tyro soon learns to disregard the good opinion of those without, provided he does not incur the censure of the great body of the students, and can win the applause of the clique with whom he associates. If he becomes acquainted with the inhabitants of the town in which the college is located, it is often with those who are easiest of access; with vain, frivolous persons of his own age, who will rather encourage him in idleness and dissipation, than exercise a conservative influence over him.

The personal influence of the officers of college is also impeded by the peculiar relation which they sustain towards the students. Every man who has had a family to govern, well knows that there is a period in youth when it becomes impatient of control; when the pursuits of pleasure are most ardent, the passions strong, and the moral sense weak and irresolute; when it is necessary to make the boy feel that he is still a boy, and incapable of judging and acting for himself. It is precisely at this wayward period of life, that the lad is sent to college, and placed under the government of men whom he knows can have no peculiar personal interest in his welfare, and at the same time invested with all the prerogatives of a young man. With the self-conceit consequent upon his elevation, he feels himself in all points, except the single one of literary and scientific attainment, fully equal to his instructors. He acknowledges in them no right of control, farther than is given them by the statutes of the college; and even these he feels himself under no moral obligations to obey. The impossibility of executing some of the laws strictly, leads him to claim a like license in all, and henceforward he stands in the position of personal hostility to the officers of government, whom he regards as imposing restraint upon him for their own interest only. His whole college life becomes a kind of reluctant yielding to authority, a submission to an irksome discipline, to be endured only for the sake of gratifying his parents, or for the distinction which a college education affords. In the mind of such a student, everything is associated with discipline and restraint. He studies by constraint, goes to the recitation and lecture by constraint, and every escape from duty he deems just so much taken from his task. It is extremely difficult for the most accomplished instructor to inspire anything like enthusiasm for learning, in minds so disposed; and it is not surprising, if, after many discouragements, he leaves them to get along as they may, and addresses himself to those who, from riper age, and more efficient early training, are better prepared to profit by his instructions.

I would not say that all, or even a majority of the students in our colleges answer fully to the above description; but the number is large enough to lower materially the standard of attainment, and give just cause for the complaint, that these institutions send forth so many superficial and inferior scholars.

On a careful examination, we shall find our colleges still more deficient in the means for the correct moral training of young men. So far indeed from affording the means of efficient moral culture, we fear that they offer peculiar temptations to vice. A parent is content if his son does not deteriorate in college; he does not expect him to make any progress in virtue and piety. Many a broken-hearted father can bear witness to the dangers of college life, and many a ruined man may find the cause of his ruin in habits contracted while obtaining his education.

Youth is, indeed, the most critical period of life; and there is danger, wherever it comes in contact with temptation. Perhaps the proportion of young men ruined in college, is not greater than in other situations in life.

There is a fearful loss of character among the clerks in our large cities, among those apprenticed to the various mechanic arts, and a greater still among those who are not trained to any business at all. In looking at the wreck of moral character among these, we might consider college comparatively safe. Of clerks and apprentices, it is estimated that one-half, at least, are ruined. The proportion of students is less than this; but the difference is owing, more to the difference in their pursuits, than to any peculiar security which the college affords. Nearly all our colleges are situated in the vicinity of large towns, which have within them all the sources of iniquity which belong to the largest cities. There, may be found eating and drinking houses, from the genteel lunch and hotel, down to the most loathsome dens of vice; gambling-houses, and houses of ill-fame approached by secret passages, unknown to the public, but easily found by the initiated. In addition to this, private rooms can always be hired by clubs of young men, in obscure places, for the purpose of more private dissipation. And then there are amusements of some kind almost every evening: concerts, balls, shows, and comic exhibitions, to turn the minds of the young from serious pursuits, and prepare them, by a kind of mental dissipation, for the seductions of vice and folly. And what is there in the discipline of college to counteract all this? Nothing but the personal influence of the officers of instruction and government. They may counsel and advise, but they cannot control. They may check, in a degree, the frequenting of public amusements, by requiring students to be in their rooms in the evening; but unless the rooms are visited several times in the evening, they cannot prevent it.

A taste for amusement is incompatible with good habits of study; and a student who cultivates it, soon loses his relish for intellectual pursuits. His studies become an insupportable task, and he neglects them; but something must be found wherewith to fill up his vacant hours, and failing to find sufficient amusement in public, he resorts to books, which inflame his passions and undermine his virtue; or he indulges in smoking, drinking, and other secret vices, which destroy his health, and corrupt his moral feelings. Nor is it possible for the officers to keep the evil-disposed student from scenes of riot and excess. The law, indeed, requires him to be in his room at a reasonable hour, and lodge there at night; but there are no adequate means of enforcing this salutary law. He may steal out, and elude the vigilance of the officer, and return again without his knowledge. He can leave his room after the officers have retired for the night, and at the latest hour he will find the haunts of vice open. In the English colleges, which are built in the form of a quadrangle, with only one entrance, the door can be locked at an appointed hour, and all egress denied; but our colleges have no such convenience; they are open at all hours of the night. What careful parent, residing in a large town, would allow his son, at sixteen years of age, the means of leaving and returning home at all hours of the night? yet he will send him to college at that critical age, where such liberties cannot be prevented; and will, perhaps, blame the institution if his son is ruined.

Another evil in college, is the unrestrained intercourse of the students, at an age when the passions are strong, and the judgment and will weak and wavering. Young men of corrupt principles cannot be altogether kept out of college. In a large collection of students, use what precautions you will, the leaven of vice will always exist; and when the passions are addressed, the young mind is quite as susceptible of bad impressions as of good. By little and little, the moral principles may be undermined by this daily mingling with the vicious; and the youth, whose guileless heart knew no evil when he left his home, is soon prepared to rush to the commission of

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any vice, whenever an opportunity offers. We know of no college in which there are not secret societies, established under pretence of literary improvement or friendship, but known to be nurseries of vice, in which the obligations of morality and religion are set at nought, and resistance to the government of the college encouraged; and meetings held at late hours, for the purpose of unrestrained dissipation. Into these societies many young men are inveigled, almost as soon as they enter college, pledged to secrecy, and made to feel themselves bound in honor to maintain them, by every means in their power. All attempts to suppress these societies have hitherto proved abortive; for their very existence is sometimes one of the secrets, which the members are bound not to divulge to the college authorities.

Indeed, such is the difficulty of controlling the habits and morals of the students by préventive discipline, that, in many of the larger colleges, it has been mostly abandoned. The rooms of the students are not regularly visited, no especial care is taken to keep them in at seasonable hours, and very little is done in the way of private admonition and advice. The government is wholly penal. A standard of attainments is fixed, and all who fall below it, whether from incapacity or indolence, are summarily dismissed. A standard of morals is also fixed, and any one detected in a gross offence is expelled or dismissed; but owing to the difficulty of detection, much immorality is practised with impunity.

Such a system may be best for the reputation of the college, but it is cruel towards the young men who resort to it for education; and yet, as our colleges are organized, it is almost unavoidable. To form an idea of the loss of young men from the failure of college discipline to effect what is expected of it, both as regards scholarship and morals, we have only to look at the successive catalogues of a college, and note the number of students who leave without having completed their course of studies. Take the case of Yale College, which enjoys a high reputation, both for scholarship and discipline. As appears from the catalogues, all the admissions to the class graduated in 1841, amounted to one hundred and thirty-seven. Of these only seventy-eight remained at the beginning of the senior year, showing a loss of fifty-nine, or nearly three-eighths of the whole. Of one hundred and twenty-seven, entering the freshman class in 1839, seventy-three only are found in the senior class three years afterwards. The small colleges, probably, do not exhibit a proportionate loss; for in these, there are better opportunities for the exercise of the personal influence of the faculty; and the necessities of these institutions may induce them to retain students who would be dismissed from the larger colleges. It will be readily admitted, that all who leave college without completing their course, are not dismissed for deficient scholarship or immoral conduct. We might, perhaps, set down one-fourth of the number to ill health, pecuniary embarrassment, or other circumstances, which render a change of pursuits expedient; but after making this allowance, the proportion is by far too great; and shows conclusively that the discipline fails of its most desirable effect, the *prevention*, rather than the punishment, of indolence and vice.

I shall mention only one other particular in which our colleges are deficient; and that is, in preserving and promoting the health of the students. When a young man has reached the age of eighteen or twenty, the care of his health may be left with himself, guided by such suggestions as may be thrown out in a public lecture, or in occasional conversation. But a lad of fifteen needs something more than suggestions and advice. At no period of life does the health require such unremitting care, and at no other period are there equal carelessness and recklessness. At that age, personal clean-

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liness, strict temperance, and regular exercise, are indispensable, both for present comfort and for forming a strong and vigorous constitution. The neglect of these, particularly at a time when the stature is rapidly increasing, brings on a languor, both of body and mind, and predisposes to secret vices, destructive to the health and morals. It is this languor which makes all kinds of stimulants welcome as a relief; and the general use of tobacco in our colleges, which shatters the nerves and ruins the health of so many, owes its prevalence, in a good degree, to this cause.

Some colleges have provided means for gymnastic exercises; but these exercises being no part of the system of discipline, are neglected by those who need them most. We know of none where conveniences are provided for bathing, much less any measures adopted to secure attention to this very essential requisite of health. Shall we wonder, then, that the health of young men so often suffers in college? We often hear of students who have ruined their health by too close an application to study; but, for every one injured by hard study, there are at least ten injured for want of exercise, and the neglect of personal cleanliness.

Taking then into account the defects of college discipline, in the all-important matters of scholarship, morals, and health, it is by no means surprising that the result should be so unsatisfactory, or that thinking men should be desirous of some kind of reform. That there has been a growing distrust of these institutions, would appear from the fact, that while the means of education have rapidly advanced, the increase of students in the several colleges, has not kept pace with the increase of our population.

But the question may be asked, Are the colleges less adapted to their peculiar work than they were in the last generation? To this we answer, That while the general features of the colleges have not changed, the circumstances of the community have changed. In the last generation, boys did not begin the study of the classics so early. Good classical schools were few in number, and it was not thought advisable to send young lads from home to prepare for college, till they were capable, in some degree, of taking care of themselves. There were not then, as now, boarding-schools all over the country, promising to take boys at any age, and act the parent for them better than it could be done at home. The consequence was, that a majority of the students entered college later in life, after their habits were in some degree formed; after they had the discernment to see the use of systematic application, and appreciate the advantages of a liberal education; and on that account had less need of college discipline. Our colleges are proper places for young men, fit to be entrusted with the responsibility of their own conduct; they are utterly unsuited to boys who need the discipline of the school-room, and the watchful care of masters and monitors.

Another circumstance has contributed to render our colleges unfit places for the younger class of students. When they were founded they were located in villages, where the temptations to vice and idleness were few; and where it was extremely difficult for the student to take the first step in wickedness without the knowledge of the faculty. These villages have now grown into large towns, which afford not only temptations to every kind of iniquity, but also facilities for concealment. The moral principles of a boy may be perverted, and the seeds of ruin sown, ere the instructor is aware of it. It is true, that young men designed for public life, must pass through the ordeal of temptation; but let not this take place, till increased knowledge and maturer judgment will enable them to pass through it in safety.

From this view of the failure of our colleges to effect what is expected of them, an important question arises, What can be done to improve them? Shall all the students be compelled to prepare their lessons in a common

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room, as in the grammar schools? Shall they be constantly kept under the watch and word of tutors and proprietors, to prevent them from being corrupted by unrestrained intercourse with each other? Shall the buildings be surrounded with high walls, with iron gates and massive locks, to prevent egress during the night? And shall gymnasia and baths be constructed, and persons be employed to enforce daily exercise, and see that the proper ablutions be performed, and due care taken of their health? Any system of this kind would be attended with great expense, and even then would fail of the desired effect. Boarding schools which have professed to do all this, have failed to secure a close attention to study, or preserve unimpaired the morals and health of their inmates.

No alterations in the organization or discipline of our colleges could remedy the evils complained of, so long as young lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age are sent to them to receive their education. Fix the age of admission at seventeen or eighteen, and other reforms would not be so much needed. It might be well to alter, in some respects, the requisites for a degree, making it depend more upon the amount of knowledge acquired, as ascertained by a searching examination, and less upon the time spent within the college walls. There can be no good reason why the student, who can fully sustain his examination for a degree, should remain in college till his duller classmate is prepared to receive the same honor. Nor is there any good reason why the indolent or stupid youth, who has lived out his four years in college without being much the wiser for it, should receive his degree at the close of that period, or indeed at all, if he cannot sustain a thorough examination. A diploma ought to be an evidence of scholarship; but so worthless has it grown, that the private recommendation of the president, or of a professor, is of more value than the parchment certificate of literary qualifications, given under the seal of the authorities of the college, and delivered with so much solemnity on commencement day. The graduate of West Point is known to be a proficient in the studies pursued at that institution; but we would laugh at the simplicity of the man, who would infer, that the graduate of one of our colleges was necessarily a scholar.

The expense of erecting so many college buildings, might be dispensed with, if students were not admitted so young. It is better that they should lodge at their boarding-houses, and prepare their lessons there also. If there were a smaller number in the same building, there would be less interruption from unseasonable visitors, and less noise and disorder.

Much has been said of the inexpediency of collecting so many students together as are found in the larger colleges. But if students were not sent to college till their characters were in some degree formed, the number of students in one institution would be no evil, but rather a great advantage. The stimulus to exertion is much more keenly felt where the number of competitors is large. They are brought in contact with minds of every grade, and in the strife for honor, powers are often developed which had otherwise remained dormant. In proof of this, it may be observed that, while in a small college, well managed, there is perhaps a less proportion of very inferior scholars, there are none who reach so high a degree of attainment, or exhibit powers so well developed, as when higher honors, arrived at by a sharper competition, await the successful aspirant. A large institution of learning also gives its members an opportunity of forming an extensive acquaintance and numerous friendships—a great advantage to young men designed for public life. Nor must we pass over the benefit resulting from bringing together so many individuals of different creeds. Men learn forbearance and charity by being in constant intercourse with others, whose religious opinions differ from their own. Extremes of opinion are corrected,

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and unkind feelings suppressed. That religious body which fears to trust its young men, after the ordinary course of religious instruction is completed, among those of different creeds, must either have little faith in the power of truth, or some misgivings whether its own creed is founded in truth. There is a period in life when the careful parent would wish his son to be under the influence of those whose religious belief was the same as his own; but the time will come when the son must think and act for himself, and this will be quite as soon as he is fitted to withstand the temptations of college life.

But what is to be done with the tyro who has completed his preparation at the grammar school, or at the academy, and is yet too young to be trusted at college? Most lads who have had the advantage of good instruction are prepared for college at fifteen; how are they to spend the next three years? The answer is easy. We have only to extend the sphere of the preparatory schools; we have only to put the college tutors into the grammar schools to exercise their vocation there, and the difficulty is at once removed. The two lower classes in all our colleges are mostly taught by tutors. It requires no great attainments—no extraordinary ability, to instruct in grammar and pure mathematics; and little else is taught in the lower classes in college. Accuracy and thoroughness is all that is required. A cursory examination of the course of studies, published in the catalogues of the several colleges, will show that there is nothing in the studies of the first two years which could not be taught as well in an ordinary academy. It requires no great collections of books, and philosophical apparatus, and minerals, and geological specimens, to aid either pupil or teacher, in algebra, geometry, grammar, and the easy Latin and Greek authors read in the first two years of the college course. If a lad is prepared for the Freshman class at fifteen, he can be prepared for the Junior class at seventeen; or what would be better, he could spend one or two years in the study of the modern languages, or in healthful, invigorating exercise, and enter that class at eighteen or nineteen, and have three chances to one of graduating—a better scholar at twenty-one, than if he had spent the whole time in college.

If it be thought that the preparatory schools are not in a condition to carry students so far forward in their studies, we have only to say, that if the demand for a higher grade of instruction in these schools is made to exist, the supply will not long be wanting. Let the same price be paid for tuition which is charged in the colleges, and able teachers will soon be found to take charge of them.

These schools, situated mostly in small villages, with a limited number of scholars, and subjected to a rigid discipline, will be free from most of the objections urged against colleges. Idleness can be prevented by the discipline of the school-room, and any vicious or improper conduct can be speedily discovered and properly punished. The students, distributed among the families in the vicinity, and kept under the restraints of domestic life, have neither the opportunity nor the temptation to operate together for improper purposes. Two well qualified instructors could take care of from forty to fifty boys in such a school, and could afford to labor for a compensation much smaller than in a larger town, where the expenses of living are greater.

In the large towns, where such schools can be supported by the local patronage, the parent has the additional advantage of having his son at home at the same time. The expense is much diminished by this circumstance, and he can superintend the moral education of his son, and urge him on in his studies by motives which filial affection will render doubly powerful.—The diminished expense might also induce parents to allow more time for

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the completion of the education of their sons, and thus raise the standard of scholarship in the colleges themselves.

Were we to draw out a plan for the education of a boy, designed for one of the learned professions, it would be something like the following:—Let his education be begun in the common public school, where he would meet with all classes of boys and all descriptions of character. To guard his moral feelings from contamination, let him be allowed and encouraged to relate at home whatever he sees and hears among his play-fellows, and let his parents approve or disapprove as the case may require. Let him thus early become acquainted with the distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, and taught to cherish the one and avoid the other. He will thus acquire a hardihood of character, a power over his own desires, and a strength of purpose and of will far superior to the boy who has been kept out of harm's way, and furnished with a private tutor to make the path of learning smooth and pleasant. The stern discipline of a large school, composed of boys of every shade of character, is useful to break the will to rightful authority, and cultivate patience and fortitude under evils which must be borne for the sake of after benefit. He who fears to trust his son among the poor boys of the common school, and therefore sends to a select school, patronized only by the rich, should remember that the rich have their peculiar views as well as the poor, and that the effeminacy and peevishness of the spoiled children of fortune are quite as contagious, and more disastrous in their effects upon the character, than the rude manners, and harsh, blunt passions of the sons of poverty.

At the age of twelve or thirteen we may suppose the lad to have completed the studies of the common school, and to be ready to enter upon a higher course of instruction. If, then, he can enter a higher school without leaving the paternal roof, let him begin the study of the ancient languages.—But let it not be a school where the teacher stands constantly at his elbow, to remove every difficulty in his way, and think for him as well as instruct him. Let the powers of his mind be taxed as much as they can bear without discouragement; and let him not only be encouraged, but compelled to think for himself. Large schools have this one advantage over small ones—the teacher has not the time to aid the scholars in their lessons, and they are under the necessity of depending upon themselves.

When the boy arrives at that period of life when the stature is rapidly increasing, let him not be kept too constantly at his books. If, then, he can spend a year or two in some employment which requires considerable physical effort, he will be benefited thereby. When the energies of the system are being expanded upon the increase of the bodily frame, the brain should not be too severely taxed. Then let the muscles, and all the organs of the rapidly increasing body, be strengthened and invigorated by cheerful exercise in the open air.

Should there be no school of the right description in the vicinity, let not the parent, in his haste to finish the education of his son, be induced to send him away from home before he has arrived at an age when he can be relied on to take care of himself, under the advice and direction of judicious friends; and when he arrives at that age, which is seldom under fourteen or fifteen, let him be sent to some quiet village academy—not to be placed at board with the principal, among a horde of other boys, but in some well ordered family, where the domestic influence may still be felt, and his responsibility to the domestic circle continue to be insisted upon.—The quiet influence of evenings spent at the fireside of a virtuous family, is far more effective than all the restraints and guards resorted to in the best regulated boarding-schools.

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A youth of good talents thus educated, might, at the age of 18 or 19, be a proficient in the grammars of the ancient languages—be able to construe any plain author with facility, and write Latin with tolerable correctness.—He might also have mastered the usual course of pure mathematics—made some progress in the modern languages, and stored his memory with the leading events of history. Then entering college, and placiug himself under the guidance of accomplished instructors, he would be prepared to appreciate the higher beauties of the classics—to enter to advantage upon the study of natural philosophy and metaphysics, and profit by the lectures and more practical studies of the last two years of the college course.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN NEW-YORK.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

Since my arrival in New-York, I have, according to my usual rule of following the custom of the country, been very constantly going to church; and for the same reason, constantly going about from one church to another. I find that all of them, the modern ones that is, are Gothic, or what is so styled by courtesy—and the fashion, though now some years old, is as universal as ever—indeed, no fashionable neighborhood can be considered complete, without its be-pinnacled and be-buttressed mass of brown freestone. Certainly, we Americans, like Prince Hal, "have damnable iteration." Trinity, (I suppose it may fairly be christened "old Trinity" again, being in the fourth or fifth year of its age,) has become "the fruitful parent of a hundred more," all claiming to be Gothic, though Vandalic would often be the fitter term—on all of which I have been casting a critical eye of late, and about which I want to say a word or two.

Now don't be alarmed; I am not going to bore you about trefoils and quatrefoils, labels and lancets, spandrils and gurgoyles. Time enough for minute criticism some indefinite number of years hence; when our general ideas of art shall be sound and true, we can afford to attend to details; but at present I only want you to notice, with me, the one grand defect—vice, I might fairly call it—which runs through nearly all our modern attempts at Gothic churches. It is an ambitious straining after effect, not warranted by the space or means at command; a copying large models in little, combining a showy outside with meanness behind the scenes—stone fronts ending in brick-work; that peculiarly New-York style of building, of which our City-Hall furnished the model, and which Stewart's brick-sided palace so successfully illustrates. Trinity is, on the whole, solid and truthful; the Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth Avenue, graceful and unpretending; but these are almost the only exceptions to this general character. This shabby-genteel sort of *veneering* is bad enough at all times, but nowhere does it so grate on the feelings, as in a house dedicated to Him who is truth itself; and one can't but fancy it must be up-hill work to worship in spirit and in truth in a building, at once pretentious and shabby, lofty in design and diminutive in proportions—"frogs trying to look ox-like." This is the difficulty with all of them; they are small copies of large models—regular miniature cathedrals. Now, churches of like preten-

sions in Europe, have a length of from 250 to 400 feet, sometimes nearly 500, and are wide and high in proportion; but our churches, not over half, sometimes not a quarter their size, must have all the members of their larger brethren; the same aspiring portal, the same massive tower, or sky-piercing spire, the same number of buttresses and windows. A stately pile looks well in the design, and makes a showy engraving; nay, even when you look at the building itself, the first effect is rather good—the eye glances up the side, along six, eight, or ten mullioned windows, with their lattices, as many as Notre Dame in Paris with its 400 feet of length, and graced with a corresponding forest of pinnacles—but the very next moment the want of depth is evident; you see that the windows are reduced in size, and crowded into half the space they should occupy. The stage-trick is now evident; you discover that you have been taken in, and the littleness of everything comes out all the stronger. It is impossible to give the idea of great size in 50 by 100; least of all can it be done by trying to squeeze a church into that space which ought to occupy three times as much. Gothic is nothing without solidity and amplitude; in our churches all this is lost, by putting half a dozen windows where there should be only half as many. The compartments, bays they are called, are quite too small, and there is absolutely no space between the windows—only mere piers—and the church is like a Broadway store, all openings. This is unavoidable, if we will persist in copying the most ambitious churches of Europe "in little." To "cut our coat according to our cloth," is in all cases good taste as well as good sense. We should choose those humbler, though equally beautiful models, which are within our ground-room and building-funds.

Another thing very noticeable is, that every church of every denomination is now-a-days Gothicized. "It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." I want to know why we do this; why every place of worship, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, and what not, put up, in this democratic land, in this nineteenth century, must be Gothic, and *moyen âge?* What business have so many imitation mediæval cathedrals, standing alone and forlorn among houses, streets, and people, all of yesterday? In the midst of all this, you set up a building in the style of a remote age, without precedent or model, among us, wanting all its natural accessories—the gray moss of centuries, the clothing ivy, the irregular antique street, the humble hovel, the cloister pale, the stately palace, the dignity of age, the splendor of rank, the pomp of an Establishment—all, things unknown and foreign to us—(perhaps there are those among you who wouldn't object if some, at any rate, of them were not?) These things are gone, and for ever—lucky that we have something better in their place. In Europe, a bit of even modern Gothic is felt to be in good keeping; for it has all around it companions and predecessors of every age, and all precedent and tradition, all scenery and associations, harmonize with it. In that soil it grows indigenous; here, it is at best but a forced and feeble plant. Don't understand me as saying a word against Gothic architecture in itself. I have spent too much time in studying out its noblest specimens to have any such feelings. But it is the very strength of my love that makes me lift up my voice against the way it is caricatured among us. Everything is against it here, and makes it a thing without sentiment and without poetry, a hollow mockery of the past. Our very climate is against it. It depends for much of its effect on a play of light and shade, which is seldom met with under our brilliant American skies. Gothic is the poetry of shade, our climate of light, and you cannot have both together. To counteract the glare without, we are forced to make gloom within, and turn our churches into dull masses of darkness or sickly yellow. Every painter will tell you

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that it is as idle to look for that constantly varying play of light and shade, those exquisitely broken effects, which in European churches make the artist's heart dance with delight, under the flood of light of our American sky, as it is to look for the twilight gleams of romance and poetry, which light up the darkness of the middle ages so beautifully, under the broad, all-pervading, life-giving sun-light of democracy.

Then again the history, the associations and the details of the Gothic style, make it the exclusive property of certain forms of religious belief, and out of their hands it has no place nor fitness. It was *Catholic* faith and *Catholic* art that reared those giant piles, monuments as imperishable and as inimitable of the religion of Rome, as are her aqueducts and amphitheatres of her Pagan greatness. They were built for *Catholic* worship, and in that worship every part has its proper use, and for any other purpose, both the parts and the whole are meaningless. The vast expanse of the nave for the kneeling multitude, unpolluted by those wooden sentry boxes in which Protestant exclusiveness delights to lock itself up—the marble floor, paved with the monuments of grim knight and bearded bishop—the soldier and the priest of the cross resting side by side in its shadow—the side chapels and altars for private and particular devotion, the Lady chapel as the apsis, graceful as the worship to which it is devoted; the high altar at which the daily sacrifice is offered up, the pictures and statuary, ornaments worthy of such a fabric, making it the treasure-house of art as well as the shrine of faith; all these things, and many more I omit, are Catholic, and Catholic only, and they all enter into the perfect idea of a Gothic cathedral. Denounce their religion as much as you please—I have not a word to say for it; but at any rate Gothic architecture is their property, and theirs only, and you cannot share it with them. The church of England, which filiates itself upon Rome, and in whose worship the altar and chair still figure, may perhaps fairly use this style, though even in her hands it is shorn of much of its beauty; but you, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, &c. &c., why do *you* build Gothic churches? What would Hugh Peters or godly Mr. Cotton Mather have said, had their flocks proposed to induct them into a tiny model of a Romish cathedral? Why build now a-day, churches in a style which necessarily carries us back in thought to the days of Romish darkness, and pontifical supremacy—of Smithfield fires, and mother with infant rolled down the Vaudois rocks? You have got along very well without a bishop, why desire to have cathedrals? Ah, but you will say, ours is an expurgated Gothic, adapted to Protestant notions. True; but in adapting it, you leave out the part of Hamlet. You must take it with the incumbrance or not at all. Strip it of it's to you idolatry, Mariolatry, and all that, and there remains only a mere shell, a lifeless carcase. You cannot unite sensuous Catholic splendor and severe Protestant simplicity. Be Corinthian or Doric at pleasure, but don't try to be both; and if you eschew Catholic emblems and images, avoid Catholic architecture likewise. Gothic in itself is well enough, but Protestant Gothic, Puritan Gothic, iconoclast Gothic, what an absurdity! But why proceed? The voice of fashion drowns that of reason and of taste, and every congregation must have its quantum of pseudo-Gothic. I should not be surprised to see the place of meeting of Friends, improved by nailing up a wooden embattled parapet along the eaves, and sharpening the windows to a point at top. Already we have a *Gothic Methodist* church in Williamsburg. Oh shade of John Wesley! Oh spirit of consistency! It's some comfort to notice that that highly respectable body, the Reformed Dutch church, has not yet caught the Gothic epidemic, but continues to build good substantial Protestant churches, which, if not of the highest artistic beauty, have at least that beauty of fitness which

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is before all others. Why not do the same, gentlemen of other denominations? Your Protestant services are somewhat lengthy, are at stated hours, and every body must be seated and within ear shot, and you like to sit comfortably, with cushioned seat and carpeted floors; then build your churches in a style to admit of all this with propriety. Of such styles there are plenty at command. There is that which has obtained more or less in all Christian countries since the days of the *basilica*, the Roman and Italian, which is grand, simple, eminently Christian, admits of seats and carpets, or at least suffers less from them than the Gothic, and may be simple or florid, as desired. What beauty this style admits of, may be seen in some of the best churches of Wren and his school, say St. Martin's-in-the-fields, St. James, Westminster (the interior) and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which latter unites all the qualities our Gothic abortions are so wanting in, being at once cheap, simple and elegant.

What a difference, indeed, between our modern Protestant efforts in the Gothic line, and the models we pretend to follow! To build the one, the Hirams of the day met together from east and west, and sat long in high debate, ere they settled on the plan of a building, the completion of which their own eyes were never to behold. They built for all time; and age after age added its share to the glorious pile, till it reached its perfect development. For the other, all that is needed is a copy of Britton or Pugin, and to look out to have the job done as cheap as may be. And how paltry the result! how unidea'd, how wanting in poetry, in richness, in ornament? True, we clap on a profusion of pinnacles, and here and there a plaster finial or so, *purpureus pannus*, showing the nakedness they seek to hide.

How different is this from the wealth of embellishment of churches of old, when each one was the embodiment of a single idea which animated every part and every detail; when a church was a poem, a sermon in stone—I had almost said a living sermon, so lifelike is it. As you pass beneath the massive portal, you see it swarming with life and variety; saints and fiends, gorgons and chimeras dire, with allegory, apologue, tradition, sacred and profane—often grotesque and fanciful, if you please, yet never without a meaning, because wrought by the hand of faith if not of genius. You pause at the door, not of pine plank painted oak color, but heavy with bronze, and all alive with history and fable; at times quaint, rude and forbidding, at others carved with skill, such as made the greatest of modern sculptors liken the doors of his Florentine Baptistery to those of paradise. Within, the same fertility of imagination, the same prodigality of ornament, carving in stone and wood, on tomb, shrine, chapel, altar, choir and canopy. In the windows, instead of blue and yellow lozenges, and such like kaleidoscope patterns, the whole of the Covenants, old and new, the vicissitudes of man's life on earth, and the joys and terrors of the life beyond the grave; the Evil One frowning on the gazing worshipper, the Virgin and her Son speaking peace and comfort to his soul. All around the statues stand grimly in their canopied niches, prophets and mighty men of old, the noble army of martyrs who died for the church, and the kings who were its nursing fathers—but why go on? why speak of all the mystical emblems—the rose, the vine, the palm, the fish, the mary flower, as the Germans call it,—all is of a piece. Such were the churches of the middle ages. And if now they are somewhat shorn of their original splendor, seamed and scarred from the rude touch of time, and the rough handling of soldier and fanatic, even this rather adds to their interest in our eyes, as showing how many hard battles and sieges the weather worn old veteran has gone through.

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If we must have Gothic churches, however, and I suppose we must, till the fashion changes, let us build them on a moderate scale, one fairly within our means, and which we can consequently carry out fully and fairly.—No necessity for always copying the largest and most expensive churches in Europe. Small things, if not grand, are superior in beauty, as our building committees might have learned from Aristotle. Santa Maria della Spina, at Pisa, is a perfect pocket edition, yet most pleasing and beautiful. Models of it go all over the British colonies, but have not yet reached us.—But to point out all the pretty little churches on the continent would turn this into a mere catalogue. Any parish church in Normandy would be pretty safe, but I know nothing so well adapted to our imitation, (with adequate means, that is,) as the exquisitely beautiful *Sainte Chapella*, in Paris, which has the advantage, *unique* in Gothic, of having a *basement story*, the very thing we want for our Sunday schools, prayer-meetings, &c. It is time we ceased to copy English models so exclusively. The pernicious influence of this habit on taste generally, I may perhaps notice hereafter.—Beautiful as the Gothic once was in England, we see it now disfigured by whitewash, railings and pews, and bleeding at the hands of church-wardens, all which lowers our idea of art. "They manage these things better in France." Indeed, in Normandy you see in perfection what was the feeling and taste of Catholic England before Art and Taste deserted her, flying before the face of the Reformation, the spinning-jenny, and Watt & Bolton.

Understand me, Mr. Editor, I don't find fault with our architects. They must work "to order," like any other artist. It galls them, I know, to feel their genius cabined, cribbed, confined by the exigencies of our unformed taste and Protestant prudishness; but what can they do? The architect must think of the figures of arithmetic as well as of those of art; and a too honest love for the latter may materially damage the amount of the former. He must *work down* to the level of his employers, and his only hope is to raise the general standard of taste as high as his own. When this happens, we shall no longer see our toil and outlay ending in amorphous incongruities, which, though they make the ignorant smile, make the judicious grieve.

I have been generalizing so long that I've no room for details, and indeed am rather glad to shirk the unwelcome task. There are certainly degrees of faultiness. It is easy to decide which is the best of our churches; for the distinction of being the *worst* there are several competitors—though I think Dr. Matthews', on Washington Square, has the best chance for the plate. As for Trinity, good as it is on the whole, if some Erostratus would fire the fane, leaving us only the very beautiful tower and spire, it would be still better; for as it is, the body of the church is too small in proportion—the portico more ambitious than the house. Within, the nave is fine, but wants length, and the side aisles have been sacrificed to the centre one. It should have forty feet *at least* more length, and fifteen more breadth. Flying buttresses would patch up the want of breadth, but that of length is not to be remedied. Why were these things so? Why, where so much has been done, and so well, was any thing left open to criticism? Again, four canopied niches adorn the tower, but where are their sainted tenants? We don't look for this amount of completeness and finish from the general run of churches, but from Trinity we have a right to expect it. Still, as a whole, it is quite unapproached among us for truthfulness, taste and general effect. Calvary, Mr. Southard's new church, is a perfect honey-comb—all windows—all out of doors; and this is a very general defect, as already mentioned. Church of the Pilgrims, ditto, ditto, and with one brick leg and one marble

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one—the best foremost, of course. As for the Rev. Dr. this's and the Rev. Dr. that's,

"*Non ragionar di lor ma guarda e passa.*"

I don't know which would be the severer criticism on them—to say what they are or what they are not. At the same time, a decided improvement is on the whole to be seen in our later as compared to the earlier Gothic of a few years ago. Unluckily, failures in buildings are not covered by the ground, as they are in medicine. We must find our consolation in the fact, that we are thus furnished with capital specimens of what to avoid, though it costs a good deal to get up such a rich series as we can now boast of—so complete a museum of architectural deformities.

In this desert, how refreshing is the one green spot—how pleasant to find one church we can praise without ifs and buts. I mean, of course, that built by Mrs. Rogers, in the Sixth Avenue. It is no would-be metropolitan, but an unpretending, simply beautiful parish church—such as you find by dozens yet in the "rural districts" of England The same quiet elegance reigns within and without; it is *totus teres*, and almost alone in being so. I am glad to see this,—not only for its own sake, but as a promise of better things for the future; and since I saw it, begin to hope that we may before long build as good churches as we did a century ago. As it is, if a foreigner of taste were to ask to be shown our best churches, I should certainly give Grace and Calvary a wide berth, and ask him as a favor to shut his eyes to every thing between the Church of the Holy Communion and St. Paul's.

Yours, &c. S.

VAIN LONGINGS.

TO F. J. E.

The *substance*, not the *shadow* of a grief
  Embitters my existence,—though, perchance,
  From the green bowers of ever-bright Romance
My feeble hand hath plucked one laurel leaf:
  Few are the souls on earth that sympathize
With toilers who outwatch the stars of night
In searching for the beautiful, while blight
  Dims many a hope—still *unattain'd the prize.*
Oh! ever welcome is the prayer of one
  Like thee, endowed with "faculty divine;"
  And if a charm to ward off ill were mine,
Thy day of joy would know no setting sun;
  By sorrow never would thy head be bowed—
  Darkened the sky above thee by no cloud.

W. H. C. H.

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SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

[The following notice of Auguste Comte's system of Positive Philosophy was originally published by the author, M. Emile Littré, in a French journal, *Le National.* I have translated it in the hope that, however slight and inadequate, it may perhaps direct the attention of some intelligent thinkers in this country to M. Comte's own work,* which I regard as the most profound, and incomparably the most important philosophical production of this or of any age. JOHN HENRY YOUNG.

City of New-York, Feb. 1st, 1847.]

I.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION, AS IT MAY BE STATED IN OUR TIMES.

PHILOSOPHICAL ideas exercise an indispensable office in the evolution of humanity. Those who deny this, do not sufficiently consider the conditions which have predominated in the successive phases of that evolution. Setting aside, then, this prejudicative negation as utterly groundless, let us note, with respect to philosophical ideas, a state of mind strange in itself and peculiar to our epoch. Some, inclining more to positive than to general notions, and finding no stable foothold in any existing philosophy, abandon in despair what seems to them an ever shifting foundation, and direct their attention to particular studies; others, requiring general rather than positive notions, make little account of the difficulties inherent in the prevalent philosophies, and are satisfied with the helps which these afford. This simple statement of an actual situation, indicates a void in the system of our knowledge: our positive notions are not sufficiently general; our general notions are not sufficiently positive.

We need only listen for a moment to the echos of European society, to perceive discordances on every side. Religions, (for these in one point of view are a real philosophy, as giving a general conception of the totality of things,) religions have no symbol under which all minds can be rallied. Catholicism, Judaism, Protestantism with its multitude of sects, each has its enlightened adherents, who are unable, nevertheless, to harmonize their various convictions, and each has its limits which it endeavors to pass in vain. The same is true of philosophy, properly so called. In France, the eclectic school has attained no inconsiderable increase, though neither the doctrine of Condillac, nor those others to which the eighteenth century gave birth, are by any means extinct, and eminent individuals have very lately opened new metaphysical routes. In Germany, (to mention only the most illustrious names,) Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, divide the empire of thought. In England, what there is of philosophy appertains essentially to the Scotch school. In Italy, likewise, metaphysics has its representatives,—men not without celebrity, and who but add one more to these multitudinous diversities. Such, then, is the condition of things: religions against religions, philosophies against philosophies, and, on the other hand, religions and philosophies often arrayed against each other.

Nor is this all; the theological and metaphysical schools have long since abandoned all claim to the empire of the physical and natural sciences.

* Cours de Philosophie Positive, par M. Auguste Comte. Six volumes. 1830-'42. Paris: Bachelier.

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These have been developed in a completely independent manner, and by an opposite process; they have treated relative, and never absolute questions; they have sought, not the essences, but the properties of things. Hence that positive character which belongs to them; hence the intellectual ascendancy which they acquire, and the unbroken continuity of their progress. It is exactly the reverse with the theological and metaphysical methods, between which and the positive mode of procedure there exists a radical incompatibility, and an ever increasing divergence.

But this is not all; those very physical and natural sciences, whose method is so powerful, have themselves no philosophical efficiency. They want unity. They do not form a whole, united throughout by a common doctrine, and especially, they do not touch the immense and complex phenomenon of human societies. In vain should we combine to infinity all our notions relative to space and motion, to the celestial system, to physical agents, to chemical compositions, to anatomy and physiology;—we should never arrive at any solution touching this subject, the most complicated, the most difficult, the most important of all. The more clearly the scope and object of the sciences are apprehended, the more manifest is it, that constituted as these now are, such a problem is beyond their reach.

Here, then, is a true present picture of our highest speculations: on the one hand, general ideas, which are efficient socially, but have no force in a scientific point of view, and which moreover are the subject of innumerable divisions; on the other, particular sciences, evidently incapable, in their present state, of constituting a philosophy. Social facts are distributed, or rather the spiritual government of society is contested, between systems of religion and systems of metaphysics. Apart from these, stands a series of notions due to mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, sciences whose demonstrations have nothing in common with theological or metaphysical solutions, and carry with them irresistible convictions. Thus the speculative domain is separated into two perfectly distinct compartments, one appertaining to religion and metaphysics, the other to the positive sciences. On the one side, religious and metaphysical notions, though eminently general, have lost that force of convergence which once gave them an intellectual supremacy; on the other, the particular sciences, though they compel assent and induce a mental convergence, are of themselves, and unaided by philosophy, incapable of attaining a comprehensive generality.

Let us examine somewhat farther the historical situation of those two methods, between which the speculative domain is divided. The divergences manifested in modern Europe are not fortuitous. They are to be traced to the rupture of the Catholic unity through the efforts of Protestantism, combined with the action of the critical philosophy, and the whole modern world is strewn with the fragments of this wreck. Nor is it through accident that the general doctrines of our time have no foothold within the domain of the positive sciences. One by one these have been progressively emancipated from their primitive tutelage; and have cast off an influence incompatible with their own method. The same tide which successively carried forward the ancient theocracies, Græco-Roman polytheism, Catholicism, and (starting from the fifteenth century,) the era of revolution, has also borne on the sciences with their experimental method, inductive and deductive. It is by this powerful method that these have embraced, in their continued increase, the whole field of human knowledge, that portion only excepted which appertains to social speculations. Here, doubtless, is the secret of their power; and

in their present incompleteness lies the secret of their philosophical inefficiency. The truth is, modern intelligences are subjected to a double regime, of which the one occupies indeed the vantage ground of things, but is distracted by divisions which are incurable, because they are born of its own dissolution; the other has not yet reached its culminating point, and by the very nature of its method, it can never be liable to any fundamental dissidence. Each has a deficiency; but that of the one is a hopeless void, for the sciences have escaped it; that of the other is a blank, which no one has hitherto attempted to fill. The former has no scientific force, the latter no social efficiency; but whilst the inadequacy of the first is a fact which the past has decided, the defects of the other are reserved for the judgment of the future.

We have, then, on the one hand, a theological and metaphysical philosophy, which has not maintained its positions; and on the other, a rudimental philosophy, which is destitute, as yet, of any organized doctrine. Space and motion, the celestial system, the physical actions of bodies, the elementary combinations of substances, and the phenomena of animated beings, being now subjected to the method and the theories of science, what farther has it to do? To enter on the domain of social facts, of which it has already reached boundaries. Having achieved this last great operation, its provisional incapacity will have disappeared—the dyke which restrained it will be broken down; it will embrace the entire speculative domain, and will have attained its ultimate and normal state. This last adjunction is the indispensable, but sufficient preparative for the elaboration of a general doctrine, and at this point a philosophy may emanate from the sciences, which shall be positive, like them.

The positive philosophy is experimental; for it is the offspring of the sciences, whose only guide is experience, aided by induction and deduction. Its notions are relative and not absolute; for the material of its speculations is determined by the source from which it flows. Finally, it is a philosophy, for it embraces the whole circle of phenomena; a circle which will be complete the moment social science shall be added to the sciences already existing. To operate on this totality of phenomena is its end; to find this social science is the preliminary.

From the point of view at which we commonly stand, it will doubtless appear strange that such a preliminary is requisite; but in fact this necessity is a consequence of the difference of method. A philosophy which borrows no data from supernatural intervention, or from metaphysical notions, can exist only on condition of possessing all the particular sciences as materials; and a philosophy not emanating from *a priori* principles, but formed by a general induction, must require that every source of induction should have been discovered. Such a conception, therefore, is necessarily the product of time. It must find the different sciences already organized; it must have but one step to take; it must be the mere prolongation of a system previously rudimental and imperfect.

To erect history into a science, and to create a positive philosophy, are two consecutive but connected ideas; and in the state which humanity has now reached, they cannot be separated. To make history a science, [history is nothing more than society considered in time,] is on the one hand, to recognize the truth that social phenomena succeed each other in an order neither arbitrary nor fortuitous; and, on the other, to determine the law of the succession. So long as this result remains unattained, facts, in the state of mere materials, are either nothing but an object of simple erudition, or they bend to all explications, however

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vague. Such is the twofold state of history at this day. To institute a positive philosophy, is completely to co-ordinate the totality of human knowledge; thus obviating the double defect, which now renders the positive method and the rival process equally, though inversely, insufficient.

Such is the scientific and philosophic operation which M. Comte has aimed to accomplish, and which I propose to examine. In this inquiry I shall follow the order I have indicated, expounding, first, the social theory; next, the philosophy resulting from the whole system of the sciences, regarded as complete.

In order to a conception of the social theory, we must carefully bear in mind, that causes, more or less general and extraneous to individual action, are ever at work in society. From these flow results which mere reasoning could by no possibility have predicted, and which time only and experience reveal. History is already beginning to attain a sufficient prolongation to furnish several instances, a specimen of which may, perhaps, interest the reader.

Antiquity exhibited a remarkable phenomenon. The free populations of the Greek and Roman republics were never able to maintain their numbers by reproduction. The nine thousand Spartans of Lycurgus, had dwindled to a thousand in the time of Aristotle. The Athenians were often obliged to replenish their numbers by the introduction of strangers. The Roman state, although established on a much larger basis, was affected by the same influence; and history records the disquietude of Augustus, on the loss of three legions in Germany, at a time when the Roman population, drained by conscription, had diminished. In a word, the decrease of citizens was one of the most active causes of the ruin of the ancient republics.

Modern times have witnessed precisely similar facts. All aristocracies, that is, all exclusive bodies, whose numbers are not recruited from without, have suffered gradual losses, which must have reduced them excessively, but for the adjunctions made from time to time. There is not a single noblesse in Europe, the mass of which is of very ancient descent. Most of the old families have disappeared, and the blanks have been filled with new men. But, it may be said, the free populations of antiquity, and the noblesse of the middle ages and of modern times, were, and have been, exposed to a special cause of destruction, namely, war. Both were essentially military; and hence the reason of this gradual extinction. True; but it would be easy to show that, along with this real cause of destruction, there existed many conservative influences; such as wealth, comfort, and remoteness from all dangerous occupations, except war. I might add, that the effect of war upon general and non-exclusive populations, is far from being destructive; but I prefer to offer an example, which must preclude all doubt. If families, occupying a position of eminent well-being, and never forming alliances, except with each other, were really able to maintain, and, especially, to augment their numbers, the royal families of modern Europe, who form a true caste, should have multiplied considerably during the six or seven centuries they have maintained their seclusion. Few royal personages have been cut off by war; and yet, not only has there been no progressive increase, but some families belonging to this caste have become extinct, whilst, at different times, new members have entered it. Thus, then, with no cause of destruction, with many conservative influences, wealth, attentions, remedial means always at hand,—these privileged families have not multiplied. They have barely sustained themselves;

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and here, likewise, adjunctions have been necessary. Having, as we see, no power of self-increase, and none, consequently, of self-reparation, the exclusive classes are necessarily thinned by accidental losses.

Here, then, is a striking fact, appertaining as well to ancient as to modern times, yet which would never have been imagined *a priori*, for it seems contrary to all induction. Mere reasoning, unaided by experience, would doubtless have concluded, that families, placed in positions of eminent opulence and comfort, must necessarily multiply. From this fact we may estimate the whole politics of antiquity. It utterly mistook the conditions requisite for the perpetuity of its establishments. In aiming to give permanence to exclusive societies, its statesmen attempted a task beyond human power; at least, they should have instituted means for the successive reparation of a structure which natural causes were incessantly wasting away. But nothing could be foreseen, because nothing was known; and the undiscovered laws of a sort of social philosophy had a powerful agency in the downfall of the great institutions of antiquity,—a downfall so bitterly lamented by statesmen, who, however, had nothing better to propose than a vain recurrence to the ancient system, which could have been revived only to perish as before.

But if the privileged position of aristocracies is a bar to numerical augmentation, it is also a fact, which no *a priori* reasoning could have divined, that misery is a most fertile multiplier of human beings, though, indeed, of beings short-lived and wretched. Experience demonstrates that the miserable condition of free populations is actually a cause of numerical increase. Here, too, is a result against which statesmen contend in vain—a dilemma that bids defiance to all force. The most striking instance is that of Ireland, where, from various causes, the mass of the inhabitants have sunk into extreme distress. Pauperism is perpetually increasing; and so long as the present general misery of that country endures, the rapid numerical growth of the population will continue to embarrass the government, and to complicate all political questions.

The transmission of civilization from one people to another, is also one of those cases where nothing short of experience can indicate results and determine the proper line of conduct. A mere closet philosopher would imagine that, in order to transform tribes of barbarians into civilized communities, nothing more is requisite than education, and that the work might be accomplished in the life of a single generation. But all history falsifies this notion. Time is indispensable, before a savage nation can assimilate the ideas of a cultivated race, and the extent of that time must be proportionate to the social interval between the two. The hordes of North America are, at this day, barely beginning to display a few germs of civilization. After the lapse of 300 years, they are just beginning to attain some little aptitude for conceiving what to us appears simple and natural. We may remark similar facts in antiquity. For instance, it was according to the order of conquest, that the Spanish, Gallic and British populations became imbued with the literature and politics of Rome. The Spaniards, who were first subdued, attained this assimilation before the Gauls, and these in turn before the Britons.—This general and constant phenomenon shows with how little skill cultivated nations have proceeded in their efforts to propagate civilization, and also indicates the course which should be adopted in future. Ideas, like all other things, must have time for their evolution. To expect that the habitudes and notions of civilized life—the slow product of ages, can be immediately imparted to a barbarous race, is to require the sup-

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pression of the necessary interval which separates the seed-time from the harvest.

This fact has a most important bearing on the history of humanity, and on all philosophy. We see here, in its reality, the essentially relative character of human conceptions—those even which are deemed the most absolute. If the men of past generations could, with their ideas, be transported into the present time, they would assuredly find themselves ill at ease, and incapable of conforming to our mental régime. This supposition is every day realized essentially in the contacts between civilized and barbarous communities. Nothing, as experience shows, is more difficult than to communicate to these last the notions of the former. Opinions and institutions are relative, then, to the position which nations occupy in time; and so far are human conceptions from being absolute, that a very slight displacement of them, either in historical or in geographical space, suffices to render them inapplicable.

The judicial statistics, published by governments for some time past, exhibit an instance of remarkable constancy in facts of a moral nature. Prior to experience, who would not have thought that crimes and offences must vary considerably from year to year; that the intervention of free will would be manifested here more than anywhere, and that even in periods of very short duration, the melancholy quota would exhibit striking fluctuations? But such is not the case. The inexorable figures remain unvaried within very narrow limits, and whilst the causes are not changed, the same effects continue.

Through the mere juxtaposition, therefore, of men in society, through the relations which become established amongst them, and through the tendencies necessarily resulting from their original dispositions, powerful influences arise, which modify, surmount, annul the artificial combinations of statesmen. So long as these conditions remain undiscovered, no social science is possible. Now, such conditions were utterly unknown, both in ancient times and in the middle ages, and have only begun to be suspected in our own day. Indeed, amidst such excessive complication, where the most powerful agencies were perpetually concealed, it was only through the experience of centuries that some of the unknown quantities of this difficult problem could be disengaged. When the acting causes are few, a small number of observations and a brief extent of time suffice to manifest the law which governs them; when, on the other hand, they are numerous and complicated, the human mind lacks the force to disentangle them, and is obliged to await the slow progress of events. Herein consists the service rendered by history. Antiquity was too young to suspect the remote principles of those occurrences, which were incessantly transforming it in spite of itself.

For though society is composed of individuals apparently independent of each other, it really forms a body where all things are convergent. Were it not that we live and move in this medium, and, by the force of habit, are almost blind to the phenomena occurring around us, we should study with the liveliest curiosity the working of this complicated moral machinery. Multitudes of men are to be nurtured, sheltered and instructed, industry is to be ameliorated, society to be defended—and all this is accomplished by a variety of agents, who, in rendering these public services, are influenced by their tastes, their vocation or their interests. In the eye of philosophy, the humblest member of this community exercises a social function, and the time is assuredly coming, when that truth will be properly recognized. Under such a view of things, we are able

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to understand, how in this vast body of human society, whilst individualities nullify each other, resultant forces are developed that become the movers of the world.

That spontaneous concurrence, through which individuals combine in societies, is likewise manifested amongst nations, thence giving occasion to groups, the members of which are reciprocally connected. These groups tend to mingle at their extremities with the populations in contact with them. It was thus that the surrounding tribes of barbarians became united and assimilated to the Græco-Roman family, from which union arose a new cluster, that of modern nations, which has exercised a far more powerful action, as well in virtue of its superior extent, as of its more advanced civilization. At the side of this, stand the Mussulman, the Indian and the Chinese groups, each of which has exerted an extensive influence. Similar agglomerations were beginning to form in America, but were annihilated by the influx of the Europeans. It has in our day become sufficiently manifest that these groups, whose mutual contacts have been hitherto slight, are tending to unite and intermingle—the agent of this immense assimilation, being evidently the European population.

As civilization enlarges its basis, it increases in stability. From this cause, amongst others, the modern world is more stable than the ancient; those perturbations which inevitably arise in the course of events, being now less extensive and less dangerous than formerly. When we contemplate European civilization, grafted upon every part of the habitable globe, we see how vast must be the shock which could seriously affect it. An irruption of barbarians, like that which in the fourth century overturned the Roman empire and utterly deranged the ancient system, would, even were it not now impossible, be completely powerless against our modern order. By diminishing the action of disturbing forces, the increase of stability tends to render more prominent and more efficacious the law of the evolution of human societies, of which it nullifies the opposing influences.

It is Time, hitherto our only historical and political teacher, which has revealed the necessary extension and the growing stability of superior civilizations, and which has cumulatively demonstrated that knowledge is power. Doubtless the science of the Greeks and Romans was the real source of the ascendant they obtained, though theirs was too little advanced to constitute a permanent barrier between themselves and the barbarians. If the notion of scientific power had then attained any prominence, it received a signal overthrow in the triumph of the Germanic tribes. The Goths could send Greece back to its books, and could congratulate themselves on having escaped an enervating culture. But the rude accents of triumphant barbarism have found no echo. The singular and unexpected fact has been disclosed, that real force does not reside where men had originally conceived, and that through the agency of speculative studies and of abstract combinations, powers are developed, far superior to the headlong turbulence of multitudes. This change is one of the most significant events in all history; one of those which most clearly indicate the direction of social development.

We have now noted, first, the impossibility of instituting a permanent aristocracy, that is, a caste organized on the basis of self-reparation; the barriers being always broken down by the fact of inevitable extinctions. Next, the impossibility of preventing the excessive numerical increase of a free, and, at the same time, a miserable population: certain circum-

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stances being given, no power can check the multiplication of living beings. Again, the impossibility of at once transporting the civilization of one people to another: this transmission always encounters insurmountable resistance at the outset, and eventually requires a time proportionate to the distance between the two civilizations. Again, the impossibility of altering the quota of crimes in a given community: the number always oscillates between very narrow limits, so long as other circumstances remain the same. Again, the inevitable extension of European civilization over the whole globe: the less cultivated populations always prove inferior in force, and the modification of the more ignorant and weaker, by the stronger and more enlightened, is a matter merely of time. Again, the definitive introduction of knowledge into human affairs, as a preponderant element of power: Time is perpetually increasing the relative weakness of barbarism, and what is now specially desirable is, that civilized nations use their advantages discreetly.

All these facts have been unveiled by degrees in the course of history, and independently of human wills; they have all been imperceptibly developed amidst past populations laboring for very diversified ends, and they all tend to evince the agency of forces, of causes, of influences peculiar to society. It is not man, regarded as an individual, but rather men, considered as constituting a body, that is a society, who give rise to those unlooked for and irresistible phenomena. If, abandoning our habitual prejudices, we will but carefully meditate this subject; if, after the manner of the astronomer, we will but change our point of view, from the moving medium in which we live to a position external to it, we shall assuredly become satisfied that historical events, like all other phenomena, are subjected to determinate laws. This notion must be insisted on, for it is an essential one. It condemns those systems, whether theological or metaphysical, which, regarding society as without any proper and independent direction, attribute its movement to supernatural interpositions, or to purely political combinations. It censures also the practice of statesmen, who, abandoned to empiricism, can see little beyond a circumscribed present, with no thought of the past which has prepared this present and of the future which agitates it.

It is this notion which, in the part of his work devoted to social phenomena, M. Comte has aimed to establish on a basis positive and scientific. In the next article, I shall endeavor to explain how history supplies him with proofs of the necessary succession of those phenomena, and how these proofs, once found, the law resulting from them throws light in turn upon history, even leading to some very general views touching the developments of societies nearest our own. For the proper and essential character of all science is (within certain limits that vary with the several sciences themselves,) to read both the future and the past, that is, to supply by induction the want of direct observation. Thus, to give a most striking example, one, indeed, unequalled in any other science, astronomy is able to determine the exact state of the heavens at the remotest periods, past as well as future.

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POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 2.

THE KNIGHTING OF ROBERT BURNS.

["In 1787, Burns, while on 'a pilgrimage' through Caledonia, visited Clackmannan Tower; his Jacobiteism procured him a hearty welcome from the Ancient Lady of the place, who gloried in considering herself a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce. She bestowed on Burns *Knighthood*, with the touch of the hero's sword."]—BURNS' LIFE.

In ancient days, when Scotland's right
  Was threatened by her Southern foes,
The foremost in the unequal fight,
  My Sire, King Robert, rose.
Still feel I beating in each vein
A queenly pulse,—and here I reign!

This massive sword, the Bruce's hand
  At Bannockburn sustained,
That glorious day our native land
  Her sovereignty maintained;
And still the halo of that day
Sheds o'er the land a brilliant ray.

The knights of old the fetters broke,
  That foemen forged for heart and hand;
While vassals yielded to the yoke
  At insolent power's command.
But thou, in matchless verse refined,
Shalt break the fetters of the mind.

A king usurps the Stuart's throne,
  Whom knaves and hypocrites caress:
When he and all his race are gone,
  Thy name shall ages bless;—
Thou'lt sit at every Scottish hearth,
And travel welcome round the earth.

For, in thy manly, vigorous lines,
  A spirit lives that cannot die,
And truth, unawed, in glory shines,
  Which titled fools deny.
By thee aroused, the world shall see
Mankind from royal tyrants free.

Thou art a hero in the field,
  Where genius of the eagle eye
Wins by the mighty pen he wields
  A name shall never die.
No warrior of the olden time
E'er won a battle more sublime.

Though cottage-born, and ploughman taught
  For many a long and toilsome day,
Thou rulest in the realms of thought
  With undisputed sway.
From kings thou need'st not breath or brand—
Thou cam'st a prince from nature's hand.

Yet, Robert, kneel,—"I dub thee knight;"
  Thus spoke my valiant sire of old;—
Sir Robert, rise, and in the fight
  Be faithful, wise and bold.
Still in thy lays pursue the plan
To dignify the honest man.

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LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, *Shibar 10th.*

To Tamor, the Daughter of Er, Wife of Jezreel, Mother of Bethshau and Amos, as well as the unworthy Miriam, dear mother, who now sends love and greeting from this glorious city, to thee who hast been for so many years, and still art, an exile in Nyrsa of Cappadocia:

I HAVE begun my letter to you in the pompous style of one of our cousins of Jerusalem; for since I have left you, so much of mingled, strange emotion has been mine, that I feel as if I must have left my former quiet self, and gone into another body and style; but wheresoever thy child, Miriam, may wander, there will always be a cradle in her heart for the mother so dear to her. This day has been the finest ever spent by me, in the city which daily and for years I have prayed to see. Sleep must not come to me with its calm before I write to you, who have kept me in the faith of our fathers. Though we have dwelt in the land of the heathen and idolater, yet by your aid have I been preserved as one of the chosen race; and now, in this city of Jehovah, I look up to Him with unutterable gratitude, that we have Abraham for our Father,—that we are not as the heathens are, idolaters and forsaken of God.

The morning I left you, when I heard your blessing, and prayed that God's love might go before me as clouds by day and fire by night,—saw the tear of joy tremble in your eye, that I was to see the land of Isaac and of Jacob, and knew the sorrow that must be in your heart, that together we might not leave the land of our exile, I felt as if I must turn from my purpose, and go back with you to our beautiful home and home occupations, and let Jerusalem be still to me a dream. Shame of so vacillating a spirit prevented me; and as day after day passed, and we gained the mountainous country, and entered Galilee, again my heart was filled with happiness and exultation. Yet being to-night humility itself, I will say, that as the camels paced on in the monotonous, lovely, though lonely way through Cappadocia, not only did I rarely speak to Laban, my guide, so wrapped up was I in thoughts of home, and a sense of loneliness and individuality which had never so oppressed me before, but other feelings sometimes visited me. Among them, one came as a small spirit of disappointment, which so possessed me, that I was even vexed with my good mother for being so careful of her daughter as to have forbade her going to Tarsus, and from thence to Sidon, by water. Surely you might have trusted me, in spite of the Euroclydon wind, in one of those great ships we hear of, which have oars as well as sails. I scold, dear mother, because I would not have you think I am so utterly changed as not to be easily recognised. Beautiful was Galilee to me, and pleasant the signs of wealth and industry everywhere to be seen. Truly our people are blessed by God, even though the hand of oppression is heavy upon them. Yet, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up and stand against him, and the Redeemer shall come to Zion."

At a forlorn little town called Nazareth, which, however, looked quite prettily from a distance, clinging to the side of a hill, we gave up our camels. Laban sold them well—bought horses and hired servants. I was glad to give the camels up with their Cappadocian kind of seat, for people, when they glanced at me, could not, at first, think me a maiden of the faith; but you can readily believe that it was my custom to answer their salutation of

"Peace be with thee," with such words as—"May the peace of *Abraham* be thine." On our route we passed by the larger cities, not through them, though we entered some of the villages. Here we saw no palaces, no richly dressed Jew or Jewish maiden, such as you had described them to me, but only field laborers or poor artisans. So you may imagine how much the entrance into Jerusalem impressed me. We came over the Mount of Olives, and resting under the shades of a Terebinth tree, long did I gaze, when my tears would let me, upon the city consecrated by so many memories, so many hopes—the beauty of the wooded plains and hills before me, the innumerable garden houses and summer dwellings of the Jewish nobles, gleaming in all varieties of exquisite architecture, from among vineyards and deep shadings of the fir and palm tree, relieved by the lighter contrast of the sycamore leaf and the white blossoms of the almond, would have alone delighted me. But the city!—the city filled my thoughts. There it lay, spreading far around on its hills, with its countless palaces, and in its majesty rose the temple like a world of white marble, while the sunlight bringing out its ornaments of jewels and plates of gold in all their brilliancy, made it painful to look upon. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion!" I felt like singing a triumphant song when we entered the city through the great Damascus gate, and the houses, the palaces were on either side of me; the priests, the Pharisee and Sadducee swept by me; tears came to my relief, and in the prayers which then rose to the God of Jerusalem, thou wert not forgotten. May the destiny which holds thee far off be overcome.

It was the sixth hour when we reached Benaiah's dwelling. He received me with the kindness of a kinsman, and many were the inquiries made about his sister; the cousin, Sarai, pleased me very much.

I had always thought our house and furniture was particularly elegant, mother; but its court, I used to think so spacious, would dwindle, indeed, beside that of Benaiah's palace; the silken hangings, the gold, silver, and fine brass ornaments of the house, the number and order of the slaves, nay, the wealth, elegance and taste everywhere exhibited, and in everything, surpasses even my dream of splendor. It is but a few years since Benaiah visited us; I think that since then the change in him has only been, that his hair has become more silvered, but his bearing is as proud as ever, and he still speaks as one should whose words are always listened to with respect, even in the Sanhedrim. My old fear of him gave way somewhat when he greeted me so warmly; perhaps my childhood's great awe for him may vanish; however, it is a doubtful question with me if my voice will not falter when I speak in his presence, if his eye should, perchance, be bent on me at the time; still, Sarai's example may be of use to me, for though she evidently almost worships him, she speaks with dignity and freedom. This Sarai, whom you have never seen, they say, you know, that she looks like her mother Rachel; and you had told me so much of your sister's beauty and talents, that somewhat of the old tremor, I have felt in the presence of the father, came over me when she came to meet me; but when she put aside her veil, and smiled, as if she really already loved me—and nay, even would remove my sandals herself, and bathe my feet—I felt my fear die away; and, as she knelt before the travel-soiled pilgrim, putting my arms around her neck, I said, "Sarai, daughter of Benaiah, thou shalt be my slave and I shall be thine, for life; even the year of Jubilee shall not free us." Our laugh at the idea of the double slaveship, was the bond of compact between us; and it seemed as if I had always known her, and that, possibly, I might find in her, that other, nobler self, we all seek for.

With true kindness, but which I would fain have rebelled against, after

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the first flush of meeting was over, and I had eaten of a cake of pressed grapes, making me promise I would sleep, if I could, she left me to myself. It was long before I slept, and late when I awakened. I had but time to make a hurried bath and toilet, before Sarai came in for me, as the supper hour was at hand. That custom of giving dresses to friends, on important occasions, was carried so far, and so kindly, as for me to find, when the bondwomen came to dress me, that my garments for the evening were to be presents from my kinsfolk; and in my room was a glass so large I could see in it my whole form; very different, indeed, from the small one I have been accustomed to carry about with me—as its brass surface was rubbed very brightly. I really enjoyed looking in it, for I did not know before how tall I appeared.

To please your woman taste, let me describe my dress-gift: the long silken tunic was of the color of the most beautiful blush of Shirah's rose, and its embroidery around the hem of the lotus flower was so perfect, that you felt as if the bud and flower really rested there with their rich green leaves; the girdle, which fastened it, was of leather, embroidered with the lotus bud and leaf alternately; around the neck and sleeves was the same rich embroidery, and it was fastened in front by a brooch of pearl; the outer garment was a festive mantle, of pure white fine linen, so fine it might have occupied but a small space, though, as Lina, the slave, draped it about me, it seemed as if it would be too large at first—the embroidery of this was of linen, and exquisite it was as well as the Persian web which edged it; the girdle was white silk, and instead of the lotus flower there was wrought upon it the tiniest roses imaginable, with a pink topaz for the heart of each; Lina gathered that about me in perfect folds, and upon the knob she clasped an ornament of sardonyx; the veil was of Persian web, and with my chains of gold and precious stones interwoven in the braids of my hair, the heavy necklaces and bracelets clasped, behold me decked for my first supper in Jerusalem.

The guests this evening were Jehoram and two other Pharisees, an Herodian, a scribe, a learned lawyer, and a priest, mostly elderly men. We found them in the library, looking at a new manuscript. The room was lined with cedar, as indeed the most of the rooms are; around it were ranged houses of ivory and cedar, ivory and cedar ones alternately; these were richly ornamented with arabesque ornaments, and in them were collected curiosities from all parts of the world, beside the books. His collection of volumes, a very large one, and each is rolled in a case of fine goat's hair cloth, embroidered with silk and fine brass or crystals. The room was very lofty and spacious; in the centre was a porphyry table, upon which were silver lamps and perfumed cups surrounding the golden ark, in which rested a copy of the Holy Scriptures. All these things made me long to be alone, and examine the wonders the room contained; but that was not to be—I had to attend to those about me; but with joy I saw that this must be the usual sitting-room of the family, for upon a table, near a window, were indubitable signs that that corner was the sanctum of a woman; for on the table were writing materials, books, paintings, sewing materials, pieces of small statuary, and near by an embroidery-frame and a magnificent harp.

At first I was uninterested in the conversation, but the young lawyer pleased me; he had lately been at Rome and at Ephesus. Benaiah promised to show me a model of the temple of Diana, this young lawyer, whose name is Azariah, spoke of. The model is wrought by Demetrius, and he said he had other miracles of his handicraft. Azariah was beginning to tell me of an interview he had with Cæsar Augustus, and I anticipated asking him many questions, when supper was served; and as he did not sit near me at

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table, I had to content myself by listening to others. As Benaiah led the way to the supper, Sarai whispered to me that he had fancies like other mortals, and that as the banqueting hall was too large and cheerless, without much company, he chose to use the guest room; and as of course it had the only windows which looked away from the court and commanded a fine view, he wished to enjoy it with his friends. We went across the court to the room where were the steps that led up to the second floor; these were of light stone, as is the house and porticoes. The court is paved with white marble; the guest chamber would contain possibly some six of our supper rooms, and the windows were concealed by purple curtains, wrought with crimson and gold flowers; the walls were ornamented by a coarse diamond netting of brass chain-work, and within each diamond, fastened to the cedar, were small brass mirrors, upon which were engraven in figures, the history of our race; the floor was of cedar, and many Persian woollen mats were thrown upon it; the room was lit by hanging, silver lamps. The service of plate was massive and full, and I must believe that cookery has become a science in Jerusalem as well as at Rome, because of the number and variety of dishes; the confections were exquisite; until they appeared, I had no inclination to eat. For a prelude to the supper, called an antecœnium, consisting of preparations of pickles and spices, to induce appetite, quite deadened my hunger; but the fruit, cooled in the snow of Lebanon, inspired me. The fruit and confections were almost buried in the profusion of flowers with which the table was decked. At their appearance, during the whole of the feast, slaves, from time to time, bathed our feet with perfumed water; and when one kind of aromatic gum died out upon the perfume cups, they were replenished by a new fragrance.

Toward the latter end of the supper, Benaiah asked Sarai, who was next to him, where Helon was; she said she did not know what had detained him, and that, mother, was the first mention I heard made of the bridegroom when I saw him, and thought of the soon coming marriage. I felt, had I been Sarai, I should have talked or thought of nothing else, instead of hearing as she did, and understanding all things, having interest enough often to be eloquent in matters unconnected with him, and when he was absent. Yet this evening suffices to show me there is a proper worship, one of the other; for though when he came in, the conversation continued general, yet his glance sought her eye; and in replying to any remark of hers, he appeared especially animated.

He accounted for his absence by saying a friend needed his presence.

I wish I might describe Helon to you; but one must see him, and hear his heart and mind speak their eloquent words—have them tell one of his high birth, wealth, power and position in Jerusalem, before one can imagine him. He realises my young girl's dream, and I rejoice that he is Sarai's true and happy captive.

When supper was at its close, at a sign from Benaiah, a slave drew back the curtains, and then all bent silently forward, gazing eagerly upon the temple, as it stood with its millions of lights upon its mountain, and the temple itself cased in plates of gold, while its crown of lofty spear heads, of gold, gleamed from its midst like an eye of light. Benaiah broke the silence with "now for the temple." We all were obedient, and then came the binding on of frontlets and phylacteries.

Mother, mother, what can I say of the temple? You have known all I felt when I bowed my head upon its marble pavement in utter adoration and awe. The kneeling multitude was almost like a congregation of death, for as we entered the courts the evening victim was being offered, and the priest had gone in before the holy of holies. Presently a wail was heard, chanted by a few of the Levite singers in a subdued voice; sad and

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low rose that wail from the court of the priests—"Have mercy upon us, O God, according to thy loving kindness." One after another, and at length the whole people, joined in the chant; and at the words, "Forsake us not, O Lord, O my God, be not far from us"—it seemed as if the heart of the people would break, because of the sighing of their supplication. The hush that followed was oppressive; then cometh the shout of joy, "Hosannah, hosannah," when the priest made his appearance from before the holy of holies, living, as a sign that the sacrifice was accepted—that God yet looked kindly upon his people, and would not cut us off from his favor—that we could still lift up our heads in pride—that the God of Abraham and Isaac was our God, and He would yet deliver us from all our afflictions. Ere the cry of joy had died away, the magnificent singers of Israel, the four thousand for the day, took up the hosannah, and, accompanied with harp, organ and flute, their wild, exulting chant was that psalm, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, because his mercy endureth forever; let Israel now say his mercy endureth forever." When the last hosannah had ceased, the people bowed their heads for a few moments in prayer; the multitude swayed to and fro; and as they wended their way home, from over the hills and from the vallies could be heard groups repeating parts of their song of joy. "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous; the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." Truly, in Jerusalem, the connection of heaven and earth seems nearer and clearer than with us among the heathen.

The guests bade us farewell at the porch of Benaiah's house, and Benaiah, Sarai and myself found ourselves alone in the library. Benaiah walked up and down the room, while Helon, sitting with us girls, kindly talked to me, and asked many questions about you, dear mother, and about Cappadocia. He told Sarai some local news of the day; then turning to Benaiah, said, that he had had no wish to tell him before his guests the cause of his tardy appearance, for he was requested to be present at the questioning of a man who calls himself Christ, and those interested had thought it not best at present to speak of him to the world, as it might excite the people to rash things; that they waited to see what signs of power he had, to hear more of him. Helon himself evidently doubted his divine authority—had scarcely any hopes in him. He suspected he was but a political dreamer, and one who had not courage sufficient to carry out his plans; that he seemed to require assistance and advice of others, while the Christ would do naught but command. Nathan and Keziah, two Pharisees, believe he is the Saviour, and have already sent sums of money into Ammon and Moab for hired soldiers, to be gathered and kept there till needed.

"Ah," sighed Helon, "how often have our hopes been excited but to be disappointed. When shall we break our chains and be free? When shall Jerusalem be clad in her rightful garments of liberty and glory, and be decorated with the spoils of the haughty Cæsars, and thousands of conquered nations? Again and again, some strange, marvellous or talented man tells us he is the Christ; and again and again we find him to be but a mere man. There are so many impostors, that one almost fears that when he comes, we may not, at the first instant, have faith. 'Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen by thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising,' saith the prophet; and Christ shall come!" he exclaimed; "and it must be that the first glance of his eye which meets our longing search, will proclaim his sovereignty, and as it falls upon us, almost involuntarily, we shall raise the war-cry, and feel the fever, the madness of the battle, the might, the enthu-

siasm, the triumph, and glory of the conqueror." At these words he rose, as if impatient to go forth and meet our expected Saviour; but the action dispelled the moment's dream, and sinking in his seat, he said, bitterly: "And now the Roman is our Lord and conqueror; daily we must meet him in the street, and bend to him as such, for him to put his foot on our neck. The Roman centurion, the Roman soldier, dare look with scorn upon us, as well he may, a poor, forlorn, crushed people, as we are, who can be yoked and goaded into obedience. Alas, for Jerusalem! 'It shall be a reproach and a taunt, and an instruction and an astonishment unto the nations that are round about thee, when I shall execute judgments in thee, in anger and in fury, and in fierce rebuke; I, the Lord, have said it.' Ah me, I fear the people; though they talk bravely in secret, yet they are becoming at last more used to their fetters, which daily grow stronger. Not long ago they listened, even for a day, to a man who preached submission to the Romans, and declared it was God's intention to gather all nations into one through them, and then convert the nations to him, and by intermarriage and conversion, render them children of Abraham; that some new coming Cæsar would be the Christ! I fear me, this nation will utterly lose itself and be ruined, unless Christ comes speedily." As he finished speaking, he covered his face in his mantle, and was silent. Benaiah's step had become more rapid, and now coming to Helon, he said, "We must be wary, indeed. Our great Master will not condemn us for watching and waiting, for he will know that for Him we would lose life and soul. Come, Helon, let us go out towards the Mount of Olives; a walk in the night air will calm us; it is many days since we have talked together. The girls must have arrangements to make about Miriam's visit; and Sarai, dear, do not neglect showing Miriam the bridal dresses."

The young man obeyed Benaiah, but his excitement was intense; he could not speak, as he kissed Sarai, good night. Me he scarcely noticed; and then Sarai and I being alone and very much awake, have talked hours and hours. Neither was the bridal wardrobe neglected. Untold riches seem to have been expended upon the preparations for the marriage; it is to be in a month's time. Laban has gone south to visit his kinsfolk, and the usual Nyrsan messenger has just departed from Jerusalem; another one does not go for five weeks, so that I shall be able to tell you all things concerning the wedding festival.

The morning sun has fairly risen as I write; tired, weary and sick, I pray that pleasant dreams of you may come, to be rest and peace to you daughter,

MIRIAM.

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* * * * * * * * * * *

Adar 10*th*.

Mother, dear, the messenger goes this afternoon, and I can add but a few words to-day. Indeed, I have been a naughty girl, and am rightly punished, by the fact, that the omission of a pleasant duty has caused me more pain than it can you; give me credit, however, for a copious journal for the first three weeks of my sojourn here; and in it were full details of all matters interesting, concerning kinspeople of ours, friends and acquaintances of yours, beside a history of the rise and progress of the popular excitement in favor of the false Christ, as well as his right punishment. Who, but the people, should stone to death so vile an impostor and traitor? And for all his treason, death would have been his, for the Romans would not have looked kindly on him long.

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In the last two weeks, forgive me, I have scarcely written, I see; yet so often have I thought of you, that it seemed as if I had said more to you. Those weeks, I expected to be so engaged in festivals, have been spent in earnest, close attention to embroidering an ephod for the high-priest! A troublesome and time-taking compliment so Sarai's and my skill. Helon's disappointment at the non-appearance of a friend, delays the marriage. No time is now marked; but it is supposed it will surely be before a month is over. Sarai has worked so steadily that she looks pale and wearied. I can see her now, as she sits in the court by the fountain, her head bent down over her work. Work, work—nothing but work for the last two weeks; yet our young friends, hearing of our occupation, have come around us, and we have rarely been alone. Now Sarai is alone; and, possibly, it may interest her to hear my impressions. I will read them to her. So, dear mother, I will say farewell to you. No letter yet from you! Heaven speed the northern messenger. May God love thee, is the prayer of Miriam.

Dear mother, I have that yet to add to this letter; but I wished to read all I had as yet written, to Sarai. Poor girl! she needs all comfort; and it is wonderful she has so much character as to bear her trial as well as she does. To strangers she appears only like one who is properly subdued by the approach of so solemn a rite; but me she cannot deceive, although her father seems utterly unconscious of aught wrong. Woman can best read woman. I have not spoken of this before, because I hoped that it would be past and gone; neither have I dared to probe Sarai's suffering, or press her to my heart with sympathy; twice I have neared the subject, and her supplicating gaze and clasped hands told me she knew it best for her to suffer alone. Mother, I fear that Helon, she so worships, has ceased to love her. About the time of the stoning of the false Saviour, he was oppressed with melancholy, for he even had become somewhat infatuated. I found reasons for it, and had hope that the shadows would fly. But no; they deepened. He requested the marriage might be a still more distant thing, and gave, I thought, a hasty reason and excuse. Haughty, cold and distant he seems when he comes, which is rarely; no longer sits near us, and seems often agitated; and I have noticed him looking at Sarai, at times, with so pitiful and questioning a glance—as if he dreaded to see her suffer by telling her, the spell—the dream was over. He pleads illness, matters of business, anything, everything—contradicts himself in his excuses—is constrained—is wretched. Benaiah has been interested in this vile Christ, and mourns himself so much, that I suppose he attributes Helon's change of manner to their common disappointment. Indeed, Benaiah has been much absent for the last three weeks; his country estate requires his attention and oversight. To-morrow he goes again for a week Pray Heaven, before he returns, this gloom, this mystery, this wretchedness, may be displaced by a joy as great as this sorrow is cheerless. Mother, pray for us, and we will try and wait with patience, for the chill oppressive night to give place to bright, beautiful morning.

MIRIAM.

(To be Continued.)

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THE PLEASURES OF THE PEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

"What pleasant visitations and divine
  Light to the dulness of my being lend!
  Great friends I have who seem to have no friend,
For winged shapes of soul come unto mine;
Bold Milton will his place in heaven resign,
  With me an hour in gravest talk to spend;
  And Homer from Elysium, without end,
Make known the grandeur of an epic line.
And not alone with poets, old and blind,—
  The never-dead, communing do I dwell,—
Bright rays from God, within, clear entrance find,
  And clouds gold-tinged round massive columns swell;
Such glory fills the temple of my mind—
  Am I in heaven or not, I cannot tell!"—HOWITT.

WE have already seen that books and the pen are the truest resources of solitude, and the chosen soothers of misfortune, while their pleasures are among the most elevating and refined of enjoyments. It is with authorship, in some sort, as with heaven-born charity—each bring their own reward. If, referring to the latter, the divine axiom be admitted as unquestionable—that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," the innate pleasures of literature seem scarcely less. The Scholar, in Chaucer, would rather have

"at his bedde's head
A twenty bokes, clothed in blacke and red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psalterie."

It must be remembered, too, that this fact derives some corroborative testimony from the fact, that there have been more than one votary of the muse among the ancients as well as moderns, whose genius towered up as high Olympus in the world of mind, notwithstanding their deprivation of sight. The latest instance of the kind is presented in the case of Lieutenant Holman, of the British navy, who, though wholly blind, has produced several amusing books of travel in different parts of Europe. He has lately returned to England, from a tour of six years in Spain, Portugal, Egypt and other eastern lands; and what is more remarkable still, he usually travels without any stated attendant, relying on picking up companions and information *en route*. His notes of travel are usually put together by any fellow-traveller who may confer the service. What object is to be gained by a *blind man's* description of countries and people oneself has never seen, it is difficult to define.* Says the author of "*Servia in* 1843," speaking of this extraordinary individual,—

"One day I was going out of the gate-way, and saw a strange figure, with a long white beard and a Spanish cap, mounted on a sorrel horse, and at once recognized it to be that of Holman, the blind traveller.

* We have somewhere read, that one Sir William Read, who *wrote* a book upon *optics*, could neither read nor write; and that, when his work was printed, he did not know which was the right side from the left. *If* a verity, this is somewhat marvellous, forsooth! Perhaps the reader can explain the strange phenomenon;—at any rate, it proves a passion for the pen beyond all precedent.

"'How do you do, Mr. Holman?' said I.

"'I know that voice well.'

"'I saw you in Aleppo,' said I; and he at once named me.

"I then got him off his horse and into quarters.

"This singular individual had just come through the most dangerous parts of Bosnia in perfect safety—a feat which a blind man can perform more easily than one who enjoys the most perfect vision, for all compassionate and assist a fellow-creature in this deplorable plight.

"Next day, I took Mr. Holman through the town, and described to him the lions of Belgrade; and taking a walk on the esplanade, I turned his face to the cardinal points of the compass, successively explaining the objects lying in each direction; and after answering a few of his cross-questions, the blind traveller seemed to know as much of Belgrade as was possible for a person in his condition.

"He related to me that, since our meeting at Aleppo, he had visited Damascus and other eastern cities; and at length, after sundry adventures, had arrived on the Adriatic, and visited the Vladika of Montenegro, who had given him a good reception. He then proceeded through Herzegovina and Bosnia to Seraievo, where he passed three days; and he informed me that from Sarievo to the frontiers of Servia it was nearly all forest, with here and there skeletons of robbers hung up in chains.

"Mr. Holman subsequently went, as I understood, to Wallachia and Transylvania."

"My great stimulus in writing," says Shelley, in one of his letters, "is to have the approbation of those who feel kindly towards me.

In an enthusiastic paper on the Fortunes of Genius, the London Atlas observes:—

"An acquaintance with the biography of illustrious musicians, proves that they reason incoherently and with a short sight, who eternally talk of having the path of genius smoothed, and of setting it above circumstances; for the lives of eminent men of this class display the most admirable energies developed, and the most enthusiastic projects brought to bear, purely by the pressure of the very annoyances sought to be removed. Possession of the creative faculty pre-supposes a superiority to adverse circumstances and 'low-thoughted care;' and Goldsmith's poet, sitting in his garret with worsted stocking on his head, in spite of bailiffs, writs, debts and duns, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, was still a happy fellow. The individual Mr. Jones, seated before a delicate leg of lamb and a bottle of sherry, is an abstraction of the Mr. Jones who owes £284 18s. 4d., and has, as the Dutchmen say, 'nix to pay.' Satisfied that he would pay if he could, which is all that is necessary to place the *morale* of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day-rule of the imagination."

So it was with Fielding, with Goldsmith, with Steele, and others honorable in literature; and so also with Handel, Mozart and Weber, in music; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of Nature, by which she contrives, on the whole, to adjust so equitably the good and the evil in this life, that where injury to the individual arises from an excess of sympathy with the mass, that injury is commonly but lightly felt. We owe that magnificent oratorio, the "Messiah," and others of his masterly productions, to the author's most adverse circumstances; and it is doubted, whether men of genius generally would have achieved half as much as they have, had their circumstances in life been more propitious and conciliatory. Sir Walter Scott wrote his "Waverly," however, for love—not of pelf, but of his pen. Not so his subsequent romances, "Old Mortality," and the long retinue that followed, from which he derived such princely pecuniary proceeds in addition to his high meed of fame. Beaumont was of opinion that a man of

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genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a traveller in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water.

Leaving, however, this point, let us glance for a moment at some of those localities usually known by the unambitious title of book-stalls—establishments which, however humble in themselves, have yet been the resort in past days of many a true son of genius. Our collective literary spoils are not exclusively to be found garnishing the shelves of the library, or the bookseller's store; there are sundry other interesting little nooks and corners in the wide world as attractive to the real book-worm as the honey-pot to bees, or carrion to a vulture, where learned personages seek their literary aliment, and with as eager an appetite.

Chambers has an admirable paper on this subject—so much to our point that we cannot refrain from citing a passage or two:

"Book-stalls were the cheap literature of a former age. Their business was with a humble kind of new publications, and the worn-out of the old. Ben Jonson, who was probably a haunter of them, since it is told of him that, when a working brick-layer, he used to be seen with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other, says, in his Underwoods—

> 'It is a rhyming age, and verses swarme
> At every *stall*.'

Ballads and other poems, in single sheets or half sheets, together with a great variety of homely prose productions of similar form, were then hung up at stalls to attract the attention of passers by; and many compositions thus introduced to the world have been gathered by our literary antiquaries, our Percies, Evanses, and Ritsons, and transfused into grave-looking volumes for the admiration of learned and polite readers. Time out of mind, these humble marts of literature have been the resort of the curious youth, the struggling scholar, and the pains-taking book-collector."

Lackington, it will be recollected, was a constant frequenter of these lowly depositories of literary wares. The amusing anecdote of his book vs. a leg of mutton, which his spouse commissioned him to purchase, his process of reasoning the matter, and final decision in favor of the food intellectual, shows the first glimpses of his extraordinary character. Charles Lamb relates a somewhat similar story of his purchase of a folio, "Beaumont and Fletcher," at a book-stall. He had marked it longingly, but was delayed by want of funds. While these were gathering, he almost daily passed the place to see if the book was still there, fearful lest it should be gone. At length, late one Saturday night, having mustered the sum wanted —thirteen shillings—off he set to the shop, never dreaming of the possibility of its being shut. Finding this the case, and the worthy proprietor gone to his nocturnal repose, he was not yet, however, to be baulked of his prey, for he presently commenced a rattling at the door sufficient to have awakened the seven sleepers. The bookseller came out, at length, in the direst alarm, half-clad, and grumblingly took the thirteen pieces of silver in exchange for the twin dramatists, whom the delighted author carried away in high exultation and rapture.

Stall-readers—a class of porers who don't buy—are as old as the days of John Milton, if not still more remote of origin, for he alludes to such; while, to quote the phrase of the London Quarterly, "to poor lovers of learning, old and young, these stalls are to the famishing as tables spread in the wilderness."

An early habit of frequenting book-stalls is never quite overcome, even

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after one has long become a purchaser in higher fields of literature. Leigh Hunt pleasantly confesses to this weakness, if such it be:

"We still find ourselves halting (says he) at the humblest book-stall, as we used to do when fresh from school. In vain have we got cold feet at it, shivering, wind-beaten sides, and black-fingered gloves. The dusty old siren still delays us, charming with immortal beauty inside her homely attire, and singing songs of old poets. We still find ourselves diving into the sixpenny or threepenny box in spite of eternal disappointment, and running over whole windows of books, which we saw but three days before, for the twentieth time, and of which we could repeat by heart a good third of the titles. Nothing disconcerts us but absolute dirt, or an ill-tempered-looking woman. What delights us is to see a plentiful sprinkle of old poetry, little Elzevir classics, Ariostos full of loving comment, and a woman getting gradually better and better dressed, her afternoon ribbons matching with her pleasant face, and a chubby urchin in her arms. We have ourselves precisely the same habits. Nothing delights us more than to overhaul some dingy tome, and read a chapter gratuitously. Occasionally, when we have opened some very attractive old book, we have stood reading for hours at the stall, lost in a brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and should probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vender of published wisdom offered, in a satirically polite way, to bring us out a chair.—'Take a chair, sir: you must be tired.'"

How many of the "illustrious" among the bibliographic fraternity in our own land, as well as in England, have to date their rise from these young beginnings. The grand recommendation of the book-stall is its economy, and, we might add, its accessibility. Those of small means know well how to appreciate all this, who, perhaps, when unable to replenish their slender collections, even on these advantageous terms, may, in the words of Kenyon, console themselves, like him, when he says—

"Oh, sweet 'twill be—or hope would so believe,—
When close round life its fading tints of eve,
To turn again our earlier volumes o'er,
And love them then, because we've loved before,—
And inly bless the waning hour that brings
A will to lean once more on simple things.
If this be weakness, welcome life's decline;
If this be second childhood, be it mine."

Sometimes rare *specs* are to be met with in the way of black-letter books at these stalls. The veritable book-collectors know this.

Irving, in his inimitable *Sketch-Book*, has a paper on the mutations of literature. We remember to have read another writer on the subject elsewhere. The subject is very interesting, and would well repay the devotion of a page or two to its consideration: we must be content, however, with a mere glance at it.

The fact that every age receives the impress of some peculiar development in its literary taste from its writers, cannot, we think, be denied. If we turn to that age so rife with noble authors—the Elizabethian—we have the distinctive features of terseness and vigor, combined with lofty beauty of imagination—a species of the arabesque in literature, peculiar to its great epoch. And the like individuality may be seen as proper to subsequent times. Fictitious writing, the drama, and poetry, seem to acquire a certain hue and character from the dominant habits and tastes of the times, in succession, unless, as is sometimes the case, they give form to *new conceptions*, which, in their turn, become extinct, and are usurped by new modes of expression, thought and feeling. The productions of Edgeworth, Austin, and

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Mrs. Sherwood, made way for those of Scott, Bulwer, and James—works of a totally different school. And in poetry, in place of Milton, Quarles, Pope, Dryden, and Cowper, we have had Moore, Byron, and Wordsworth; while instead of Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Wycherley, we have a host of dramatists who, however much below their grade of merit, yet they differ in many of their essential characteristics. But perhaps the most obvious dissimilarity of style is observable among the essayists and graver writers—in philosophy, science, ethics and religion, of which the "Pilgrim's Progress"—almost the only conspicuous specimen that has descended to us from the wreck of the arch-despoiler—affords a sufficient proof; while the same is seen in the Addisonian school of essayists, compared with our modern Hazlitts and Leigh Hunts. In spite of all mutations, the cadences of the true muse must live still in the sweet echoes that reverberate through the caverns of human thought. The poet's forms of speech are deathless, for in him

> "Language was a perpetual Orphic song,
> Which ruled, with Dœdal harmonie, a throng
> Of thoughts and forms."

We propose now to take a random sketch of some of the curious modes in which writers have indulged their quaint conceits and felicitous thoughts.

About the middle of the 17th century, the scribes, or rather those whose ambition was not of the most soaring order, used to divert themselves, and rack their inventive powers by torturing and twisting their verses into odd devices and shapes expressive of the themes they discussed—as might be expected, to the serious detriment of their poetic merit. Many of these fantastic performances were of grotesque and even ludicrous description—such as fans, toilet-glasses and frocks, for love-songs; wine-glasses, bottles and flagons, for drinking-songs; pulpits, altars and tomb-stones, for religious verses and epitaphs, and even flying angels, Grecian temples and Egyptian pyramids, for patriotic effusions. We read of one, much renowned in his day for the fabrication of these curious literary wares, yclept Benlowes, styled by his Cambridge contemporaries "the excellently learned." Of this eccentric knight of the goose-quill Butler has some rather caustic criticisms. He says:

> "There is no feat of activity, nor gambols of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebusses, chronograms, &c. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils. When he was a captain he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing; as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy;* so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass."

Specimens of this species of *emblematic* poetry of the 17th century may be familiar to the reader; yet we venture to subjoin a modern imitation in our own vernacular, which will please at least all patrons of pure water:

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THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ?
Who hath contentions ? Who
hath wounds without cause ?
Who hath redness of eyes ?
They that tarry long at the
wine ! They that go to
seek mixed wine ! Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth its
colour in the
CUP ;
when it
moveth itself
aright.
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

The reader will pardon our indulging an extract or two from poems which, for their exquisite melody or ideal beauty, strike us as eminently poetic : Sir I. Suckling's beautiful ode,—

"Pr'ythee why so pale fond lover,
Pr'ythee why so pale ?" &c.,

has been quoted by Congreve as one of the most excellent in our tongue. The following, given in Lord Oxford's works by an old English writer, is unquestionably one of the most exquisite and regular odes extant :

"Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate,
Some kind planet from above,
May perhaps her pity move ;
Lovers on their stars must wait,
Only tell her that I love.

"Why, oh why should I despair,
Mercy's pictured in her eye ;
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope and welcome fear ;
She's too good to let me die,
Why, oh why should I despair."

The subjoined stanzas also speak for themselves in this delicate feeling and refined taste; the author is Samuel Daniel, who lived in the year of grace 1590 :

"Love is a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using,
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho !

"Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting,
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho !"

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Coleridge pronounced the following sonnet *on Night*, by the late Rev. I. Blanco White, the finest and most grandly conceived in our language:—

"Mysterious Night! when our first parents knew
  Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,
  Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
  That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

A few lines from the delicious tones of Coleridge himself, on "Youth and Age," cannot fail to be read with pleasure:—

"Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
  Where hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a maying
  With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
    When I was young!
When I was young! ah, woeful when!
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
  This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
  How lightly then it flashed along—
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
  On winding lakes, and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
  That fear no spite of wind or tide."
* * * * *
"Oh youth! for years so many and sweet,
  'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
  It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?"

Of the echo-poems, D'Israeli has presented us with some amusing specimens: the wit of these performances consisting in the construction of the last syllables, so that on being repeated, as if by an echo, it should convey a separate and pointed meaning. At times, this fancied repetition had an effect corresponding with that of the Irishman's echo, which not merely repeated his sentences, but varied them to make more fun, and even answered them: for when he said—

"How—do—you—do?"

his echo replied,

"Pretty—well—I—thank you."

Another species of literary diversion may be noticed in the curious combinations of words, mostly in Latin, by some of the early writers, in which, however, their wit is less discernible than their patient ingenuity. One of these has calculated that the following verses might be changed in their order, and re-combined in thirty-nine million nine hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred different ways; and that to complete the writing

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out of this series of combinations, it would occupy a man ninety-one years and forty-nine days, if he wrote at the rate of twelve hundred verses daily. This is the wondrous distich:

> Lex, grex, rex, spes, res, jus, thus, sal, sol bona lux, laus!
> Mars, mors, sors, fraus, fœx, styx, nox, crux, pus, mala cis, lis!

This singular jumble in poetry has been thus rendered into English:

> Law, flocks, king, hopes, riches, right, incense, salt, sun good torch, praise to you, Mars, death, destiny, fraud, impurity, Styx, night, the cross, bad humors, and evil power, may you be condemned.

Among the ingenious pastimes of poets, we must notice the following, which is unique in its way—each word reads the same backwards and forwards:

> "*Odo tenet mulum,*
> *Madidam mappam tenet anna.*"

This couplet cost the author, says an old book, a world of foolish labor.

The following Latin verse, which is composed with much ingenuity, affords two very opposite meanings, by merely transposing the order of the words:—

> "Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempore longo,
> Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet."

> "Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo,
> Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus."

Before leaving this class of literary performances, we may also cite a comical Latin-English love ditty, given by Coleridge, as followeth. It is an artful combination of Latin, so as to produce sensible English sounds, as one of the most witty productions of Dean Swift:

A LOVE SONG.

"Mollis abuti,	"Moll is a beauty,
Has an acuti,	Has an acute eye,
No lasso finis,	No lass so fine is,
Omni de armistress,	Oh my dear mistress,
Cantu disco ver	Can't you discover
Meas alo ver?"	Me as a lover?"

We give, as a specimen of alliteration, what we regard as a literary curiosity:—whoever has attempted an *acrostic*, will fully appreciate the ingenuity evinced in the following:

"SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

> "An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
> Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
> Cossack commanders cannonading come,
> Dealing destruction's devastating doom:
> Every endeavor engineers essay,
> For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray;
> Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
> How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
> Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill,
> Kinsmen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
> Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines—
> Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines:
> Now noisy noxious numbers notice naught
> Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
> Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
> Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter 'quest:

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Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, victory vanish vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximens, Xanthus, Xavi re?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—arms against appeal."

A very learned Frenchman, in conversation with Dr. Wallace, professor of geometry in the University of Oxford about the year 1650, and author of a grammar on the English language written in Latin, after expatiating with the Doctor on the copiousness of the French language, and its richness in derivations and synonymes, produced, by way of illustration, the following four lines on rope-making:

"Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder un corde;
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons ill accord;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
Le cordon decordand fait decorder la corde."

To show that the English language was at least equally rich and copious, Dr. Wallace immediately translated the French into as many lines of English, word for word, using the word *twist* to express the French *corde:*

"When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist."

Here were verbs, nouns, participles and synonymes to match the French. To show farther the power and versatility of the English, Dr. W. added the four following lines, which continue the subject:

"Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain."

The French funds had been exhausted at the outset. Not so with the English; for Dr. Wallace, pushing his triumph, added yet four other lines, which follow:

"The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were intwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

Dr. Adam Clarke, to whom we are indebted for the record of the preceding trial of skill between the two philologists, adds in conclusion, that "he questions whether there is another language in the universe capable of such a variety of flections, or which can afford so many terms and derivatives, all legitimate, coming from the same radix, without borrowing a single term from another tongue, or coining one for the sake of the sound; for there is not a word used by Dr. Wallace in these lines which is not purely Anglo-Saxon, not one exotic being entertained."

D'Israeli has garnered many curious particulars respecting the peculiar fancies and vagaries indulged by the lovers of the "gentle craft;" it will not be expected, however, that we cite from so well-known a chronicler: nor is it necessary that we refer to the passionate love of the muse, and her

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inspired numbers, by some of her votaries. Southey, it will be remembered, so highly esteemed Cowper's beautiful Lines to his Mother's Portrait, that he is reported to have said, he would willingly barter all he had written for their authorship. This is high tribute to the amiable yet melancholy muse of Cowper; but we are digressing. We therefore return to our anomalous and curious selections; and first, beg to present an ingenious piece of literary Mosaic:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.

"Tell! for you can, what is it to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?
'The man of Ross!' each lisping babe replies,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk or milky-way?
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

"Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

"Farewell! and wheresoe'er thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest."

Two more, and our quotations close; first, a sonnet on—*Nothing*—curious from its *comprehensiveness*, and singular, from the fact, that all other writers have chosen *something* for the exercise of their pen:

"Mysterious Nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness;
Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size are thine,
Nor words, nor fingers, can thy voice express;
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be,
And though thou art with nobody nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain,
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,
What busy-bodies thy doings only do.
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end."

Our last will not be deemed the least in wit, point, or power. It is from the pen of the well-known, and lamented Thomas Hood; and it is worthy

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of the inimitable humorist. The subject is the month, *November*,—in England synonymous with fogs, damps, and suicides. Every line begins with the first syllable of the word, which, after so many lispings, the last line spells outright:

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—

No roads—no streets—no 'tother side the way—
No end to any row—
No indication where the crescents go—
No tops to any steeple—

No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—

No travellers at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no motion—
"No go" by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—

No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
No-vember!

In closing up our colloquial essay, we have a remarkable instance of involuntary poetic-prose; it is from the distinguished author of the "*Sketch Book*." The passage occurs near the commencement of the sixth book of his humorous History of New-York, where it stands as plain prose:

The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,
From golden visions and voluptuous ease;
Where, in the dulcet "piping time of peace,"
He sought sweet solace after all his toils.
No more in Beauty's syren lap reclined,
He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows;
No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,
Nor through the live-long summer's day
Chaunts forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.
To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,
Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,
And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel.
O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved,
Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,
He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume;
Grasps the bright shield and ponderous lance,
Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed,
And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry.

We have exhausted our limited space; yet, so far from exhausting the theme, we seem scarce to have entered upon it; and as the words of a recent Scottish critic here offer themselves most fittingly to our aid, we venture to close our desultory sheet with them. Referring to the delights of authorship, and the revenue of literary pleasures bequeathed to all subsequent times by the kings of thought, he says:

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"The blind bard, who 'on the Chian strand beheld the Iliad and Odyssey rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,' still, after thousands of years, is listened to with reverence, and the soul of Homer is born again in every school-boy who devours him. Plato, down the dark avenue of centuries, still speaks with a tone of authority; and his works, though seldom read at one time by more than twenty persons in the whole earth, 'yet,' says Emerson, 'for the sake of those few persons, they come duly down to us, as if God brought them in his hand.' Shakspeare's dust is in Stratford; his genius is shaking the stages of the world. Scott lies helpless and solitary in Dryburgh; but his works have wings, and where the spot so secret, or the isle so isolated, which they have not visited? To attempt to pourtray the joys its possessors feel were a presumptuous task. But who has not felt the pleasure it imparts—the rapture into which it sometimes elevates—the self-possession into which it sometimes calms—the sublime sorrow, not to be exchanged for a millenium of common delights, into which it often melts—the mirth into which it sometimes kindles? Or if you would see the pleasures of genius, as felt in their most ecstatic form, see Burns striding along the banks of the Nith, composing Tam O'Shanter, or rather that poem coming upon him, the tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, and every feature and every tone testifying to the truth of the inspiration; or if you would see them in all their pensive grandeur, behold the same poet in the cold September barn-yard, on the eve commemorative of that on which his 'Mary from his soul was torn;' when from the stack-side he eyed the planet which shone above him like another moon, and poured out his impassioned song 'To Mary in Heaven.' One such example is worth a thousand abstract assertions."

A VOICE FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

The incidents I am about to relate, took place some years since. They probably occasioned some sensation at the time, but in the multiplicity of events which so rapidly succeed each other in a large city, they have doubtless long since faded from the public mind.

It was my good fortune, at an early period of my professional career, to be appointed physician to one of our state penitentiaries. It was a situation that particularly suited me, for in addition to its furnishing me with immediate professional employment, it brought me in contact with a class of my fellow creatures, that had from my boyhood been objects of my especial interest.

Whoever has surveyed the interior of a prison, must have been struck with the repulsive aspect of a majority of its inmates. How much this is owing to our preconceived notions on the subject, or how much to the prison uniform, which gives them a mean and abject appearance, it is impossible to say: but certain it is, in making my first detour through its gloomy precincts, the conviction forced itself irresistibly upon my mind, that vice leaves as marked an impress upon the outward man as upon the moral perceptions.

To this remark there were of course some exceptions, and among them was one who claimed my immediate attention. He was young, with an air of refinement and sensibility, and my interest in him was heightened by the appearance of delicate health. His employment was less laborious than that of his companions, as he was occupied in labeling and packing small articles manufactured in the prison. From the keeper I learned that his name was

Finley: that he was imprisoned for ten years for the crime of forgery, five of which had already elapsed; and that he had gained the good will of all, by the patience and fortitude with which he had submitted to his fate.

The chaplain confirmed all this, and added many interesting particulars. It seems that for the first few years he was supported by the hope, that his correct and exemplary conduct might in time win a pardon from the executive; and that in some quiet nook, far removed from the scene of his former disgrace, he might again enjoy the society of his wife and child. In this hope he was destined to disappointment. The individual who at that time held the responsible office of Chief Magistrate, was a man of an iron will, and having witnessed the evils resulting from a too free use of the pardoning power, had determined that no meltings of the heart should prevent him from executing what he considered to be his duty. The application therefore was an unsuccessful one. Poor Finley! it cost him a bitter pang; but all sense of it was lost in the superior anguish of the blow that succeeded it.

It is a part of the discipline of the silent system of punishment, that all communications from the outward world shall be rigidly withheld from the prisoners; but this particular feature of it, it is almost impossible fully to carry out. It was especially so in a case like the present, for who could avoid feeling the deepest pity for his fate, or a wish to lighten the burden of his sorrows. His greatest anxiety was to learn something of his family, and as they belonged to a congregation over which a brother of the chaplain was rector, it was not difficult to gratify him. The information he was able to communicate was meagre and unsatisfactory, being confined to a simple assurance of their continued health and safety; but it was received with a degree of transport which only those can appreciate, who have thus been forcibly separated from all they hold dear.

But a blow was impending, "the one drop too much," which filled his cup to overflowing. It may not be generally known to my readers, that a ten years sentence of imprisonment dissolves the marriage relation, leaving the innocent party at liberty to form new ties; though it is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, that it is not often taken advantage of. But one such mournful case must be recorded. Mrs. Finley, it would appear, was a vain and heartless woman, wholly given over to a love of admiration and display, and hearing nothing but reproaches heaped upon her unfortunate husband—for her friends were much embittered against him—she came at length to consider her separation from him as a final one; and being addressed by a young Englishman, she gave him her hand, and bade adieu to her native country.

"Never," said the chaplain, "did I so shrink from any duty, as that of breaking the news to the unhappy prisoner. I had not seen him for some time, and he received me with more than his wonted cordiality."

"You have quite forsaken me," he said, reproachfully, "but I trust you have now something pleasant to tell me?"

"Yes, I have indeed something to tell you," said I, for I felt that he might as well know the whole truth at once, "and something that will require all your fortitude to bear."

He gasped for breath, and caught hold of a chair for support. "My wife—my child—are they dead?"

"No, not dead—better for you if it were so. Your wife has forsaken you—she has married another!"

"Emily—my wife," he repeated, slowly, as if scarce comprehending me, "left me? Oh no—no!"

He fell back insensible; and from that moment her name never passed his lips. But the watchman, as he paced his midnight round, could tell you

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of groans, that seemed wrung from the depths of despair; but what passed in these dreary cells is known but to one being.

He paused, visibly affected: but after a brief silence he continued. "But I should have been faithless to my high trust, had I not seized the opportunity to direct him to the only true source of consolation; and never did poor mortal, 'weary and heavy laden,' more gladly lay down his burden at the foot of the cross. From that moment light dawned on his benighted soul, and peace revisited his troubled bosom; but his health has greatly suffered, and I fear he is in a rapid decline."

It is needless to say that this relation deeply interested my feelings; and, satisfied that his was a case requiring immediate attention, I lost no time in removing him to the hospital, and administering such remedies as his situation seemed to demand.

"You are very good," he said, as I urged upon him the necessity of attention to himself; "but it is all useless."

I murmured something of life and hope.

"Hope?" he exclaimed, slightly glancing upward—"Yes—in Heaven."

He received my advances with the utmost gentleness, but without manifesting any disposition to speak of his feelings, till one day, happening to drop some expressions indicative of my sympathy for him, his reserve gave way, and grasping my hand, said, with much feeling—"You are too kind to such an unhappy wretch as myself. I had hoped never again to have alluded to my past history; but you shall learn that, weak and criminal as I have been, I am not ungrateful or wholly abandoned." He sank his head upon his hands, as if nerving himself for the effort, and then, in a voice broken with emotion, commenced a sad tale of remorse and crime.

"It was my misfortune to lose my parents at an early age; but their loss was in a great measure supplied by the care and affection of an elder sister. Though not wealthy, we had sufficient to enable us to live comfortably, and maintain a respectable station in society.

"If ever there was an angel in human form, that angel was my sister Clara. She watched over me with the tenderest solicitude—instilled into me the highest and most correct principles, and would have hesitated at no sacrifice that would have advanced my interests. Thanks to her care and training, I was preserved from the evil associations to which so many fall victims; and when, at the age of twenty-two, I obtained a respectable situation in an insurance office, probably few young men enjoyed a fairer reputation for honesty and integrity than myself.

"But the good seed thus carefully sown was planted in an uncongenial soil; and when the hour of temptation came, I was too weak to resist its influence. Long years of self-communing have shown me the defect in my own character—a want of firm, uncompromising principle, and an indolence and easiness of temper, which led me to adopt the tone and sentiments of others, without considering whether they would bear the unerring test of truth.

"It was at the house of a mutual friend that I first saw Emily Vincent. She was a beautiful girl, of most attractive and winning manners, and my heart soon yielded to her fascinations. My sister was not so easily pleased. More discriminating than myself, she saw in her character many radical defects, and strove with gentle hand to open my eyes to the truth; but what man ever saw a fault in the woman he loved? We were married; and about the same period my sister was united to one to whom she had been long attached—a gentleman of great worth of character, and removed to the

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interior of the state; and thus I was deprived of one who had ever proved herself not only a kind friend, but a most judicious counsellor.

"The family into which I had married belonged to a class too numerous in every community. They were wholly given to the acquisition of wealth, and not over scrupulous in regard to the means. They would have shrunk from any act that brought them within cognizance of the law; but had their circumstances required it, would have considered themselves perfectly justified in preventing their creditors from obtaining their honest dues. I am not casuist enough to determine the relative guilt of such actions; I leave it to a higher power. But thus much I will say—that had my associates been men of honorable and upright characters—had they not blunted my moral sense by their loose and worldly maxims of morality, I should have been spared a felon's doom.

"My wife was thoughtless and extravagant, and we adopted a style of living more in accordance with our wishes than our means; but I dearly loved to gratify her; and when a little son was placed in my arms, I thought I was the happiest man in the world. But expenses increased faster than my ability to meet them; and though I now and then dropped a hint as to the propriety of retrenchment, I was always met with the reply, that it was impossible, and we must live like our neighbors. Oh! fatal love of fashion and display! It was this that caused my ruin, and has done the same for thousands! Thus I went on—plunging deeper and deeper, till my little patrimony was entirely exhausted, and I was on the very verge of bankruptcy, when an opportunity was presented of making, what promised to be a profitable speculation. To enable me to take advantage of it, a certain sum of money was necessary; and then, for the first time, the idea of using the name of the opulent individual who held the situation of president of the company suggested itself. It was rejected; but again and again it occurred to me, and each time with renewed arguments in its favor. God knows I had no intention of defrauding him, but I was misled by my own reasoning. By the simple use of his name, I thought, I shall do an incalculable benefit to myself and no injury to him, for I never doubted the success of my project; and thus, in an evil hour, I counterfeited his signature. The note was drawn for three months, and at the end of that time I renewed it for a similar period; but not for all the wealth of the Indies would I again endure the pangs of conscience which tortured me for that fatal six months.

"My speculation proved as successful as I had anticipated, but I could not command my funds till the very day the note became due. On the receipt of them, however, I relied with perfect confidence. Judge, therefore, of my feelings, when, on calling on the gentleman in whose hands they were placed, I learned that he had suddenly left town the preceding morning, to attend the death-bed of a relative, and had made no arrangements for meeting my demand. I was half stupified, but despair gave me energy; and knowing not a moment was to be lost, I endeavored to make up the amount by small sums loaned from acquaintances; but it was a slow and tedious process; and after a toil and an agony of mind which no tongue can describe, I reached the bank. I was just ten minutes too late; it had closed—the note was protested, and notice sent to the supposed endorser. Oh! that moment! my first impulse was to destroy myself! but heaven be praised, my Clara's gentle image, and the dread of future judgment, saved me from that crime. My next idea was to seek the man I had wronged, make a full confession, and throw myself upon his mercy. I lost not a moment in putting my resolve into execution; but oh! how was I hemmed in—he, too, was absent, and I was lost, lost! Stunned and bewildered, I made no attempt to fly, for the very hopelessness of escape palsied all my energies.

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"The next day saw me an inmate of a prison. I cannot dwell minutely on all these circumstances; they only distress you and unman me. My wife evinced no want of sympathy in my misfortunes; and my sister Clara, who had flown to me on the first news of my arrest, like a ministering angel, was soon at my side.

"As the criminal court was then in session, my fate was soon determined. Of the details of my trial I retain but an indistinct recollection; thus much I know, that troops of friends came forward to sustain me; the most eminent counsel were employed to defend me; all that friendship, all that legal skill could accomplish, were called in aid to save me; but my guilt was too clearly established to admit of a doubt; and nothing remained to be done, but to strive for a mitigation of punishment. My youth and previous good character were dwelt on with much effect; and also, that as I had actually paid the note, no one was in fact injured. But the law is a hard master, and admits of no such palliations. I was convicted of a crime particularly dangerous in a commercial community; and as the court wished to make a signal example of me, I was sentenced on two indictments, to ten years imprisonment.

"That night I parted with all I held dear on earth—my wife—my boy; and yet, who that witnessed the extravagance of her grief, could have believed she would ever prove false—false to me!—and Clara, Clara!—thine was the heart that was most deeply wounded! Pressing her marble cheek to mine, she tried to breathe of hope and trust in Heaven; and kneeling together once more, as in the days of childhood, we poured forth our united prayers to Him who is emphatically the God of the fatherless.

"It was my wish that my son should be reared far from the scene of his father's disgrace; and as my wife saw the wisdom of the arrangement, she consented to place him in the care of my sister—and thus we parted; they to return to a home that I had dishonored—and I, to my living tomb.

"But oh! the horrors of this place—to be the companion of villains—the daily associate of the most vile and degraded. But it cannot be told.

"You know the rest. It was *her* hand that gave the final blow! Vain, vain my boundless trust—my faith in her affection. Oh vanity! thou art cruel as the grave; when once it takes possession of the heart, farewell to every noble, every generous emotion. But it will soon be over. Within these prison-walls I shall end my pilgrimage; for to him to whom nought is left but a blighted name and forsaken hearth, there is but one refuge—the grave!"

I have not attempted to describe his manner, as he thus painfully recalled the past. At one moment powerfully excited, and then subdued to a child-like softness, he paced the room with uncertain and faltering steps; and as I marked his flushed cheek and quickened respiration, I again and again besought him to spare himself the pain of the recital. "But no!" he exclaimed, for the first time disregarding my entreaties, "You *shall* know how much one human being can suffer, and yet live."

Whether it was owing to the agitation of this interview, or to the natural course of the disease, I know not; but from that period he declined apace, and a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, which about that time succeeded, indicated a speedy termination to his sufferings.

Satisfied that he could not long survive if he remained in prison, I made an appeal to the proper authorities, and being backed by the representations of the officers of the establishment, I succeeded in obtaining his release, and in placing him in a neighboring family, where he could have all the attention which his feeble state demanded.

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His sister, Mrs. Davidson, had been duly informed of his situation; and it was an anxious moment, as we gathered round his bedside, to await her coming. Poor fellow! all that friendship or my poor skill could suggest, had been done to calm his agitation; but worn and wasted by suffering, and with a throng of tender recollections, all struggling at his heart, who can wonder that his fortitude gave way, and that he yielded to an intensity of anguish, that threatened to tear his scattered frame in pieces. She came—but I dwell not on the meeting—it is enough that he once more clasped her to his heart—her who had clung to him through good and through ill, and that he again looked upon the face of his boy.

I have never seen any one that reminded me of Mrs. Davidson. In person she was like her brother, but in mind and energy far his superior. Her countenance was singularly in accordance with her character—so calm, so holy, so touched and refined by suffering. It seemed as if sorrow had done its work, and "so o'er-wrought its house of clay," that freed from the dross and entanglements of mortality, she was like "a pilgrim that tarries but for a night."

Poor Finley! his last hours drew nigh, but they were soothed and sustained by the voice of affection. There was ever the same untired watchman at his pillow, to calm his fears, to cheer his hopes, to go down with him to the very gates of death; aye, and how gladly, I doubt not, to have passed with him through its dreary portals;—and well was she rewarded: for meekly, and without a murmur, and breathing nothing but love and gratitude to all around him, and an unfaltering heart in the merits of the great mediator, he quietly and peacefully surrendered his existence to him who gave it.

"Poor weary heart, that beat itself to rest!"

Mrs. Davidson desired that the remains of her brother should be deposited in her immediate vicinity. My extreme interest in her, induced me to accompany her on her mournful errand. Sad was the journey, and still sadder its termination. There was no crowd of assembled friends anxious to evince their respect for the dead and their sympathy for the living, to bear him to his last resting place; but it was hallowed by prayer and consecrated by affection.

He sleeps in a nameless grave; but though no sculptured monument proclaims to the passing traveller that here rests the ashes of one, who once "thought, felt and suffered," yet his record is on high. And those dear friends shall never fade from my remembrance. Thou hast taught me, by thy meek example, the Christian duties of humility and forgiveness, and that no sin, of however dark a stain, is beyond the reach of mercy. This thou hast taught me, and "oh! still harder lesson, how to die." God grant that it may never be forgotten.

PLAGIARISM OF FRANKLIN.

In our October number, under the head of Literary Larcenies, through inadvertence, a charge passed into print against Benjamin Franklin, of plagiarism upon Jeremy Taylor, in causing to be published as his own, a parable against Intoleration in the peculiar style of the Scriptures. The imputation does not appear, however, to rest on any good foundation. A similar story was published long before in Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," and was said by Taylor to be taken from the "Jew's Book," certainly very vague authority. A Latin version of it was also contained in the dedi-

cation of a work by George Gentius, who ascribes it to Saadi, the Persian poet; and Saadi credits it to another person. The author of the story is, therefore, difficult to discover. It however never attracted general attention, until, in the hands of Franklin, it assumed the scriptural style, giving evidence of the facility with which that style can be imitated. Franklin, it appears, was in the habit of amusing himself by reading it as if from a bible, to divines and others well versed in the Scriptures, and obtaining upon it their opinions, which he tells us were sometimes very diverting. In this manner, while in Scotland on public business for the colonies, he brought it to the notice of Lord Kames. That gentleman, sometime afterwards, wrote to Franklin for a copy of it, which was furnished. Fourteen years subsequently, Lord Kames published the first edition of "Sketches of the History of Man," and the parable was inserted without authority, with the declaration that it was "*communicated*" by Franklin. This was erroneously understood as crediting him with the authorship, hence the charge of plagiarism. The merit of the parable consists altogether in its biblical phraseology, and to this it is indebted to Franklin alone. It never attracted notice until it passed from his hands in its scriptural garb. Its publication by another, without his knowledge or consent, could in no degree have criminated him, had he contributed nothing to the merit of the fable; as, however, all of merit that it did contain was derived from his genius, he may fairly be considered its author.—The maker of cloth is considered the manufacturer, although another may have grown the wool. The imputation on the fair fame of Franklin has been frequently advanced, and as often refuted; the pertinacity with which it lingers in the public mind, affords an instance of the difficulty of eradicating an error that has been widely circulated.

THE RHINE.

How many a tone upon the sounding lyre,
  How many a genial strain of poet power,
How many a yearning breath of wild desire,
  Stirring with rhapsody some fleeting hour,
    Hast thou awoke, fair river of my song,
    On whose swift bosom now I float along!

Fast speed thy waters to their distant goal,
  High rear thy rocky guardians of the wave,
And, pinnacled above man's poor control,
  The crumbling ruins mark their final grave;
    Fling o'er thy watery depths their shadowy pall,
    A part of what is past,—what is, the all.

Fair vineyards deck thy mountains' sloping sides,
  And glittering cities speck the distant view,
Beside soft emerald isles our vessel glides,
  Which part the heaven-reflecting waters blue;
    And gazing round thy antiquated tide,
    I mark the footsteps of thy legend bride.

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Here Lure Ley* bends majestic o'er the flood,
As when of yore the peerless maiden sprite,
Undaunted on thy rocky summit stood,
Entrancing danger from her airy height;
Yet tho' no more survives that fatal fair,
Her syren voice still wakes the enchanted air.

Forth from yon ancient tower,† how oft hath he,
The luckless lover, bent with anxious gaze,
Pouring his soul upon the spot, where she
Walked in her convent garb with prayer and praise.
But broken hearts soon found one burial veil,
And broken arches now tell all the tale.

How fair thy twin-like summits‡ gently grace
The emerald banks that vine-clad meet around,
Their stone-capped cones just mingling at the base,
"Brothers" of nature in one union bound;
But treacherous love dissolved the holy band,
And uncommuning ruins crown the land.

Still spreads thy giant chain§ as once it spread,
Still frowns thy mightiest mount as once it frowned;
But she, the doomed, has from thy summit fled,
And he, the valiant, treads no more the ground;
Yet now, as then, expands the blooming green,
That clothes with honor thine eternal scene.

* Between Wesel and St. Goar, the Rhine dashes impetuously forward, as if enraged at the precipitous crags which at this spot seem to oppose its progress. The most terrific of these rocks is called the Lurleyberg, where there is a remarkable echo, which repeats distinctly several times. Tradition has made this the haunt of a fair nixe or water-spirit, named Lurley, of whom many mad pranks are told. She is, notwithstanding, believed to be friendly to faithful lovers. The boatmen on the Rhine seldom pass without invoking her, and the echoes never fail to repeat "Lureley!"

† The legend attached to the sombre ruin of Rolandseck and the beautiful island of Nonnenworth, is briefly as follows: The death of the famous Paladin Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, having been falsely reported to his betrothed bride, the beautiful Hildegart, in the first transports of her grief, she took the veil in the convent of Nonnenworth. Roland, upon his return to the banks of the Rhine, finding his love separated from him forever in this world, built himself a fortress on the summit of the conical rock that overlooked the island convent, and sat day after day at the gate of it, gazing upon the walls which contained the beloved of his soul. Two years passed in this manner, when one day, looking down as usual on the convent, he heard a passing bell, and saw some people digging a grave in the garden; something whispered it was for Hildegart. The conjecture proved too true. He stood and watched the funeral procession, saw her laid in the earth, and listened to the requiem chanted over her, and the next morning was found in his customary situation, dead! his eyes still turned towards the convent.

‡ The two castles of Leibenstein and Sternfels, generally known by the name of "Die Bruder," (the brothers,) were once the property of an old nobleman who had two sons, and a beautiful ward, of whom the said sons were both desperately enamoured. The elder, however, perceiving that the young lady preferred his brother, nobly resigned his pretensions and retired to Rhense. The younger, however, resolving to join the crusades, deferred his nuptials until his return from the Holy Land; but the fickle crusader came back from the wars, bringing with him a beautiful Grecian lady, to whom he had betrothed himself. Indignant at his perfidy, the elder brother sent him a fierce defiance; and a bloody combat would have ensued, but for the tears and entreaties of the forsaken fair one, who took the veil in the convent of Marienberg, at Boppart, and saw the brothers no more. The falsehood of the crusader was punished by the frailty of his new love.

§ The "seven mountains," the highest of which is the Drachenfels, (dragon's rock,) rises in the form of a colossus on the banks of the river, bearing the ruins of an ancient castle. The summit was formerly the abode of a terrible dragon, concerning whom many stories are told. A Christian maiden, according to one tradition, was exposed on this rock to the fury of the monster by her pagan captors, and saved from his devouring jaws by a crucifix she had concealed in her bosom, and which so terrified the beast, that he plunged into the abyss and was never heard of more. The most popular tradition is that Sir Seigfried the Horny, the famous hero of Neibelungenbled, slew

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High bends the brow of the majestic rock,
  Crowned by old Rheinfels'* castellated tower;
Here oft have foemen felt the fiery shock,
  And bloody triumph sealed the fatal hour!
    But time has bleached them of their scarlet dies,
    And stainless now those tottering walls arise.

But Ruin, beautiful in its decay,
  Decks not alone thy banks with deepening awe,
For thou hast living children by the way,
  Growing in grace along thy varied shore;
    Fair Heidelberg† adorns its learned seat,
    And thrice doomed Basle‡ thy genial waters greet.

Old Mayence, mother of the child of art,§
  Sits proudly there in venerated age;—
And the white walls of Coblentz gently part
  With storied interest thy watery page.
    Fame now outlives the printer's crumbling dust;—
    And peace smiles scornful at thy place of trust!‖

How like a spectre, Strasburg's sovereign spire,¶
  Its shapeless shadow o'er the city throws!—
Ambition stops when it can mount no higher,
  And wraps the mantle of its stern repose.
    Below thee stands King Carlos' bridal town,**
    Where Luther dared to brave a monarch's frown.

this monster with his celebrated sword Balammy, and delivered the fair daughter of King Silbaldus, whom it had carried off from her father's court. He was rewarded by the hand of the princess, but was soon after treacherously slain by her three brothers.

* The ancient fort of Rheinfels stands upon a very high rock back of the town of St. Goar. This place was formerly a convent of monks, but was afterwards transformed, by Count Thierry, surnamed the Rich, into a strong castle, who compelled boats descending the Rhine to pay a toll. In consequence it was besieged by sixty of the towns on the Rhine, but unsuccessfully. The fort of Rheinfels was defended in 1692, by the brave Col. Gorz against Tallard. During the revolution it was surrendered to the French, and was afterwards blown up by them.

† The celebrated university of Heidelberg, after Prague, the oldest in Europe, was founded by the Count Palatine Ruprecht, in 1346, and its privileges confirmed by Pope Urbanus, in 1376. The celebrity of its teachers and the number of its students, under a paternal government, gives it a high place among the German universities.

‡ Basle or Bale, under the sway of its bishops, was the theatre and the object of several bloody wars, particularly during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. To the war succeeded a plague which fell so cruelly on the town, that only three families it is said was spared by it. An earthquake followed close upon these terrible scourges, and completed the ruin of this unfortunate city. It is now a beautiful and flourishing town, with a population of 25,000. It is built upon both sides of the Rhine, which here becomes a large river.

§ This town gained great celebrity in the fifteenth century, by the invention of printing, an honor of which Strasburg and Haarlem have in vain endeavored to deprive it. A colossal statue of Guttumberg, the inventor, now adorns the public square of Mayence.

‖ The fortress of Erenbreitstein, opposite Coblentz, which is considered, next to Gibraltar, as the strongest fortification in Europe.

¶ The principal curiosity in Strasburg is its cathedral. What renders this building particularly remarkable, is its very elevated steeple, which is surpassed in height by the largest Egyptian pyramid only by 25 feet, and it has not its equal in Europe.

** Worms is situated at no great distance from the Rhine, in the dominions of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. Carlo Magno, (Charlemagne,) was married in this town. In 1521 a Diet was held here, before which Luther declared his adhesion to the reformed creed, in the presence of Charles V.

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Cologne's proud crescent stretches o'er thy bed,
  Queen city now, as once it was of yore,
When the eleven thousand,* with their sainted head,
  Shed their pure virgin blood along thy shore;—
    And clustering turrets shrink in reverend fear,
    Beneath that pile,† which centuries helped to rear!

But, past the city and its sacred shrine,
  No more the scene awakes the heart's emotion—
By shores how tame thou rushest now, oh Rhine!
  To rest thy wearied waves in cradled ocean;
    As if the grandeur thou hast lately past,
    Were a sweet boon too glorious to last.

And thine has been and is a glorious life,
  Child of the Alpine torrent; from whose breast
Ye drew the milk of elemental strife,
  And whose wild lullaby first sang to rest;—
    But boyhood found thee spurning matrons' arms,
    And manhood revelling in wilder charms!

Thou art a written volume, where we read
  Tales of rare beauty eloquently told,
Records of many a loving heart and deed,
  Chivalrous acts by hands as true as bold;
    And what lone heart shall con thine impressed truth,
    Nor warm with all the impulses of youth!

The past and present sweetly mingling here,
  Lend rapturous beauty to thy haunted stream;
And the low whisper of my spirit seer
  Tells me thou art not all a *passing* dream—
    That o'er my hidden future thou wilt throw
    Moments like these, softened by memory's glow.

* According to the ancient legend, the beautiful St. Ursula, and her eleven thousand virgins, after navigating the Rhine, and visiting the Holy Land, returned to the city of Cologne, and were barbarously put to death by their enemies. The church of St. Ursula, in Cologne, is filled with bones, which are curiously deposited in glass cases and frames, of various sizes. Some of these cases contain from ninety to one hundred skulls. In one apartment, called the golden chamber, are preserved the heads of many of the eleven thousand virgins.

† The cathedral of Cologne, although never finished, may be considered one of the finest monuments of ancient German architecture. This gigantic work was commenced in 1248, and was carried on until 1499. It is still in the process of completion; and large sums are annually collected and set apart for this laudable purpose. Many parts of the olden stone work show evident marks of decay, which strangely contrast with the more recently constructed portion of the edifice.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The new year has opened with every element calculated to promote a season of commercial prosperity, in activity. The basis of all prosperity, to the manufacturing, mechanical and commercial interests, must be the welfare of the agriculturists. It is they who produce that national wealth, which changes its shape and improves in value, through the industry of the others. Whenever that chief interest languishes, the others of necessity decline. A factitious prosperity may be developed for a short time in any particular branch of industry, through the operation of special laws in its favor, but laws cannot supply the place of customers; on the contrary, they only throw greater difficulties in the way of the consumption of those articles, the productions of which they affect to encourage. During the year ending with August, 1846, a foreign demand for agricultural produce had drawn forth great supplies that have found favorable markets abroad, and while they have added millions to the actual wealth of the nation, have raised the prices of all agricultural products sold at home. This great effect of the foreign market for produce, in raising the profits of agriculturalists on rates at home, is too little regarded. The operation of protective laws in favor of manufacturers is avowedly to compel agriculturalists to pay more for those goods than they would otherwise be obliged to give. The necessity of this apparent injustice, arises from the supposed national importance of having those manufactures made at home instead of abroad. Inasmuch as that the occupation of four fifths of the people of the United States is agricultural, and that they raise large quantities of produce in excess of the national wants, none could be imported from abroad under any circumstances, and therefore no tariff laws can operate in their favor. What they want is a larger market. In a country like this, where, as a whole, the people are well fed, an increased consumption of food can take place only in proportion to the increase of numbers. Those persons who now eat a sufficiency, cannot extend their consumption of food in any great degree. It happens, however, that of the increase in numbers of the population, the largest proportion become agriculturalists, and by so doing, are constantly increasing the excess in the supply of food. In regard to manufactured goods, on the other hand, the consumption is limited only with the means of the consumer. Luxury in dress, furniture, &c., may be pursued to any extent, and as the consumption of manufactures increases, so will the demand for the production be enhanced, and the employment of manufacturers become active. In the case of food, when all have eaten sufficiently, the demand ceases, and the surplus is valueless, unless it can be sold abroad. Down to September, 1845, the home supply of food was continually swelling beyond the demand, and as a consequence, prices were continually falling, until in the sea ports they scarcely remunerated the transportation, leaving nothing to producers. In such a state of affairs the quantity sent forward naturally declined, and the small receipts led to the belief that the production was small; no sooner, however, had a foreign demand advanced prices, than the receipts began to swell in magnitude. The following table, showing the quantities of wheat and flour received at tide water on the Hudson, to the close of the second week in October, and the quantities subsequently brought down for three years, is evidence:

WHEAT AND FLOUR DELIVERED ON THE HUDSON.

	1844.		1845.		1846.	
	Flour.	Wheat.	Flour.	Wheat.	Flour.	Wheat.
To October 15th	1,701,684	950,218	1,514,597	641,599	2,057,559	1,709,121
Oct. 15 to Dec. 1	520,520	312,031	1,002,653	978,434	1,005,882	1,240,515
Total	2,222,204	1,262,249	2,517,250	1,620,033	3,063,441	2,950,636

At the close of August, 1845, prices were very low, and the quantity both of wheat and flour received up to that time, was less than in the corresponding period of the previous year. Prices then began to rise under the foreign demand, until

they touched $7 25 for flour in New-York. The effect is seen in the table, in the fact that from October 15, to the close of the navigation, the receipts of flour were double those of the same period in the previous year, and of wheat triple the quantity came down. The high prices stimulated production as well as forwarding, and the quantities have continued to swell until the present moment. The following is a table of the quantities delivered from the New-York canals for a series of years:

COMMERCE OF THE NEW-YORK STATE CANALS.—RECEIPTS AT TIDE-WATER.

	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Forest.						
Furs and peltry, lbs...	1,180,000	358,700	635,800	832,200	708,749	817,150
Boards & scantling. ft..	177,720,349	150,657,900	177,402,600	232,434,700	237,924,666	260,335,271
Shingles, M.....	46,389	36,765	62,387	78,125	72,120	69,822
Timber, ft.....	1,028,576	361,589	586,013	921,982	2,492,668	1,798,168
Staves, lbs.....	110,542,839	55,268,500	56,768,700	97,533,000	139,754,800	106,152,500
Wood, cords.....	31,408	17,280	17 796	16,550	17,696	11,832
Ashes, bbls.....	43,093	44,824	77,739	80,646	69,668	46,812
Agriculture.						
Pork, bbls.....	115,150	79,235	63,777	63,646	45,153	80,093
Beef, "	18,113	21,437	47 465	50,000	67,699	45,600
Bacon, lbs.....	..	..	..	..	1,631,700	4,000,500
Cheese, "	14,171,081	19,004,613	24,336,260	26,674,500	27,542,861	35,560,118
Butter, " ..... }	16,157,653	19.182,930	24,215,700	22,596,300	21,825,455	21,477,657
Lard, " ..... }					3,064,800	6,721,000
Wool, "	3,617,075	3,355,148	6,216,400	7,672,300	9,504,039	8,866,376
Hides, "	..	..	..	..	293,009	340,900
Flour, bbls.....	1,647,492	1,577,555	2,073,708	2,222,204	2,517,250	3,063,441
Wheat, bush.....	781,055	928,347	827,346	1,262,249	1,620,033	2,950,636
Rye, "	8,070	32.224	46,572	62,239	157,438	321,799
Corn "	119,762	366,111	186,016	17,861	35,803	1,610,149
Barley "	121,010	522,993	543,996	818,472	1,137,917	1,427,953
Other grain, bush.....	663,375	1,212,517	1,168,153	1,166,524	1,294,609	1,920,800
Bran & ship-stuffs, do..	566,013	789,814	702,654	1,177,489	1,067,665	1,468,232
Peas and beans, bush..	39,280	23,732	14,056	21,176	66,175	96,809
Potatoes, " ..	32,397	23,664	22,783	18,263	145,569	230,939
Dried Fruit, lbs.....	498,697	1,141,068	671,000	1,299,400	360,966	1,502,900
Cotton, "	196,842	49.600	61,000	79,600	66,800	445.100
Tobacco, "	850,732	1,117,900	1,860,000	318,900	670,900	2,609,100
Clov'r & grass-sd., lbs..	3,571,334	2,411,930	4,343,300	4,594,800	3,161.200	1,094,400
Flax-seed, lbs.....	996.263	2,096,360	2,216,900	3,114,000	8,303,960	5,283,700
Hops, "	298,096	743,800	835,800	1,319,700	874,200	1,690,500
Manufactures.						
Domes. Spirits, galls...	2,022,770	711,403	863,255	1,194,317	1,588.601	1,426,549
Leather, lbs.....	1,856,900	2,015,050	2,684,300	3,909,000	15,363.925	5,160,654
Furniture, lbs.....	1,538,727	1,368,300	1,848,500	2,177,400	2,561,624	2,226,114
Bar & Pig Lead, lbs...	259,172	1,281,100	1,907,700	41,800	223,500	489,800
Pig Iron, " ...	4,037,423	5,573,500	4,131,000	6,422,600	8,031,218	10,574,740
Bloom & b'r iron, " ...	..	..	..	..	..	10,892,243
Iron ware, " ...	889,777	5,733,038	7,469,500	944,900	4,665.398	1,219,091
Domes. Woolens, " ...	427,810	414,385	476,200	867,200	1,407,529	1,425,340
" Cottons, " ...	1,093,618	1,686,850	1,348,400	1,584,600	1,879,446	2,324,774
Salt, bbls.....	18,197	25,364	107,955	175,013	172,968	692,442
Merchandize.....	309,900	369,550	401,600	492,300	505,708	3,594,322
Other Articles.						
Stone, lime & clay, lbs.	25,726,735	21,290,200	27,212,100	50,159,800	55,344,593	44,200,033
Gypsum, lbs.....	120,722	739,600	1,893,200	1,891,800	12,263,800	12,084,100
Mineral Coal, lbs.....	16,089.871	17,635.400	13,055,100	18,480,700	47,798,300	18,846,600
Sundries, lbs.....	31,970,136	31,871,620	47,545,100	54,722,400	83,237,259	90,841,614
Aggregates.						
Forest.....tons	449,095	321,480	416,173	545,202	607,930	603,010
Agriculture..... "	270,240	293,177	346,140	383,363	447,627	628,454
Manufactures..... "	17,891	16,015	29,493	39,957	49,812	46,076
Merchandize..... "	155	185	201	246	253	1,797
Other articles..... "	36,953	35,769	44,854	62,627	99,321	82,982
Total.....tons	774,334	666,626	836,861	1.031,395	1,204,943	1,362,319
Value of Aggregates.						
Forest	$6,645,568	3,741,059	5,956,474	7,716,032	7.759.596	8,589,291
Agriculture	16,994,948	15,662,869	18 211,629	21,020,065	27,612,291	33,662,818
Manufactures.....	2,159,832	1,949,541	2,561,159	3,429,670	6,432,259	4,605,799
Merchandize.....	55,782	55,432	56,224	86,153	88,497	276,872
Other articles.....	1,369,192	1,343,092	1,667,922	2,328,526	3,559,658	3,770,476
Total.....$	27,225,322	22,751,013	28,453,408	34,640,446	45,452,321	51,105,256

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The increase in the several articles of agriculture was regular every year up to 1844, resulting in the continual decline in prices. Under the stimulus imparted by the event of 1845, the quantity has nearly doubled in two years, and the value has nearly kept pace with the quantity. That is to say, the average value per ton of agricultural produce in 1842, was $53, in 1844 it had fallen to $52, and in 1845, under the impulse mentioned, it rose to $61 per ton, or 17 per cent., or in other words, the weight of the five articles, cheese, butter, lard, wool and bacon, was 41,542,691 lbs., and the value $4,063,113, or a little less than 10 cents per lb. In 1846 the weight was 76,625,658 lbs., and the value $9,140,395 or 12 cents average. The foreign demand had at once raised the quantity and value on the New-York canals 100 per cent. The influence of this demand has not been confined to the New-York canals. Every avenue of trade, and every means of transportation throughout the length and breadth of the country, exhibits the results of the activity which all alike experience. The following are the tolls on four great public avenues for six years:

TOLLS ON FOUR GREAT AVENUES OF TRADE FOR SIX YEARS.

	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
New-York	2,034,882	1,749,197	2,081,590	2,432,389	2,646,181	2,930,000
Pennsylvania	1,079,896	920,499	1,019,401	1,164,325	1,154,592	1,357,203
Ohio	1,516,856	475,531	472,554	519.676	494,314	630,770
Wabash Canal, Ind				29,187	46,229	53,930
Total	3,631,634	3,145,227	3,574,545	4,145,577	4,341,316	4,971,903

These tolls have all greatly improved in the aggregate, while the rates of tolls charged have been reduced 25 per cent. average since 1844; it would therefore require an increase of 30 per cent. in the business to maintain the revenue, which have, however, increased 20 per cent., showing an increase of 50 per cent. in the general business; independently of the vast quantities carried to New-Orleans, and the increase of which is larger than on the canals. The foreign exports of wheat, corn and flour, from New-York and New-Orleans for three years, have been as follows:

	1844.	1845.	1846.
Wheat, bushels	58,222	304,654	1,477,356
Corn, "	363,434	417,082	2,692,948
Flour, barrels	455,928	540,736	1,564,139

The increase on these three articles is, at the export prices, equal to $7,500,000, and will realize in freight, &c., over $10,000,000 additional capital to the country. The cotton interests have also gained largely; as we showed in our last number, the extra demand for food in England has been attended by an increased consumption of all other articles, as well cotton as grain. It has, however, come to be true, that the crops of 1845-6 were less than the actual demand, resulting in a great diminution of stock, and will be followed by one still smaller, so short as in some cases to lead to estimates that the whole supply will not keep existing mills in motion until another crop is realised. On the Mississippi great devastation has undoubtedly taken place by reason of the worm. These circumstances appear so to have effected prices, however, that the quantities actually received up to January 1st, have realised a far larger sum of money than the more extensive supplies of former years. The receipts, prices and values, are as follows:

RECEIPTS OF COTTON.—SEPT. 1, TO JAN. 1. WITH THE VALUE AT THE PRICES OF JAN. 1, IN NEW-YORK.

	Receipts.	Price.	Average per Bale.	Val. Rec'pts.
1845	798,041	4¼ a 6¾	$22 00	$17,556,902
1846	662,347	6¼ a 8¼	29 00	19,208,063
1847	642,127	11 a 11¼	45 00	28,895,715

The market has been a rising one since September, and those prices are therefore above the average sales of the season thus far, but much of the receipts is not yet sold and will probably bring still higher prices. The value is over *nine* millions

more than last year, and *eleven* millions more than in the previous year. It is to be observed that this profit enures mostly to the Atlantic states, where the crops have been larger, and have realised high prices, through the misfortune of the West. Georgia, for instance, has delivered 100 per cent. more cotton and got 100 per cent. more money for it. That is to say, for 40,000 bales last year, she got $1,160,000, and this year she gets $3,600,000 for 80,000 bales delivered up to January 1st. So great a change in the state of the markets cannot but effect very favorably the condition of those states, notwithstanding the high freights they are obliged to pay, and low rates they obtain for bills. The western, southern and shipping interests, as well external as in relation to internal transportation, are very favorably situated. The shipping interests in particular have reaped and will continue to gather large profits from the exports. The high freights outward have made it important to most vessels to look only to the outward passage, delivering their cargo and returning in ballast, rather than lose a day in waiting for freight. The following are comparative rates of freights from New-York to Liverpool, at different periods:

FREIGHTS FROM NEW-YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

		1845.			1846.		
	Jan. 1844.	Jan.	Aug.	Jan.	Aug. 8.	Jan. 1847.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Cotton, per lb.— sq. & r'nd bales	0 0¾a 0 0½	.. 0 0¾a0 0 7-16	0 0½a 0 0 3-16	0 0 3-16a0 0¼	0 0½a 0 0¾	.. 0 0¾a 7-16
Wool, per lb...	—	.. — ..	—	.. 0 0½a 0 0	.. —	.. 0 0¾a 0 0
Seeds, per t'ce...	8 6 a 9 0	.. 7 6 a 8 0 ..	—	.. 7 0 a 8 0	.. —	..12 0 a13 0
Beef, " ...	5 6 a 6 6	.. 0 0 a 5 6 ..	3 0 a 0 0	.. 6 6 a 0 0	.. 4 0 a 5 0	.. 8 6 a 9 0
B'f & P'rk p. bbl.	—	.. 0 0 a 3 6 ..	1 9 a 2 0	.. 4 0 a 0 0	.. 3 0 a 0 0	.. 0 0 a 6 0
Flour, "	3 0 a 0 0	.. 0 0 a 3 0 ..	2 0 a 0 0	.. 0 0 a 3 0	.. 2 0 a 0 0	.. 5 0 a 0 0
Turpentine, "	3 0 a 3 6	.. 3 0 a 3 6 ..	1 3 a 1 9	.. 3 0 a 3 6	.. 2 3 a 0 0	.. 5 0 a 0 0
Heavy g'ds p. tn.	30 0 a35 0	..30 0 a35 0 ..	22 6 a25 0	..25 0 a32 6	..22 6 a27 6	..50 0 a55 0
Grain, per bush.	—	.. — ..	—	.. 0 0 a0 10	.. 0 0 a 0 8	.. 1 6 a 1 7

Up to January, 1845, the exports of cotton had been double what they are this year, and the freights were no higher then than now. In all other articles it will be observed that the pressure for freight has sent rates to exorbitant points. The packet rates for grain are 19d sterling, but transient vessels for Ireland have obtained as high as 20 *a* 21d. Heavy goods are just double what they were last year at this time; beef, which paid but 2s per barrel August, 1845, pays now 6s; all these are indications of that prosperity which extensive foreign markets for agricultural produce have conferred upon the shipping interest—a most legitimate reward for the injuries they have so long suffered from the anti-commercial manufacturing system. As a consequence naturally resulting from this lucrative employment of ships, carpenters, riggers, hemp growers, and all connected with the building, navigation and freighting of ships, are well employed at enhanced profits. As an evidence of the quantities of freights transported from the port of New-York at these advanced rates, we may take the following table from official sources:

AGGREGATE IMPORTS AND EXPORTS FOR THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

IMPORTS.

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Free	$17,094,072	11,470,302	11,515,652	11,862,965
Dutiable	29,573,900	63,921,984	57,830,632	58,496,827
Total	$46,667,972	75,392,286	69,346,284	70,359,792
Duties	9,934,923	21,379,720	17,763,821	17,300,597

EXPORTS.

Foreign	$5,410,760	3,741,197	4,033,111	4,539,861
Domestic	16,949,435	19,592,495	26,070,566	32,953,611
Total	$22,360,195	23,333,692	30,103,677	37,493,472

A gradual suppression of the import trade, and a diminution of the government revenue, is apparent as the result of the high tariff, *pari passu*, with an enhanced export trade, which has increased 90 per cent. in four years, causing the high freights. The progress of the import trade monthly for two years is as follows:

IMPORT OF GOODS, DISTINGUISHING FREE FROM DUTIABLE, AND SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF THE DUTIES ACCRUING MONTHLY.

	1845.			1846.		
	Free.	Dutiable.	Duties.	Free.	Dutiable.	Duties.
January	$379,180	5,930,979	1,687,025	376,905	4,842,884	1,621,216
February	543,220	4,197,652	1,347,534	474,360	4,177,952	1,266,663
March	1,139,560	5,034,209	1,602,303	1,092,476	8,657,793	2,572,959
April	907,896	4,991,270	1,524,976	2,228,878	4,105,393	1,385,189
May	1,621,578	3,642,547	1,306,382	1,300,751	4,160,360	1,277,227
June	1,252,506	3,912,473	1,263,071	1,239,006	4,695,527	1,382,171
July	623,930	6,046,532	1,807,795	729,235	5,411,595	1,651,653
August	1,037,595	8,903,468	2,759,775	826,815	7,585,427	2,183,707
September	1,426,040	5,599,244	1,808,794	600,849	5,272,923	1,548,654
October	857,556	3,655,632	1,174,052	991,449	2,738,977	773,208
November	416,415	2,476,635	392,648	719,215	2,568,183	485,547
December	558,185	3,439,991	1,070,466	537,496	4,279,813	1,152,403
Total	$10,763,961	57,830,632	17,763,821	11,117,435	58,496,827	17,300,597

Specie is not included in this account. The progress of the export trade monthly, from May to January 1st, 1847, is as follows:

EXPORTS.

	1845.			1846.		
	Domestic.	Foreign.	Specie.	Domestic.	Foreign.	Specie.
May	$2,486,300	284,489	200,581	2,529,096	294,412	291,041
June	2,682,839	448,906	50,043	3,745,687	316,562	—
July	1,770,630	327,873	188,185	2,876,015	162,817	80,463
August	1,899,270	456,092	353,263	2,413,782	207,256	57,589
September	2,433,451	404,893	427,990	2,238,401	388,169	2,255
October	2,593,035	595,441	353,956	3,354,142	370,439	70,350
November	2,613,186	373,986	103,546	3,510,269	278,287	17,680
December	2,516,733	145,795	133,786	4,211,300	254,221	—

In the last three months the value of domestic produce from this port exceeded those of last year by $4,000,000. This tendency of large exports and small imports, has been to effect exchanges powerfully, and to promote an abundance of money. The rates of exchange, and import and export of specie monthly at the port of New-York, has been as follows:

	IMPORTS.		EXPORTS.			
	1845.	1846.	1845.	Rate of Bills.	1846.	R. of B'ls.
January	$37,011	43,221	642,215	10 a10¼	21,762	8¼a9
February	—	96,799	169,497	9¼a10	126,700	8¼a8¾
March	68,384	62,225	68,384	9¼a10	257,781	8¼a8¾
April	—	106,544	253,787	9¼a 9¾	520,368	9¾a10
May	200,581	27,286	200,581	9 a 9¼	291,041	9¼a10
June	79,517	29,122	50,043	8¾a10	—	8¼a 9
July	72,427	54,879	188,185	9¾a10	80,463	7¼a 8
August	23,000	44,882	353,263	10 a10¼	57,589	7¼a 7½
September	127,465	10,044	427,990	9¾a10¼	2,255	8¾a 9
October	36,980	69,609	353,956	9¾a10	70,350	8¼a 8¾
November	27,830	139,392	103,546	9 a 9¼	17,680	6¼a 7¼
December	78,496	61,346	131,786	8 a 8¼	—	4¾a 5¼
Total	$751,691	745,349	2,943,233		1,445,989	

For the last three months bills have ruled lower than for many years previous, and as the export has ceased, so has the import commenced under circumstances as above detailed, which tends to make the acquisition large.

The same circumstances have produced an abundance of money, if not great liberality in lending it. The strife in opposition to the new tariff and the people's treasury, has served to check confidence and retard enterprise. The fact, that the government must come into the market for a loan of $20,000,000, to meet war contingencies, up to 1848, would at any time produce a pause in investments; but more particularly, when powerful interests exert themselves to thwart the government, through party motives. It was frequently and distinctly threatened that the government should have no loan, unless the specie clause of the Independent

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Treasury law should be repealed. Following the wise maxim, that no new loan should be created without specific appropriation of means for its discharge, the Secretary, in stating the necessity which exists for a new loan, to carry out the measures of Congress in regard to Mexico, proposed a tax on tea and coffee, estimated to yield $3,000,000 per annum, to cover that loan. There is no reason why tea and coffee should not pay a tax in time of peace, as for a simple revenue tax, solely for the support of the government, will go. The fact that the country is at war, and necessarily incurring expenditures beyond the ordinary revenues, is of itself evidence that the government requires all the revenues which it can legitimately procure; and a tax upon tea and coffee is the most obvious expedient, and necessary. When a government is driven to the necessity of borrowing, it becomes it first to abandon all considerations in relation to its finances, except those which will tend simply to increase its revenues; at such a time to declare the tax upon tea and coffee "inexpedient," is to declare our glorious institutions "inexpedient." Not that a mere tax on those articles is necessary to the procurement of a loan, to sustain the credit of the government, or to enhance confidence in its securities; but it betrays symptoms of that dangerous doctrine, which has shown itself in the individual states, teaching that it is better to borrow than pay, and "inexpedient" to pay taxes in the discharge of debts. In April, 1842, Congress passed a law authorising a loan, and specially pledging the customs revenues for its redemption. That pledge did not, however, strengthen the credit of the government, nor was a dollar procured under the law. The passage of the law authorising the issue of treasury notes to the amount of $23,000,000, fundable in a 6 per cent. 20 years' stock, and receivable for public dues, meets with general favor, and will operate smoothly. The specie clause of the Independent Treasury bill, went smoothly into operation on the 1st Jan. Most of the large payments are made in treasury notes, probably in the proportion of 60 per cent. of the whole receipts, and the balance in specie. The greatest difficulty is in the want of a sufficiency of American coin; a thing which should be remedied, until a mint can be established in New-York city, by the appropriation of means by Congress, if necessary, to defray the expense of sending coin to Philadelphia for coinage. The effect upon the banks is by no means what they apprehended; nor can the farce of such fears be much longer kept up.

The operations of trade are causing money to become abundant; but there was also an effort made by fund-mongers to get the new loan as cheap as possible, until the issue of treasury notes was decided on, and capitalists naturally held back in the hope of getting it low; perhaps at 7 per cent. stock at par. The prices of stocks have been, for some time, as follows:

PRICES OF PUBLIC STOCKS IN NEW-YORK.

	Rate.	Red'mab.	Jan. 6.	May 9.	July 8.	Sept. 1	Dec. 12.	Jan. 6.
U. States	6 p. ct	1862	108¼a110	104 a105¼	106¼a	103 a	100¼a100¾	100¾a100¾
"	6 "	1856	—	—	—	—	99¼a100	98¼a 98½
"	5 "	1853	100 a100	97¼a100	a 99	97 a 98	—	85 a
Tr. Notes	0.1a5	2-5.year	—	—	—	—	—	¼ dis.
N. York	6 "	1860	105 a	102¼a103	—	—	—	—
"	5 "	1850	99¼a	96 a 99	98 a	97 a	—	95¼a
Ohio	6 "	1860	92 a 93	91¼a 92¼	92¼a 93	93¼a 93¼	94¼a 94¾	91¼a 92
Kentucky	6 "	1871	98 a100	100 a101	99 a100	—	99¼a 99¾	98 a 98½
Pennsylv'a	5 "	—	68 a 69	64¼a	67¼a 67¾	66¼a 66¼	68¾a 69	66¼a 66¾
Arkansas	6 "	—	—	—	—	—	—	29¼a 30
Indiana	5 "	—	37 a 39	33 a	31¼a 33	30 a	a 32	33¼a 34
Illinois	6 "	1860	38 a 39	32¼a 33¾	33¼a 35	32 a	32 a 32½	32 a 33
Tennessee	6 "	—	—	—	—	—	98	

The war broke out in May; since when, the government has borrowed and spent $10,000,000, and called for $20,000,000 more; altered the tariff and put the "specie clause" into operation; its old 6 per cent. stock is still above *par*, and its Treasury Notes, bearing but one mill interest, cannot be bought under par, yet the new 6 per cent. loan is at 98½. The actual difference between the 6 per cent. loan of 1856 and that of 1862, as an investment, is ½ per cent.; the latter having six years longer to run, the market difference is 2½ per cent. This is to be accounted for by the "bearing" disposition of the takers of the last loan, in order to

get a new one much cheaper. The Treasury Notes are sustained by the demand for the Custom-House. The United States loan certainly forms by far the most profitable investment, at least for New-York capital, inasmuch as that it is exempt from taxation, according to a decision of the Supreme Court; and taxation in New-York city amounts to one per cent. Bonds and mortgages, or real estate generally, as they now stand, yield scarcely 4 per cent. per annum in New-York, where the legal rate is 7 per cent. The tax is over one per cent., and insurance, repairs, &c., bring the nett revenue down pretty low. Notwithstanding this fact, and the superior profits that some stocks offer, the security offered by real estate, is supposed to be enough to counterbalance the higher rate of interest yielded by stocks. The Ohio 6 per cent. stock, quoted above at 91½, has 15 years to run, and will yield, at that rate, 7 per cent. interest. Mortgages in New-York, that will yield 5 per cent. nett, are preferred; because the position of Ohio is not such as will command confidence, notwithstanding that her creditors have, up to this time, always got their money. The grossest charlatanry has, however, been apparent in the management of her finauces, and taxation is very heavy, to meet a debt created in extravagance; she has also 34 banks, of which 28 are of the wild-cat species, created under a most absurd banking law. The capital of the whole, reported, is $5,826,677; and their circulation already amounts to $5,674,769. A re vulsion must come, sooner or later; and the present inadequate system of taxation may perish in that hour, leaving Ohio creditors on a level with those of Mississippi. These fears attach more or less to other stocks, except New-York, and those of the federal government.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Studies; A Collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Jones is one of the few writers among us, who may be called the direct descendants of the old English essayists. He gives evidence of the most careful reading of that class of authors, and has imbibed a portion of their characteristic spirit and style. His models are the contributors to the Spectator, Guardian, &c. &c.; and he has caught the trick of their quiet, but profound tone of remark. He has very little of the humor, which distinguishes some of his spiritual progenitors; but he has much of their variety, and, perhaps, more nervous strength. His manner, too, is more sententious and antithetical, while it wants the grace which gives such fascination to the speculations of the former. The little volume he published several years since, called the Analyst, a collection of miscellaneous papers, contain a series of delightful essays, which have never attracted as much attention as they deserve; and the present volumes, though like it in character, indicate considerable improvement.

Mr. Jones's mind is rather critical than suggestive; it is in criticism that he displays the most acuteness and power; and the merit of his criticism is, that he is rather more genial than rigid. We do not always concur in his estimates of men and things; yet, even in what we deem his errors, we discover a fair and honest disposition. His remarks, for instance, on the qualities of the female mind, show sentiments widely different from those we have been led to adopt on the same subject; but they betray no malignant or voluntary false spirit. Again, his whole appreciation of the scientific and theological system of Swedenborg, is utterly inadequate and unjust; yet his deficiencies are produced by his want of complete knowledge of his subject, rather than by any premeditated injustice. Swedenborg, with all

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the vagaries that we may be disposed to ascribe to his singular assumptions, was an immense soul, greatly in advance, on many points, of his contemporaries, and only just now beginning to be appreciated as a thinker in the most exalted sphere of human thought. No one, we think, will take the trouble to read his philosophical works, without coming away from them deeply impressed by the reach and grandeur of his generalizations. Mr. Jones should not have attempted to take his measure, without a much longer study, than he has, apparently, given to the subject. He is more at home among our great English worthies, whom he has studied *con amore*, and with better means of getting at their greatness.

We confess to a partiality for the Essay. It is one of the most agreeable forms of writing; having none of the labored ponderousness of the Treatise, and being less superficial than the newspaper. It admits of a large variety in connection with a general unity of place. With nine readers out of ten, a well-constructed essay will find favor, when the more elaborate book will be thrown aside. The essay fills up a thousand interstices of time, when the mind, guided by the active interests of life, feels incompetent to the task of more serious and sustained reading. Indeed, it ranks next to poetry, as an occupation of desultory hours, and produces much of the same genial and enlivening effect. Who can estimate the value of such collections as the Indicator, and Companion, of Leigh Hunt, in this respect? Or of the "Table-Talk," and other similar works, of Hazlitt? They are like pictures, which one hangs about his room, or keeps lying on his writing table, always at hand, and a single glance at which calls up a world of pleasurable emotions.

We thank Mr. Jones, therefore, for his frequent contributions to this species of literature. Whether his books, so quietly put forth, will make an impression on the American mind, in its intense practical absorption, and be swallowed at once in the surges of public excitement, we cannot say; but we are satisfied that there are many thoughtful readers, scattered over the land, who will receive his labors with a feeling of welcome, which is sometimes more cheering to the author, than more sounding praise, and even the substantial tokens shared with publishers.

Letters on Astronomy—Addressed to a Lady. By Denison Olmstead, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in Yale College. Harper Brothers.

The form of letters appears to be, as the author of the volume suggests, peculiarly applicable to the transmission of instruction, in the noble science of which the volume treats. It is well illustrated with numerous engravings, and the style is clear, and peculiarly adapted, as a class book, for the use of High Schools and Academies.

Schiller's Revolt of the Netherlands—Trial and Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn, and the Siege of Antwerp. Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. Harper Brothers.

This admirable history forms No. 21, of Harpers' New Miscellany. The emancipation of the Netherlands from the Spanish crown, was the great feature of the 16th century. The subjugation of the Netherlands was the rock on which the power of Spain was split. Philip II., the most powerful of its sovereigns, threatened the independence of Europe, through his ambition and warlike resources. Like other tyrants, he found in a distant, and comparatively weak nation, an obstacle on which all his efforts were expended in vain. The story of his fruitless efforts, and the manner in which the virtue and fortitude of a people, weak in natural resources, resisted the utmost power of Spain, in the zenith of its glory, is told in the glowing colors of a romance, yet with singular fidelity and truth.

Rural Cemeteries of America. By James Smillie, Esq. R. Martin, 29 John-street, New-York.

Three numbers of this admirable work, illustrating with great fidelity of pen and pencil, that noble place of sepulture, Greenwood Cemetery. The publication is in numbers, each containing three beautiful line engravings, with the descriptive text, for the low price of 50 cents each number. When we reflect upon the fidelity of the views, the beauty of the engravings, and the costly style of execution, it becomes matter of surprise that the work can be afforded so low; and in

that fact, we have a guarantee that it can never be sold for less than the subscription price. Future numbers will contain views of Mount Auburn, Boston, Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, and the cemeteries of other cities. To the numerous holders of lots at Greenwood, and the friends of those there buried, it is pleasant to contemplate the beautiful spot where they repose.

Spaniards and their Country. By RICHARD FORD. Wiley & Putnam.

This book forms No. 84 of the Library of Choice Reading, with the high merit of which the public are acquainted. The present publication purports to be the first part of a work on Spain, by the author of the Handbook of Spain. It avoids politics, and sketches very agreeably the topography, features of the country, national manners and peculiarities. The author is, however, very evidently a good example of your genuine English "snob," and is apparently one of those accustomed to "drink brandy and water, and damn the French." A class distinguished for a most thorough self satisfaction in relation to the entire superiority of England and the English, and a good natured sort of toleration for the poor creatures who are happy elsewhere. Like all English books on the peninsula, frequent appeals to the "wonderful despatches" of "the duke" are to be found. It does not seem to occur to this class, however, that those "wonderful despatches" contain a wonderful deal of nonsense, and that the opinions of "the duke" are, generally speaking, of but very little value; nevertheless, he is appealed to on all occasions as if he had *made* the peninsula. As an instance, the scarcity of provisions is proved by the letter of the "all providing duke" to Lord Hill, wherein he states, "If you mean to dine, *you had better bring your things* with you, as I shall have nothing here." A most "wonderful despatch," certainly. Nevertheless such is the material, which, aided by the dissensions and treachery of the French marshals, the English have continued to make a greater man (on paper) of smaller materials than any other nation. Apart from this true spirit of snobism, the work is lively and of considerable interest. The following description of the pigs of the province of Estremadura, is an example of the vein of humor which runs through the book:

"The pigs during the greater part of the year are left to support nature as they can, and in gauntness resemble those greyhound-looking animals which pass for porkers in France. When the acorns are ripe and fall from the trees, the greedy animals are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties. They return from the woods at night, of their own accord, and without a swine's general. On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, like a legion possessed with devils, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake. We have more than once been caught in one of these pig-deluges, and nearly carried away, horse and all, as befel Don Quixote, when really swept away by the 'far-spread and grunting drove.' In his own home each truant is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These pigs are the pets of the peasants; they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal who pays the 'rint;' in fact, are the citizens, as at Sorrento; an Estremonian man is quite a secondary formation, and created to tend herds of these swine, who lead the happy life of former Toledan dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead."

Songs and Ballads. By SAMUEL LOVER. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

This is a third edition of these highly popular songs, corrected by the author, and is the only collection recognised by him as complete. It contains the songs of "Handy Andy" and "Treasure-Trove," as well as all from "Irish Evenings." The whole are so decidedly popular, as to make but the mention of their publication, in a small neat volume, in the style of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, necessary to ensure its sale.

The Potatoe Plant, its uses and properties, together with the cause of the present malady. By ALFRED SMEE, F. R. S. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

The calamity which has overtaken the potatoe plant in all countries, particularly in those where it is most depended upon, through the influence of a strange malady, makes a work of the kind before us, of peculiar interest at the present time. It is illustrated with 10 lithographs, representing the plant and the disease incident to it. The prevalent disease is ably and carefully investigated, and all in our agricultural country should possess themselves of the work.

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The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Translated by Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M. A. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

The Jesuit missionaries were the earliest pioneers of Christianity and civilization in the western wilds of our country. Whatever opinions may be entertained with respect to the principles of the order, no dispassionate person who reads these volumes can deny, that the struggles and sufferings of these men rendered them worthy apostles of the glorious cause they had espoused.

The work is compiled and translated from letters written by several members of the mission to their respective friends—embracing a period of 35 years, and the first bearing the early date of 1722. During this period, it may be well imagined, they had many exciting adventures with the Indians, which would form ample materials for a thrilling romance. These, however, are told in a simple, minute, and matter of fact style, that carries conviction with it; and whilst rendering the work more instructive, reflects still greater credit upon the labours and spirit of the missionaries.

The struggles of several of these pious men were crowned by martyrdom—the last and best evidence of their faith in the doctrines they had undertaken to disseminate. Altogether, the work forms a valuable and interesting addition to the library of the above extensive publishers.

Hutton's Book of Nature; Revised and Improved. By Rev. J. L. BLAKE, D. D. Harper Brothers.

This small volume contains a microscopic view of the great works of nature in the formation of the earth and its inhabitants, the sea and its occupants, as well as the great solar system and the wondrous worlds of which it is composed. It is so arranged, as to impart correct ideas of those great features of the universe to the young in an amusing manner.

The Principles of Science applied to the Domestic and Mechanic Arts, and to Manufactures and Agriculture. By ALONZO POTTER, D. D. Harper Brothers.

This work contains a great deal of useful matter, and also much that is of injurious tendency. As far as the principles of science are explained and adhered to, it is commendable; but the introduction of an electioneering tirade of that celebrated charlatan, Nicholas Biddle, as a chapter on American iron, is far from being instructive to the judicious, although it may make the unthinking laugh at the exhumation of such exploded theories. The enumeration of the amount of silk, wines and iron imported into the country, as the sums expended in extravagance, when they are but the medium of payment for farm produce sold abroad, was a singular instance of impudent quackery in one, who ruined thousands of widows and orphans by taking their money and giving them promises.

S. S. S. Philosophy. By the Author of "Kate in Search of a Husband." Lowell, Mass.: Merrill & Heywood.

This is a collection of the writings of one whose novels of "Jessie's Flirtations" and "Kate in Search of a Husband," have been exceedingly popular; and the interest is not diminished by the fact that they are the production of an "American factory-girl," a personification of that Yankee versatility to which the manufacture of "aphorisms and aprons," satinets and sentences, checks and chapters, webs and wisdom, are alike facile.

The Pleasures of Taste, and other Stories. Selected from the Writings of Miss Jane Taylor. By Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. Harper Brothers.

This is an admirable selection, guided by the acknowledged taste of Mrs. Hale, from the popular writings of Miss Taylor, for the instruction and amusement of youth of both sexes.

Pictures of Early Life. By Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY. Harper Brothers.

A collection of tales, by Mrs. Embury, highly interesting and instructive; and of a character which should place it in the hands of youth, as well to instruct as to interest and amuse.

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Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of the Ancients. By WILLIAM PETER, A. M. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a noble selection of the best English translations of the Greek and Latin poets—affording specimens of each from Homer, 950 years before Christ, to Avienus, at the close of the 4th century—a scope of near fourteen centuries. A little biographical sketch of each poet is also prefixed to their respective works; the whole forming a most agreeable collection of the peculiar poetry of the ancients, upon whose minds the circumstances of Paganism, a southern climate, and the position of woman in the social circle, produced results widely different from those wrought out in later years by the progress of Christianity, the growth and influence of chivalry, and their joint efforts in raising the condition of the female sex. Bearing these circumstances in mind, there is much in the ancient authors to afford the greatest pleasure. The volume before us, containing a selection of them by a gentlemen of taste, is a desirable addition to every library.

Chaucer and Spencer. In two parts. Wiley & Putnam.

These two volumes form Nos. 25 and 26 of the Library of American Books.—Part No. 1 consists of selections from Spencer's Fairy Queen, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland; and Part 2, selections from the poetical works of Geoffry Chaucer, by Charles D. Deshler, Esq. Mrs. Kirkland informs us, in her preface, that her motive in thus re-producing the works of Spencer has been solely to extend the acquaintance of the American public with their beauties; and to this end the selections have been made with especial reference both to subject matter and poetical merit,—the spelling being modernised wherever such a change would not injure the thyme and rhythm. It is certainly a great acquisition to every library, to have an American edition of the great English poet. What Mrs. Kirkland has done for Spencer has Mr. Deshler performed for Chaucer, whose admirers are fond of honoring as the founder of English poetry.

The Treatment of Insanity. By JOHN M. GALT, M. D. Harper Brothers.

This volume comprises a compilation from all the most eminent writers on the treatment of insanity in all its diversified forms. A majority of the writers whose matter is here quoted have never been before published in the United States.—The volume forms, as it were, a condensation of the experience of the most eminent men of all countries, upon a malady in which more perplexing contingencies arise to the practitioner than perhaps any other, and as such is a most valuable aid.

The American Poulterer's Companion. By C. N. BEMENT. Harper Brothers.

This is a most useful work. The author, Mr. Bement, was, for many years, the landlord of the American Hotel, at Albany; and his large experience comes eminently in aid of his natural disposition for writing upon domestic fowls. The present is the fifth illustrated edition, which has appeared in two years.

The Lives of Columbus and Americus Vespucius. With Engravings. Harper Brothers.

This neat little volume is the first of a series, of the lives of distinguished persons, adapted to the understanding of the young; and it is well begun, with those whose fortune it was to "call a New World into existence."

Pictorial History of England. Harper Brothers.

No. 16, of this immensely valuable production, has appeared, and its publication goes on regularly. It is a work which should, by all means, be possessed by the people at large.

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J. A. Howard

LATE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES FROM THE U. S. TO TEXAS.

Born 14 November 1797 Died 16 August 1844

Engraved expressly for the Democratic Review.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XX. MARCH, 1847. No. CV.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENTS.

The science of government, according to the will of the people, as expressed in written constitutions, has, in the United States, made considerable progress only in the last twenty years, and reform has but now received a direction which will secure the enactment and administration of laws for the benefit of the whole people. To the peculiar manner in which the United States were settled, are we indebted for that experiment in self-government, which has been so triumphantly carried out in our institutions. The most liberal European statesmen of the last century, while they acknowledge the right of the people to a certain degree of influence in the national councils, repudiated the idea of *trusting* them with government. Even the great men of America, when assembled to constitute the republican form of federal government, which the people demanded, by no means reposed unanimously full confidence in the wisdom of trusting the people too far. Many able men distrusted them altogether, and others, considerable in numbers and influence, saw safety only in a "strong government," by which was understood the concentration, in the hands of the executive, of nearly all those powers which would increase its authority and influence, but which of right should remain with people in whom sovereignty is inherent. It would seem that the science of government had practically retrograded in the United States, from the first settlement of the colonies up to the formation of the Union, and had not materially advanced in Great Britain, from the revolution of 1688, up to the date of the reform act, a period of a century and a half.

In 1688, the supporters of the crown contended for the full exercise of the implied powers of the executive and the most liberal construction of the ancient constitution, and denied the right of the people to change their rulers under any circumstances. The whig party, on the other hand, contended that the assumptions of the executive were so far infractious of the constitution, that, to preserve that rule of government, it became *necessary* to set aside the reigning family and substitute another. From the time of the Conquest, up to the reign of Charles, that unwritten thing, the British constitution, had been slowly assuming a recognisable shape, through the efforts of the people against the exactions of the crown; and time had so far legitimatised the usurpations of the Normans, that the government had come to

be regarded as a compact, by which the prince was secured in the possession of the throne and in the allegiance of the people forever. Hence, when the Stuarts undertook to recover back some of the ancient prerogatives of the crown, which had been lost or disused for ages, the attempt was regarded as usurpation on the part of the crown, and the people, in the exercise of that right of revolution to which they laid claim, placed at the head of affairs one of the ablest of British monarchs. The restoration of legitimacy was but the renewal of the attempts of the crown on the rights of the people; and although the good-natured follies of Charles II. postponed, until the reign of his successor, the final action of the people in relation to the house of Stuart, that family was set aside for its pertinacious attempts to extend the royal prerogative. It is curious that the British people, having twice removed the monarch, should still repudiate the idea of self-government. The people who had so effectually exercised the right of revolution, still hesitated to trust themselves with their own government, but they deliberately invited the family of Hanover to come and reign over them.

"We, the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and Commons, do, in the name of the people of England, most humbly and faithfully submit ourselves, and our heirs and posterities, to William and Mary, their heirs and posterities forever."

This William, on his accession to the throne, immediately issued a declaration to the effect, that all magistrates should resume their former offices, and all return to their "ancient prescriptions and charters." The matter then went on as before. The people had changed their rulers, put out one family and put in another, giving it $5,000,000 per annum to rule the empire forever. They then returned to their occupations, and did not presume to meddle with government themselves. They had gone a great ways, however, in asserting the right of changing their rulers, under any circumstances.

On this great question statesmen divided, and the state trials of the time distinctly drew party lines. The tories denied the right of the people to change their rulers under any circumstances. The whigs justified the measure, on the ground that they had not made a revolution, but had *resisted* one; that the prince having endeavored, by extending his prerogative, to disturb the constitution, had infringed the compact, and forfeited his rights under it. They virtually said to the Stuarts, "you are not disposed to abide by your contract, therefore we must get somebody to govern us that will." They accordingly, to prevent the Stuarts from "changing the ancient constitution," set them aside, and called in the Hanover Protestant family to make a new contract, and go on as before. The tories of that time contended for the royal prerogative, and for the most extended construction of the ancient constitution, as well expressed as implied, in order to strengthen the government.

The idea of doing away with the absurd scheme of king-craft, and the whole compact between governors and governed, was repudiated altogether by the most radical whigs, and continued so down to the French revolution of 1790, when the example of America, and the doctrines of the French republicans, evidently had an effect in giving an impulse to constitutional reform; but toryism triumphed, and it is only within the last twenty years that the people have gained ground. Nearly a similar course of things took place in the American colonies. The first settlements were made by friendless emigrants, whose own energies earned for themselves an abiding-place in the wilderness. Their own indomitable bravery drove back the savages; their own industry accumulated around them comforts and wealth; and their own

wisdom and virtue organized society, and framed governments suited to their condition. Their self-government was of a purely democratic form, and was discharged on principles of justice and virtue. As soon as the first settlers at Plymouth had provided for their immediate wants, and their footing became firm in the land of their adoption, they formed a civil government of primitive simplicity. By general suffrage a governor was chosen, and his power restricted by a council, originally of five assistants; and for eighteen years, the *whole body* of male inhabitants constituted the legislature. The state was governed in a form of strict democracy; the whole people were frequently convened to decide, both on judicial and executive questions. With the rapid growth of the people, and the difficulty of general assemblages, the representative system naturally sprung out of this pure democracy. The intelligence and strong sense of the people in submitting to this change, saved our infant republics from the fate of the democracies of ancient times, as well as from that of Poland.

By these means the habit of self-government was established, and the problem worked out, before the most radical party of England would acknowledge the principle. The constitutions by which those primitive societies were governed, were free from the complicated provisions that afterwards became inserted. It was strange that individuals of strong sense, who had shown that they were so well qualified to take care of themselves, should have accepted the charters thrust upon them by England, containing the implied obligation of allegiance on one hand, and government according to law on the other. The history of Massachusetts is, indeed, the story of her resistance to English domination. Full confidence in the people was, however, apparently wanting; and baleful influences continually encroached upon the rights of the people, until those governments, which at first were administered by the whole body of the people, and subsequently by the meetings of instructed delegates, came to be a complicated machine, which operated injuriously to many interests. It became an instrument in the hands of a few to oppress the many. The distinctive spirit of the British parties continued to exercise an adverse influence here. The tory party, that had supported the absolute authority of the crown then, contended here for strong governments; for concentrating in the executive many powers which it was supposed unsafe to trust altogether to the people; nay, many eminent men supposed it unsafe to trust to the people at all. When, however, finally our glorious constitution was framed, the same party constantly strove to extend, by implication, the powers actually conferred upon the government. The revolution of the colonies was precisely the same in principle to that of the English revolution of 1688; viz., the colonies did not make a revolution, they resisted one. It was the act of the king, in attempting to govern, not according to law, and in forcing the slave trade upon the south against their remonstrances, that caused a change of rulers. When that event took place, the colonies had each to adopt some organic law. The public mind was then mostly engrossed by the war and the establishment of Independence; but little thought was, therefore, bestowed on the science of constitutional government, and nearly all the constitutions were formed on the basis of the English system—a system, of which the chief feature was distrust of the people.

Fifty years of peaceful experience in the working of our written constitutions, have not only developed their defects, by which too much power was drawn out of the hands of the people, but have also developed the difficulty of making legislators abide by the instruction of the instrument which called them into being. The same party which backed James II. in his pretensions, in 1688, has, down to this day, unceasingly exercised the same

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influence in aiding legislation to usurp powers, where none were conferred upon them by the constitution. The working of the best of our constitutions has shown, not only how little legislation is needed for the general welfare, but how large a portion of every session of each legislature has been expended in enacting laws for private purposes, at the expense of the public welfare. The leading tendency of our constitutions has been, from their inherent defects, to too much centralization. By taking from the people the election of the subordinate officers of the state, the power and influence of the chief magistrate and predominant party has been strengthened, and this centralized power has been the medium of dispensing the large patronage of the legislature, growing out of the powers conferred and assumed, of creating special charters, contracting debts, constructing public works, loaning the credit of the state for private purposes, and other questionable authorities which they exercise, and in the discussion and application of which, four-fifths of their time is occupied.

In former numbers, we have treated of these evils more at length, and to a considerable extent they have been remedied in the new constitution of the State of New-York. That instrument is, however, far from being sufficiently rigid in its limitations upon the action of government; the spirit of reform is abroad, and the western states, which are colonies of the older members of the confederation, are not only profiting by the experience of the constitutions that have been in operation, but they are ahead in the race of reform. The constitution of Missouri, which contained many excellent provisions, was rejected by the people, possibly by the adverse influence of the old distrust of the people which, without any fixed principle to guide it, has so long characterised a leading party. Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, have formed, and are in the way of forming, constitutions that may greatly restrict the evil influences of legislation in the respective states. The constitution of Wisconsin, which will be submitted to the people in May next, is, perhaps, the best yet framed to ensure the transaction of *public* business, to the exclusion of private, by the legislature. It provides, also, more completely for the separation of the legislative from the judicial branches, or law-making from law-administering, than most of the constitutions, and puts the judiciary upon a footing which will tend to secure to every man cheap and speedy justice. In the constitution of the State of New-York, a clause pointing out the manner in which the state may be sued by individuals, was stricken out. This has been retained in the Wisconsin constitution, and with sound reason. The constitution of a state is but the written will of the people, laying down rules for the guidance of annual legislatures, who act legally as long as they adhere to that instrument. In the constitution of the federal government, whatever power is not expressly granted to Congress, does not belong to it. Congress is but a meeting of ambassadors, with authority to act under a written instrument on certain matters expressed in it. All powers which do not appear there, are reserved by the sovereign states, constituents of that Congress. In the same manner, the legislature of a state should be regarded as but the assembled delegates of the people for the transaction of business under the state constitution. That constitution being the chart for their proceedings, they should have no powers but those expressly laid down in it. They are elected, and assemble for the transaction of *public* business only; when that business comes before them, they should discharge it according to the written rules before them. When a citizen has a private claim upon the state, it should be investigated and adjudicated precisely as if his claim was against a company, or another individual; and to that end he should have the right of bringing the state before a court, and having his claim fairly

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heard. The notion that the state is too dignified a body to be sued by an individual, is a trace of the old theory of the infallibility of the crown. On principles of justice and equality the people have no more right to be unjust collectively, than individually; and if it waives its dignity so far as to sue an individual, in order to exact justice from him, it is far more dignified to come down from its stilts to do him justice. We are at a loss to perceive, however, that the present system of "lobbying" and "log-rolling," to procure the allowance of exorbitant claims, frequently where none is justly due, is a more dignified course than for the people collectively to submit to the majesty of the laws of their own creation, and to satisfy the claims of individuals according to strict justice. The framers of the Wisconsin constitution appear to have taken this view of it, and the legislature is permitted to direct in what courts, and in what manner, suits may be brought against the state; and it is forbidden to grant any extra compensation after a contract shall have been entered into, or to any officer, after service rendered. A vast system of corruption, of which New-York has been the victim to a fearful extent, would, should the instrument be adopted, be thus cut off in Wisconsin. It is also prohibited to the legislature to contract any debt, undertake the construction of public works, except with the proceeds of land granted by Congress, loan the credit of the state for private purposes, or to create any banks. It also provides, that the property of no person shall be taken for public use, without just compensation therefor. It would be better, we think, to require that this compensation should be "first made therefor." The judiciary of the state is re-organized on the principle of the election of judges for a fixed term, with salaries and no fees. It is vested in justices of the peace, chosen by the people of the towns, for two years; judges of probate, by county electors, for two years; circuit judges, chosen by the electors of each circuit, for five years, with salaries of $1500 each, and no fees; one of these judges to be appointed chief justice, by the legislature, and the assembled circuit judges to constitute the Supreme Court, with appellate jurisdiction only. A clerk of the circuit is also to be chosen in each judicial district, and he is to perform the office of register of deeds. The Chancery Court is abolished. This system of making the assembled circuit judges the Supreme Court, has been in operation in Illinois under its present constitution, and has found to work badly, inasmuch as that it became a great political engine, a hot-bed, out of which all the great political offices of the state were selected—a kind of oligarchy, which divided up the high offices among themselves. The Wisconsin constitution endeavors to guard against that evil, by making a circuit judge ineligible to any other office, not only while he holds office, but for two years after his resignation. This does not, however, prevent his going into office on the expiration of the judgeship, for which he may be elected.

In order further to provide for the despatch of public business, the members of the legislature are allowed two dollars per day for the first forty days of the session, and one dollar only for each succeeding day.

The rights of married women and a homestead for a family, are provided for as follows:—

"ARTICLE XV.

"*On the rights of married women, and on exemption from forced sale.*

"SEC. 1. All property, real and personal of the wife, owned by her at the time of her marriage, and also that acquired by her after marriage, by gift, devise, descent or otherwise, than from her husband, shall be her separate property. Laws shall be passed providing for the registry of the wife's property, and more clearly defining the rights of the wife thereto, as well as to property held by her with her husband: and for carrying out the provisions of this section. Where the wife has

a separate property from that of her husband, the same shall be liable for the debts of the wife contracted before marriage.

"SEC. 2. Forty acres of land, to be selected by the owner thereof, or the homestead of a family not exceeding forty acres, which said land or homestead shall not be included within any city or village, and shall not exceed in value one thousand dollars, or instead thereof (at the option of the owner,) any lot or lots in any city or village, being the homestead of a family, and not exceeding in value one thousand dollars, owned and occupied by any resident of this state, shall not be subject to forced sale on execution for any debt or debts growing out of *or founded upon contract*, either expressed or implied, made after the adoption of this constitution. Provided, that such exemption shall not affect in any manner any mechanic's or laborer's lien, or any mortgage thereon lawfully obtained; nor shall the owner, if a married man, be at liberty to alienate such real estate, unless by consent of the wife.

This provision in relation to a homestead we are not prepared to assent to. If a man owes a just debt to another, it is because he has had and enjoyed the property of that other; and there is no reason, founded in natural justice, why he should not pay that other to the "uttermost farthing." Under that section, a man in the possession of a house and land worth $1,000, may make a contract with another person, not sufficiently rich, to own house and land, for, say $200, and the law bars the poor creditor of his remedy. The provision is of the same nature as the stay law of Illinois, set aside by the United States Supreme Court. If a man from Wisconsin buys goods or makes a contract in another state, that contract may be enforced against the homestead, notwithstanding the above constitutional provision; which, however popular it may be in certain sections, is not founded in natural justice. The head of a family should depend on his own industry, economy and circumspection for a homestead, rather than upon a law to ensure it to him against the just claims of, perhaps, a suffering creditor.

The constitution of Wisconsin will, however, we trust, be adopted, and that state will then have the honor of starting into being with a more just and popular constitution than any state before it. Illinois will, no doubt, next year frame and adopt a new constitution, at least as much in accordance with the spirit of the age, as that of Wisconsin. Indiana is also progressing towards reform; and it has been agitated in Ohio in a quarter, and with a vigor which promises success. A motion to submit the question of a convention, to reform the constitution of Ohio, failed in the popular branch of the legislature, by a vote of 36 for, to 29 against it; two-thirds being necessary to pass the resolution. No state in the Union requires a new constitution more than Ohio; not so much from the necessity of keeping up with the progress of constitutional government, as from the fact that she has outgrown her old one. She is, judicially, like a young giant with a boy's coat on. Her present constitution was adopted in 1802, when her population was 48,000; it is now near 2,000,000. The constitution that was framed for the government of a territory, that then comprised the present State of Ohio and part of Michigan, is now strained up to the wants of a dense population, rich in multifarious interests. It was not to be expected, how virtuous or wise soever might be the men who framed the Ohio constitution forty-five years ago, that they should have had forecast sufficient to provide for the increasing wants of this rapidly-growing state. Accordingly, great and manifest evils have long since evinced the necessity of reform. The judiciary, in particular, is little better than a mere farce. The courts cannot be legally held, from the mere physical impossibility of complying with the requirements of the constitution. The coroners and sheriffs are elected by the people for two years, and the justices of the peace for three years. The judges are elected by the legislature for seven years; and of the Supreme Judges there are four only; *two* form a quorum. These

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are required to hold a Supreme Court in every county in the state at least once in a year. Ohio has 8 counties, spread over an area of 36,-500 square miles, 270 miles in length and 140 in breadth. Hence, these judges have to travel thousands of miles, and hold 82 supreme courts in a year. The mere travelling is a most severe labor; but when they have performed it, and attended to the business of 2,000,000 people in 82 counties, their labor is not done. They are then required, collectively, to hold at Columbus, Ohio, a "Court in Bank," for the revision of *their own* decisions, made in their galloping courts through the state during the previous months of the year. This system was devised 45 years ago for a colony of 48,000 persons; and 26 members of the present legislature of Ohio voted against submitting to the people the question, whether a convention should be called to remedy this farce! The practical operation of this plan was forcibly set forth by Mr. Vallandigham, in the Ohio legislature, in a speech on his motion to submit to the people the question of a convention. After remarking upon the clause of the constitution, that every person shall have remedy by due course of law, "without denial or delay," he went on as follows:

"Take but a single example of daily occurrence. You commence a suit in the Common Pleas at its April term. Your cause is just, but your adversary's lawyer thinks he detects a flaw in the declaration. A demurrer is put in. The June term comes; business presses; law arguments can only be heard at the end of the term, and then, in the hurry and confusion, you either deem it unsafe to hazard your case, or the court are unable to hear it. You suffer a continuance. November term arrives, and the demurrer is argued and overruled. Surely you will now have justice and remedy without further denial or delay. But stop; that remedy is to be by 'due course of law,' and the courts will not dispose of two several issues in the same cause at the same term. Again continued, is the mandate of the judge. It is now April term, and the issue is made up, when, lo, a material witness is suddenly found absent by the defendant, beyond the process of the court. What then? An affidavit, and yet another continuance. Or worse; after waiting perhaps a whole fortnight with your witnesses, expecting the trial every hour, the court is compelled to adjourn without reaching your case. A whole year is now already gone since you began suit, confident behind the constitutional shield against delay. But skillful legal tactitians have turned the flank of the constitution. Disheartened and vexed almost beyond endurance, you yet make another effort, and the June term brings the consummation of your hopes. Trial is had, and you have obtained a verdict. But a new trial is moved for; the court hear the argument, and coolly pocket the motion, telling you in vulgar law Latin, *curia vult advisare*. In November, the motion is overruled. But lo, a bill of exceptions has been provided by your adversary, and you are transported to the Supreme Court, that lazaar house of litigation, where 'hope never comes that comes to all.' Well, sir, some time between the next March and December, the 'angel visit' of that august flying squadron is announced, and you repair to the court-room just in time to find the court adjourned and on horse-back for the next county. Another year revolves—the third since you applied for that remedy which you thought to obtain without 'denial or delay'—and your case is heard. But, behold, the judges disagree, and the case is reserved to bank. The scales now fall from your eyes, and you find yourself involved in what you deem interminable litigation. It is too late, however, to retreat, and after one or two years more, or three it may be, you again obtain a tardy decision in your favor, and enter upon the enjoyment of your rights. But the end is not yet. Yours may have been a *chancery* suit, and just at the moment you begin to sit down in repose from the fatigues of litigation, a *bill of review* is filed by your indomitable adversary. And after passing again through the same courts, and the same tedious process of procrastination, after five or six years more, an *adverse* decision is obtained against you; and stripped at last of everything, worried, exhausted, indignant, you give up in despair. Now, I appeal to every lawyer to say whether the process I have described may not be passed through in almost every case, and whether it is not passed through in every fiercely litigated case brought into court."

Such, it appears, is the physical activity of the Supreme Judges of Ohio. Under such circumstances, is it not wonderful, that members should stand up in their places, and vote not against reform, not against a bill to revise the judiciary, not against a bill to amend the constitution, not against a convention to revise it, but simply against allowing the people to say whether they will have a convention or not? It is not surprising that they should trust the people with electing a governor, and refuse to trust them with the election of a judge—because, from the political bias of the state of Ohio, the old leaven of distrust of the people is strong among her political leaders; but it is certainly strange, that when a numerous body should have demanded reform, that members should refuse them the opportunity of ascertaining whether they are in the majority or not. The question is put by numerous bodies of the people, and members refuse to take the yeas and nays upon it. It is not an absurd judicial organization alone that affects Ohio; she has, perhaps, more than any other state, suffered from the overabundance of private legislature, of charter-mongering, contract letting, and debt creating. Corruption has, through unstable and hasty legislation, burdened the people with debts and taxation to a most deplorable extent. No state has greater reason than Ohio to complain of the iniquity of the lobby. For years, the business of lobbying for counties and towns and city charters was a lucrative one, and private emolument has been the basis of five-sixths of the legislation in Ohio, as well as of other States. At the session of 1844-5, the number of laws passed to promote the general welfare was 89, and the number of those that concerned individuals only, passed to benefit them at the expense of the public, was 470. For every law passed of a legitimate nature, five were enacted for private profit, including all descriptions of corporations. The state legislature has come to be regarded more as the means of exacting something from the public, than as the meeting of the delegates of the people assembled to transact public business under written instructions. Surely these are evils to be removed, and they may easily be done away with by general laws. One constitutional provision may be made to operate uniformly upon corporations. The number of citizens who may form a village, a city, &c., may be specified, and the powers that shall pertain to such a municipal corporation, when notice is given in a manner prescribed, defined, and the whole matter of legislating for private purposes placed above the corruptions of annual legislatures. The power to contract debts and construct public works, the citizens of Ohio are admonished, by the onerous taxation they labor under, is sufficiently liable to abuse to need constitutional restraints. Her long lines of public works, that long since would in private hands have paid an interest on a reasonable cost, are but a bill of expense defrayed by direct taxes. The iniquitous corruptions and political influence of which those works have been the medium, are fraught with warning for the future.

A great source of the inequality in the conditions of men in respect of wealth and comfort arises from the action of law. Too much government has a direct tendency to aid one man or one set of men in the "pursuit of happiness," and in the "acquiring, possessing, and protecting property," if not at the expense of the rest, at least without rendering them the like assistance. As far as the conditions of animal existence go, there is very little difference in the ability of all men to provide for themselves and families; and if all were left without any special aid from government, both land and the products of industry would be far more equally distributed than they are. It is no doubt the case, that there are men more industrious, more skillful, more economical in their business, and frugal in their habits, than their fellows, and that these men will naturally acquire a large share of wealth. But their proportion will be much

less if left to their own unaided exertions and watchfulness against the vicissitudes of life, than if the law steps in and assists them in the acquirement and possession of property. It is, however, the case, that four fifths of the action of all legislation is, by law, to promote the accumulation of prosperity in a few hands. If a portion have too much, others of necessity have too little. If the law draws from the general mass of the products a portion, and gives it to one man without an equivalent, it tends to diminish the value of labor. As an instance, a number of citizens are engaged in the production of flour, pork, leather, ashes and tobacco; the state government of New-York assumed that the persons who produced these articles, and those who buy them, could not appreciate their values without its intervention; that a plain citizen had not sense to see a hole in a side of leather, or to judge of the quality of pork or flour; but as soon as the executive gave that citizen a bit of parchment authorising him to receive a portion of the produce, he became mysteriously endowed with qualities that he did not before possess, and could now not only see a hole in a hide for himself, but for the whole community also. They then commissioned persons, who received in one year, for looking at the five articles named, $142,000. Here the operation of the law was directly to take from the producers a large portion of their goods, and give them to individuals without equivalent. The consequence was, that the latter became rich, more so than the farmers, and the national wealth was diminished by the amount of that, which those persons would have earned by their own industry, had the law not conferred wealth upon them without exertion. For similar purposes are the larger proportion of laws passed; but always under the pretence that they benefit the public.

Corporations for the transaction of business, in which there is no individual liability clause, are most pernicious in their effects. A number of persons wish to enter into a speculation, which they think profitable, but they do not wish to encounter risk—they wish to *win* at the *risk* of other people. They therefore apply for a charter, which allows them to subscribe a small sum each, to form a capital, and then borrow and run in debt on the strength of the credit of their charter. They ask the legislature to give *them* the profits, and to throw the losses upon their fellow-citizens. The business is then conducted in a careless and unskillful manner. If, through the aid of the law, large profits are earned, the stockholders only get the benefit. If losses are incurred, they do not pay their debts, but retire behind the soulless corporation, leaving the creditor public to suffer. Why should the state thus allow one set of men to contract debts and enjoy the property of the industrious, without being liable for the re-payment? To say that the reckless enterprise of these people benefits the country, is to say that robbery and extravagance are desirable virtues. It has also been assumed, that without these privileges, enterprise would not be undertaken, which is about the same thing as saying, that avarice would lose its desire for gain, and industry its vigor, unless spiced with robbery. The example of England, however, shows that the only effect of the individual liability clause, is to promote care and business forecast in the conduct of institutions. All stockholders in English banks are liable for the whole debts of the concern, whatever may be their amount; and, to protect individuals, any stockholder may move the liquidation of the concern, if he can show that 25 per cent. of the capital is lost. Under this system, joint-stock banks have multiplied more rapidly in England than under the reckless plan of United States banking.

The losses of the creditors of a bankrupt corporation are by no means all

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the plunder that appertains to the managers. Where all the stockholders are liable for all the debts, the greatest care and circumspection would be, as in England, exercised by all the parties, to the end that all the joint property of the concern should be turned to the best account, in order that the amount each would have to pay from his private purse to make up any deficit, should be as small as possible. At present, the reverse is the case, and the most acute find as much profit in settling up a company as in conducting it. When it is unprofitable, application is made for an injunction and a receiver. The applicant takes care to procure the appointment. He then has all the assets of the concern in his own hands, and forthwith proceeds to ascertain their value. Having done so, he knows the actual value of the stock shares; and while, officially, every indirect discouragement is given to poor holders as to the ultimate value of their stock, agents are at work buying them up at perhaps one-fourth their value. In this way $50,000 may, by *judicious* management, be squeezed out of a company, the capital of which is $500,000. This plundering system emanates directly from unjust laws. The person who acquires enormous wealth through this action of government, might, perhaps, dependant upon his own exertions only, have had his share of the national wealth, and no more.

A simple constitutional promise, that on certain specified conditions, any set of persons may be a body-corporate for any purpose, each one of them being liable for all the debts of the concern, as in the case of partnership, would root out the whole system of legislative charter-mongering.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.*

We resume our remarks on this report, which were intended for the last number of the Review. It is to be regretted that our Legislative councils are so fluctuating, that the most important objects of one session may be entirely submerged and overlooked by the influx of new measures and new men at another. This document was presented at a later hour of the last session. It should be made the basis of speedy action during the present. It is an able condensation, with a connecting commentary, of the most forcible and conclusive arguments and statistics in favor of the abolition of the gallows. The scriptural argument is first considered, and the entire inapplicability of the provisions of the Mosaic code to our differing age and customs is conclusively shown. The dark catalogue of thirty three offences punishable with death by the sword, by stoning, by burning of the body, by hanging, by heaping of stones on the body, by decapitation, sawing asunder, strangulation and crucifixion, is held to be no less imperative upon us for example, than the command which compels us to take blood for blood.

After disposing conclusively of this argument, which is only of importance as great masses, who will not exercise their own perceptions, are aggregated by the church view of the subject, the committee say:

"All the precepts of the New Testament with reference to offences are the opposite of those of Moses. We have enumerated the long catalogue of capital offen-

* Report of the Select Committee on Capital Punishment. In Assembly, March 4, 1846.

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ces as recognised by the latter and evincing its spirit; that of the former is manifested by the following injunctions: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven;" "Be ye therefore merciful as your Father is also merciful;" "*Recompense to no man evil for evil.*" The contrast between the old and new law is forcibly stated in Spear's Essay in these words:

"'No one, who has glanced over the New Testament, but must have seen the totally different spirit of the new and the old law. Moses addressed the *injurer*, Christ the *injured*. Moses says to the one who has mutilated his neighbor, 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth.' Christ says to the injured person, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, but I say unto you not to requite evil; but whosoever strikes you on the one cheek, offer to him also the other.' Moses taught retaliation. Christ taught submission. Moses made his enemies die for him. Christ died for his enemies. Moses regulated the outward actions. Jesus regulated the heart. Moses was mortal. Christ was divine. Moses was sinful. Christ was sinless. Moses was a teacher to a single nation. Jesus is the teacher of a world. Moses required sacrifice. Jesus required mercy. Moses violated his own laws. Christ exemplified his in every action. 'For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.'"

The right of society to take life is then fully considered, with all the awful feelings and responsibilities which attend cases of doubtful guilt.

The plea of necessity is then traversed in the following passage, introduced from the North American Review:—

"Capital punishment has not prevented murder. It has often been inflicted, it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands, and still its work goes on, and still its power is defied. No man can say, that it has had power in proportion to its magnitude, or to that expectation which has been its defence. No man can say, that it has done any good compared with the sacrifice of a single innocent life, even if we think nothing of the violent termination of a guilty life. Indeed, who can show that it has done any good at all? It has not prevented murder. It has not lessened the number of murders. So many have they been, that, had capital punishment been abolished, the frequency of crime would be ascribed to that. Seventy-two thousand persons were put to death in England, in the single reign of Henry the Eighth, making two thousand a year. But instead of deterring or preventing others, the number of victims seemed but to provoke anew, as by the sight of fresh blood, the appetite for crime and murder. The whole history of England and of France gives the same lesson. And the history of all nations, it is believed, will sustain the remark of Beccaria: 'The countries and times most notorious for severity of punishments were always those in which the most bloody and inhuman actions, and the most atrocious crimes, were committed.' The principle, indeed, that merciful laws afford more protection to society than severe, has the authority and express testimony of the first civilians in the world. By the strong voice of facts, the argument from self-defence is turned against the advocates of capital punishment. It has done its best and its worst for more than five thousand years. It has not abolished murder, or lessened the number of its victims. How much longer term is needed for trial?"

A much more benign picture is shown to have been presented under more merciful auspices. All the instances where death was banished from the law are appealed to. In Egypt, under Sabaco, for fifty years; in Rome, under the Porcian law, for nearly three hundred years; in Russia; partially in Amsterdam; in Bombay, in India; in Belgium; in Tuscany, and lastly in the pioneer case in our own country, in the example of Michigan. These familiar instances are sustained by numerous facts, showing the salutary operation of mild and merciful laws in place of the severer statutes drawn from codes of other ages.

These examples have been so frequently presented, that it is useless to give them now fully in connection with the argument which is deduced

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from them. After an amount of industrious research has been expended worthy of so great a cause, the conclusion seems to follow irresistibly, that mild laws make a mild people, and that the blood of outrage, rapine and revenge, flows through all the avenues of society, when the examples of ferocity are presented in the victims who fall by the executioner's axe or the hangman's cord.

An extract from the Report of the Hon. Robert Rantoul to the Legislature of Massachusetts, in favor of abolishing the Death Penalty, accompanied by valuable and unanswerable statistics, thus beautifully exhibits the spirit which ought to pervade our legislation :—

"I have already laid before the committee of the two houses, and will soon address to you in this public manner, facts which show that crime diminishes in proportion as the denunciations and administration of the criminal law are rendered milder and the rule of a barbarous retaliation abandoned; whence I infer that it will be our duty, as it will be our happiness, to introduce and extend, until it shall pervade our whole legislation, the spirit of benevolence, compassion and sympathy, which is the spirit of heaven, and to banish from one code the spirit of malice, hatred and wrong, which is the spirit of hell. When men act consistently upon the belief which they now generally admit in theory, that the whole purpose of punishment is precautionary and not retributive, that brutal cruelty does not humanize him who suffers, him who inflicts, or him who beholds it; that after every instance in which the law violates the sanctity of human life, that life is held less sacred by the community among whom the outrage is perpetrated; that prisons are hospitals for the restraint of persons whose liberty would endanger the well-being of society, and for the remedial treatment of aggravated moral disease; then, and not till then, will the frightful catalogue of crimes committed in civilized countries be curtailed as rapidly as the remaining obstacles of intemperance, ignorance, and extreme destitution, and those untamed passions which the spectacle of blood stimulates, will allow.

"When one casts his eye upon the history of crime and punishment in modern Europe, the phenomenon which first attracts his notice is the prodigality with which the death penalty was formerly dispensed, and the prodigious advance which a milder system of repressive policy has made during the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries; and still more remarkably during the last twenty years. As this mitigation of punishment has been tried in every part of Christendom, if any evil consequences had followed from it, some one would have been able to point them out, and to tell us when, where, and how long the mischief manifested itself. Yet among more than two hundred authors upon the subject, whose writings I have examined, I have never found but two who have seriously attempted to exhibit the evils which these successive meliorations of the law must have occasioned, if those wise men against whose indignant remonstrances these changes were effected, were right in their prognostications. The two champions of blood were the authors of "Hanging not punishment enough," published in 1701, and "Thoughts on Executive Justice," published in 1785; both which works are now reprinted and distributed by the opponents of the Death Penalty, to show the absurdities into which men of great learning and talent are forced, when they attempt to vindicate the operation of the gallows."

The Report thus concludes :—

"In every direction and upon every consideration we are urged to the prompt institution of this reform. We find where the death punishment is abandoned, murders and the other atrocious crimes for which it was the penalty, diminish in frequency, and that crimes decrease as the laws become more humane. We find that the abhorrence of executions is such that laws are passed to shut them off from the public gaze. We find that much difficulty is experienced in obtaining jurors to set in trial upon capital offences. We find that societies are forming throughout Europe, and in every state of our Union, for the diffusion of information on the subject of capital punishment, and joining in a concert of action for its entire abolition. We find, as society advances in refinement and in intellectual

and religious improvement, a more general and deeper feeling of sympathy is extended to the criminal, and most of all we find, (as is stated by Spear,) 'Christianity affords the greatest encouragement. Its predictions are glorious. It looks forward to a time when men of every tribe and language will unite in one holy and harmonious society; when 'violence shall no more be heard in the land;' when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth;' when 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.' Then 'judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever; and all people shall dwell in peaceable habitations, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.'

"Under the considerations which have been herewith presented, and in the view of the encouraging indications in favor of the reform which are rising so generally throughout the civilized world, the majority of the committee (being four of the five,) do not hesitate to recommend to this legislature the passage of an act to abolish capital punishment."

And why, in view of such overwhelming proofs and considerations, should society still be capitally punished? for it is not to be disguised, that the blow recoils from the culprit upon the hearts of the community.

Notwithstanding the thoroughness of the argument which has enforced conviction everywhere throughout this state, of the insecurity, inexpediency and immorality of the longer continuance of the death penalty, it yet remains unaltered and unrepealed! Judges sweat and faint under the toil of endeavoring to comprehend the delicate tests to be applied to the consciences of witnesses and jurors by the latest decisions of the highest courts. Witnesses and jurors shrink from the responsibilities, which may bring upon their heads the possible accountability for a human life. All this indicates a state of humanization to which legislatures must defer. We live no longer in the fierce ages, when human blood was of less regard than the blood of sheep and goats. We are approaching that benign era in civil government and human laws, when the preservation and sanctity of human life will be held as scarcely subordinate to the preservation and sanctity of the human soul.

We have recapitulated but a portion of the broad argument which denies both the right and the expediency of taking life for life. We have reached the peroration, and have only to concentrate and energize the minds of those already convinced, to the consummating and conclusive action, which more than any other testimonial will show the present elevation of mankind above the prejudices, cruelty and faithlessness in human nature in the barbarous ages.

And why does our state legislature hesitate to act? Why is not the bill reported, and the act passed, which will at once lift a mountain of oppression from the bosoms of jurors and judges, to whom the law which should have their love and veneration, is now a subject of terror and avoidance? The answer is obvious. The more immediate concerns of party politics and selfishness absorb the attention of those ephemeral legislators, who in office are out of place, and who see nothing to aid their narrow views in the prevention of crime, or the melioration of the human race.

And yet the man who secures this reform, will deserve a prouder monument than a codifier of the laws, or the fabricator of a system of legal practice. It is a fundamental change which will enrich the soil with kindly sentiment, in which the tree of the statute law is to be planted. It will extinguish the last of those fiery darts, which illustrate the ferocity of the dark ages, and the fiendishness of despotism, and will

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leave men to walk in the light of their clear and undisturbed convictions, and not in the fearfulness and gloom of the valley of the shadow of death.

We are not and never have been enthusiasts upon this topic. We should have been content to stand by old and severe rules of social discipline, if society and human nature had not gone beyond them. Under our beautiful institutions of civil liberty, and the delicate ministrations of peace, men have become unaccustomed to bloodshed, and revolt at the taking of human life even in the jury box. Conservatism and dogmatism may plead and preach as they will, God and the human heart are above them both; and it is for those two malignities to determine, how many a Barabbas shall yet be released, before they will consent to yield to a benignant and Christian sentiment.

It has been well said by one of the most enlightened of our jurists, that when a law contravened public opinion, it should be promptly erased from the statute book. Of course no two men of reflection can differ, as to the clear import of a much abused term. Public opinion is not manifested in any sudden excitement or frenzied ebullition. It is the clear and settled result of the experience and judgment of numbers. Can it be doubted that public opinion in this state has determined the abrogation of the gallows? What better test can there be of the inadequacy of a law than its utter importance? What better evidence can be afforded of the entire incongruity and inappropriateness of a law, than the fact, that the minds to which it is submitted, are turned from their equanimity, and every conceivable device is resorted to, to avoid its duties and escape its dreadful issues? It is easy for mere theorists to reason upon the entire inadequacy of the present penalties, to visit due retribution upon some of the enormous offences which yet degrade and deform human nature. The idea of retaliation has been long since abandoned, and no cruel punishment once revoked has ever been resumed. The argument of the Christian religion is opposed to retribution. All that has been done by it, has been effected by striking a finer chord than that which responds to the passion of terror. It begins at the purest fountains of the heart. It appeals to the gentler sentiments and affections. It produces its reforms by instilling into the human breast a fearfulness for crime itself, and not for the punishment of crime. It tempers the ferocity of the criminal in advance, and restrains his arm lifted to slay his fellow, by teaching him that there is no retribution on earth—that blood is too awful an atonement for violated human laws, and that if he sheds the sacred current, he must live and shudder the outlaw of society and of his own violated conscience.

If the laws of society are to endeavour to overmaster bad passions by superior revenge, it is time we should return to the times of the rack and the wheel, the inquisition and the guillotine. But these atrocities, once familiar, are now looked to with as much surprise as horror. Men pretend to wonder that they could have existed in the presence of Christianity upon the earth. But is it forgotten that a false Christianity partook of their ferocious spirit, relied upon their bloody aid, and wore for a time the horrible features of a Gorgon? It is not therefore strange, that a portion of the church and clergy should err in their opinions on a great reform in humanity, which aims at the removal of the last relic of bloody and cruel punishments? It is to be hoped when this reform is accomplished, that the clergy will be willing to withdraw the gallows from the same inglorious repose, which covers, with the dust of ages, the other banished symbols of bigotry, intolerance and cruelty.

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AMERICA'S GUARD.

Of war, and an invaded soil,
  A sudden cry rings through the land,
And instantly our chieftain's call
  Is echoed back on every hand.

And down the Mississippi vale,
  Gathered from near and distant parts,
All eager for the fray, is poured
  An avalanche of beating hearts.

Each beating high with eager hope,
  Its country will accept its aid;
And life is freely offered that
  The debt of loyalty be paid.

Now, while the torrent rapidly
  Is swelling to a mighty force
Of strength, to crush the foe that dares
  Oppose its fiercely-rushing course;

A stripling comes in humble garb,
  A-foot, and roughly travel-worn,
But whose young eyes fatigue had left
  Of every ardent glance unshorn.

He seeks the presence of the chief,
  With eager tones of earnest youth,
And thus his anxious wishes speaks,
  While every gesture echoes truth:—

"I wish to join the army, sir,—
  My father's lame, and cannot go;
But grandfather has told us how
  He marched barefoot through Trenton's snow.

"He said, when danger threatened her,
  To prove myself my country's son,
I must not mind fatigue or pain,
  For they were borne by Washington.

"Indeed, I am quite fourteen years,
  And I've my father's rifle here,—
I will not tire, and will do well
  If I can be a volunteer."

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God bless the boy! His blessings be
  Around him all his life, we pray;
And may he live long years of joy
  Without a single cloudy day.

Such are thy bulwarks, happy land!
  And such the fruits of liberty;—
A brilliant destiny awaits
  The land, producing such as he.

REICHENBACH'S "RESEARCHES ON MAGNETISM," &c.*

How often are we, who may be said to stand upon the watch-towers of time, to announce the approach of new forms within the political or literary horizon, compelled to repeat the hackneyed phrase—"Truth is strange—stranger than Fiction!" In this nineteenth century, particularly, every day startles our habitual modes of thought with the birth of novel apparitions. "Our organs of wonder," to speak phrenologically, have been so kept upon the rack by the prodigious advances of modern science, that they seem to have lost their power; and after this, like the man in the play, we are prepared to be astonished at nothing. What with electric telegraphs, steam sea-dragons, and explosive vegetables—with daguerreotypes, phonography, and clairvoyant shoemakers, we are in a condition to believe in astrology, and the Black Art, and almost everything else!

How men of strong prejudices and conservative turns of mind,—men who, like Professor Lewis, think that one is to *settle* his convictions immovably some time or other, feel under this threatened invasion from the realms of science, we cannot say; for, even with all our hopeful and reforming tendencies, we are tempted to exclaim, with Shakspeare's hero, when he saw the march of the murdered spectres—"Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" In other words, our credulity is getting exhausted, and we long for some respite from our attempts to keep up with the march of mind. Unlike old Sir Thomas Browne, who said that there were not enough miracles in the two Testaments for his capacity of faith, so that he yearned for a great many more, we must confess it, we are a little tired of believing, and desire to see more philosophy under all these accumulations of strange phenomena. The marvels of Magnetism are unquestionably all facts; for the evidence on that head cannot be resisted; but is it not the season for some thinker to give us the why and wherefore of these remarkable occurrences?

Fortunately we are on the way to it, in the recent experiments of Reichenbach, which are of such a sort that we cannot pass them by on any account. The auspices under which they have been given to the world—to say nothing of the high reputation of the author for accuracy and truthfulness in his profession, or their own intrinsic importance and interest,—will more than justify the space we intend to devote to their exposition. First, however, we must say a word preliminary as to the sources of our information.

The scientific world is well acquainted with the *Annalen der Chimie und*

* Researches on Magnetism, and certain allied subjects. By Baron Von Reichenbach, in the *Annalen der Chimie und Pharmacie.* Supplement for May, 1845.

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Pharmacie, a German record of the natural sciences, conducted with characteristic ability, by Professors Liebig and Wöhler—philosophers not unknown even in this country. Well, this periodical, for May, 1845, contained a supplement of some two hundred and fifty pages, which related to what was termed "Researches on Magnetism, and certain kindred subjects," by Baron Von Reichenbach. These researches were so extraordinary in their character, that they immediately excited the attention of the Germans—always on the *qui vive*, like St. Paul's Athenians, for some new thing; but in England and the United States they fell almost still-born from the press. A few obscure inquirers, both here and abroad, deeply interested in whatever was likely to throw light on Magnetism, were, of course, aware of what was going on; but not having access to the popular journals, were not enabled to enlighten the public. The first notice taken of Reichenbach's discoveries in England, we believe, was by Professor William Gregory—a name familiar to science,—who was so impressed by the Baron's views, as to be induced to translate and publish an abstract of their contents. His pamphlet is now before us, and we commend it to some of our publishers for re-publication.

As to the character of Reichenbach, and the reliability of his statements, Professor Gregory says, in giving an account of how he came to undertake the abstract:

"The name of the author was well-known to chemists, in consequence of his laborious and successful researches on the tar of wood and coal, which filled the scientific journals for several years, and made us acquainted with creosite, paraffine, cupion, and many other new and interesting compounds, discovered by him in tar.

"Baron Von Reichenbach's character, as an experimenter, has always stood particularly high, for minute accuracy and untiring perseverance; and it was not possible for any discoveries or experiments to be presented to the scientific world by one more entitled to its confidence, in every point of view.

"The translator read Baron Von Reichenbach's Memoir with that interest, which a long and familiar acquaintance with his former researches naturally inspired; but soon found that his present subject possessed a much higher interest, and that his researches promised to yield most interesting, as well as practically useful results. As he proceeded, he recognized the same ardent zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, the same powers of minute observation, the same accuracy in the details of his experiments, the same caution in devising all possible checks and control in these experiments, and the same logical turn of mind in drawing his conclusions, which had, from the beginning, characterized all the researches of Reichenbach.

"However unexpected, and even startling, were some of these conclusions, the translator found it impossible, feeling secure as he did, of the exceeding accuracy, and truly scientific character of the author, to withhold his assent from the facts on which they rested; and from that time, he resolved to introduce these very important and striking discoveries, in their place, in his lectures."

This testimony,—and Professor Gregory takes occasion, several times, in the course of his Preface, to repeat his implicit confidence in the accuracy of every statement made by Von Reichenbach,—coming, as it does, from one who stands so deservedly high in the annals of British science, must remove every doubt as to the character of the German philosopher, and dispose us to receive at once, as true, the experiments he describes. We shall proceed, therefore, to inform our readers of the general results at which he arrives.

In the first place, he shows, what, indeed, had long before been known, that magnets of a certain power are capable of producing effects on the human body, in a certain proportion of human beings; the proportion, in one trial, amounting as high as eighteen out of twenty-two females. These effects are mostly described to resemble the passage of an *aura*, or breath,

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over the body; sometimes warm and sometimes cool, and occasionally like the crawling of an insect or the pricking of a pin. They take place when the patients do not see the magnets, and are not aware of what is going on, in both males and females, though the more frequently in females, and in persons of strong, healthy constitutions, though they are more easily elicited from sensitive and nervous persons. Persons suffering under spasmodic diseases, such as catalepsy, paralysis, and hysteria, are particularly sensitive, while lunatics and somnambulists are uniformly so. Reichenbach details an immense number of experiments on which he founds these inferences. The fact has often been averred to by the older animal magnetizers, and the magnet has made part of the remedies used in the practice of some physicians; but its effects have never before been demonstrated with so much caution and clearness.

In extremely sensitive patients, Reichenbach detected such an exceeding acuteness of sense, that in some instances the influences of the magnet were painful, and threw them into convulsive fits. He discovered, also, by means of the same class, that a light, invisible to most persons, constantly issues from the poles and sides of powerful magnets. They hear and understand what is spoken several rooms off, are nauseated by the most delicate kinds of food or perfume, and possess such irritable vision, that while on the one side they cannot endure the heat of the sun or of an ordinary fire, on the other they are able to distinguish the colors and outlines of objects in rooms too dark to be penetrable by the eyes of other people.

In regard to the luminous appearance of magnets, it was ascertained that it was the same at both poles. It had the form generally of a luminous vapor surrounded by rays, which were constantly in a shooting motion, but without much resemblance to fire, while for the most part, though mixed at times with iridiscent color, and denser towards the middle of the end of the magnet than at the corner. In all the experiments, which were frequently repeated, the results were very much the same; but as the power of the magnet was increased or diminished, the phenomena were more or less distinct. The health of the patients, also, seemed to have something to do with the success of the experiments; for as they were well or ill, and in the degree of their recovery from disease, with a few exceptions, the luminous appearances were more or less decided. Yet these variations, whether from one cause or the other, were, in the large number of cases examined, singularly uniform.

It appears further, from the Professor's first series of experiments, that the magnetic light was different from the magnetic flame, inasmuch as the latter is flickering and does not radiate, while the former radiates strongly, yields when blown upon, or a material body is waved across it; yet neither gives out any heat, at least none that affected Nobilis Thermascope. The magnet flame changes its form and color according as the magnetic circuit is open or closed; according as the magnet is one made by streaking with another magnet or is an electro-magnet, and also, according as it is free or under the influence of other magnets. The magnetic flame exhibits positive and negative poles, though these poles manifest no mutual attraction, while they act on the daguerreotype, and may be brought to a focus like other flames by means of a glass lens. On the whole, Dr. Reichenbach thinks that these flames resemble the Aurora Borealis or northern lights in their properties, and he therefore conjectures that those well-known phenomena are intimately connected with the peculiar cause, whose existence is revealed in his experiments. The inference of the connection between light and Magnetism, Professor Gregory maintains, is confirmed by the subsequent and recent researches of Faraday, who has shown, by a quite inde-

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pendent course of experiment, that lines of magnetic force are luminous; for, even if we reject the conclusions of Reichenbach, because they are derived from sensitive patients, there can be no question of their truth when derived from the wholly different mode of the daguerreotype.

Having thus satisfactorily ascertained, from a large number of the most cautious and faithful observations, that the natural magnet exerted a very perceptible influence on the human body, in certain conditions, Reichenbach's attention was next turned to the experiments formerly described by Dr. Petatin, of Lyons, and other philosophers—such as the attraction of the hand by the magnet, and the ability of sensitive patients to distinguish magnetized from ordinary water. He was speedily enabled to corroborate these facts in a variety of ways, which left no doubt upon his own mind or upon that of other competent observers, whom he called in to take note of the results. He found, as Mesmer and his disciples had frequently before alleged, that the hand could be magnetically attracted; but he did not find that the hand had any effect in attracting other bodies—such as iron filings,—usually attracted by the magnet. The power, whatever it was, was not reciprocal, nor could his patients succeed in imparting the attractive power to needles, &c., according to the statements to that effect of Thilorier, who experimented, some time since, on certain nervous persons. But in his attempts to magnetize water he was completely successful; and Professor Gregory has no hesitation in saying, upon the strength of Reichenbach's descriptions, that this is henceforth to be regarded as among established physical facts. Reichenbach commenced his researches "strongly prejudiced against the mesmeric idea of magnetized water," but he was compelled to admit what soon became a daily occurrence before his eyes. He says, "it was impossible to oppose a fact like this by arguments, and he thought it more rational to admit the fact at once, whether he could understand it or not, and wait for the explanation." But Reichenbach was still more surprised to see that this magnetized water possessed an attractive force over the human hand, similar to that of the original magnet. A phenomenon so singular, he was persuaded could not stand alone, and he therefore tried whether the same effect could not be produced by other bodies besides water, hoping by that means to arrive at some general law. Accordingly, a large variety of substances, such as minerals, drugs and preparations, were subjected to the influences of the magnet, and then applied to his patients in the same way the water had been, when lo! similar results were obtained, but with some obvious differences as to power. To find the cause of these differences, he proceeded to try the same substances without their being magnetized, when he discovered, to his increased astonishment, that they still acted on his patients with pretty nearly as much power as they had when magnetized. The effects were more decided when the patients were in a diseased or cataleptic state, than when they were in their normal condition. In crystalline substances, however, he observed that while some exerted an attractive effect on the hand, others only produced a strong convulsive movement. He therefore prosecuted his experiments on crystals with great assiduity, until after a time he was able to classify them according to these different properties. The question then arose whether the force existing in crystals was identical with what is commonly called Magnetism? Reichenbach, guided by the previous experiments of Hauy, Biot and Coulomb, after a variety of trials, came decidedly to the conclusion that it was not, but that it was a distinct force, and, in fact, a NEW IMPONDERABLE. We

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cannot detail all his experiments on this head, but his results are summed up by Professor Gregory, as follows:

"1. That every crystal, natural or artificial, exerts a special action on the animal nerve, feeble in healthy persons, powerful in many diseased individuals, strongest of all in cataleptic cases.

"2. That this influence is seated chiefly in the axis of crystals, and being most active at the opposite ends of the axis, is, consequently, polarized.

"3. At the poles, light is sent forth, visible to eyes rendered preternaturally acute by disease—especially by nervous disease.

"4. In certain diseases the crystal attracts or solicits the hand of the patient by a kind of attraction analogous to that of the magnet for iron.

"5. But the crystal, in virtue of this peculiar influence, does not attract iron—has no tendency to any peculiar direction; when freely suspended, does not attract the magnetic needle, and induces no electric current in a coil of wire. The new influence or force, therefore, is not Magnetism.

"6. The force may be transferred to other bodies, which may be charged with it by contact.

"7. Matter possesses some degree of coercitive power in regard to this force, so as to retain it, but only for a limited time, within which the charge disappears.

"8. Different bodies conduct it with different degrees of facility.

"9. The power in matter, of being charged with this force, is directly proportional to the strength of the force in the crystal employed.

"10. The force differs, qualitatively, at the opposite poles,—at one causing a sensation of coolness, and at the other of warmth. Quantitatively, the cool pole is weaker than the warm one."

The similarity of some of these phenomena with another series, which had been described for many years, under the name of Animal Magnetism, suggested to Reichenbach the question, whether other analogies did not exist between the two, and whether Animal Magnetism might not, like the crystallic force, be subjected to physical laws. He had purposely abstained from reading the literature relating to the latter—partly from a sceptical aversion to it, and partly that his mind might not be biased in the independent series of investigations which he had undertaken. Before proceeding, however, to determine the questions he had started, it seemed to him necessary, first of all, to inquire what part ordinary Terrestrial Magnetism played in these phenomena. If a magnet or needle produces such decided effects on sensitive persons, he reasoned that then the magnetism of the earth, which gives the needle its direction, must have an influence on the animal nerve. And under this impression repeated trials were made, both upon healthy and diseased subjects, and at many different times. The experiments we cannot give here, but will again avail ourselves of the abstract of Professor Gregory, to condense the general results. Reichenbach then established the following positions: That the human hand passed over sensitive persons acted upon them like the poles of crystals; that the power which acts thus is conductable through all bodies, like the force of crystals; that, like the same force, it disappears from the charged bodies in a short time; that bodies also retain it, and have a coercitive power in reference to it; that the capacity of being charged is the same for both forces in all bodies; that this force is polarized in human bodies, as the other is in crystals; that both are uninfluenced by the earth's magnetism; that both exercise a mechanical attraction on the hands of cataleptics; and that both exhibit beautiful luminous phenomena, visible to the sensitive. Reichenbach, therefore, concludes, *that the force of crystals and the so-called Animal*

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Magnetism are one and the same, so that the laws which regulate the former admit of a full application to the latter. And Professor Gregory remarks, that he had, before he heard of Reichenbach's success, been witness to some of these results in experiments of his own, and refers particularly to one where a sensitive patient had seen flames issuing from the points of human fingers. This last phenomena is singularly interesting, and bears out many asseverations that have been made by mesmeric patients, but which the scientific world have consented all along to ridicule as the height of charlatanism and absurdity. But now that the facts are demonstrated by high and unquestionable scientific authority, we suppose they will be generally admitted.

We have said above, that the two forces referred to were independent of the earth's magnetism; but it must not be inferred that the patients on whom the experiments were made, were likewise insusceptible to influences from this grand source. On the contrary, both healthy and diseased subjects were found to be sensitive in this respect. It was found, also, that the rays of the Sun and Moon, Heat, Friction, Artificial Light, and Chemical Action, were all sources of the new and peculiar magnetic power; and that all these were accompanied by the luminous appearances. The fact that chemical action was a source of the new power, suggested to Reichenbach several highly curious explanations of well-known, but hitherto unaccountable, phenomena. That curious hotch-potch, which has been called the Magnetic Bouquet, and to which certain medical practitioners have ascribed great healing virtues, not without some leaven of truth in their asseverations, was found to be a source of the new power, because subject to a slow and long-continued chemical action. But a more interesting application of his discovery was made to those church-yard lights, which have so often excited the fears of the superstitious and ignorant. A singular occurrence, which took place at Colmar, in the garden of the poet Pfeffel, led Reichenbach to his inquiries in this direction. The facts of the case are thus given;

"The poet, being blind, had employed a young clergyman of the evangelical church as amanuensis. Pfeffel, when he walked out, was supported and led by this young man, whose name was Billing. As they walked in the garden, at some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed that, as often as they passed over a particular spot, the arm of Billing trembled, and he betrayed uneasiness. On being asked, the young man reluctantly confessed that, as often as he passed over that spot, certain feelings attacked him, which he could not control, and which he knew well, as he always experienced the same in passing over places where human corpses lay buried. He added, that at night, when he came near such places, he saw supernatural appearances. Pfeffel, with a view of curing the youth of what he looked on as a fancy, went that night with him to the garden. As they approached the spot in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light; and when still nearer, he saw a luminous ghost-like form floating over the spot. This he described as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, floating in the upright posture, but tranquil, the feet only a hand-breadth or two above the soil. Pfeffel went alone, as the young man declined to follow him, up to the place where the figure was said to be, and struck about in all directions with a stick, besides running through the place of the figure; but the ghost was not more affected than a flame would have been. The luminous form, according to Billing, always returned to its original position after these experiments. Many things were tried during several months, and numerous companies of people were brought to the spot; but the matter remained the same, and the ghost-seer adhered to his serious assertion, and to the opinion founded on it, that some individual lay buried there. At last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth was found a firm layer of white lime, of the length and breadth of a grave, of considerable thickness; and when this was broken into, there was found the bones of

a human being. It was evident that some one had been buried in the place, and covered with a thick layer of lime, (quick lime,) as is generally done in times of pestilence—of earthquakes, and other similar events. The bones were removed; the pit filled up; the lime mixed and scattered abroad, and the surface again smoothed. When Billing was now brought back to the place the phenomena did not return, and the nocturnal spirit had for ever disappeared."

This story created prodigious attention at the time; and the learned, as well as the unlearned, gave it sundry very frightful interpretations. The character of the narrator raised it above all suspicions of untruth. When it came to the ears of Reichenbach, he inferred at once that the effect might have been the result of natural and physical causes. He knew that a dead body was the seat of an infinite number of chemical decompositions and changes; he knew that quick-lime in a pit had affinities for various organic matters, which would give rise to slow fermentations, &c.; and he knew, finally, that rain-water, filtering through the earth, would contribute to excite the chemical working. He concluded, therefore, that a luminous appearance must result from the chemical action, and that sensitive organizations would be likely to detect its presence. In pursuance of his theory, he contrived to bring a highly sensitive person, by night, into a church-yard. The result more than justified his anticipations. His patient saw delicate waving lights issuing from several of the graves; without form or shape, it is true, but rising some spans above the surface of the ground, and in one instance four feet. On other occasions the same phenomena were exhibited. The appearance was that of a luminous mass, intermediate between a fog and a flame; and was more vivid over new graves than old ones. Thus we find, as Prof. Gregory remarks, that many superstitious tales are susceptible of a clear and scientific explanation, so that the wonders of second-sight and ghost-seeing lose many of their marvellous qualities.

But a more important application of his discoveries has been made by Reichenbach, to the theory of Digestion and Respiration. As he had demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that every chemical action evolved the new magnetic force, he suggests that Digestion, which is but a long-continued chemical action, may supply the whole human system with the new power. And he urges the same view in respect to Respiration, explaining in this way the radiation of polarized light, &c., from the ends of the fingers. Liebig, as all our scientific readers know, had before derived the motive force of the human system from Digestion, and its heat from Respiration, maintaining, at the same time, that both were the result of chemical action. Reichenbach imagines that his own researches have conducted him to the same end; and that his having arrived at the result by a different route, there is a strong probability that the theory of Liebig will be sustained triumphantly by subsequent teachings of Nature.

Such is a hasty outline of the important inquiries of a distinguished philosopher in a new direction. We shall make no comment upon them, as they speak for themselves; but we cannot refrain from the single remark, *apropos* of the spirit in which the Mesmeric developments have been received hitherto, that scientific men should not be overwise, lest the progress of research very soon compels them to eat their own words, in shame and confusion of face.

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CROPS OF EUROPE.

The greatest triumphs of statesmanship have ever been exhibited in the gradual vindication of sound principles, through the successful operation of laws enacted in accordance with their spirit. In the lapse of ages, and in the changes of the conditions of men, the objects of legislation have been gradually varied. When the power of the sovereign was exerted, and his utmost capacity was necessary, to maintain himself amidst turbulent and independent barons, it was not to be supposed that the happiness of the masses of the people would be the object nearest to his heart, even if enlightened wisdom had truly pointed out the means of attaining it. Under such circumstances, popular favor would be courted only to sustain the sovereign against the power of the barons. When the latter became thoroughly subjected, their interests coincided with those of the crown, and the whole sought, in the plunder of the people, through monopolies, special privileges and exactions, to extend their power and wealth. The theory was not to allow the people to acquire wealth and strength, but to force all their earnings into the treasury of the government, with the view to disburse it through the dependants and employeés of the executive. Large expenditure was the essence of government—the trump-card of kingcraft. It is at this day the sheet-anchor of the French king, who, with his employeés, form a class entirely distinct from the French nation. The situation of affairs is embraced in a few words. The population of the nation is 35,000,000. These pay to the government $265,000,000 per annum, in taxes, &c. With this sum, the government supports and pays 932,000 officials and dependants holding office at its will and pleasure, besides 400,000 troops and gens d'armes, and 60,000 marines; total, 1,392,000. Of the officials, 200,000 are the *electors* of France!! They draw from the government $84,375,000. This system is very simple. Thirty-five millions are taxed and oppressed every possible way, for the purpose of preventing them from acquiring wealth, and, consequently, strength. If any particular interest or class becomes prosperous, its revenues are drawn into the treasury by arbitrary means, or its interests insidiously injured. Charles V. governed the Netherlands by ruining the wealthy nobles. The most dangerous vassals of the crown were ruined by expensive embassies. William the Silent and Count Egmont were sent on missions that cost some 300,000 florins, of which the crown refused to pay anything. Every year, wealthy Spanish nobles made their appearance at Brussels; and the fortunes of the hospitable Flemings were exhausted in the profuse expenditures which their generous emulation, in entertaining the wealthy strangers, excited. The present French king vies with the wily Charles in his Machiavelian policy. Thus, the customs department employs 27,595 officials, at an expense of $5,625,000 per ann., and they seize annually some $200,000 of goods, and collect $21,000,000 of revenue, of which cotton, iron and coals, the materials of manufactures, pay $11,596,000. The pretence of this system is to "encourage French industry." The hollowness of such a pretence—the absurdity of such a theory, is self-evident, and is submitted to, only because the *electors!* are supported by the proceeds of the system. The number of persons employed to prevent importation is nearly equal to those engaged in manufactures. The system is apparent, in the following figures of the expenditures of three governments:

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	Population.	Army & Navy.	Debt.	Civil List.	Total
England	$28,000,000	80,000,000	$150,000,000	$15,000,000	$245,000,000
France	35,000,000	95,000,000	75,000,000	92,300,000	262,300,000
U. States	21,000,000	22,389,857	860,844	4,944,083	28,193,784

The civil expenditure of France is six times that of England, and nearly twenty times that of the United States; and it has been constantly increasing for the last fifteen years. The skill of a finance minister consists not, as an uninitiated person would suppose, in contriving means to carry on the government cheaply and within its means, but how to extract the greatest sums from the people, and to expend them in the manner best calculated to strengthen the government. For long centuries this was the English system; and to compel the people to work for the few in the most plausible manner, was the problem. The funding system, aided by wars, offered the means. The wars of Napoleon prolonged the subjugation of the people a quarter of a century at least. A monied aristocracy of 300,000 holders of government stock was created, and they have received from the working many, since 1815, the incredible sum of $4,500,000,000 in actual cash, paid them annually for interest, and the debt is no nearer extinction now than then; so far from it, the debt, £800,000,000, which was then worth but 60 per cent., or £480,000,000 in money, is now worth the whole sum. The value of property has been constantly increasing and that of labor decreasing. This debt has been a great instrument of impoverishment; but the "protective system" has lent its efficient aid to the same purpose, until the "starved and badly-clothed" population has become almost proverbial for its poverty. England, indeed, under the vigorous industry of the Anglo-Saxon race, has become a garden, and teems with abundance, in proportion to which the actual taxes levied by the government are light, when compared with those of some other countries, where the profits of industry can afford less to the rapacity of government officers. The laboring many have had, however, too little interest in that abundance. An intelligent race, ever "impatient of taxation," under the spread of knowledge and the extension of suffrage, have learned to resist the oppressions of the government and its dependants. It is a curious fact, that the protective laws were destroyed by a prime minister—himself the creature of manufactures, to benefit which those laws were passed, and that the popular free trade leader is also a manufacturer. When a man rises in a representative government from among the people to the head of affairs, he courts popularity among the people to sustain him against privileged interests, in the same manner that the crown in olden times granted rights to the people and cities, to sustain itself against the barons. The manufacturing interest, driven by competition to seek the largest sales for its wares, discovers that all burdens must be removed from the people, that their earnings may be appropriated in a greater degree to the purchase of goods, instead of paying taxes to the government, and pampering aristocrats. The minister seeks popularity, and the manufacturer extended markets, by the same means, viz., the emancipation of the people. It was the system of oppression that threw the whole expense of the English debt, government and military establishments, upon the articles consumed by the people, rather than upon the property holders. The $250,000,000 expended by the British government, grew directly out of the cost of every necessary article consumed by every inhabitant of Britain. He who had but a sufficiency of food and clothes, paid as much towards the support of government as the millionaire; and the increasing cost of all articles of food and clothing was annually diminishing the quantities he consumed. The effects of this were seen in the deficient revenue of the government and the declining home markets of the manufacturers. Both these interests required that the *people* should

consume greater quantities of food and raiment, that the former might obtain more revenue and the latter larger markets. Thus, the real interests of the people came at last to be recognized as those of the government, and the protective system was thrown to the winds.

In the long struggle which commercial principles have been obliged to sustain against the theory of protection, they have been denounced as "Utopian," as "chimeras," "untried experiments," and other contemptuous epithets have been lavished upon them, to prevent the grand experiment of their trial from vindicating their soundness. When, in 1842, through the operation of the public mind in Great Britain, a sagacious minister took the helm of state, he boldly struck into a new track, and staked the reputation of a long life of usefulness upon the soundness of free trade principles. The distress of the nation, and the perils of the government, were seen to grow out of this great fact, viz., that those who *produced* the national wealth *consumed* too little of it. All the laws theretofore enacted tended to protect capital against labor, to shield property from those burdens which industry was required to sustain unaided. The government announced its intention of promoting the consumption of necessaries, both imported and of domestic growth, among the people, by all means in its power. It adopted the means which, according to sound principles, would effect that result. Having put those principles into active operation, it necessarily follows, that, if they were correct, the condition of the people should be improved, and the consumption of all articles of food and manufacture enhanced. The government returns show that more food and more goods had been consumed, per head, by the people of Great Britain in 1846, than ever before, and consequently that the "Utopian" principles of free trade are sound, when the object is to enhance the happiness of the people.

To understand the economical condition of Great Britain and the position of the United States in relation to it, it becomes necessary to look back at the state of affairs, when the policy of that government was altered in 1842, the changes which the minister then proposed, and the results which he anticipated would flow from them. If we find that the existing state of affairs justifies his anticipations, and that increased consumption and improved trade have followed the measures he proposed to produce them, then the soundness of the principles upon which those measures were based, becomes evident. Simultaneously with the adoption of free trade principles in England, the United States reverted to the protective principle which had been abandoned in 1832. And we shall find that while the prosperity of England has advanced in the same period, has that of the United States retrograded; that the only gleams of prosperity which have illumined the land, are but the reflection of the liberal commercial legislation of Great Britain.

In the financial statement of the minister, March, 1842, the fact of the deficit, and the many expedients that had been resorted to, to remedy it, were dwelt upon at large. He remarked,

"Shall I then, if I must resort to taxation, levy that taxation upon the articles of consumption—upon those articles which may appear to some superfluities, but which are known to constitute almost the necessaries of life? I cannot consent to any proposal for increasing taxation on the great articles of consumption by the laboring classes of society. (Cheers from both sides of the house.) I say, moreover, I can give you conclusive proof that you have arrived at the limits of taxation on articles of consumption. I am speaking now of articles of luxury, which might be supposed not to constitute the consumption of the laborious classes; and I advise you not to attempt taxation, even upon those articles, for you will be defeated in your expectations of revenue."

He then adverted to the fact, that an increase of 5 per cent. on dutiable

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goods under the former government, had failed to enhance the revenue, while an increase in assessed taxes had more than realised the estimates.

"I compare the complete failure of the taxes on consumption, and the complete justification of the taxes upon something analogous to property—I find in the one case the estimate was verified, I find in the other it was disappointed. (Hear, hear.) These are the results I feel it my duty to bring before the committee; but my immediate object was to adduce a proof that you had arrived for purposes of revenue at the *limits of taxation upon articles of consumption.* (Hear, hear.) Then I say, making abatements on account of the depression of trade, I do not think any man can resist the conclusion which I draw, that to lay 10 per cent. additional on customs and excise, will end in nothing but failure and disappointment."

The imposition of a 3 per cent. tax upon incomes was then proposed, conjointly with a modification of the tariff, with the view to *enhance the consumption* of the taxed articles.

"If I take the case of salt, for instance, I find that, since the reduction of duty, salt has been consumed in a variety of ways in which its use was never before contemplated. On account of chemical discoveries and improvements, in consequence of the application of science to manufactures, salt now enters into a variety of products. The ground upon which the abolition of the duty was strongly urged, was the importance of facilitating the supply of salt to the working classes."

In the May following, the tariff came up for revision in the house, and the minister took the occasion to go at large into his commercial views. Every modification proposed was with the view of enhancing the consumption of necessaries by the poor, as follows:

"It is said that we are subjecting the manufacturers of this country to competition with labour, which can be had on the continent on more favorable terms, and that we are bearing with undue hardness on that interest. Now, I wish to consider fairly the force of that objection. My answer to that is, in the first place, that we have reduced in a very material degree the price of *the necessaries of life.* I will take the article of corn. The duty on the import *of foreign wheat* during the present week is, I think, 13s. a quarter. If the old law had been still in force, it would have been about 27s. I say there has been a very material reduction in the duties on the import of foreign corn, and that any man who will compare the duties payable this day on foreign oats, barley and wheat, with those which would have been payable if the old law had been in force, must admit that there has been a very great diminution. I will now take the article of meat. What is the existing law on this subject? I find that the importation of beef, fresh or slightly salted, is absolutely prohibited, and the case is the same with regard to fresh pork. The proposal we make is, that provisions of this class shall be admitted at a duty of 8s. a cwt. Lard, an article *important in the consumption of the poor*, as well as for manufacturing purposes, is now subject to a duty of 8s. a cwt.; *we propose to admit it at a duty of 2s.* I find that salted beef is at present subject to a duty of 12s. per cwt., or 1¼d. per lb.; we propose *to reduce its amount to* 8s. a cwt. Hams are subject to a duty of 1*l.* 8s.; we propose to reduce it 100 per cent.—to 14s. *Live animals, such as oxen, calves, sheep, and hogs*, which are now absolutely prohibited, we propose to admit at rates of duty which are supposed by some to be extravagantly low, but which, I trust, I shall be enabled to show will inflict no injury on the agricultural interest, although they will afford a security against any undue increase of the price of beef. I do feel confident of being enabled to show, that by the removal of prohibition as to these articles, and the permission to import live animals and fresh beef, the agriculturist will *have no reason to complain* (hear, hear;) on the contrary, that he will derive benefit from the change. I said, that with respect to corn, live animals, and beef, it cannot be denied that her Majesty's government have proposed important changes. I will take the case of fish; on salmon, which is now prohibited, we propose a duty of 10s. the cwt. But it is said we remove the duties from fish which enter into the consumption of the rich, while fish consumed by the poor are prohibited, or only admitted at a high duty. Let us look at that species of fish in which the poor are most interested—the herring. Surely we propose an important

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change in the law as regards that article (hear, hear, from an honorable member on the opposite side.) I am almost afraid, considering the quarter from which the honorable gentleman comes, that his cheer is not one of approbation, because I have received the strongest remonstrances against the reduction in the price of herrings from that part of the country; but I shall be very glad to find that he does not participate in the alarm which has been expressed throughout the north of Scotland. A person who writes to me under the influence of these apprehensions says, 'Norway produces, I think, as many herrings as we do. Go to the Baltic, and you may purchase herrings at 7s. 6d. to 8s. a barrel, while ours cost from 18s. to 20s. I presume the Norwegian herrings can be landed in Ireland at 11s. to 12s. per barrel; ours cannot at less than from 20s. to 22s. I am a free trader in every other respect (cheers and laughter;) but with respect to herrings, I caution you against the general ruin which you are about to inflict on those engaged in that branch of trade.' I think this (continued the right honorable baronet) a very fair example of the general feeling as to all reductions. I do not share in the apprehensions of this correspondent of mine. *I could not help replying to him that he had not convinced me that I was about to inflict ruin on the working classes of the north of Ireland, by enabling them to get for* 10s., *a barrel of herrings for which they must at present pay* 20s. I am not quite sure that *they* will think the scheme is one of such absolute folly. But I want also to encourage the native fishery, so as to enable our fishermen to sustain a successful competition with foreigners. Why should not the inhabitants of the north of Scotland be able to compete with the Norwegians for the supply of herrings to the north of Ireland? I say, reduce the duty on timber, enable the fisherman to build a better kind of boat, in order that he may go further to sea, and navigate in rougher weather, and then he will be well able to compete with foreign fishermen. He has as much industry, as great skill, and by *exposing him to a certain amount of competition, you apply a stimulus to greater exertion* than is now called for from him. Reduce the price of other raw materials he requires, and the effect will be still greater in the same direction. With respect to fish, then, I think it cannot be denied that we have made many important alterations. Now I *come to vegetables, and those especially which chiefly enter into the consumption of the working classes.* I find that onions are charged with an import duty of 3s. per cwt.; I propose to reduce it to 6d. I find potatoes subject to a duty of 2s. per cwt., amounting almost to a prohibition. During last winter I received from the north of England and Scotland many representations on this subject. Great alarm was felt relative to the failure of the supply during the prevalence of the wet weather. The price was very low, but it was said to have been reduced from an apprehension that the potatoes would not keep in consequence of the moist weather, and there was a time when considerable apprehension was entertained in Lancashire, and throughout the north of England and Scotland, on this point. Urgent representations were made to her Majesty's government from some parts of the country, even to issue an order in council, permitting the import of foreign potatoes, in order to supply the deficiency. The result proved that these apprehensions were not altogether well founded; but I must say, considering the immense importance of this article of subsistence, that a duty of 2s. per cwt., which is almost prohibitory, is too high to be maintained, *and that a very material reduction of duty on foreign imports ought to be made.* I now pass to the mention of rice, an article which I think may be made an *important element in the food of the people of this country, being a grain of the most wholesome and useful kind.* The duty at present is 1*l.* per quarter; I propose to reduce it to 7s. * * * * * *

"Now, surely I have said enough to show, that notwithstanding the great amount of the imports of cattle from Ireland and from Scotland, still there has been that increase in the price of meat in the markets of this country as to make it desirable to open them to competition. Is it not a conclusive proof that, comparing the prices in 1835 with those of 1841, something should be done? Does not this state of things suggest the apprehension that the population of this country is increasing more rapidly than the supply? (Hear, hear.) Now, it is said, 'True, that the price of cattle and meat had of late years increased, but you must consider that there has been a disorder amongst the cattle of this country, which has produced this result.' But is not that of itself a further conclusive proof of the policy of admitting and *bringing in a foreign supply?* Surely this fact is a strong

authority for the introduction of wholesome cattle, and that there should not be an absolute prohibition, but the means of increasing supply. We then propose an amount of duty of 1d. per pound on the importation of fresh meat or slightly salted provisions, and of 1*l.* a head on the importation of cattle; and I apprehend that exception has been taken to 1*l.* a head upon cattle; and I beg to ask, is there danger in this arrangement to the domestic producer? What is the area of continental Europe with which we and they have to enter into competition? With respect to corn, we have opened our *market to the whole world.*"

The principle recognised in these modifications was not that the reduction of a duty on an article of necessity increases the consumption of that particular article only, but that it promoted as well the consumption of other article, on which the duty was not reduced. If a person is in the enjoyment of a certain income, and food being high, one half of it is expended for the necessary quantity of bread, the consumption of other articles must be small. If bread falls in price, he may not buy more bread, but may increase the purchase of clothes, or perhaps tobacco. Thus, the general prosperity looked for as the result of low duties, was expected to enhance the income tax rather than the customs duties; because, in a state of general prosperity, incomes would increase. In February, 1845, the minister again came forward with a financial exposition, showing the complete success of the great "Utopian" experiment. When the income tax was proposed in 1842, protectionists objected that it would cause a diminution in the consumption of taxable articles equal to the amount of the tax. Experience proved the fallacy, and after three years of its operation the minister states:

"Now what is the fact? There has been no reduction traceable to the income tax. My belief is, that the receipt of the assessed taxes, during the operation of the income tax, has been larger than it was before."

Further extensive reductions were then made. The duties on staves, cotton, glass, auctions, wool, hops, &c., were remitted altogether, with the view of promoting consumption. In Feb., 1846, a modification of the corn laws was effected, solely to increase the foreign supply. During the space of five years, constant remissions of duties and restrictions have been made, to "bring in a foreign supply." Now, if these modifications were effective, for the purpose intended, surely the imports into England, of all necessary articles, must be greater than ever. On this fact, viz., whether the importations have or have not increased, turns the truth of the principles on which the measures were based. If, now, we refer to all those returns, which indicate great prosperity in the people, we find evidences of wealth and comfort more conclusive than ever before. The number of marriages has been greater, the excess of births over deaths more considerable, the number of visitors to the British Museum, and other public places, greater by 50 per cent., than in the years prior to 1842; the number of paupers, relieved in England and Wales, reduced; offences and convictions diminished; the deposites in the savings banks enhanced in number, and swollen per head;*

* The Savings Bank returns show the following number of depositors and amounts. It will be observed that the increase in the three years to 1842 was far less than in the three years subsequent, as follows:

	England.		Scotland		Wales.		Ireland.		Total.	
	No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
1839	610,097	18,033,992	34,323	393,460	15,406	456,721	74,333	2,158,665	734,089	21,049,839
1841	680,997	19,656,133(29)	50,018	562,087	15,625	454,294	77,522	2,243,426	824,162	22,915,940
1842	707,490	20,334,359	53,603	603,336	15,838	458,243	79,553	2,297,689	856,484	23,693,618
1843										
1844	813,601	23,469,371	68,791	966,149	18,007	518,348	90,144	2,685,698	990,543	27,639,506
1845	846,445	24,938,748(29)	81,170	1,185,545	18,931	531,902	95,348	2,858,260	1,041,194	28,814,455
Increase —										
'39a'42	97,463	2,300,367	19,490	209,876	432	1,529	5,225	139,015	122,385	2,650,787
'42-'45	138,955	3,904,389	27,567	582,209	2,393	73,659	15,795	560,580	184,712	5,120,837
Excess	41,492	1,604,022	8,087	372,333	1,961	72,137	10,570	421,565	62,317	2,470,057

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the consumption of raw materials for manufactures considerably advanced; the government revenues, excise and custom, more prolific, at lower rates; and, lastly, the quantities of all necessaries entered for consumption increased 33⅓ per cent. All these indications are given in the returns, not suddenly, and as incident to one year, but gradually, each year, in all cases showing an improvement over the former one, and with the improvement the demand for foreign food has increased, while the prices of the articles of domestic production have not diminished. All these facts are shown conclusively by the Parliamentary returns. In 1841, the population was 26,711,694, and the consumption of sixteen imported articles of food, was 778,971,593 lbs., or 29¾ lbs. per head. According to the regular progressive increase of the population, the number, in 1846, was 28,061,000, and the quantity consumed of the same articles, was 1,100,000,000 lbs., or 39⅓ lbs. per head; being an increase of 10 lbs. per head! This great and evident improvement in the condition of the people, has been, contrary to all former experience, simultaneous with a large importation of foreign grain and wheat. In former years, when under the sliding-scale, prices, consequent upon a short harvest, rose to such a level as was necessary to release foreign wheat from bond, bread was necessarily so dear as to absorb all the means of a majority of the people; consequently, the internal trade was paralyzed, and the consumption of all other articles than grain greatly diminished. Under the present law, an increased demand for food allows of its supply from abroad at prices, to the English consumer so low, as not to check his consumption of other articles; and we find, during the last five years, a constantly increasing demand for all, grain included. In illustration of this position, we take sixteen articles, as follows: Hams, bacon, salt beef, butter, cheese, rice, pork, sugar, molasses, tallow, cocoa, coffee, pepper, tea, tobacco, and pimento. Comparing the aggregate quantities of these articles entered for consumption, in the five years, ending with 1840, and the five years, ending with Dec., 1846, we have results as follows:

	16 Articles. lbs.	Grain. qrs.	Flour. cwt.		16 Articles.* lbs.	Grain. qrs.	Flour. cwt.
1836	772,275,871	395,500	36,937	1842	778,971,593	2,172,349	1,126,801
1837	861,683,377	830,466	40,187	1843	779,362,260	1,237,871	426,877
1838	837,210,016	1,823,845	392,947	1844	843,214,168	2,532,619	712,968
1839	783,066,368	4,444,702	665,693	1845	948,615,050	1,105,342	582,527
1840	746,889,857	3,448,399	1,317,814	1846	1,048,679,982	3,884,401	3,377,186

These figures are very remarkable. The imports of grain for 1846 are for eleven months, *only*. The corn crops of England, which had been good subsequent to 1832, failed in 1837, when the consumption of all articles had reached a high figure, under the low prices of corn resulting from the large home supply. The failure of the harvest produced the necessity for a foreign supply, which could be entered under the old law only when prices were exorbitant, and, when that point was reached, the consumption of all other articles necessarily gave way to that of breadstuffs, and the decline was 115,000,000 lbs., or one-eighth part. When the modification of the laws took place, in 1842, foreign grain was admitted at much lower prices than formerly, and consequently the consumption of foreign food was not incompatible with the continued use of other articles, the prices of which were also diminished. Wheat is now admitted at 4s., where, formerly, it was charged 19., equivalent to a prohibition; that is to say, foreign corn is now consumed at 53s. per quarter, where, formerly, it could not be had under 71s. The consumption of flour and wheat in 11 months of 1846, was 25 per cent. greater than in the whole year 1839.

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* See table in Financial and Commercial Review, at close of this number.

It has also come to be true, that the vast railway schemes in process of construction have given employment to numbers, and the extraordinary wages thus distributed, have afforded the means of greater consumption of all articles—food included; and as the modified tariff permits the entry of a foreign supply to meet the extraordinary consumption, we have the results indicated, viz., a great increase in the quantities consumed of all necessaries and food, bread included. That the import of breadstuffs into England is large, is evident. It is no less true, that the home supply of Great Britain is good, being a fair average, and the supplies from Ireland have by no means decreased in the degree which the distress of the poorer classes in that unfortunate island would indicate. In the last six months, when Irish distress has been the greatest, the import thence into Liverpool has been large. It is also to be remarked, that more liberal legislation and great national expenditures have produced similar results in Europe. In France, the revenue from indirect taxes, in 1846, was 823,291,000 francs, against 787,864,000 francs in 1844.

The distress of Ireland, arising almost altogether from the failure of the potatoe crop, four-fifths of the population depend for employment and subsistence on the soil, which is subdivided into small patches, for which the competition is very keen. A system called "con-acre" prevails extensively throughout the island—more particularly in Connaught. Its operation is thus: the proprietor or occupier of the larger class of farms subdivides the grass land into strips from a perch to half an acre each, and these are let out to "cottiers," at rents varying from $35 to $80 per acre for the season. The surface of the land is *burned* and planted with potatoes until it is *dead*. This destructive system is followed by a long fallow. The crop must not be moved from the ground till the *rent* is paid. The peasant is utterly without any other property, and his labor is of no value to him, because there is none to employ him. When, therefore, the crop fails, starvation or beggary are the *only* alternatives. The failure of that crop does not enhance the demand for foreign food;—he has nothing to buy it with. The food which his patch usually produced never enhanced the general supply. It was for his own consumption only; and when that only stake failed he must starve in his loneliness. This is now the case with millions who have lost their only support. To remedy in some degree the evil, the government has adopted the plan of employing these people on public works of more or less utility. The general operations are conducted through a board of commissioners, called "presentment sessions," to pass upon proposed works; and the works so presented are referred to the board of public works, and when adopted, are put under contract at once. The persons returned by local relief committees as fit subjects are employed, and their wages commence weekly. This employment commenced in the first week of October and progressed as follows:

PERSONS EMPLOYED ON GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS.

	No. Employed.	Am't of Wages. £	s.	d.
Week ending 3d October	26,193	6,193	0	7
" 10th "	40,029	14,533	19	5
" 17th "	58,755	23,677	3	6
" 24th "	80,466	36,474	2	8
Four days, 31st "	114,300	16,206	19	10
Week ending 7th November	159,704	61,595	18	3
" 14th "	212,102	71,558	16	6
" 21st "	224,672	80,260	11	9
" 28th "	273,023	117,591	1	4
Total two months		£428,091	4	0

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At such an appalling rate does this business advance. The laborers there employed represent 1,500,000 persons, and the wages must soon reach $50,000,000 per annum!! A large portion of a nation of 8,000,000 souls is to receive weekly wages in cash. But this is the least of the evil. While these persons are at work, who cultivates the soil? If the soil ceases to be cultivated, when is the necessity for labor on the public works to cease?—How long can a nation be supported at weekly wages at profitless labor? Well may Britain tremble at such questions.

The chief support of the laboring Irish is now Indian corn, mostly the product of the United States. As an article of natural food, potatoes have ceased to be. They are being supplanted with corn, and the demand for the latter angments in a fearful ratio. The yield of a bushel planted in the west is great, but the increase bears no comparison to the demand created by one bushel eaten in Ireland. It is rapidly taking the place of potatoes, even at the exorbitant rates paid for it, viz: 72s. per quarter of 480 lbs., or a little more than 9 bushels of 56 lbs., say $2,00 per bushel. Corn so introduced among such a people, cannot be again rejected. But the demand for it must increase, and to an indefinite extent. When government wages cease, however, the people now receiving them must have the means of buying. What direction their industry will take, is now the problem. The climate of Ireland is unsuited to wheat, and will not raise corn, but is favorable to oats and grazing. If corn is continued to be purchased of the United States, greater facilities must be granted to the returns. All articles of British industry should be treated with the greatest leniency.

As a general rule, the expenditures of the federal government should be as small as possible. The great instrument of oppression and of corrupt influence in monarchical governments: is large expenditures, to collect money from the people into the treasury, and disburse it through government officers in extension of executive patronage and influence. Every possible avenue of such expenditures should be stopped, and both the income and outgo made as small as possible. In raising that income, the chief aim should be to interfere the least with the currents of business. The more freely and uninterruptedly commerce is allowed to flow between countries, the greater will be the prosperity of all the citizens. We have seen, and every farmer and planter feels in his pocket the fact, that England is making large demands for their produce. We have also endeavored to show that these demands are likely to be permanent. To make them so, that is, to facilitate the consumption of American produce by British subjects, it is requisite to receive in exchange, on the best terms, the proceeds of the industry of those people. Hence, precisely those articles should be taxed the least. On the other hand, Brazil and China buy most of their wares from England, notwithstanding that the United States are the best customers for their produce. Hence, the articles they furnish are those which even in time of peace should bear the taxes for the support of government. The difference in the trade runs nearly thus:

Export to	Gt. Brit'n.	China.	Brazil.	Cuba.
Produce	48,936,220	1,190,986	2,680,357	4,675,696
Import from Goods	40,956,711	4,931,255	6,883,806	9,930,421
Excess imports		3,740,269	4,203,449	5,254,725
" exports	7,979,519			

From these returns, it appears that England owed the United States a cash balance of near $8,000,000, and the United States owed the others a

cash value of $13,198,464, of which $1,268,749 was sent in specie, and the remainder in bills on England. But as the exports to England produced more than the export value, she owed more, and sent us $1,136,593 in specie. The large purchases from China, Brazil and Cuba, are tea, coffee and sugar. They buy no farm produce of us, but the means by which our farmers are enabled to buy tea or coffee, are enhanced by the purchases which England makes of our flour and grain. As a matter of expediency, therefore, to favor western sales, taxes should be imposed on tea and coffee, and remitted to an equal extent on those British goods, the import of which will enhance sales of produce. As thus, if a farmer raises 1000 bushels of wheat, and it sells for $500 without a foreign market, it may well bring $1000 with a foreign market. If, therefore, by encouraging the latter he doubles his sales, he can well afford to pay the tea and coffee tax, which does not diminish his sales. The following, from an English paper, is indicative of the progress of affairs.

"One American house, established in the Midland counties of England and New-York, has, by last steamer, ordered over forty thousand barrels of flour in lieu of remittances in bills."

Without this interchange, there can be no extended trade. The policy of the government has been for the last 30 years to discourage this trade, to encourage manufactures by the double operation of making goods scarce and high, and produce abundant and cheap. For more than a quarter of a century, farmers have been waiting for a home market; and the money value of their industry has been continually falling. A generation has passed away in vain expectation. Four years of proximate free trade in England, has done more to enhance the profits of farmers than half a century of protection. Hereafter they will doubtless prefer present profits to promised prosperity.

ON A LATE MELANCHOLY EVENT.

BENEATH the greenwood shade, where Alexander sleeps,
Behold! a widow'd bride! his pensive Anna, weeps;
For two blest moons together they fondly liv'd and lov'd;
But now, by God's decree, the bridegroom is remov'd.
He was a gentle youth, and courteous in his ways,—
Would friendship had the power to celebrate his praise!
How lately, round yon chancel, a joyful throng was rang'd,
To witness, at the altar, their marriage vows exchang'd,—
By holy church made fast in matrimonial bands,
For life's revolving scenes they joined their willing hands;
But Thou, Mysterious Power! who regulates our fate,
Upon thy high behests hast bid us mortals wait.
God grant, that in the life to come our sorrows all may cease,
And we forever find repose with Thee, the "Prince of Peace.

December, 1847.

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SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF DIDEROT.

It was a sunny summer's afternoon, in the little town of Langres, and a troop of boys were lagging home from school. Unrestrained and wild, as urchins are in general, the air rang with their shouts and laughter;—they tossed up their caps, they chased one another down the narrow path, and dashing into the midst of the little brook, they scattered the bright drops in showers around. But the merriest mad-cap, the foremost in all adventurous proceedings, with every mark of indignation and scorn on his face, was proceeding at a most dignified distance in the rear. "Denis's fun is spoilt for to-morrow," exclaimed one of the boys, glancing stealthily back. "Capital—is it not?" cried another, with malicious glee. "See the lion chafe." "I am sorry for him," interrupted one of his companions, in an earnest tone; "it must be a tremendous disappointment, for he would have come off gloriously." "All the better for us," returned the first speaker. The subject of these animadversions was without sound of the words, and paid little heed to the movements of his companions; he appeared to be really beside himself with rage and disappointment. His eye flashed; the veins stood out in his forehead, and his frame shook with emotion. His step grew slower and slower, and by the time he arrived at the little brook, the boys had entirely disappeared. He stretched himself out on the bank, and laying his head on the cool grass, appeared to be ruminating long and bitterly; by-and-by the fiery eyes nearly closed, and big round drops went splash into the water. At length he started suddenly, and exclaimed—"Must not—shall not—ma foi, we'll see!" and gathering up his books, with a quick, light step, he proceeded home.

"Halloo! there's Denis; I knew nothing earthly would keep him away," was said the next morning. "Denis is coming," ran from one to another.

It was a great day for the Langres boys—examination—prizes, and nobody knows what; and decked in all their holiday gear, they stood in front of the building. But Denis had been prohibited; Denis had been shut out, for Denis had had a grand quarrel with half the college; and so the brightest and quickest pupil in the establishment was to be ignominiously refused admittance. What would become of the prizes if Denis Diderot was not there to receive them? He looked very little like a culprit, as, with buoyant step, and bold, handsome face, he made his way towards the entrance, success and triumph in his very air. "He is coming," ran in a suppressed murmur around. "He shall not come," exclaimed a perfect Cyclops, and threw himself in the way. Denis's lip curled slightly, as, with a quick, vigorous, well-directed blow, he hurled the giant off. Some came to his aid, others to that of his opponent; but springing lightly from the midst of the mêlée, he entered the open door. It was won. But three individuals knew at what cost. The porter who guarded the entrance, unable to way-lay, hurled his spear after him; and his burly antagonist, who was rising slowly from the ground, grinned with satisfaction as he beheld the red drops which followed the fall of the weapon. It was a glorious day for the boy Diderot; the successes of the man never could give half the delighted sense of triumph. Covered with garlands, his arms full of prizes, he flung himself into his mother's arms that night, and in his dreams "fought his battles o'er again"—his despair, resolution, struggle, and the proud consciousness of victory. What are threats and obstacles before a fiery human will?

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Pleasant little Langres, up among the green hills, with its honest, simple-hearted people—his brave old cutler father—his loving, tender mother, are abandoned forever! and in the very heart of Paris, round a table where are mingled abbés, comedians, poets, authors and wits, in most novel confusion, is Denis Diderot—the boy no longer. It was long past midnight, yet no one dreamed of stirring; brilliant sallies, graceful jests, epigrammatic, caustic sentences, fell in showers around. A fortune in bons-mots might have been gathered. Life, love, war, politics, glory, were discussed as carelessly as if—

> "All the world had been a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players."

Nothing real—nothing earnest—nothing worth a sigh or passionate thought; and the persiflage and mockery would have grated wearily on the spirit, had not the gay good-humor, which is inseparable from a Frenchman, flung a sunny glow over all. And yet every one of these men had a hard struggle for existence; every one of them were familiar—nay, boon companions with hardships and mortification—gaunt famine staring them in the back-ground. But where an Englishman would sit down in sackcloth and ashes, or buckle on the strong armor of endurance and dogged resolution, and wrestle fiercely with destiny, the French evade her with careless, light fencing, spring from side to side, and with the most nonchalant air in the world, give care the cold shoulder. "A song, Pierre—one of your own," exclaimed the Abbé Bernis, to a young poet who looked like anything but one's ideal poets—pale, melancholy and dreaming. This was a slender, coxcomical youth, with femininely small hands and feet, a nervous, artistically beautiful head, and delicately-cut features; a quick, fiery, ever-changing face. At the Abbé's request, from lips which had not yet lost the fresh coral tint of childhood, a strain of the most delicious melody issued. It was laughter, imprisoned in bars and notes and made harmonious—mirth, thrilled forth or dying away in an exquisite cadence. The words embodied the night's conversation, and were in most loving union with the air. "Bravo! bravo!—a thousand thanks," resounded on all sides, as with one joyful, swelling note, the youth concluded. The graceful head bent low in acknowledgment, and a pleased, happy expression rested on the fine features. After all, nature's gifts are the most desirable. A beauty even in home-spun sees her power; a charming voice thrills to the soul, and the extacy is reflected on the faces of the listeners; a graceful raconteur requires no labored panegyric; his triumph is also self-evident. Strange, then, that in the multiplicity of discontent and misanthropy in the world, seven-eighths should be excited by the dearth of fortune's favors. "So you've left Mr. Clement's, ah! Denis?" whispered the Abbé Bernis to Diderot; "pray, how do you live, mon ami?" Denis shrugged his shoulders. "Ma foi, my dear Abbé," he returned, with a smile, "I do not know that I can be said to live at all." Denis's home, even if one were disposed to give a flattering account of it, certainly could not be styled anything better than a garret. He entered, however, with as much apparent satisfaction, as if it were a palace of the genii, starred and gemmed. Striking a light, he drew forth a manuscript and began to write. Quickly his fingers flew over the paper, his eye flashed, and his whole face lit up gloriously in the delight and inspiration of his labor. What cared he for wealth or fame?—reward sufficient was there in the overwhelming bliss, the mere effort which creation gave. The morning's sun, (flinging every mean and dusty object in bold relief,) streamed into the room before he concluded; and without a moment's repose—dispensing even with his breakfast, for the most cogent of reasons, viz., that he had none to eat,

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and not a sous wherewith to obtain it—he flew down the numerous flight of stairs, and took the road to his bookseller's. Denis stormed, gesticulated, argued, remonstrated, and at length obtained the most pitiful sum in the world; then, still without breaking fast, plunged into a garret, meaner if possible than his own, in search of a manuscript he had left to be copied. The man had relinquished his task from sheer starvation; he was literally too weak to hold his pen; so three-quarters of the money was deposited there, and with manuscript in hand, to copy himself, Denis trudged home again. Yet that very night, this individual without a sous, and sojourner in garrets, was ensconced in a suite of apartments, the dignified and honorable tutor, in a most dignified and honorable family. Vive la bagatelle!

The crimson hue of evening had faded into the darkening twilight; the rosy glow, lighting up pillar and cornice, and falling with a lovely radiance on the face of the Madonna, had vanished, and huge shadows stole slowly and silently over the vast church. The old beggar had crossed himself reverently, and after Ave Marias and Pater Nosters by the score, risen from his knees, and with staff in hand limped slowly out. A brigand-looking character, who had invaded, with fierce, unseemly haste, its sacred precincts, had left again with subdued, saddened footsteps. A gay demoiselle had dipped a finger brilliant with gems into the holy water, knelt in the most becoming posture imaginable, and with a side-glance at a dashing cavalier who had been intently regarding her, tripped through the vast portal. Yet Diderot lingered; silence and darkness had wrapped the place in gloom, yet he stirred not. One by one, the tapers flung a clear glow from the altar, and faint, swelling notes from the huge organ lulled the soul. It was no pious ardor, however, which detained Denis; though in the posture of devotion,—his head bent in seeming reverence, the fiery eyes were glancing stealthily from under half-closed lids, at a young girl who, with an aged woman, (perhaps her mother,) knelt before the altar. Nothing could be more angelic than the modest loveliness of her face and attitude; a pure, almost sublime expression rested on features perfect enough for a model; and the deep blue eyes which were raised towards heaven had the passionate fervor of some saint. Her garb was coarse, yet revealed a form aristocratically delicate in its proportions—the outline light and graceful, as relieved against the sombre habiliments of the old dame, and the clasped hands were beautifully fair. Her face was pale with labor and confinement. She was seeking strength, doubtless, for hours of toil and gloom. At length, she too, rose and went away. Diderot was spell-bound;—where was his impudent, easy nonchalance? He dared not for his life follow her. A strange, new feeling of timidity had risen in his heart, as before some saint, self-condemnation and all his sins and frailties glared before him. Was the magic in the girl, or had that all-powerful passion, which transforms the very soul, seized, for the first time, that wild, impulsive nature? Thenceforth his days and nights were but one dream; his many friends and wassails all abandoned—lonely pictures of rural life floated before him and breathed on paper. He had discovered where she lodged; the same roof covered them; and though they had not met, the air was filled with her beautiful presence. At length he summoned courage to render some trifling service, and the "merci, monsieur!" by which it was returned, rang in his ears for a week. This would-be philosopher, this mocker at all emotion, lived in a rosy heaven—the angel of his paradise a young girl who made laces and embroideries. He ingratiated himself with the mother; he devised and succeeded in a thousand schemes by which he beheld his Sophie in her presence. At length he came to the desperate resolution of marrying her. As if in this beggarly, miser-

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able world, he had not found it quite difficult enough to take care of Denis Diderot, he must, forsooth! contemplate, and really hug himself with delight, at the idea of taking care of Denis Diderot's wife. Well is it that there are old heads to correct and render nugatory the follies of young hearts. He set out dutifully to obtain the paternal consent, but received a torrent of indignation and derision for the proposal, which took him back again to Paris in a state bordering on madness. The old cutler father, though no savant or philosopher, piqued himself not a little on judgment and common sense, and clearly reckoned, arithmetically and conclusively, that if one could not support one—query, how could he two? Denis reckoned not at all, but grew sick, nigh unto death; nay, once he imagined he had died; for after many hours of pain and exhaustion, on opening his eyes he discovered an angel, and supposed he was received into heaven. But, better than any angel, it was a true, devoted woman, who, with her mother, had come to nurse him; and as soon as he could stand, they all went together to the church where he had just beheld her, and were married, at twelve o'clock at night, with none but the old priest to record the fact. Well was it for him; yes, in spite of prudence—in spite of the father—in spite of poverty—(for love not only covers a multitude, but preserves from a multitude of sins)—more than all this, supports under a multitude of tribulations—well was it, then, if he had been true to himself and true to her, (which, alas! he was not,) that Denis Diderot married his Sophie.

Certainly this world is infinitely like the apples of Sodom. At one moment brilliant, buoyant and rosy, we could clasp it to our hearts; the next, we turn with anger and disgust from the mocking fair deceit. Life is colored so entirely by the atmosphere of hope or disappointment through which we gaze. Diderot awoke one morning, and his name was ringing through the city; his words were on everybody's lips, his thoughts filling everybody's soul. Charming flatteries from graceful womanly tongues, labored compliments from the learned and famous, enthusiastic eulogies from bosom-friends, and bravos from the multitude. A sunny picture—fame, affluence and ease, in the foreground; while glory waved aloft in the distance the laurel of immortality. Yet, ere the echoes of applause had died on his ear, he slept in a prison. How many absurd cruel acts of oppression have been perpetrated on this fair earth, because, forsooth, some fanatic or coward has taken it into his miserable head to shout "treason!" Denis slept the weary sleep of exhaustion and despair, and awoke with the feeling of utter helplessness and hopelessness. As long as he could laugh and jest, as long as he was free to go whither and where he listed, he cast care to the winds, nay, utterly defied it; but solitude and confinement are maddening to such mercurial spirits. He called for writing implements, but was peremptorily refused—what! to spread still further his rebellious, disaffectious sentiments. He asked for books, and flung them from him in a rage when obtained; his jailer had no taste for belles lettres. Then, in a fit of childish petulance, would not touch the bountiful provision they had made for his appetite, but flung himself on his miserable couch, to consider the least painful and most feasible method of making one's escape from this sublunary sphere. At times, imagining it all a dream, or that he was the victim of some diabolical spell, but massive doors and barred windows, rendered the idea of a joke improbable. One stream of sunlight came through the iron lattice. He watched it till it lengthened and lengthened, and then entirely faded. He could catch a glimpse of blue, and the air, as it reached him from the lofty opening, breathed of freedom and flowers. But sky and sunlight faded—there was an hour's maddening gloom; by-and-bye the

moon stole in, and bathed the prisoner's brow; how he blessed her dewy radiance. And so days passed—weeks—a month had gone by, and Denis cursed himself, his existence, the powers that were, most bitterly; even his friends; for some, he imagined, might have rescued, or, at least, visited him in his dilemma. All wretched stories he had ever heard rushing to his memory—of notches cut in the wall, to mark each dreary day, as it dragged slowly by; lines traced with blood, when ink was denied; playmates and friends made of spiders, rats, and loathsome unnatural things, to beguile the hours of a long captivity. His boyhood, which he had not thought of for years, came back now, strangely and vividly; he dreamt of wild races and sports; he had all the free, bounding, child-consciousness of existence, and awoke to ennui and despair. At length he was removed to a larger, more cheerful apartment, with windows looking down upon a little court. The distant hills, the sky, and a world of green things, too, were visible. Denis could have shouted in his extasy. A young girl, perhaps the jailer's daughter, went daily into the court to feed her chickens. She was a pretty creature, with jetty hair, eyes and lashes, and a cheek which had the warm, rich coloring of the damask rose. So happy, too—her face was riant with mirth. She would come out in her charming rustic dress, and stand for an instant in the door-way, holding the corners of her little apron tightly to her, filled with grain, and in a clear, joyous tone, begin to call her feathery charge. Then, as they came flying and clucking towards her, she would take two or three steps forward, and the little hand disappeared behind the apron, aloft it went then in the air, and infinite commotion ensued among the chicks, as the food fell in a shower around. This appeared to delight her wonderfully; she never could get accustomed to their jostling impatience, and the feminine spiteful earnestness with which they pounced upon it. She danced round among them; she laughed, then down the pretty hand went into the apron again, and the low sweet laugh rang blithely on the listener's ear. Some of them flew on her shoulders, on her arms, on her head, and the blooming face would turn from this side to that, as she welcomed them with playful caressing diminutives. "Beautiful as the day," murmured Diderot; "but what a world of affection to be wasted on these dumb things." Her naive, graceful gayety delighted him beyond measure; he really longed for each morning, to see Narette and her chicks. One night, just at dusk, as he stood watching the shadows, she came out into the court, and, with her head resting on her hands, leant over the little paling; her whole attitude was one of listless dejection. At length her form was convulsed with sobs, and he knew that she was weeping. What could it be? was there a lover in the case, or had the gruff old jailer merely grumbled more than usual over their evening meal? He absolutely was indignant at himself for the interest he took in the solution of the riddle. "Better than petting rats or spiders, however," said he, as he turned, for the fiftieth time, wondering, on his pillow. The next day, as he sat furiously impatient, and sick of his captivity, wishing, with all his heart, the book unwrit and the bravos unuttered—the door opened, and a man, heated, dusty, and fatigued, was ushered in. It was Rousseau, who had walked to Vincennes to see him; what oases are friends in this desert of a world. Diderot shouted, and darting forward, flung his arms around him, despite dust and dirt. "But when are they going to let me out?" he exclaimed, after everybody and everything had been discussed. "Impossible to tell, mon ami," returned Jean Jacques, with a shrug; "nobody seems to have any idea of it at present." It is not worth while to repeat the volley of execrations from the irate author, which followed this announcement.

(To be Continued.)

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POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 3.

OUR FLAG.*

"Up with a nation's banners! They fly
With an eagle flight
To the far blue sky—
'Tis a glorious sight,
As they float abroad in the azure light,
And their fame shall never die."
[WETMORE'S LEXINGTON.

WHEN first our sires with manly hearts,
Against oppressors rose,
To decorate the freemen's flag—
The stripes and stars they chose.
But when the States, by wisdom led,
United were and true,
Then blazed for every state a star,
Upon a field of blue;
Till fancy, with her tasteful hand,
In one the cluster drew.

Ye ever brightly beaming stars,
Fit emblem of the free!
Creation saw the fadeless fires
That latest time shall see!
Though error, cloud-like, dim your rays,
Still, with unborrowed light
Ye shine, as when our fathers marched
Undaunted to the fight!
Their thrilling deeds to despots prove
In liberty is might.

O! brilliant banner of the Free!
Through time unsullied wave,
To gladden nations still enthralled—
A beacon to the brave!
Wherever blow the winds of heaven,
Thy folds shall be unfurled,
Illumed by thee, shall freedom see
Her foes to ruin hurled!
Wave, sacred emblem of our land,
And envy of the world!

* On 14th June, 1777, Congress resolved that our flag be "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white: the Union, thirteen stars, white, in a blue field."

On 13th January, 1794, (two new states having been admitted into the Union,) the flag was altered to "fifteen stripes and fifteen stars."

On 4th April, 1818, the flag was again altered by Congress, viz., "Thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white: the Union, twenty stars, white, on a blue field." And it was also resolved, that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the flag.

These stars were then placed on the blue field in parallel lines, but subsequently it was resolved, that the stars should be so grouped on the Union as to represent *one star*. Such is our flag to-day.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

GEN. T. A. HOWARD, OF INDIANA.

[The sketches of the late Gen. Howard, of Indiana, which we give in this number, are extracts from an address delivered on the last 4th of July, at Rockville, Indiana, by Hon. Joseph A. Wright, his fellow-townsman, neighbor and friend. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing the life yet published of this eminent man of the west.—EDITOR.]

To the long list of American statesmen and philanthropists, who will be the pride and glory of the republic in after times, must be added the name of him whose memory we have this day met to honor. If a long life of devotion to his country—if faithful service in some of the most important offices—if talents of a high order—if a liberal education acquired by self-culture—if a life of spotless purity—if a political integrity above suspicion—if a strong confidence in the voice of his fellow-citizens that never faltered—if the repeated evidences given him by his countrymen of their high respect for him—if all these can give an American citizen the right to a *national name*, that distinction must surely be awarded to TILGHMAN ASHURST HOWARD.

Tilghman Ashurst Howard was born on the 14th of November, 1797, on George Creek, the waters of the Saluda river, four miles N. E. of Pickensville, South Carolina. He was the son of John Howard, who was born on the 14th February, 1760. His father was 18 years of age at the commencement of hostilities between the colonies and the mother-country. In his 18th year, he joined the American army, and served under General Green, at the battle of Eutaw Springs in South Carolina, and in the words of one who was well acquainted with him at that period, he "fought as became an American soldier." But little more is known of his early history; but his best eulogy is the strong and nervous language of his son T. A. Howard—"*His musket told its own tale at the Revolution.*"

His father was a Baptist preacher, and a successful one. He was a firm and decided Christian, and maintained his standing as a faithful minister of that denomination until the year 1839, when, at the advanced age of 79 years, in the state of Illinois, he fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers.

His mother was of the family of Ashurst, from whom the son was named; and it is a remarkable fact, that Tilghman was the *third* son by a third marriage, on the part of both father and mother. She died when her son was about two years of age, and was buried on Crow Creek, within one mile of the old fort on Keowee, about 20 miles N. W. from Pickensville, South Carolina. The raising and education of Tilghman devolved on his half-brother, John McElroy, who moved with him to Buncombe County, North Carolina, when he was about four years of age. He remained in North Carolina; about his nineteenth year, he removed to the eastern part of Tennessee, without relations or friends—but a boy, relying solely upon his own industry and perseverance, to make his way into society and obtain a position in the world. At the age of 20 he was engaged by a Mr. Patten of Tennessee, for a short time, as a clerk in a store; a portion of his time he devoted to school teaching.

About this period he formed an acquaintance with John and George Stewart of Newport, Tennessee, which acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship, and was cherished through life. He was employed by these men as a clerk in their store, and devoted a part of his time to the study of his intended profession—the law. He was licensed to practice at 21, having been his own tutor and preceptor. At the age of 27 he was elected to a seat in the Senate of Tennessee, in a district composed of three counties; and as an evidence of his standing at this age, he was chosen a member of General Houston's staff, then governor of the state, now of the United Sates Senate, between whom was then formed strong ties of personal friendship, which continued through life.

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In 1828, he was an elector for President and Vice-President, and voted as such for President Jackson, of whose political principles he was an ardent admirer. During the year 1830, he moved from Tennessee to Bloomington, Indiana, where he continued to reside, practicing his profession until the spring of 1833, when he settled with us in our own little village.

About this time, President Jackson appointed him District Attorney for Indiana, without solicitation on his part—indeed, he knew nothing of the matter until he received his commission. He held this office, discharging its duties with great satisfaction to the government, and to the citizens of the state, until the summer of 1839. At the August election of that year, he was elected to a seat in the 27th Congress of the United States, by the people of the 7th Congressional district. He was appointed at the first session on the Committee of Foreign Relations—and second on that committee; some evidence of his standing in that body.

On the 10th day of June, 1844, he was appointed by the President Charge de Affaires to the Republic of Texas, and on the same day was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. He immediately proceeded to Washington, the capital of Texas, where he remained in discharge of the duties of his office until his death.

It has been said that the history of individuals is, of all histories, the most valuable, for *experience is the guide of life;* and of all the histories of individuals, those are the most interesting which exhibit men making their way through society from the humblest walks of life to the highest points of distinction—those who, by perseverance, zeal and industry, make themselves known and felt in the sphere in which they move. The world is always improved by every triumph of mind; and he who forces his way up to distinction from obscurity, and by self-culture and moral worth overcomes the greatest obstacles, tears down all the flimsy barriers of wealth and hereditary honors in his way, and shows himself deserving the highest position; such a man's life always excites the young and ardent mind to the improvement of those nobler faculties, and gives us confidence in human resources. Noble precedents like these are the ordered instruments by which the character of the world is improved. The renown of the Christian, the patriot, the hero, the statesman, is the seed of national glory. The life of Howard is a beautiful example, not only of the career of a friendless, moneyless youth, rising to distinction by his own unaided exertions, but forcibly illustrates the workings of our free and elective form of government.

The orphan at two years of age.
The school teacher at nineteen.
The self-made lawyer at twenty-one.
The Senator in a strange land at twenty-six.
The successful lawyer and profound jurist at thirty.
The dignified and useful member of Congress at forty.
Your accomplished minister to a neighboring republic at forty six.

In 1835, during the administration of President Jackson, he was appointed a Commissioner, to settle a very large amount of conflicting claims, at Chicago, that were presented against the government, arising under various Indian treaties, acts of Congress, &c. &c. I had the following in relation to this appointment, from a distinguished Senator of the United States—the then Secretary of War, under President Jackson. There was some difficulty with the Cabinet at Washington, in selecting a man to whom the settlement of so large an amount of conflicting claims should be entrusted. These claims involved more than half a million of dollars, in which a numerous class of speculators were deeply interested. Some of them had been standing for years, and were pressed upon the government with great zeal. It was important to select a man who would hear the whole proof, and make a report to the department at Washington; and in making this selection, it was likewise important to have a man in whom the government, as well as the citizen, who was pressing his claim, should have confidence. After the presenting of this name and of that, by different members of the Cabinet, and no prospect of an agreement, the difficulty reached the worthy old President, who was not present at these consultations, being indisposed. My informant says, that when the old man walked into the room and ascertained the subject upon which they were deliberating, he remarked, in an emphatic tone: "Gentlemen, I will tell you whom to appoint, (all were silent.) Appoint General Howard, of Indiana, he is an *honest man*, I have known him long."

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The appointment was made, and before sunset was forwarded to him, and the first intimation he had of it, was its reception.

He visited Chicago, and spent some three months in investigating these claims, and made his report, which was very voluminous, to the government; and it is worthy of remark, that since that report was made, we have passed through a high state of political excitement: Administrations have changed; new books have been opened, and I might say private character has been attacked in every direction, and all classes and parties of men have felt its withering influences. And though this report contained opinions, and decisions, in which single individuals were interested to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and near ten years had elapsed, from the time it was made, until his death, during which time, he was an active and warm partizan, in the polltical world; yet from that period, up to the present time, not a whisper of suspicion has ever been uttered against his integrity, or his fidelity to the government, or to the citizen.

He was not only a native, but an admirer of the south, and was partial to a distinguished citizen of the state of his birth; and like the sun of his own native land, he was warm and ardent in his feelings, and unwavering in his course.

Notwithstanding he was born and educated in the south, yet he was an Indianian. He felt a deep and abiding interest in her welfare, and I know of no citizen who exerted himself more than he did, on all occasions, to extricate the state from her embarrassments. I remember, in February, 1844, when a proposition was before Congress, to appropriate a large quantity of lands, to continue the Wabash and Erie Canal from Terre Haute to Evansville, and he was about to visit Washington city for the purpose of furthering that object, that a friend wrote warmly to him, urging him not to visit Washington; saying that there was a contest between the canal and river interest, and that it would injure him in his future political prospects. To that friend he gave the following answer: "*The time for making every thing bend to future political interests has passed by; the state has been trodden down by such things; I am for the redemption of the state.*"

And although he did not live to see the bill pass Congress, which was the germ from which has sprung a series of legislative measures, that it is believed will place the credit and character of the state on high ground, yet he contributed greatly in preparing the action of Congress for the passage of the bill; and it may be mentioned in this connection, to show the confidence, that a distinguished member of Congress of Tennessee, (now your Post-Master General,) had in Howard, of whom it will be no discredit to say, that he always watched, with an eagle eye, all appropriations; and when this measure was on its final passage, to the surprise of all who knew him, he voted "Aye," and when interrogated as to his vote, gave this laconic reply—"Howard said it was right!" "Howard said it was right."

Howard possessed a mind that always appeared to thirst for information—ever on the alert—ever active, and no situation in life could prevent him from investigating things around him. How often have those who knew him well, seen him in the midst of conversation, suddenly stop and go to examine some old copy of Bailey's Dictionary, some ancient map or chronological chart. Aside from his profound and extensive knowledge in his profession, his acquirements in history, politics, geography, geology, mineralogy, botany, natural, moral, and mental philosophy, and theological subjects, were astonishing to ordinary minds. Combining such a mass of information—a powerful intellect and a vivid imagination, with a powerful voice, a dignified and noble personal appearance, a dark, piercing, expressive eye, and a lofty liberality and earnestness of sentiment—these made him, what he truly was, a most powerful speaker. With all this, connect his active and never-ceasing benevolence, his strict regard for justice, his high sense of honor, together with his deep feelings of piety, and the well-known purity of his whole life—these gave him a power and influence in society, of which any man living might be justly proud.

He was at all times ready, *apparently* without preparation, to discuss or lecture on any subject; and his addresses and conversation were invariably characterised by chasteness and beauty of language, originality of thought, and close logical connection. His style was easy; "and his phrases and the construction of his sentences were English—not the English of the crowd, nor the English of the king, but the king's English, as it is spoken in the dignified conversation of intelligent

men." In his commencement of an argument, he advanced into his subject as a man would in the dark, feeling his way; but when fairly into it, there was a strength of thought, a dignity of language—illustrations natural as life itself, and metaphors that were original, striking, and not unfrequently bold, and that swept all before him.

He appeared to understand the effect of his arguments upon the mind of his hearers; if one argument did not answer, he used another; if one illustration did not succeed, he had another at command; and at no time did he forget the appropriate place for his imagination, memory and reason to act their part—never lost his balance, but made each perform its office.

The true secret of his success as a speaker, consisted in this, that he spoke from the affections to the affections—it was not person, his gesticulation, his manner, his imagination, his power of reasoning, alone—it was his deep feeling—the gushing of the soul; it was the heart of man speaking to the heart of man—it was his earnestness, eye, countenance, attitude, and manner, showing that he understood, believed, and felt, what he said.

His character presents one of the noblest specimens of humanity; it exhibits to us a powerful intellect, combined with high moral feelings, controlling those strong passions which give energy and force of character to the man. He was a man of ardent temperament, of strong passions; yet he held in perfect subjection all his evil nature, insomuch that he never spake in anger; nor did hate, or envy, find a seat in his bosom.

He had kindness and sympathy for every human being. When an object of human suffering presented itself, his benevolence knew no bounds; and when was the day in our own village, when Howard's name did not head the list of contributions, for benevolent objects? He gave largely, for a man in his circumstances in life, to the Wabash College, Indiana University, &c. &c., and to all the benevolent institutions of the day.

"Benevolence, generosity, charity, piety, patience, fidelity, courage, all shone conspicuously in him, and might extort from the beholder the impressive interrogatory, For what place was this man made? was it for political life? for a seat in the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States? was it for the Bench or the Bar? was it for public or private life? was it to fill the place of husband, father, neighbor, friend, Christian? for which of these was he born? The answer is, *for all of them.* He was born to fill the largest, and most varied circle of human excellence; and the whole voyage of his life was one continued and benign circumnavigation of all the beauties which adorn and ennoble the character of man."

His pleasures and amusements were few and simple; in his study, and in the retirement of his loving family, he found rest from the labors of the day. He gave much of his time to reflection, and was frequently alone; this world did not possess many charms to allure him with; and the rude tides of this little earth seemed to flow by without soiling his garments.

But my brethren of the bar, and indeed to you, one and all, who participate in public discussions, we have before us, in the life and character of Howard, a noble example, a rich pattern to imitate, in the style and manner of speaking, and in our intercourse with one another. Could we but realize with him, how high and how sacred is the gift of speech; that words are the representatives of our thoughts—the winged messengers of love or wrath, from the soul; that their consequences for good or for evil, are soon beyond their control and calculation;—could we, my friends, imitate his kindness in our intercourse with each other—speak no evil—copy his urbanity, and keep before us his example, in always putting the best construction upon each other's conduct—could we, as lawyers, follow out his rich example, in the management of our law-suits—use the same delicacy and politeness with witnesses and parties, and make use of the same exertions, to avoid injuring the feelings of those around us, no one could tell the amount of good we would do; and how much we should advance the peace and quiet of the whole community in which we move. He has left a mass of information, in manuscripts, on various subjects. His addresses and speeches, while a member of the Tennessee Senate, and while a member of Congress, and his lectures on a variety of subjects, would make a volume of great interest, and will no doubt find their way

to the public, connected with a full history of his life, by the aid of some one competent to the task.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1844, two years ago, he left our little village, and left many wet and weeping eyes. Your speaker will long remember the last words that fell from his lips, as he held him by the hand, and bade him farewell.

On the 27th of July, he arrived at Galveston, after a long and tedious passage from New-Orleans, being about ten days under a tropical sun.

On the 29th of July, he arrived at the City of Houston; on the 1st of August, at Washington, the Capital of Texas, and met his old friend General Houston, and was received by the Cabinet, and duly accredited the Minister to the young republic.

His reception and address on that occasion was all that his friends could have desired; and one writes, that during the time he was with us, he made many warm and ardent friends. On Saturday, the 10th of August, he complained of a pain in his neck and shoulder, to which he was subject.

Doctor Jones, then the acting Secretary of State, and subsequently the President, and Doctor Heard, were his attending physicians. On Tuesday, the 13th of August, his fever abated; on Wednesday he was able to sit up, and was thought to be convalescent; on Thursday, the 15th of August, he had a return of the pains of the previous night, and from that time he rapidly sunk; and on Friday, the 16th of August, he expired, at 15 minutes before 12 o'clock, at the house of John Farquher, three miles from Washington.

Howard was a Christian, and in his views of Christianity was a liberalist. I have never known any man who took so wide a view of religious liberty. He kept constantly before him, and practiced through life this truth—that our political liberty grows out of, and must ever rest upon the great puritanic doctrine of the direct allegiance of every man to God, and his consequent right and duty to serve Him according to the dictates of his own conscience, whatever Bishops, Popes, Presidents or moderators may say to the contrary. The forms and ceremonies of churches had little to do with his Christianity. I verily believe that Howard could have lived in any church in Christendom, a pious and devoted man.

Howard died as he had lived—a Christian. His last words to Doctor Jones, his attending physician, were, "all is right"—and to another friend who was with him in his last moments, he said—"I suffer much; the paroxysm is great, but the Lord is my Shepherd." In the last letter written to his wife, but a few days before his death, and almost as if he had a presentiment of his approaching end, he repeats from his favorite Psalm, "the Lord is my Shepherd, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

He is gone, and we know, and feel, and mourn our loss. His life had been one of self-denial and toil, and by labor and application he had acquired a mass of varied and profound learning; and having reached that point in life which promised a bright career of usefulness to his country, and distinction to himself, in the providence of God, for reasons and purposes inscrutable to us, he has been called away.

And though he expired far from his native land, without the kind offices of wife and daughters to smooth the bed of death, yet he was,

"By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

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THE LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING.*

The series of books placed at the head of this paper, has now reached its 91st number. Its success with the public may be inferred from the rapidity with which the publishers are still adding to a list already so extended. Almost every week puts us in possession of a new volume, similar in character to the works which have preceded it—the last of which we were about to say, always seems to us the best. The enterprising house to which we are indebted for them, certainly deserves the thanks as well as the more substantial rewards of the public, for the energy and taste with which they have prosecuted the undertaking. For, apart from the merits of the books themselves, which we shall speak of in the sequel—their influence upon the book trade has been of the most salutary kind.

At the time this series was begun, the business of book printing in this country was in an inexpressibly wretched condition. It was the day of what were termed cheap publications—Heaven save the mark! Generally, publications very dear at any price, whether we consider their merits or their make. Printing could then scarcely be called an art; it was a manufacture, and that, too, of the rudest sort. A ream or two of dingy, unpressed paper, blackened by microscopic figures, said to resemble the letters of the alphabet, and folded into various heterogeneous shapes, with a stitch of pack-thread here and there—was all that then went to the making of that sacred and noble thing—a book. The consequence was, that respectable publishing was driven from the markets, and the whole subject was committed to the tender mercies of newspaper publishers and the agents of patent medicines. Even the regular trade were compelled to engage in the wholesale desecration of their art, in order to turn a penny where they could. Literature was overwhelmed with a deluge of pamphlets; choked to death by a surfeit of serials; or rather expired of a fit of apoplexy, brought on by a bad diet.

In this state of things Messrs. Wiley & Putnam determined to do something for the rescue of their trade and the public. At the suggestion of a literary gentleman of this city, who deserves well for his innumerable attempts to serve the cause of letters, they commenced the issue of the Library of Choice Reading. Their plan was to select the best foreign and domestic works, of a graceful and readable character, and publish them in a style which should be elegant as well as cheap. Their efforts were successful in every respect, so that the result has been, that other publishers have been induced to follow their example, and readers once more enjoy the luxury of "Books which are Books."

And now that we have so many numbers of this series before us, we can safely say that it is equal in merit, if not superior, to any other series that was ever presented. Now and then it is true, the editor's partialities, or the persuasions of injudicious friends, have led him to incorporate an inferior work into the collection; but as a whole, his labors have been not only unexceptionable, but highly praiseworthy. The volumes are generally of more than average excellence, while some may be regarded as among the finest specimens of modern book-writing. We confess, that we do not find any qualities in the works of the Headlong Hall set, or in Lady Duff Gordon's French in Algiers, or in the endless platitudes of one Martin Farquhar Tupper, who was silly enough once to attempt a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, to entitle them to a place in such respectable company. But these are the exceptions to a general rule. Indeed, it is the unquestionable excellence of the rest of the series which brings out the comparative worthlessness of such as we have named, in a stronger relief. When publishers furnish us with "Eothen," and the "Crescent and the Cross," &c., among books of travels, we can afford to put up with the "French in Algiers;" and with Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's inestimable essays, and the tales of Zschokke, we will not make wry faces, even if compelled to swallow "Headlong Hall" and the "Crock of Gold," &c. One must not, we know, even in respect to books, be too fastidious; yet if we are

* The Library of Choice Reading. Wiley & Putnam. New-York. 1846-7.

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so, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam must take part of the blame in having provided us with such elevated standards of judgment.

This series is now a library in itself, and contains several years of good reading in it—to say nothing of what is announced as yet to come. It is reading, too, adapted to all seasons, and to a great variety of cultivated tastes. The form of the numbers is such that they may be conveniently carried in the pocket, to annihilate time when one is also annihilating space in a rail car or steamboat, to add to the felicity of a summer sojourn in the country, or to enliven the comfort of the winter fireside. There are travels and essays, and sketches and biographies, and poems, embraced in the collection, with now and then a volume that aspires to all these titles. If you need something brilliant and racy, there is Eothen; something hearty and genial, there is Hunt; something suggestive though perverse, there is Hazlitt; something grand and striking, there is Beckford; something frolic and gentle, there is Lamb; something pretentious, there is the aforesaid Tupper; something wild, yet classic, there is Fouqué; something humorous or touching, there is Zschokke; or finally, something indescribable, there is Carlyle. And twinkling amid these larger lights, you will find the elegant Mrs. Jamieson, the pleasant Mrs. Southey, and the good Mary Howitt.

It is an unfortunate thing, we think, that Messrs. Wiley & Putnam took it into their heads to issue an American rival alongside of their foreign series. Not that it was not desirable to have an issue of well-printed American books, or that they may not have made money out of their project; but because it has provoked comparisons rather unpleasant to our pride as Americans. The editor has not succeeded, it must be confessed, in procuring works fit to rank with the English selections, or that ought to be regarded as representative of American literature or genius. It must have been out of his power to get better, as such are to be had unquestionably, and he possesses taste enough to know them when he should see them. But it would have been a wiser policy, so far as the interests of our literature are concerned, to have published none at all, rather than put forth such imperfect efforts as those of Simms, Poe, Matthews, Headly, and last and worst, Cheever. Mr. Simms's magazine habits, or some other causes, have led him into an almost intolerable diffuseness, so that his naturally vigorous thought is overlaid by an endless drawl of words. Matthews possesses considerable talent, but it stands greatly in need of discipline and taste; Headly writes neither grammatically nor elegantly, but there is a certain intensity and fire about his manner which renders him popular, and which, if it were joined with scholarship and grace, would make him an effective writer. Of Mr. Poe we are not allowed to speak at present, and of Cheever's wretched sectarian sermonizings in the awful presence of the Jungfrau, we have no desire to speak. But there is not one of these writers whose books really do honor to our letters. Had they been retained in the possession of their authors, for ten years say, and submitted in the mean time to the severe castigations of some friendly but rigid critic, they might have had material and vitality enough in them to entitle them to an honorable midwifery. And we say this, not to injure the feelings of these gentlemen, for some of whom we have a high professional and personal respect, but to do our duty towards the public as critics. We are of opinion that the cause of our literature is greatly depreciated and damaged by the issues of injudicious books. It creates a wrong standard of judgment in the public mind, and retards the sale of more deserving attempts. Nor must it be supposed from these remarks, that the whole of this American series is of the same inadequate character. In the exquisite "Mosses" of Hawthorne, in the admirable tales of Mrs. Kirkland, in Calvert's "Scenes and Thoughts"—a book by no means sufficiently prized, in Melville's lively and picturesque "Typee," and Margaret Fuller's vigorous "Papers"—though these last require prunings and corrections, we find works which we should not only not scruple to send forth in the same coach with their foreign companions, but which we would send forth with some feeling of exultation.

Now, the question arises, why this inferiority of the American series? Is it because Americans are naturally inferior to the people of other countries as writers? No man, after the demonstrations made by a host of our eminent authors, would be justified in saying so; yet there stands the fact, that Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's series of chosen American writers, are confessedly inferior to the series of writers taken almost indiscriminately from abroad! May not that fact itself throw

light upon the question? May it not be, that the very facility with which our publishers can appropriate the labors of foreigners, is a serious detriment to a native literature? For our own part, we are decidedly of the conviction that it is. There is no demand for good native productions, and until there be, they will not be cultivated, except as heretofore, in a chance way, and by the irregular methods of the amateur, rather than in the earnest and steadfast spirit of the sworn artist. Few men can live decently in this country by mere literary labor—indeed, we may say that no man can; for such of our writers as have thrived, in a pecuniary sense, have always joined other occupations to their pursuit of letters. Yet this is not the case, because there is no demand for literature of the higher kind; for there is a demand, as the indefatigable multiplication of reprints from English books shows. We believe there are more readers in the United States—readers in the highest sense—than in any modern nation, except Germany. The national pride of most of these, too, would induce them to prefer American works, if they could be had, of equal merit to the English. But they cannot be had; and the simple reason is, that publishers will not offer an adequate remuneration for them, when the foreign copy can be got for nothing. It is only after the American writer has forced his way up to reputation, that he can command any price at all from publishers; and even then he must be content with the most moderate gains. Here and there, a man like Prescott, already rich, and therefore able to elaborate his books, and publish them in the finest typographical style, will have the publishers dogging his heels; but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of our authors are so situated, that they regard it as a favor when some publisher consents to overlook their MSS.

Now, how in the name of common sense are we to have a flourishing literature under such circumstances? Will men qualified to exalt the taste of the nation, devote their energies to it, when starvation yawns in the vista? Will they attempt a rivalry with well-paid and well-fed foreign competitors under such enormous disadvantages? Of the horrible injustice of this state of things we shall not now speak—injustice towards foreigners whom it despoils, and injustice towards natives whom it robs of a market. But a single fact will place that view of the subject in a strong light. The English re-publishers of Mrs. Childs's excellent works, are said to have made more than one hundred thousand dollars by them, while the accomplished authoress is still toiling on in this city, without having realized one cent from the foreign circulation. We suppose Mr. Dickens must have been plundered of three times that amount on the sale of his books in this country. Yet our Congress, in the face of these iniquities, will steadily refuse to pass a law simply declaring a right of property, where that right is almost indisputable! It is not pretended that the author has not a right to the workings of his own brains; it is not pretended that literary property is the most clearly established and the most easily definable of all property; but the government refuses to secure the important interest of book-writers, because the two-penny interests of paper makers and book-pirates may by some vague possibility be injured? We say, by some vague possibility—for we believe that under a wise Copy-right law, even those who have heretofore lived by thievery, will be benefited. Yet we do not care to take that aspect of the matter into consideration. The question is one of palpable and eternal justice. Authors, wherever they come from, have an inherent and inalienable right to their products, as much as the merchant has to his silks or his earthen ware. These products as much deserve the protection of law. The government might as well permit the cruiser to board transporting ships at will, as to permit publishers to pounce as they do upon foreign writers. It is free-booting upon the high seas in either case; or, according to Hood's pun, there is no more difference between the buccaniers and book-sneers in fact, than there is in sound. Our legislative policy is that of criminal licence. We assume a position as disgraceful as it is deleterious. If any class of our citizens should treat foreign manufactures or foreign merchants as badly as the publishers do foreign authors, the whole country would rise in arms against the wickedness; yet this wholesale book robbery goes on from session to session, before the eyes of Congress, and scarcely a man is found honest enough or bold enough to raise his voice in rebuke. Though no constitutional objection arises in the case, and though the policy of the matter is as positive as the right of it, not a soul is moved to an indignant remonstrance—much less to an earnest effort in behalf of the wronged on both sides of the Atlantic.

LOCALITIES OF THE LEARNED.

"The love
Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous."—BYRON.

How universal is the influence of association. The precincts of home,—however humble that abode,—become invested with a thousand endearing charms, which cluster around the heart with such sweet and enduring tenacity, that, compared with which, the most ravishing beauties of nature, or glittering blandishments of art, lose all their witchery and force. This feeling, which seems closely allied to that of consanguinity, love or friendship, transfers itself to inanimate objects, times and places, which the presence of those once loved or venerated may have hallowed; thus transforming them into sainted shrines, at which memory loves to be the devoted worshipper. Nor is there anything unphilosophical in all this, since, while the living forms, in which dwelt the sure tokens of the divine life, were contemplated with such cherished regard, it is not surprising that this sentiment should captivate us with ideal images, after the realities had ceased any longer to be objects of vision. "One of the best secrets of our enjoyment," says Hazlitt, "lies in the art of cultivating pleasant associations." Everything connected with the children of genius awakens universal sympathy;—the places where they have dwelt and labored in thought, which have witnessed their sufferings and mental anguish, and given birth to the brilliant creations of intellect, necessarily acquire a sacredness and an interest unknown to any other. To begin with a few literary localities,—the first with which we commence, although somewhat inodorous in name, from its having long been considered as synonymous with poverty, wretchedness, and crime,—St. Giles'—we might yet mention two names connected with it, rendered immortal in verse,—Chapman, the earliest, and perhaps one of the best translators of Homer, and Andrew Marvell, the accomplished wit, poet, and patriot; all that was mortal of whom, reposes in a sepulchre of its parish church. Turn we to another, and an opposite district of the "Great Metropolis," and a section few might also suspect to be classic ground,—the Borough of Southwalk,—yet in its precincts once stood the well-remembered Globe Theatre, of which Shakspeare was at one time proprietor. Shakspeare's first appearance in public life was, indeed, as attendant at the door of this theatre, which probably stood in Playhouse-Square, near Bankside. Bankside, on the Southwark side, is full of interest, also, from the fact of its being the spot where the great dramatist lived during his stay in London.* Near the Globe were the Bear-Gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to solace their tender sensibilities with elegant sport—bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived near neighbors with the Bard of Avon. The mortal remains of Fletcher and Massinger rest within the time-honored walls

* "Stratford-on-Avon," (the birth-place of Shakspeare, and where he lies entombed,) says an eloquent writer in *Blackwood*, "does not contain the remains of mere English genius; it is the place of pilgrimage to the entire human race. The names of persons of all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can

"Rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

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of St. Saviour's; it will be recollected, here formerly stood that famous rendezvous of the wits of olden time—the Tabard, whence Chaucer set out with his "Pilgrims" on his route for Canterbury. Here, also, lived and died the contemporary of the latter poet—Gower. The Tabard still exists, in part, with its ample courtyard, under the name of the "Talbot:" the mutations of time, however, have reduced its once distinguished importance to the rank of the common-place. This venerable relic of the famed Sir Geoffrey, presents an interesting object of itself, from the fact of its age, probably approaching hard upon a thousand years.

The favorite resort of the learned of those days,—Raleigh, Spenser, Jonson, Philip Sidney, and other noble names, was the *Mermaid Tavern*, Friday-street, Cheapside; here Shakspeare and Jonson used to sharpen each other's wits, and make a blaze. Dryden's dwelling was situated in Fetter-Lane, formerly called Fleur-de-Lys-Court; this venerable pile is known to the curious by two grim-looking lions in stone, over the door-way. This spot witnessed most of the poets' toils and sufferings,—till they ceased in the quiet of the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Johnson's house in Bolt-Court, Fleet-street, no longer exists. The accomplished author of the "Pleasures of Memory" relates, that when he was a boy of fourteen, he had a violent desire to see the great lexicographer, who was then the acknowledged head of English literature. He did not know him, nor was he acquainted with any one who had that advantage; and in this emergency he determined to introduce himself, with the hope that the visit of so young an admirer would prove its own excuse. He went, accordingly, to Bolt-Court; but when he had got his hand upon the knocker, his heart failed him, and he came away and never renewed the attempt.

Goldsmith has hallowed a dirty spot in London, by his residence there; it is called Green Arbour-Court, Old Bailey. Here Oliver resided in the outset of his career, ere his fame dawned upon the world; and here he completed his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," and wrote those amusing papers, which were afterwards collected, under the title of "The Citizen of the World." The author was writing his "Inquiry," in a wretched, dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he, from civility, offered it to his visitors, himself was obliged to sit in the window. On one occasion, when he had a call from a friend, and they were conversing, some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behavior, entered, who, dropping a curtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a pot full of coals!" The very house is still standing, the last in the alley, looking on so dangerous a descent, known by the name of "Break-neck-stairs."

East-Smithfield was the birth-place of that rare poet, of the elder school, Spenser. The chequered career of the author of the *Faerie Queene* is familiar to the reader,—his residence, Kilcolman Castle, Ireland,—its being fired by the populace,—his return to England,—poverty and disasters, and subsequent death, in an obscure lodging-house in King-street, Westminster. His death was more honored than his life; for, says Camden, his hearse was attended by poets; and mournful elegies and poems, which, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb,—in Westminster Abbey.

Pope must be deemed a veritable cockney; for he awoke to being under the immediate sound of "Bow-Bells," in a place no less anti-poetic than Lombard-street,—a street where bankers and money-changers are as rife as in our own Wall-street. Pope's residence at Twickenham is well-known; near his dwelling, the tree may be seen, inscribed with the words,

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"*Here Pope sung;*" under whose shelter and shade he produced many of his effusions. He sleeps in the east end of Twickenham church.

John Milton's birth-place was in Bread-street, Cheapside, at the "Spread Eagle;" the house, however, was consumed in the Great Fire of London. Milton was proverbially addicted to changing his abode; few more noted instances of the kind being upon record. He is believed to have written his "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*" at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; his great epic, at least the earlier portions, were penned at a house at Forest-Hill, near Oxford. The poet afterwards resided in a large house in Aldersgate-street, London, where he carried on the craft of a schoolmaster, politician, and philosopher. His noble advocacy of liberal opinions, it will be remembered, brought him little fame and less fortune. From this spot he removed to a house in Holborn, facing Lincolns-Inn-Fields, thence to lodgings in Scotland-yard, near Whitehall, and finally, to the dwelling, still extant, in Westminster, looking into St. James's Park. Here he lost his sight, which his political opponents ascribed to the anger of Heaven for his abetting the popular cause. The ancient front of this memorable building forms now its back, and overlooks the fine garden of the late Jeremy Bentham. Near the top of this ancient front is a stone, bearing this inscription—

"Sacred to Milton, the prince of poets."

This memento was put up by Hazlitt, who rented the house for some years, solely because it was once the abode of John Milton. Lest any tourist should be in quest of its *locale*, we will add, it stands in York-street, west of Westminster Abbey, No. 19. At the commencement of the Plague, Milton lived in Bunhill-Fields; he soon removed to the residence of a wealthy Quaker at Chalfount, at which place he doubtless dictated his "Paradise Regained," to his then wife, Elizabeth Minshall. The poet's last house,—"the narrow house appointed for all living,"—was a grave in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Lord Bacon has bequeathed the memory of his noble genius to Gray's Inn, where he lived and wrote. The corner of Fleet-street and Chancery-Lane witnessed the advent of the poet Cowley. Two renowned painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth, immortalized their art in Leicester-Square, at the house since called the Sabloniere Hotel. And again in St. James'-Square, with its neighborhood, we might mention several illustrious names as its inhabitants: Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square; and Steele, in Bury-street. Byron first saw the light in Holly-street, Hanover-Square; he wrote his "Hours of Idleness" at Newark, his "Siege of Corinth" in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park. Cowper's rural retreat was at Olney, Buckinghamshire, as is well known. Cave's house, the frequent resort of Johnson and Goldsmith, was at St. John's-Gate, Clerkenwell,—a venerable relic,—we believe, still extant. At No. 3 Ivy-Lane, leading to the great book mart, Paternoster-Row, there was formerly a tavern, frequented by the literati of those days, where, according to the *Spectator*, "was held the *Humdrum Club*, who used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight." Franklin worked at Wall's Printing-house in 1725, situate in Portugal-street, Lincolns-Inn-Fields; he lodged at a house facing the Catholic chapel, in Duke-street. At the mention of such association, how many reflections suggest themselves; but we refrain.

It is worthy of remark, that poets have all loved the rivers! Need we mention the banks of the Doon, or the braes of Yarrow, the lonely retirements of the Duddon, or the streams by which Edmund Spenser walked in

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his glory, dreaming bright dreams of hope and blessing, and murmuring, as he walked their margin, a music sweeter than their own?

Alas! the cherished boon has been but too frequently denied to the majority of those who have sought to "build the lofty rhyme," for they have been generally found located in a *lofty* apartment, as if privation and poverty could best propitiate the muse.

Speaking, therefore, of localities, we ought not to omit the mention of the too notorious Grub-street, of poetical memory. "We never think of a garret," says Ryan, in his "Poetry and Poets," "but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poor poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All ideas of the sins of the flesh evaporate on our entrance, for if all the flesh that has ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of opinion that it would not amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness—the cradle and grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it in a sullen smile or a flood of tears. How venerable does it appear, at least, if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face, its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig, and its numberless 'loop-holes of retreat,' for the north wind to peep through and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude; it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intimate connexion that genius holds with heaven."

It was in one of these ærial abodes that poor Otway conceived and penned that affecting tragedy, "Venice Preserved;" and also the facetious and witty Butler his "Hudibras," which, while it contributed to the convulsive merriment of the court and all classes of readers, its ill-fated author pined in his solitary attic, under the inconvenient pangs of starvation.

It is grateful to reflect, however, that *all* are not found domiciled in these upper regions. Some, on the contrary, moving among the upper circles of society instead; such as Pliny, in early times, and Voltaire, Pope, Rogers and others, among the moderns. Others, again, have appeared under the most obscure circumstances, and bounded into notoriety by the force of their genius. Of this class, we might mention Keats, the most "poetical of poets," who was born in a stable at Moorfields, London. The history of this unfortunate yet brilliant writer, exhibits a sad picture of the casualties which too frequently befall the devotees of the muse. Repairing to Italy for the recovery of his enfeebled health, he expired in the arms of a friend, in 1820, ere he had attained to the noontide of life. The same may be said of the no less extraordinary, though erratic poet, Shelley. But the sorrows of both have long since been hushed;—they sleep together in the same grave. The latter once said, in anticipation of his near approaching end, that he felt already the daisies growing over him—proving the deep love of poetic beauty which still ardently gloweth in his "heart of hearts." His monumental record was, by his request, the following:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in tears."

Let us not omit a passing tribute to one of the most promising but ill-fated of the sons of song, poor Chatterton, who, on his arrival from Bristol, vainly struggling against the iron destiny that seemed to crush him—unpitied because unknown, and who immured himself in an obscure apartment in Brook-street, Holborn. Here, after some days of actual starvation, he yielded to the demon of despair, and destroyed himself. We have wept

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at the shrine of his suffering, sorrow, and sin. Poor Chatterton, whom Wordsworth styles

"The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride!"

He is buried near the workhouse, Shoe-lane, without a stone to point the spot. Wonder his memory should thus suffer desecration, while magnificent piles are erected to the honor of titled fools!

In Salisbury Court lived Thomas Sackvill, Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser. Here also resided Richardson, where he kept his printing-office. The Temple is eminently classic in its associations. Then to think of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, the rendezvous of the departed worthies, wits and poets of olden times—Addison, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Pope and Butler, the last of whom lived sometime and died in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent Garden church, where Peter Pindar also lies. Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney both lived at their mansion on the north side of Leicester Square, at the back of which was Dryden's residence. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died at Holland House, Kensington.

Abraham Cowley's name is associated with Chertsey and Barn Elms, both in the county of Surrey. The house at Chertsey yet remains, somewhat modernized. Over the door is a small tablet of stone, on which is inscribed,

"Here the last accents fell from Cowley's tongue."

His final resting-place was the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

Close to the pretty lodge leading to Stoke church, and in a well-kept and enclosed garden, is a cenotaph erected to the memory of Gray. From the high bank on which it is placed, we look down into one of those deep lanes so full of beauty, and see pretty ferns growing out of the red sand-stone rocks, with wild violets, strawberries, and other plants intermixed. In another direction, and across a field, is Gray's church-yard, almost surrounded with high fir-trees covered with ivy, which impart a pleasing gloom in summer to the spot. It is impossible to approach it without feeling that it is a spot calculated to have inspired the poet with those feelings which drew from him his beautiful and well-known "Elegy." Here he wrote; here he wandered, and here he was buried. But where is his monument? We look for it in vain, either in the church or church-yard. There is, indeed, the tomb of "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her." That child was Thomas Gray, the poet. In that same simple tomb his ashes repose, with those of the mother he so affectionately loved.

Ireland claims a passing allusion: if its literary localities are less numerous, they are scarcely less interesting. To begin with the metropolis: there is Glasnevin, with its recollections of Tickell, Addison, Parnell, and the rest of that brilliant circle which there met; there is Swift's birthplace in Hoey's Court, and his tomb in St. Patrick's; there is 12 Dorset-street, where Sheridan first drew his breath, and Aungier-street, where his biographer, Thomas Moore, was born. And how many a one—even the admirer of her poetry—passes 20 Dawson-street, without thinking of Mrs. Hemans; yet in that house the "falcon-hearted dove" folded its wing and fell asleep, and in the vaults of St. Anne's church, hard by, her mortal remains are laid.

Thompson's natal place was Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland; he removed thence to Southdean, where he is supposed to have indited his *Castle of Indolence* and *Winter;* afterwards he repaired to a house near Richmond, in what is called Kew-foot-lane. His remains rest in Richmond church, where a brass tablet is erected to his memory. The dwelling-place of the great

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German poet, Schiller, where he lived and sung, is still extant, situate in the village of Gohlis, Leipsic. The rural cottage stands in a retired nook from the road. Says a tourist,—

"It is so modest, so humble, that it hardly seems to dare to look over the tall stone fence and lordly gate which modern respect and enthusiasm have erected before it. Its narrow face of rude mortar is covered with a creeping vine, and over two little windows which peep out from under the sharply-slanting roof, catching the rays of the evening's sun, are written the words, 'Schiller's Study.' The gate itself bears this inscription :—

'Here dwelt
Schiller,
and wrote the Song of Joy,
in the year
1785.'

"How simple and touching a moral is here! In poverty, in distress, in want of friends and bread—as yet unrenowned—as yet unpatronized by dukes, and unsolicited by kings—an exile—a stranger,—'here dwelt Schiller, and wrote the Song of Joy!' Blessed be the spirit of poetry, which can thus change sorrow into rejoicing. Next to the glorious hope whose consolation 'passeth all understanding,' this spirit of ideal beauty and happiness—this inward power of investing the outward life and its changing circumstances with hues of light and joy, this is the best gift of God to man. O, let us not despise the poet! His mission is holy and good. He teaches us to see fresh beauty in the works and ways of God,—to wear the fetters of care more lightly about us, and to find roses in the rockiest path that duty and affliction ever trod."

It is worthy of remark, that, as in Europe, so is it here in America—our northern cities have been more prolific in great men than any other section of country. Portland, in Maine, may boast of being the birth-place of the following distinguished American writers: Willis, Neal, Longfellow, and some others of celebrity. If the lives of literary men possess for us such strong interest, it is not to be supposed that their places of abode, and the localities they have visited, can be remembered without emotion; and although it may be difficult to present many instances, yet such as they are, we venture to offer our collection to the reader; and for these we confess some apology is due from the desultory manner in which we have quoted them.

NIGHT.

Oh, Night! I love thee, as a weary child
  Loves the maternal breast on which it leans!
  Day hath its golden pomp—its bustling scenes,
But richer gifts are thine :—the turmoil wild
Of a proud heart, thy low, sad voice hath stilled,
  Until its throb is gentler than the swell
Of a light billow—and its chamber filled
  With cloudless light, with calm unspeakable:
Thy hand a curtain lifteth, and I see
  One who first taught my heart with love to thrill,
  Though long ago her lip of song grew still :—
Day showeth but the sod upon her breast,
But thou, oh Night! her form in glorious raiment drest!

W. H. C. H.

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LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM.

(Continued.)

JERUSALEM, *Nisan 1st.*

To Tamor, the Daughter of Er, Wife of Jezreel, Mother of Bethshau and Amos, as well as the unworthy Miriam, dear mother, who now sends love and greeting from this glorious city, to thee who hast been for so many years, and still art, an exile in Nyrsa of Cappadocia:

DEAR mother, God bless you, for your long letter. May the love and confidence existing between mother and child ever continue. Your words, coming to me amid gloom and fear, which encompassed me, made me weep long; unwitting how much I needed words of kindness, and comfort, your thoughts seem to have been heaven-directed.

Another fortnight has passed since I have written to you. Saw you me now, as I sit writing, decked in the bridal robes for the last evening of Sarai's marriage, you would not wonder so much at my not having written. The days have been very hurried, busy, and anxious, and the evenings found me too much engaged or too tired to write much or satisfactorily; beside, an old habit of procrastination has been revived, now that I am away from your sadly sorry look, when you see it is not conquered.

Yes, the mystery is over—at least for her who is most nearly interested; and we must bear to wait until it is time that clouds should be removed from the face of truth for us. That there is mystery, some great and weighty secret, is too evident to me; that it is not a cheerful one is evident also; and that Sarai is a noble, magnificent being, who has nerved herself to the accomplishment of some hard determination, is no less to be seen by me, who watch her so intently. All else deem this marriage like any other. Not so. She seems abstracted at times, at others, too gay; alternately sad unto death, and glad, exalted, as if inspired.

Let me tell all I know. The afternoon that I last wrote to you, if you remember, I said I would read part of my letter to Sarai. When I had done so, I returned to my room to add a few words, and to enclose in the letter bag the copy of that beautiful Indian drama, which Azariah had rendered into our language, and given me. My eyes ached, for I had wrought upon the ephod till very late the night before; and so drawing the curtains over the windows, I resigned myself to sleep. I slept until very late, for when I awakened I saw that supper must be over, for on a table stood some delicate conserves and fruit for me. Knowing Benaiah had gone to a feast, and surmising that Sarai had probably accompanied him, I gave myself no trouble to inquire after her, and was busily reading, when Lina came in. I asked her if her mistress had gone out. She said no; that she was in the library; that Helon was with her, and only Benaiah had gone to the feast. Here my heart beat; now, I hoped misunderstanding would cease. I asked Lina had her mistress sent me no message? She answered, that when supper was served, she had desired some palm wine and some fruit should be brought to me, with the word that neither she nor the young master wished any supper, and hoped I would find mine acceptable, though I ate it all alone, and in my chamber. So, mother, instead of a voluntary occupant of my room, as I had deemed myself, I had been in fact banished to

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it. Never did exile more delight in banishment, however. Sarai came to me late at night; one glance sufficed to show, mystery was over for her; she seemed to have gained strength and soul since I last saw her; her eye flashed more brightly, her step was more stately, and the impression her face gave me, was, that a crisis in her destiny had come, and she had met it, and could meet it well. "Now, thank God!" I exclaimed, "all this strangeness, all this desolation is over; Helon has told you all?" "Yes, all," she answered; and sinking upon the couch beside me, she leaned her head upon my shoulder. Her movements were not like those of one utterly wretched, though not happy; so I knew that Helon still loved her, though there was some great sorrow. "And Helon still loves you?" I asked. "Loves me!" she echoed, and her voice was very sad,—"loves me, indeed; more, even, than he does himself. I could almost wish he loved me less. He has consented at last to love me less, or, to speak better, to love my apparent good less. I speak enigmatically, cousin," she continued, after a pause, "but when you know all, you will see the signification of my words. Do not ask me to tell you this mystery, I beseech you—I pray you; and if I seem sad, do not sympathize with me by word or act; for sympathy will unnerve me, and I must act now, not mourn—if I weep I am lost; there are weighty duties for me, and I must not shrink nor blench. All is chaos now in my mind, excepting one purpose, which moves over the face of the waters, and will yet bring all things into their order. One thing I see clearly now, that you, dear cousin, must make me some promises; and however much you may be tempted to break them, as you value your own soul, it must not be done. When you have read this letter to father, I will tell you what you must promise. I could not see father to-night. He will suppose me sleeping, and as he goes hence before the dawn of day, a slave will give this to him; and when Ammon returns with the camels, the day after to-morrow, he will bring his answer." It was a letter requesting the marriage festival to be held immediately after his return from the country. Her written reasons for it were good, as well as the details of how the preparations could be carried forward without his presence, so that his country affairs might be well seen to. The only thing which appeared strange about the letter was, that she said they intended to leave Jerusalem for Helon's friends in the south the day after the marriage. Why she could not remain among her friends, like other brides, was mysterious; I considered it but a satellite to the greater mystery, and so was silent. I gave it to her, saying, "Now for the demands and promises." In the first place, she desired that in the few days that would intervene between that evening and the marriage festivities, that I would be as little with her as might be possible. At this I was very much hurt, mother; and in sorrowful displeasure, would have unclasped my hand which held hers; but she grasped it tightly, and continued her requests, as if there was nothing wrong in them. She desired that I would receive all company that came, during the week preceding the marriage, excepting Helon, and that I should avoid him; if he spoke to me, to answer no more than courtesy required; and immediately send for her, or better go for her, if she was not present. The last, and most important request, she said, was, that whatever I had observed that was strange about Helon or herself, or whatever I might see which would create wonder, I should be utterly silent; and that which made me suspect anything, or that I suspected, should not be told to her father, by word or sign. This was too much; I started back from her, and looked at her searchingly; but I could see no evil in that glorious face. "Sarai," I asked, "are you doing all that is right for you to do? answer me that—" With hands clasped, and looking upward, as if calling angels to witness to

her truth, she said, solemnly, "As I hope for God's love, and for heaven, when the troubled sea of earth is over and gone, so am I doing that which I shall look back to with the most gladness." What could I do but promise all, everything. "Heaven hears our promises," she answered, almost sternly, and she was gone.

That night, from anxiety, was sleepless for me; and the next day, and until this moment, I have found that not only silence and passiveness were expected of me, but that much care was to be mine. When I have seen Sarai, she has only given me directions. I have been her mouth-piece for her commands, and many of them she has sent me some kindly note about. She told the servants that so much more than usual was demanded of them, and her father being away, we would dispense with suppers, and that some servers might be kept replenished in her and my rooms. Whenever Sarai has detected herself in expressions of heart, or love for her father, or for me, she has checked herself and gone away. What does it all mean? I see traces of tears on her face but rarely; she is pale—evidently exhausted by care and excitement; but that her body is weakened, not her purpose, I see plainly. As I promised, I have avoided Helon, and he has done the like to me. He looks deadly pale. Once I found him alone in the library, weeping bitterly. Sarai came in, and I left them. Again, what does all this mean?

It has been well that I have had so much to attend to—so many friends to talk with, else I should have fainted from this cheerlessness. As it is, I have often longed for the wings of a dove to fly away where peace might be. I feel often very much hurt at Sarai's not being willing to confide in me; and then again I would do all in my power—make any sacrifice, to remove the weight that is on her soul. I have been to see Helon's house, which was newly decorated long before this for the bride. It is magnificent, and worthy such a couple. May happiness smile over it, and this sorrow not dwell in it.

Sarai has often been in conversation with Roman officers of government. What may it mean? Benaiah, since his return, seems to suspect nothing, but daily attends to the ceremonies of the marriage, the contracts, settlements of dowry, &c., and I hear he wears a smiling face at the costly feasts he gives for his male acquaintances. Helon, I hear, does not seem as joyous; and that, in the six days' feasts and rejoicings at his house, he has sometimes refused to join them on the plea of illness. He sees Sarai every morning, and letters are often exchanged between them. Many times she has seemed agitated when reading his notes; would hasten away to answer them, and only recover peace when she received some return.—Would to Heaven the mystery or the wedding was over for us all, for Azariah tells me some seem to wonder at Helon's being so grave. As for Sarai, she is, as one might expect of one so gifted, quiet and self-possessed before her guests; but oh! I see this festival is mockery itself, and that her heart is busy with sad, sad thoughts. Just before I began to write to you this evening I went to her, hoping that the influence of the hour might be such as to make her willing to repose confidence in me, and if there was comfort to give, I could give it. I found her already decked in her bridal splendor, and alone. She was kneeling in prayer, and though she saw me, she continued kneeling—so I have left her. Still she feels it best to suffer alone.

Very soon the maidens will be here, and with torches and song we shall be led to the bridegroom's house; he will come forth to meet us; the last promises made and prayers said; the doors closed; and then, pray Heaven, may there be true joy on the faces of bride and bridegroom at the marriage supper, as well as upon those of the guests, for oh! I am wearied of all this.

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Nisan 4th.

All mystery is over, and for us now, God help us, was ever misery like unto this? When I last wrote to you, hope was in my heart, and now can I ever smile again? The maidens went forth with us as I told you; torches gleamed upon our jewelled dresses; the people had assembled to see the procession, and the dancing-girls moved in their graceful attitudes round and before us, while the flower-girls threw wreaths of flowers in the pathway.—The bridegroom came forth to meet us. How eagerly I looked at him! Unobserved I could now do so. He was still very pale, and as he greeted Sarai, his lip quivered, and he seemed like one who would faint. Sarai whispered something to him. With a strong effort he mastered himself, and at the feast he was self-possessed and quiet. At last Benaiah, Sarai, Helon and myself, were left alone. An hour remained before day would dawn, when the chariots were to come. Helon seemed weary, and his lip even was colorless, while Sarai was excited; talked a great deal and strangely. I was exhausted by the duties of the day, and Benaiah advised me to go to my room, as he would sit with his children; but Sarai reminded me it would be a long time before we met again, so I did not obey him. I took some wine, but it did not waken me; and at last, from utter exhaustion, I laid my head upon the pillows of the couch and went to sleep. When I awakened, the sun had been up possibly two hours, and hearing some one moaning near me, what was my astonishment to see Helon lying on a couch moaning piteously, Benaiah and Sarai watching beside him. Sarai was bathing Helon's head with snow-water, and Benaiah was advising that a leech be sent for, she persisting that one should not be called. Benaiah seemed somewhat displeased, and said that, as she would not send for a leech to cure him, at least the chariot should be sent away, for Helon was too ill to travel for a week at least; and he moved away, intending to give the necessary orders. Sarai left the sick man's couch to intercept him, and said, hurriedly, that the chariots must not be sent away—that Helon's illness would soon be over.

"Is the child possessed?" asked Benaiah.—"It seems as if you were both possessed. A little while ago, and Helon and you lost your happy looks, and I thought the old man had best look on and not interfere. The marriage was put off at Helon's request, and his reason was not such an one as I would have given. I whispered to myself—'Patience, patience;' then came a letter desiring the marriage. I was only too glad to agree to it, for it showed you were one, and I believed all trouble over. During the festival you have both been grave, as if you were preparing for the tomb, and not for a happy life; and now, Sarai, you would let Helon die without aid, or else kill him with undue fatigue. I do not understand all this, and scarcely feel like crying patience any more."

I heard the sick man murmur, "O that I might die." Sarai sank upon some cushions beside Helon, and the old man glancing at Sarai's care-worn, anxious face, strode to the couch, and laying his hand on the sick man's shoulder, asked, "Helon! Helon! is there any thing kept from me?" He did not answer by words, but tossing back his hair from his forehead, pointed to a cluster of red swellings, from which grew the fatal red hair. He tore off the sleeve of his tunic, and there were the same. O God, Helon was a leper!——Mother, this will break your heart to hear, but had you been there, and could you be with us now!

Benaiah was stunned for the moment by the terrible blow. A shriek escaped his lips, and then, for some moments, he walked to and fro, like a drunken man, not knowing what he did. Presently a red spot came upon

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his cheek; it grew larger and larger, and then he poured forth upon Helon abuse upon abuse, taunt upon taunt, curse upon curse. It was all dreadful, dreadful to hear. Sarai was, happily, unconscious. At the first sound of her father's angry voice she fainted. As for Helon—poor Helon! he answered but by moans, and an oft-repeated wish that he might die. Never did I hear such angry words as Benaiah uttered; at first they paralysed me, —I could not move; and when I tried to pacify him, he shook me off. Sarai lay a long time insensible, and I doubted if she would live again. The sight of her lifeless form, and the fact that he had given full vent to his rage, and that Helon had uttered no word of defence, calmed Benaiah, and though he did not assist in my attempts to recall life, he came to us, and with folded arms watched how long it was before she breathed with any certainty or freedom. When at last he saw she knew where she was, and that memory had come to her, he folded her in his arms, and cried, "Sarai, beloved child, would that you had died!" then burying his face in his hands, he wept and sobbed like a child. Sarai, seemed almost stern in her strength—in her despair; for she said, as she took a goblet of wine from my hand, that she knew sorrow would come, but she prayed to be spared the sight of it; "and now, Miriam," she said, "you know all this desolation; I am Helon's wife; no one can separate us now, and the wilderness is to be our home." Passing her father, she went to Helon, and would have supported him with her arm. This he prevented, and said, firmly, "Sarai, I have done wrong, but it is over,—my weakness of soul is passed. I yield to you no longer,—alone I shall go to the desert!" and clasping his hands, Helon prayed—"O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing I long for!—Even that it would please God to destroy me—that he would let loose his hand and cut me off." Being repulsed, Sarai knelt beside him, and laying her head on the same pillow, whispered, "Remember my vow."

Benaiah seemed utterly subdued now, for he said, as he stood by Helon, in the most bitter anguish, "My poor boy—my poor boy!" then recollecting himself, he took Sarai's hand with gentleness: "Come, Sarai—come, my child! we must go;—this is no place for you." "My place is wherever Helon may be," Sarai answered; and as she continued speaking, her voice, at first tremulous from emotion, became firm and clear. "My place is wherever Helon may be;—my vow is before God, that no means shall be left unused to accomplish that prayer. If you do not wish to urge me to crime to seal that vow—if my earthly helps fail me, let me depart in peace with him. My hope is, that I may go where he goeth, and die where he dieth. Hear me, father! listen to me, so that you may see I am not unprepared for opposition. I am Helon's wife, and the Roman as well as the Jewish law prevents any interference on your part; neither do they exact obedience to you. My past cheerful submission to a kind father must comfort you; that submission is transferred now to Helon, and nought can divide us. I have obtained powerful friends among the Roman powers, who will move heaven and earth that I may accomplish my wish, and who will help me, not only for my own sake, but for their own aggrandisement. All, my dear father, that you can do, will be to call down the anathemas of the church; but though they wound my spirit's joy, the church cannot harm me, or imprison me one hour. I have thrown myself into the care of the Romans, who have promised to prevent any outward bonds of church, or parent, or friend. Father, believe not your child says these things from a spirit of daring. Oh, no! Could you but know the love which dwells in my heart for you! But I have known what measures you would take, to keep me from what you deem a desolate lot, and have merely taken

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precaution, that you may not prevent my vow. Shall Helon be ill and alone in the desert, while I, his wife, live at home in ease and luxury? Even for myself, I would go with him; for if I did not love him as I do, how could I bear to have the remembrance of my desertion of him haunt me by day and night, coming as a sting to every hour's pleasure? My mother, your Rachel, father, would have gone to Hades with you, and would you have me desert Helon in his utmost need? Neither *will* I desert him. Think not, father, that you can persuade me, or terrify me to alter my determination. It is a right—it is a happy one, and I must abide by it. I have opposed and conquered the seemingly immovable opposition of Helon, and I can bear all else. My vow disarmed his opposition, and now I repeat it:—God of Abraham and of Isaac, hear me! The life thou givest me I devote to Helon. If he goeth to the desert, there will I be; no powers on earth shall prevent my being with him in his illness and affliction; and Thou, O God, wilt pardon me, if, to accomplish this vow, I may have to do that which will be sin on my soul; for nought—nought shall separate me from Helon—not even this his opposition. Hear me, Jehovah! my vow is before Thee!"

Tears streamed from Benaiah's eyes. He saw that words were useless then. He motioned me to go with him; and together, sad, distressed beyond utterance, we left them. Benaiah staid away but a while, and to return with renewed supplications, in vain. Yesterday the priests, according to law, have examined the sick person; they declare it a decided case of leprosy, and that, before this time, it must have taken fearful root in his system, the eruptions were so sudden and abundant; yet they delay their final sentence for the usual seven days to pass; then Helon goes forth from Jerusalem. Will it be alone?

I have not seen Sarai since that terrible morning. It heightens the sadness of that scene, if possible, when I recollect that the sun shone into that room of misery, and shed its beams upon wretched beings clad in bridal robes and decked with magnificent jewels. I go this afternoon to see them. I do not use my voice in favor of either side. I dare not. I can but weep. The servants have all fled from Helon's house, and when he departs, it is to be burnt to the ground with all it contains, so great is the fear of the people that the plague is among them with more power than ever, judging from this frightful case. The priests have desired it, and Helon has not, by word or sign, refused consent. For fear of robbers, the afflicted ones mean to take to the wilderness but bare necessaries, a couple of camels to bear them away from home and friends, and to be loaded with a few things—a tent, some cooking utensils, some clothing, and they will find food enough in the luxuriant wastes of the south. Alas! alas! that such bright hopes should die! Benaiah wears on his face, when I see him, that scowl of anguish. He is mostly with Sarai, and he is to go with me. He calls me—farewell!

Nisan 12th.

Gone! gone!—The embers of Helon's house is still burning, though faintly;—utterly wrecked and ruined is its stone arches and splendor: utterly ruined seems the fortune of its master—not utterly, for a sweet, noble woman goes with him.—That he holds most precious, is his still.

I saw Sarai immediately after last writing to you, but it was but a scene of vain endeavor on the part of father and husband to dissuade her, with gentle determination. She did not yield. She has scarcely ever wept during

the whole of this dreadful trial. Probably the excitement has prevented it, and a feeling that action must be hers. The next, and the next—all the days went by, and daily we saw them. Helon daily grew better; and the seventh at last came, with its priests and final sentence. They came about dusk. After they had gone, Benaiah and Helon renewed their entreaties. The old man wept and prayed all the night; but it was useless. Yesterday's morning light made nature glad; and a Roman soldier came with word that the loaded camels were at the city's southern gate. Sarai heard him with apparent calmness, but as she left the room I saw that her step faltered. I went with her, and, without a word, saw her put on her coarse, serviceable garments, and perceived that in the tunic she had hid some pieces of gold. She did not speak, and I could only weep. As she hid away in her mantle a portion of the Holy Scriptures, I heard her ejaculate, in a low tone—"May God comfort us."

How often it is in life, that what we feel we cannot bear, when we see it possibly prepared for us in the future; yet when the so-much-feared future is the present, we find we can bear, and act readily and well, while those things we did not deem could affect us unnerves us. So with Sarai. She could leave her father, her home, her new home and Jerusalem, with apparent calmness. But as her dress caught in an ornament of her harp, she leaned upon it in very anguish, and groaned aloud. I put my arms around her, but instantly she shook them off. "I pray you, no sympathy," she hurriedly exclaimed; "if I express my wretchedness, strength will leave me, and all this will have to be gone over again." She shuddered at the thought, and she begged me to leave her alone a moment. I was glad to see that she knelt in prayer; and going to the room where Benaiah was, I saw that the last words were being exchanged between Helon and himself. Sarai came in, and they both knelt for his blessing. "Helon, my poor child," he faltered, "may God bless thee and heal thee. But for Sarai I ask no blessing. If she go from me, may the sands of the desert scorch her very sore, and the tree of the wilderness be dust and ashes in her mouth. If she go from her poor old father, may this curse of mine linger about her till it maddens her. May God forsake her if she leaves me; and"——

At these words Sarai interrupted the horrible curse with a shriek, and fled from the room. Helon and myself followed her, and found her leaning against the porch door. Helon took her hand, and begged her to go back: "Think of the curse, Sarai, and go to your father. God will take care of me." "He will take care of us both—of us all," was the answer of the noble, courageous being. "As for the old man, my father, I have maddened him. God pardon me that. He will not curse his child long. Miriam, go back and comfort him. Now, Helon"—and she even smiled—"I am strong again." She held her hand to me. I clasped her in my arms, but she disengaged herself quickly, as if fearing to trust herself, and was gone.

When I went to Benaiah that curse rang in my ear, and I had no comfort to speak to him. When he saw I came alone he asked no questions, but repeated, again and again, "I did not believe she would go when she heard my curse, else, O, my God, else I had blessed my child!"

(To be Continued.)

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SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

II.

OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, OR THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

We have said that the nature of things imposes it as a condition on the positive philosophy, first of all to erect history into a science. In other words, it must be demonstrated, that the changes supervening in society obey a determinate law, and succeed each other by a true filiation. In this second article, we shall exhibit the most general points of M. Comte's doctrine, *fastigia rerum.*

What Bossuet says of individuals is equally true of communities; they are subject to change, and it is law which governs them. One fact is undeniable, the ancient order of things disappeared before that of the middle ages; and this, overthrown in its turn, has but left some of its fragments amidst modern societies. Have these great mutations been fortuitous? that is, could they have followed each other in a purely arbitrary order, so that the modern might indifferently have preceded the ancient form of civilization, this becoming its derivative? Or, on the other hand, have these changes been necessary? that is, have they arisen from each other under the action of general causes so intimately connected, that the succession could have been broken only by the occurrence of immense disorders, cataclysms, pestilential maladies destructive beyond all precedent, irruptions of barbarians, more numerous and more devastating than those Germanic tribes, Sclavonians and Tartars, that broke loose upon the Roman empire? To this last question, M. Comte replies most affirmatively. Assuming as given facts, the nature of man and the action of destructive causes, such as history records, the general course of things has been necessary; the filiation of human opinions, and, thence, of social forms, could not, as a whole, have been otherwise than it has been. But, thus to indicate a necessary succession, is merely recognizing a fact, and not resolving the problem. We must go farther, and exhibit the law which regulates this succession. A single glance over our globe, shows us different groups of nations in very unequal states of civilization, from the lowest hordes of New Holland to the powerful cities of Europe; from the merest rudimental essays to the most complex results of social life. To aim at embracing immediately under the same formula such a diversity of conditions, would only perplex our discussion; we must pass by those populations whose progress has been retarded by causes reserved for future examination, and must confine our attention, at the outset, to the most prolonged series. It is thus, that in every natural system the normal state must be studied previously to the perturbations, and that, in living bodies, the conditions of health must be known before diseased action can be properly investigated. Now, the series, whose evolution exhibits the most varied phases, is that which includes the Greeks, with their oriental communications,—the Romans, with their Greek education,—the middle ages, heirs of the Roman religion, policy, and legislation,—and, finally, modern communities, the lineal offspring of the middle ages.

The fact being established, historically, that societies undergo transformations, M. Comte has discovered the law of these changes, which he thus

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enunciates: All our conceptions, [and consequently social conceptions, or those which direct society,] pass through three successive states in a determinate order, namely,—first, the theological; next, the metaphysical; and, lastly, the positive state. In the theological state, man, projecting his own nature on the external world, conceives all objects to be moved by wills essentially analogous to his own; in the metaphysical state, he substitutes entities for the concrete conceptions of the theological system; finally, in the positive state, having come to recognize his true position, amidst the order of which he constitutes a part, he learns that all phenomena are determined by the properties of objects, whence result immutable laws. Thus astronomy, where Apollo and his chariot were formerly so conspicuous, and of which the Pythagorean ideas, touching numbers and harmonies, together with so many other metaphysical conceptions, once formed an element, has now come to appertain, irrevocably, to the law of gravitation, geometry, and mechanics. Thus physics, where lightning, for instance, was long attributed to the immediate agency of Jupiter, and where metaphysics had introduced the horror of a vacuum, is now an organized science relative to the phenomena of barology, electricity, light, sound, and heat. Thus biology, in which living bodies have, at times, been abandoned to the intervention of demons, to possessions, and to magical influences, at other times subjected to metaphysical explications, has, at length, cast off this admixture, and, almost under our own eyes, has been united to the general system of knowledge. Finally, social science, the place of which has been occupied, from the remotest ages, by theological systems or metaphysical ideas, has now reached the point where efforts to institute it are apparent on every side, and where its regular organization is, doubtless, near at hand. M. Comte has, as he thinks, succeeded in establishing the basis of this great operation.

The origin of societies, like that of all other things, is inaccessible to human inquiry. But, even at this day, we are able to study some of the lower degrees of the social evolution. At various points of our globe populations may be found, near to what is termed a state of nature, presenting subjects of great interest to the philosopher, who can connect the first essays of civilization with its highest forms.

There, in very various combinations, are exhibited the following characters: Men are essentially hunters and warriors; their military expeditions being undertaken, not for the sake of conquest, but to gratify an appetite for plunder, or vengeance, or, frequently, cannibalism. Their excessive indolence is overcome only by the stimulus of want, or of violent passions. Their arts are few and simple, their ideas restricted, their religious notions limited to the worship of what are styled *fetishes*, as trees, springs, mountains, animals, &c. Yet in this feebly-developed state, are visible the first germs of civilization; a rudimental morality, a simple poetry and music, and an outline of scientific combinations, exhibited in the operations of an imperfect industry, and in rude conceptions touching the nature of surrounding objects. This period is styled by M. Comte, the age of fetichism. Various traces of it have been perpetuated in the succeeding stages of civilization.

Such is the first phase of human development, instances of which are still visible in many parts of the globe. The second stage is polytheism. Here men no longer worship the neighboring material objects; their divinities assume a more abstract character, and have each the supervision of an extended department. The system of castes; the regular institution of slavery; a marked scientific progress, though not equal to that which distinguishes monotheism; a very precarious industry; a great development of the

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fine arts, and the predominance of the military spirit, are characteristics of this stage. It will be well briefly to review each of these particulars.

In the régime of castes the sacerdotal orders predominate. It is not, here, our business either to condemn these ancient institutions, or to regret their inevitable extinction. They filled an indispensable part during their own time; and the human mind being what it is, it was impossible that the earliest advances should have been made otherwise than under the tutelage of a theocratic régime. Now, a caste occupying the supreme rank—possessing the requisite leisure, and being the depositary of the most important arts, and of all the existing theoretical knowlege, necessarily exercised a vast influence on the destinies of humanity, and prepared, during its long domination, the elements of all that succeeding ages have inherited. On the other hand, independently of the obstacles interposed by these castes to all farther changes, we should remark, that owing to the confusion of the temporal with the spiritual power, no proper distinction was made in ancient times between that which is strictly the office of law and that which appertains to manners and education. Under such a system, everything was of necessity regulated.

Ancient slavery was an institution then in accordance with the habitudes and necessities of the social state. This is apparent, when we consider how vastly it differed from our modern slavery—a monstrosity now banished into our colonies, and directly in contradiction with our present social wants and habitudes. Here, an insurmountable prejudice separates the slave from his master; there, no such prejudice existed. The freed man found no difficulty in entering into society, and the most eminent individuals were liable to become slaves. Homer's Eumæus was connected with a noble family of the Greek islands; Plato was sold as a slave; Ventidius, the conqueror of the Parthians, had been one; the freed men, Pallas and Narcissus, were the arbiters of the Roman empire. Accordingly, when once the social state had undergone a radical change, and slavery, transformed into serfage, had grown to be a useless institution, a general emancipation became possible. Ancient slavery was the result of an amelioration of manners, through which the conqueror made use of his captive instead of slaying him,—of the contempt attached to industrial pursuits, amidst populations essentially military, and of the leisure those populations thereby acquired to gratify their predominant tastes for war, government and agriculture. The institution necessarily ceased when industry had grown into favor, and when free men had come to regard labor as a thing to be demanded rather than inflicted; as a recompense, not as a punishment.

The fact cannot here require any elaborate proof, that industry, in ancient times, occupied a very subordinate rank. It had not then achieved its greatest wonders; and being consigned to the lower castes, or to a servile population, it was regarded with little interest. In the sciences, notwithstanding the serious impediments unquestionably growing out of polytheistic conceptions, there was no inconsiderable progress. Geometry was developed; astronomical theories were founded; Archimedes established some first notions in physics; Aristotle, Erasistratus, Herophilus, and Galen made some discoveries in biology. In a word, the scientific triumphs reserved for posterior ages were prepared. But we, the men of modern times, instituted, however, in the school of antiquity, can never cease to admire the marvellous excellence then attained in the fine arts. Polytheism, during its long domination, had become intimately interwoven with men's conceptions, and deeply impressed upon every thing. The artist then enjoyed an advantage which he has never since possessed in an equal degree, namely, that he could resort to living ideas and common

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sentiments, and was, consequently, always felt and understood,—addressing himself not to the memory and to mere erudition, but to the imagination and the heart.

The predominance of the military spirit in antiquity was in direct relation with the inferiority of industry. As men were then unfitted to struggle with nature, they the more willingly entered into contest with their fellow-men; and when, at length, this resource failed,—when, for instance, the Roman people had finally accomplished a work of conquest without parallel in history, a portentous debility soon paralysed this vast body. It seemed, and the event soon showed, that having finished its task, there was no farther occasion for its existence. At that period, as well as during the middle ages, when the feudal noblesse had taken the place of the governing classes of antiquity, the highest profession was that of arms. A reference to the opinions of our day on this subject, is sufficient to show the immense differences existing between past and modern societies.

In the next stage, when monotheism, the successor of polytheism, had become fairly predominant, vast changes took place in those communities which were the direct inheritors of Græco-Roman civilization. The fundamental division between the spiritual and temporal powers was established definitively; and the fact that the priesthood, the most elevated class in the middle ages, was recruited from all ranks of society, gave a serious blow to a practice which had prevailed generally in antiquity, namely, the hereditary transmission of functions. The mental habitudes which monotheism creates, are far more favorable than those of polytheism to the culture of the sciences. The former, indeed, supposes, to a much greater degree than the latter, the regularity and constancy of natural phenomena. Accordingly, when the great elaboration, preliminary to the founding of Catholicism, and which, from its importance, long continued to absorb the higher order of minds, was finally completed, a remarkable scientific activity arose. To this period may be assigned the first labors in chemistry, the science which connects inorganic with organic nature. Feudality, which emerged out of the destruction of the ancient power of the Cæsars, and of which the preparation may be dated from the close of the Roman empire, was illy adapted for an enterprise of conquest like that which Rome had pursued. It manifested its essentially defensive efficacy, on the one hand, in combating the Mussulman power, on the other, in restraining the turbulent northern populations. This tendency was in accordance with the abolition of slavery—the creation of free communes, and the development of industry. Thenceforward may be traced that radical revolution which divides the modern from the ancient world. Industry acquired no inconsiderable importance—changing men's pursuits, diverting military activity, creating pacific occupations, and casting the weight of its interests in the balance of societies. From this period may be dated the application of the mariner's compass, the use of fire-arms in war, the invention of paper, and the discovery of printing. That the fine arts, moreover, were by no means neglected, those magnificent cathedrals scattered over Europe, and the poems of Danté, still bear witness. But Catholic art, less favored in this respect than that of polytheism, reached its apogee just when the social organization which had produced it was breaking up, and when men were becoming either hostile or indifferent to the symbol which it aimed to idealize.

Indeed, the last phase, amidst which we now live—that of the decomposition of Catholico-feudal civilization, was at hand. M. Comte, by a masterly historical analysis, has shown that this movement of decomposition must be referred, not, as is commonly done, to the sixteenth, but to the two

preceding centuries. There is this only difference between the two epochs —that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the elaboration was spontaneous, whereas, subsequently, men worked with set purpose to undermine the ancient edifice.

The struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers, in which the former was vanquished,—the progressive authority acquired by the legists, in direct and continued opposition to ecclesiastical jurisdictions,—the tendencies to independence manifested among the national clergies, threatening a breach in the Catholic unity,—the eruption of dangerous heresies, which testified, by the bloodshed required for their suppression, at what a price mental convergence had then to be purchased,—all evinced that, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, active causes of destruction were at work in this vast body. But it was still standing apparently erect and firm, when, near the beginning of the sixteenth century, Protestantism wrested from it a large section of Europe. Catholicism now lost what had constituted its distinctive character; it ceased to be the intellectual head of society—the regulator of the most advanced communities; and there were now two heads, two directions, two philosophies. Here was the rupture between the Catholico-feudal organization and that of modern times. Thenceforward all was a rapid series of destruction and ruin. In vain did Protestantism endeavor to retain the human mind on the declivity where she had placed it. A philosophy endued with a growing consciousness of its critical destination, ministering to the popular dispositions, and ministered to by them, changed men's ideas, and ideas changed the face of society. This era was marked by immense advances in science and industry, by the creation of diplomacy as a substitute for the influence of the Popes, in maintaining the mutual relations of the members of the European republic, by the ascendant of the class of philosophers and men of letters who constituted a sort of new, though incomplete spiritual power at the side of the old, by the character of the wars which were no longer mere enterprises of conquest, but were undertaken with reference to religion, to the balance of power, to commerce, or to politics. And though the fine arts were less favorably situated than in the preceding period, owing to the greater instability of ideas, and to the rapid succession of social phases, yet the undiminished vigor of the esthetic faculties was testified by immortal compositions.

Such is a rapid sketch of the transformations which have occurred among the advanced populations of our race, from the most ancient times to the present. Two memorable attempts (among others) have been made to exhibit the principle of these changes—one by Bossuet, the other by Condorcet. Both of these writers were radically mistaken, for neither was able to explain the whole series of phenomena, though their inability arose from precisely opposite causes. In his discourse on Universal History, Bossuet traces with a steady hand the course of events in antiquity, where he sees all things so arranged as, first, to prepare the coming of Christ, and, subsequently, to further the definitive establishment of Christianity. But, descending to the triumph of heresy in the sixteenth century—to the secession of a part of Europe, and to the extension of Protestantism into Socinianism, this powerful thinker becomes embarrassed; he fails to explain what he regards as a mental aberration, and even seems to see indications of a return of the schismatics to the ancient fold. If his views were insufficient in the seventeenth century, they are still more so in the nineteenth. The separation, instead of diminishing, has, in fact, only continued to grow wider. The source of Bossuet's error was the religious theory which guided him; Condorcet, on the other hand, was misled by the irreligious doctrine of his

age. The events subsequent to the reform movement—in a word, the whole of that great work of decomposition, are very justly estimated by Condorcet; but with respect to all previous history he is totally at a loss: in his view, the religious ages were times of darkness or of madness, and it becomes, of course, incomprehensible how they could have given birth to that philosophy which was his pride.

The development of the positive sciences, has manifestly exercised an important directing influence on the evolution of society. At the outset, theological conceptions embraced and explained almost everything; but the positive sciences, afterward, successively invaded different sides of this domain. The memorable contest, touching the earth's motion and the system of the world, evinced, as well the instinct of danger among the sacerdotal class, as the irresistible power of scientific demonstration. Yet, with respect to the phases hitherto completed, much must be ascribed to the actions of the metaphysical philosophy, which, by a continual discussion of the prevailing opinions, polytheistic or monotheistic, has upheld and cherished a certain mental liberty, and has always inclined the balance to the side of innovation.

Whilst the theological system was undergoing those transformations, to which history bears witness, and metaphysical conceptions had come, some three centuries ago, to share the government of society, the positive régime was in a gradual process of organization. At present it embraces all except the social domain. But if, in carefully tracing the development of the sciences, we note how they have driven theological and metaphysical notions from one strong-hold to another, we shall be convinced that the series will be eventually completed by the only addition in which it is now deficient.

The ancients had never conceived the fact of a social evolution. On witnessing the decay of their political establishments, they could merely accuse the corruption of the times, and turn back to find in the past the only model worthy to be imitated. Christianity, it is true, involved the notion of the superiority of the new law over the old, of the Christian over the Pagan world; but having, in its turn, been undermined by the perpetual flux of human things, it, also, like antiquity, made its appeal to the past. The question was never fully stated, until the reign of Louis XIV., the era of the celebrated controversy, touching the relative merit of the ancients and moderns, when a conviction arose, inspired by unequivocal facts, that progress is not limited to any particular epoch, but is really indefinite. Henceforth, public men can never again seriously entertain the question, either of retrogradation or of immobility. Do what we will, the present is perpetually modified without return. What was long a spontaneous tendency, has now become an end, knowingly pursued. Men feel that society is in motion, and that with them it lies to exercise a useful influence on its transformations. In the view of the ancient philosophies, society is something naturally fixed, where all movement is accidental; in that of the positive philosophy, it is something naturally progressive, where movement is absolutely necessary. Here, then, as elsewhere, it is requisite that man know the conditions under which he lives, in order to regulate his conduct accordingly.

The revolutionary crisis embraces, in different degrees, the whole European republic; and the lessons of history, the great and sudden changes which have occurred among modern nations, the impulse given to science and industry,—all has clearly inculcated the notion of progress, conjointly with that of order, which last alone was recognized by the ancients. These are the two wants which now demand, and must continue to demand,

an equal satisfaction; but which are alike unsatisfied at the present day. Two parties now divide the European republic,—the retrograde party, whose chief end is order, and the revolutionary party, whose object is progress. In their alternate triumphs and reverses, these two factions have endeavored, though unsuccessfully, to destroy each other; and between them has provisionally arisen a conservative party, which is perpetually denying principles, in view of consequences, and overlooking consequences, in behalf of principles. But the order it upholds, is manifestly as precarious as the progress it favors; nor can a conciliation be established, until the partisans of order shall abandon their retrograde doctrines, and the party of progress cease to be revolutionary. For it is equally a mistake to suppose, that order requires the restoration of the past, and that the wants of society are to be satisfied by an indefinite struggle to overthrow old institutions. To demand, however, that the necessary changes be made without disorder, or that the preservation of order do not obstruct the accomplishment of the necessary changes, is, under two equivalent forms, to state the problem in its totality.

Such is the spectacle exhibited in history;—the growth of the sciences, from an almost imperceptible germ to their present state of development, and a vast prospective increase, of which we already see indications;—industry pursuing a parallel route with the sciences; independent of them at the outset, but gradually yielding to their guidance, and thereby achieving those wonders, now and hereafter to be witnessed;—the forces, religious and military, which have heretofore controlled society, undergoing radical modifications, and destined to further, and not less fundamental changes;—finally, war, waged perpetually in the earliest ages, organized for a truly social object in the latter days of polytheism, visibly decreasing during the predominance of monotheism, and now falling into still greater desuetude, under the approaching régime of a positive philosophy.

A summary mode of estimating M. Comte's leading ideas, is to refer them to the period best known to us, the present. First, then, to select a fact obvious to every one—who is there that does not remark this tendency to peace in modern society, even amidst perturbations, which, in less pacific times, would have been a fruitful source of bloodshed? Among the enlightened populations of our day, conquest is, so to speak, a word without meaning. To what end, for instance, should France subdue Germany, or Germany subjugate France, since, among communities of an equal development, the condition of the conqueror and the conquered must be, fundamentally, the same? It was otherwise in antiquity. Military activity had then a perfectly definite end; and in a society, where the slave was made subservient to the use of the master, the vanquished necessarily became the instrument of the victor. The motto of the monarch-people, *Tu regere imperio populos*, has now lost its significance, except, indeed, with reference to communities inferior in civilization. Not that courage and martial talent have declined, for we saw, in our last revolutionary contests, what energy may be aroused by strong political convictions; but, simply, the end of society is no longer military, and the occasions of war have, therefore, diminished. As a natural consequence, the military principle has lost its preponderance, and the civil power has increased with this declension.

But we should carefully observe on this subject, that military activity would have been still predominant, or that society would have still continued in a state of torpor, but for the gradual substitution of another element, namely, industry taken in its widest sense. It can scarcely be necessary to detail the proofs of the vast influence which industrial interests have now acquired. The fact is obvious, and, as well by those who regret as by those

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who approve it, it is seen to be inevitable. This one circumstance has characterized the phases of the social evolution, that as the military principle has declined, industrial interests have proportionably advanced. To wage war for the sake of conquest, is an end now rarely proposed; but the question of developing the resources of human association, so that each may enjoy a share of well-being, is exciting an ever-growing interest. Here is the cause of those radical modifications which the temporal power is now undergoing, modifications correlative with the tendency to peace.

The spiritual power has been subjected to parallel changes. Without referring to oriental theocracies and to ancient times, in which the spiritual and temporal powers were confounded, we need only consider the first of these powers during the middle ages, when it was entirely isolated and completely developed. At that time, all the functions of the intellectual and moral category appertained to it; it intervened as sovereign arbiter in national disputes; it directed all consciences, from the serf's to the king's; it communicated all instruction, from the humblest to the highest. And what is now its condition? A portion of its attributes has been usurped by the temporal power; diplomacy discharges its international functions; multitudes of consciences have escaped from its direction, and its control over education is in part disputed, in part taken away. In fact, there has arisen at its side a new and rival spiritual power, which, though yet incomplete, is continually extending its boundaries. The philosophers, and the men of science and of letters, although not constituting a regular corporation, have nevertheless found in the public sympathy the means of wresting from the ancient spiritual power no small portion of its prerogatives, and of subjecting the remainder to dispute and controversy. This fact reveals the tendency of things. The separation so happily established by Catholicism between the spiritual and temporal authority, still continues, and ought to be consolidated; for it is the essential condition of the preponderance which morality has acquired in modern societies, and which should be maintained above all interests. The confusion of the two powers involves the subordination of morality to political considerations.

The industrial problem, relative to the regulation of the conditions of labor, is assuredly the most difficult question of modern times. At the present day, an intense competition is corroding the welfare of both employers and employed; nor does the evil seem now to admit of any possible remedy. The individual, at least, cannot struggle against it. From the fall of prices occasioned by this state of things, result incessant bankruptcies and an ever-spreading contagion of fraud. But the condition of the laborers is still more deplorable, as they are the victims not only of the rivalry of their employers, but also of their own mutual competition. Hence come low rates of wages, progressive misery, the compulsory labor of children, and a striking deterioration in the health of the working classes. This evil is manifestly beyond the reach of those subjected to it, and must inevitably engross the increased solicitude of all true statesmen. Amidst these disorders, however, some tendencies toward organization are apparent, though as yet spontaneous and irregular, and therefore accompanied with no little suffering. Thus, in the necessary course of things, great industrial combinations are absorbing and superseding the smaller, and out of this very necessity a remedy will eventually arise.

In time, these mutations which have occurred and are occurring spontaneously through the mere instinctive forces of the social body, will be understood, favored and regulated by statesmen, in such manner as to produce the greatest good with the smallest amount of evil. The modern intellectual state of society is such, that its members have a right to demand from it

education and the opportunity of labor. In proportion as the distinction between public and private functions shall disappear, the conditions of labor will be better regulated; in proportion, also, as education shall become positive, it can the more readily be rendered universal; for education should be always essentially one, varying not in character but only in degree. Finally, as labor, not war, has become the end of human activity, as morality has acquired a preponderate authority, and as industrial interests are perpetually attaining an increased extent and generality, society can be no longer subordinated to the advancement of any caste, but must be directed solely with a view to the common welfare.

We have seen, then, that the theological principle, passing through the phases above indicated, has progressively assumed a character of greater abstractness and simplicity, and with each transformation has continued to lose its influence over men's daily life; that the metaphysical spirit, oscillating between subordination and revolt, acquired a decided predominance in that era of revolution which still exists; finally, that the positive régime, having gradually embraced the whole compass of the sciences, is now ready to enter on the social domain; and moreover, that changes have simultaneously taken place in society correlative with each of these classes of ideas. Such is the most general résumé of all history; such is the succession of the three states, the last of which necessarily excludes and nullifies the two former.

As I, like others, have made frequent use of the word *progress*, it will be well to examine more carefully the notion involved in it. The positive theory of social development is wholly independent of the conception of amelioration or perfectability. In fact, society undergoes transformations, yet these transformations are by no means fortuitous, but follow a perfectly determinate course. Here the scientific question might terminate; but an attentive survey of the social evolution, reveals a tendency toward the predominance of knowledge over ignorance, of intellectual power over brute force, of general over particular ideas, of notions of justice over views of interest, of reason over the passions; in a word, this evolution favors the ascendency of man's higher faculties, yet without ever effecting a complete inversion, inasmuch as intellectual motives will be always weaker than the impulses of passion and appetite. If in this point of view the word *progress* seems proper, we must, however, not mistake its real extent. Man's progress is not infinite, but indefinite, like those mathematical quantities which may perpetually approximate to a limit that they can never reach. Man himself is a circumscribed being: he is confined to this diminutive planet, from which he can see but a corner of the world; he is restricted by the weakness of his intellectual powers, which sink under the difficulties of complicated problems. These unchangeable conditions establish a boundary equally immutable, which the human mind will never reach, but will approach continually.

When we have recognised the fact that progress consists in the ever increasing predominance of general ideas, we at once apprehend the cause of the development of society, such as history exhibits it. It is thence that industry, systematized from day to day, directs its efforts chiefly to satisfying the wants of the greatest number. It is thence that art, long the privilege of certain favored classes, comes to be felt and appreciated in a sphere whose limits are perpetually extending. It is thence that the particular sciences lose their character of exclusive specialty, and eventually melt into the great science of humanity. It is thence that morality, admirable in antiquity as to the person, incomplete as to the family, and totally inefficient as to

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political life, has now come to embrace these three classes of relations. All progress consists, then, in the growing preponderance of generalization.

The influence of absolute notions is still so great, that persons, accustomed to regard social phenomena as indefinitely modifiable, but convinced finally that they obey a constant law, will doubtless often lose all interest in them. Others again, may perhaps be misled by a deceptive optimism, which would proclaim the results of the social evolution to be always right, because they are necessary. These two states of mind are equally to be deprecated. Man deludes himself when he imagines that he possesses an absolute modifying control over nature, and he thence exhausts his energies in fruitless efforts, through ignorance of the conditions of his action. His efficient control begins only when a vigorous analysis has disclosed the character of the agencies with which he is to deal. His attempts to modify society are merely useless or disastrous, whenever they are either beside or contrary to the inherent power which moves it. To direct this power, he must obey it. As to the tranquillity of an optimism, which in history would perpetually justify the event, and in politics would adopt the principle of inaction, it is contrary to all sound views of natural forces. These forces are always blind. Man's merit and endeavor should consist in regulating them, reducing to its minimum the evil they involve, and extracting from them the maximum of possible benefit. This, as the study of the arts and sciences evinces, is a field wide enough to engross all the activity, sagacity and genius of the human race.

It is so difficult, really, to conceive the fact of a natural law controlling the mutations of society—our education is so little accordant with any notion of the kind, that I may be pardoned for dwelling farther on this important point. The difficulty lies in comprehending how such a multitude of individuals, apparently isolated and independent, should produce, by their special concurrence, a determinate resultant. The complication of the phenomenon prevents us from even stating the question: reason cannot solve it. Nothing short of the slow experience of ages, exhibiting the successive transformations of humanity, could have induced our reluctant intelligence to suspect the truth. Nothing but the spectacle of societies ranged on the long pathway of historic time, could have convinced us that all combinations designed to immobilize a social state have been fruitless, and that a force more powerful than the powerful of the earth, has perpetually ruined institutions apparently the most stable.

This action, ever spontaneous and blind, sometimes furthered and sometimes resisted by the efforts of politicians and by the conjunctures of events, still destroys and creates as it has done hitherto. Let it be no longer blind; let it be always favored, never voluntarily resisted; and the political problem thenceforth proposed by the positive philosophy will be, to convert to the greatest possible advantage of society that inherent force which incessantly transforms it.

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NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.

"Behold, now, this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more—from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"—MILTON'S AREOPAGITICA.

WE are a nation of readers, thirty millions strong; but what are our books, and who are our writers?

There are many persons who have not yet tasted of death, who were living when Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament, described America as having been, within the life-time of the then Lord Bathurst, "a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest; a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body." That infant people, then "but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood,"—struggling with the vicissitudes of life in a new country, and subduing the wilderness and the savage tribes who peopled it,—thirteen feeble colonies, "growing by the neglect of their parent state,—have, within the threescore years and ten which have since elapsed, achieved their National Independence, through the fiery ordeal of a long and bloody war,—erected new institutions of government, a new civil polity and social condition,—become the first political power in the Western hemisphere, and the second commercial power in the world,—and is beginning to exert an influence upon human affairs, which, if wisely directed, seems likely to change the destinies of our race, through all future time, and over the entire surface of the globe. Our Republic occupies a land, suited to the grand part which seems to be allotted to it on the great stage of time. Its shores washed by two oceans,—its interior penetrated by noble rivers, and dotted over with vast lakes and inland seas,—its mountains rich with the most useful and valuable minerals,—its fertile soil teeming with all the productions of the temperate zone, and thickly studded with broad prairies and nobly-timbered forests,—a domain equal in extent to the whole of Southern and Western Europe, adequate to the government of fifty independent states, and the maintenance of the hundreds of millions, who are advancing from the future to occupy it,—present elements of growth, of strength, and of greatness, which give assurance of the most splendid career to be traced in the annals of the human race.

The writer of the article "America," in the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, (a foreign writer, and a foreign work of high authority,) after stating the then (in 1830) population of the United States, and the ratio of its increase to be such as to double itself every twenty-five years; and, after making a proper allowance for the diminished ratio of increase after it has reached a specified limit, makes an estimate of the population of the country at several remote periods of time. In 1880, he com-

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putes it at eighty-four millions; in 1905, at one hundred and sixty-eight millions; in 1966, at six hundred and seventy-two millions; in 2002, at one billion three hundred and forty-four millions; and in 2030, at two billions six hundred and eighty-eight millions; thus, in less than two centuries,—less than the period which has elapsed since the weary feet of the Pilgrims first pressed the rock at Plymouth,—the population of the United States will be about three times as great as the whole population now on the face of the globe. And the same writer, in the same authoritative work, remarking, that "History shows that wealth, power, science, and literature, all follow in the train of numbers, general intelligence and freedom," expresses the opinion, that "The same causes which transferred the sceptre of civilization from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to Western Europe, must, in the course of no long period, carry it from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi and the Amazon."

Although based on sober calculation, and, apparently, a strict induction from well-ascertained data, these stupendous results almost exceed our power of belief. As, in contemplating the immense distances and vast magnitude of the planets, the almost inconceivable speed and complexity, yet harmony, of their motions, and the brilliancy of the myriad lights, which, from their high and distant orbs, flame upon us out of our cold, northern, midnight sky, our minds are overpowered by the greatness of the works of the All-Creating hand,—so these visions of the rising glory of our country overwhelm us with their brightness. Cold, indeed, must be the heart, which does not feel a quickened throb; sluggish the blood, which does not course with a fiercer current through the veins; dead the faith, which does not rise into rapture, in contemplating the destiny which seems to await the land of our birth, and in which those who bear our name and inherit our blood are to share, after we have done our appointed work, and passed away.

And yet this great country that is—this greater country that is to be; this nation of churches and school-houses, as well as canals and railroads —"pliant and prone to seek after knowledge," has no native literature, but is, in letters, in a state of colonial and provincial dependency upon the old world.

It is not difficult to point out the causes which have retarded the literary growth of this country. The settlers of a new country have neither the leisure to enjoy, nor the wealth to procure the means of enjoying the delights of literature. An inhospitable climate, a rude wilderness, savage enemies, privation and sickness, all had to be borne or overcome by the founders of the American States. And as if these were not sufficient to crush those who here planted the seeds of our civilization and freedom, the despotic hand of the parent government was laid heavily upon them. They gave what time they could to religious worship, to the instruction of the young, in the necessary rudiments of knowledge—to brief household endearments; to the government and order of the settlements; to necessary repose, and the rest was painfully devoted to toil. The forest had to be cleared, the crop sown and harvested—the hut, the dwelling, and the log-fort reared and defended from the fierce onslaught of savage foes, and the despotic authority of England to be watched and resisted. It can excite no surprise that letters were not cultivated under such adverse circumstances. Again, the loyalty of the colonists to the parent government operated in the same direction. They resisted exaction and oppression as infractions of the British Constitution, but they loved their country, and submitted cheerfully to the

exercise of legitimate authority over themselves and their property. They were Englishmen, and English literature was the common heritage of Englishmen wherever their lot might be cast. Speaking the English tongue, deeply imbued with English tastes and prejudices, reared in the admiration of English writers, and acknowledging nothing as superior to English models, nothing is more natural than that whatever was attempted in composition in this country, should be a close imitation of, and bear a marked resemblance to, the literature of the old country.

And when the colonies finally asserted their independence, it was only against the political power of the mother-country. They retained her language, her letters, and the fame of her great writers, as their birth-right as Englishmen, or the descendants of Englishmen; their young career in letters was commenced under all the influences of old habits, old associations, and old prejudices in favor of English models, and the mind of the country has not yet cast off this old literary domination.

This intellectual servitude produced the same effects upon the writings of this country, which was produced upon the literature of Germany by the despotic influence of the writers of France over those of Germany. Abounding in institutions of learning, in profound scholars, in all the elements of a national literature, Germany had no rank in letters, and was merely a French province. Her writers servilely imitated the writers of France, and, as is usually the case with mere imitators, imitated the worst of the French writers, and the worst parts of their worst writings. It was not till Goethe came, that Germany was delivered from this degrading intellectual bondage. Sir James Mackintosh, in his review of Madame De Stael's "De l'Allemagne," in the Edinburgh Review, says, that

"Till the middle of the eighteenth century, Germany was, in one important respect, singular among the great nations of Christendom. She had attained a high rank in Europe by discoveries and inventions, by science, by abstract speculation as well as positive knowledge, by the genius of the art of war, and above all, by the theological revolution, which unfettered the understanding in one part of Europe, and loosened its chains in the other; but she was without a national literature. The country of Guttenberg, of Copernicus, of Luther, of Kepler, and of Leibnitz, had no writer in her own language whose name was known in the neighboring nations. German captains and statesmen, philosophers and scholars, were celebrated, but German writers were unknown. Germany had, therefore, no exclusive mental possession; for poetry and eloquence may, and in some measure *must be, national.* A great revolution, however, at length began, which in the course of half a century terminated in bestowing on Germany a literature, perhaps *the most characteristic possessed by any European nation.* It had the important peculiarity of being the first which had its birth in an enlightened age."

Overmastered by the literature of England, we have consented to remain in a state of pupilage, instead of aspiring to be masters in the vocation of letters. "The parents have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." We have gone on from generation to generation, imitating old English authors, and working by old critical rules. "The imitation of our own antiquities," says Sir James Mackintosh, "may be as artificial as the copy of a foreign literature." In every department of literary composition, we have come to consider that which is but one mode of writing to be *the* mode, and the only permissible one. Instead of regarding the drama as comprehending an unlimited range of passion and of modes of manifestation, Shakspeare's plays are received

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by us as bounding the horizon of dramatic composition. So Milton is accepted as the only standard of sublimity, and Addison as the perfect measure of ease and grace. We are to make the metals, torn from the virgin soil of a new country, flow into these old moulds, and harden into these antique forms. We must take these shapes, or not be at all.

If Shakspeare or Milton had grown up in such a state of vassalage to a previous age, or to old writers, the boon of the Paradise Lost, of Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet, had been denied to the world. We shall emulate these examples of intellectual power and literary success in vain, unless we also emulate that intellectual intrepidity which dares to search for and walk in new paths, and which enabled Milton and Shakspeare to reach the highest eminences of English literature.

Something will be gained for the cause of an indigenous literature by a clear development of the idea and the necessity of nationality. First and foremost, nationality involves the idea of home writers. Secondly, the choice of a due proportion of home themes, affording opportunity for descriptions of our scenery, for the illustration of passing events, and the preservation of what tradition has rescued from the past, and for the exhibition of the manners of the people, and the circumstances which give form and pressure to the time and the spirit of the country; and all these penetrated and vivified by an intense and enlightened patriotism. The literature of a country should, as from a faithful mirror, reflect the physical, moral and intellectual aspects of the nation. Other nations and later ages should look to the writers of the land for the lineaments of its people, and to trace the influence of institutions, of civil and religious polity, upon the condition, the manners and the happiness of individuals, and upon the strength, the power and the permanency of the state. The Scriptures represent man as speaking "out of the abundance of the heart." The literature of a people should be its written thought, uttered "out of the abundance of its heart," and exhibiting its interior as well as exterior life. Madame De Stael's great work on the influence of literature upon society, was written, says that Aristarchus of modern criticism, Jeffrey, "to show that all the peculiarities in the literature of different ages and countries may be explained by a reference to the condition of society, and the political and religious institutions of each; and at the same time to point out in what way the progress of letters has, in its turn, modified and affected the government and religion of those nations among whom they have flourished." In the execution of her task, that distinguished authoress took a survey of literature and philosophy from Homer to the tenth year of the French revolution, and after characterising the literature of Greece and of Rome, and briefly sketching the dark ages, "she enters upon a more detailed examination of the peculiarities of all the different aspects of national taste and genius that characterise the literature of Italy, Spain, England, Germany and France, entering, as to each, into a pretty minute exposition of its general merits and defects; and not only of the circumstances in the situation of the country that have produced those characteristics, but even of the authors and productions in which they are chiefly exemplified." And as the result of her profound and elaborate investigation, she concludes, that the form of government, the laws, the private manners and pursuits, and the religion of a people, are reflected by, and characterize their literature; and that these circumstances, in their turn, re-act upon the form of the government, the spirit of the laws, and the temper and condition of the people.

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What cultivated mind fails to distinguish between the literature of Greece and that of Rome; of Italy and that of Spain; of Germany and that of France and England? Undoubtedly, there are many things common to them all; but these are strongly marked and characteristic differences, which constitute the individuality of each. The dissimilarity of Homer and Virgil; of Camoens, Dante, and Milton; of Goethe, Racine, and Shakspeare, is not more sharply cut and strongly defined, than that between the general literature of the countries to which they respectively belonged. Referring to Madame de Stael's brilliant observations on the Greek Drama, and the prodigious effects produced by the representation of the Greek Tragedies, Jeffrey says: "A great part of the effect of these representations must have depended on *the exclusive nationality of their subjects, and the extreme nationality of their auditors.*" And the same eminent critic expresses the opinion, that Shakspeare could not have written his great dramas,—could not have been Shakspeare,—if he had been born in any other country than England. Indeed, Shakspeare, notwithstanding his infinite variety, and those "touches of nature which make the whole world kin," is a thorough Briton, and his writings are surcharged with the spirit of nationality. Could Milton have written the Iliad, or Homer the Paradise Lost? Could Goethe have wrought the Heart of Mid-Lothian, or Scott the Tragedy of Faust? Are not those works instinct with the characteristics of the country and age in which they were produced? What but a heroic age could have produced a Homer? What but Puritanical times a Milton? What age, but an age of unbelief; what country, except one given over for the time to irreligious opinions and social profligacy, could have produced the character of Mephistophiles? What Lord Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning, says of laws, is equally true, in its spirit, of literature: "For there are," says Bacon, "in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived, but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountains." And Montesquieu,—who of all writers had most profoundly studied the causes which influence national character, and the manifestation of that character in the laws and institutions of a country,—in his celebrated work on the Spirit of Laws, has an analogous passage, which forcibly illustrates the view we are inculcating:

"Law in general," says he, (in Book I. chap. 3,) "is human reason, inasmuch as it governs all the inhabitants of the earth; the political and civil laws of each nation ought to be the only particular cases in which this human reason is applied. They should be adapted in such a manner to the people for whom they are framed, *as to render it very unlikely for those of one nation to be proper for another.* * * * * They should be adapted to the climate of each country, to the quality of the soil, to its situation and extent, to the manner of living of the natives, whether husbandmen, huntsmen, or shepherds; they should have a relation to the degree of liberty which the constitution will bear; to the religion of the inhabitants; to their inclinations, riches, numbers, commerce, manners, customs. These relations form what I call the Spirit of laws."

Do not these relations just as essentially enter into, and characterize, the spirit of a national literature?

It will thus be seen that our view of nationality is conceived in no narrow spirit. Illiberality and exclusiveness have no part in our creed.

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We would burn no books, banish no authors, shut our hearts against no appeal which speaks to them in the voice of nature. We would not narrow, but enlarge, the horizon of letters; we would not restrict the empire of thought, but annex our noble domain to it. A writer in the last Oct. number of the North American Review, says, that "an intense national self-consciousness, though the shallow may name it patriotism, is the worst foe to the true and generous unfolding of national genius." Against the opinion of this learned Theban, we set the high authorities we have already cited; we set the fact, that Greece, Rome and England, the nations which have possessed the most intense self-consciousness, whose writers have been most penetrated by the sense of nationality, and with whose people patriotism has risen almost into a religious sentiment,—have excelled all the other states of the world in their literature, no less than in their physical prowess. And this intense nationality, instead of narrowing the domain of their great writers, has made their chief works the peerless gifts and priceless treasures of the whole intellectual world. We would ask, especially, under what reigns was the national spirit of England, pervading alike the cot, the castle, and the palace, raised to a loftier tone, than during the reign of Elizabeth, and the period of the Commonwealth, under Cromwell,—a period to which the noblest names of English literature, Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton, belong? We incline to the opinion that Homer must have possessed a burning, intense national self-consciousness; and that Burns was not less deficient in the same sentiment. And Scott, fired with the generous ardor of patriotism, ("an intense national self-consciousness,") rises into Homeric strains, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

> "Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim—
> Despite those titles, power and pelf,
> The wretch, concentrated all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit all renown,
> And doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The writer of the article on "Scotch Nationality," in the last number of the North British Review, states, that on lately passing through the Liddisdale district, where Scott collected many of the materials for his Border Minstrelsy, he was assured,

> "That the old border tradition of Liddisdale are rapidly disappearing before the romantic fictions of Scott himself; and the glens and streams formerly remembered for the scene of some actual moss-trooping foray, are now associated with the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' or the adventures of Dandie Dinmont and Meg Merrilies. All who have visited Loch Katrine,—and who has not? know that it is the same there, and that the boatmen on the lake, instead of chanting a Highland legend, show you the scene of the stag hunt—the place where died the 'gallant grey,' and the path by which Fitz James climbed into sight of the lake; while the beautiful islet that once rejoiced in a hard Gaelic name, is now known

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only as 'Ellen's Isle.' These are the witcheries of genius, but it is a genius *national in its essence, and heightening and spreading its nationality;* it comprehends all classes; it makes itself felt by the most unimpressible; it affords a common ground for the most worldly and the most imaginative—for the utilitarian politician, and the poet in his finest frenzy. Harry Dundas and Robert Burns might meet there, and feel for once alike."

These memorials which the mighty "Wizard of the North" has left of himself in highland and lowland, and in the hearts of the highest no less than of the humblest of Scotchmen, are prouder monuments of his genius than that which art or the pride of his countrymen have reared to his memory in the metropolis of the land which gave him birth, and which enjoys an immortality in his world-wide renown.

Schlegel, in his Lectures on the History of Literature, says of Shakspeare,

"*The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men, is that of nationality.*. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France. in a series of dramatic pieces, which possess all the simplicity and liveliness of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effectual productions of the epic muse."

And the same eminent critic in another place says, that "*a single work, such as the Cid, is of more real value to a nation, than a whole library of books, however abounding in wit or intellect, which are destitute of the spirit of nationality.*"

Our apology for thus accumulating authorities in support of a proposition which is nearly or quite self-evident, is that it has been denied in a quarter of respectability. We find a warrant for its truth in every drop of blood which bounds through our veins; in every pulsation of life that throbs at our heart; in every glimpse of the sky which beams upon our native land. Nationality in literature is only one of the many forms of patriotism. The instinct which prompts the eagle to shelter its young on the high cliffs, or the lions to guard their whelps in the wide forest, or human kind to love and cherish their offspring, is not more universal, and is scarcely more powerful, than the sentiment of love for country, and pride in whatever enhances her greatness or perpetuates her renown. The "spot where we were born"—where the ashes of our progenitors repose, and where our ashes and those of our offspring to the remotest posterity will mingle with the ashes of the forefathers; earth, river and skies; institutions of government and civil polity; neighborhood, kindred, household ties and household joys; the desire of honorable station and name, and of a worthy posterity; victorious fields, great works of art, and proud achievements in letters—all enter into and form a part of the sentiment of patriotism. More than towering battlements, more than serried ranks of steel, more than the most destructive enginery of war, does this sentiment of love for, and pride in country—an intense sense of nationality—guard the soil and preserve the sacred independence of nations.

The North American reviewer before referred to, says, that "the advocates of nationality seem to think that American authors ought to limit themselves to American subjects, and hear none but American criticism." This is erroneous. They have nowhere intimated such an opinion. We say that Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe and Racine, were all writers who wrote in a truly national spirit, and yet they did not limit

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themselves to subjects belonging exclusively to their own country or times. As we are men, whatever is common to humanity, falls fairly within the range of the American author; but as we are Americans, whatever is peculiar to our country and characteristic of our countrymen, is especially deserving of his regard. Is there any lack of home themes that our authors should lack home thoughts? Is there not the same variety in the play of human passions in the new world as in the old—in the present as in the past ages—under free as under despotic institutions? We would set no limits to the subjects on which our authors should write. We would leave to them the whole range of nature and humanity. We would wish them to strike every key in the grand scale of human passion. But we would have them true to their country. If there is anything peculiar in our institutions and condition, we would have some native bard to sing, some native historian to record it. We would have those who are born upon our soil; who have faith in republican governments; who cherish noble hopes and aspirations for our country; whose hearts beat in unison with our countrymen, to manifest their faith, their hopes, their sympathies, in some suitable manner. What we complain of is, the unnational spirit of our writers; that they slavishly adhere to old and foreign models; that alike in their subjects, and in their method of handling them, they are British, or German, or something else than American. We are not ungrateful for what some of our writers have done; but we ask, if the American people were suddenly destroyed by some great convulsion of nature, what fitting memorial of our national existence would be left, to instruct and delight, centuries hence, the nations which are yet in the womb of time?

The American writer who seems most deeply to have felt the want of, and who has most ably and earnestly, as well as earliest, insisted upon, nationality in our literature, is Mr. Cornelius Mathews. In an address before one of the Literary Societies of the New-York University, on "Home Writers, Home Writings, and Home Criticism," he thus alludes to some of the characteristics of a literature suited to the wants of the country:

"I, therefore, in behalf of this young America of ours, insist on nationality and true Americanism in the books this country furnishes to itself and to the world; nationality in its purest, highest, broadest sense. Not such as is declaimed in taverns, ranted off in Congress, or made the occasion of boasting and self-laudation on public anniversaries. It need not (though it may) speak of the Revolution, nor Washington, nor the Declaration of Independence, nor Plymouth Rock, nor Bunker Hill, nor Bunker Hill Monument And yet it may be instinct with the life of the country, full of a hearty, spontaneous, genuine home feeling; relishing of the soil and of the spirit of the people. * * * The writings of a great country should sound of the great voices of nature, of which she is full. The march of a great people in literature should be majestic and assured as the action of their institutions is calm and secure."

It poorly comports with our lofty assertion of national superiority, or with even an ordinary and just sense of self-respect, to be dependent for the intellectual aliment of the people, for those things which most adorn and ennoble a nation, and which are the highest boast and pride of civilized states, upon foreign writers, who write upon impulses not imparted by us, who primarily, if not exclusively, aim to please a different reading community, to whose standards of opinion, feeling and taste, they subject their productions, and who often, in obedience to the influences

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which surround them, write in a spirit not only alien, but positively hostile to our people, our institutions and national character.

Having thus attempted to develope the idea of nationality, we shall, in another number, state some of the higher uses of a national literature, and point out the American writers and writings most deeply imbued with a national spirit.

VERSE LIMNINGS.—No. 1.

THE SENSITIVE.

THERE are some natures seen to breathe and move
Among mankind, that never with them live
And share communion of the open soul ;—
They may be brothers, yet no fellows are.
With natures like the sweet and sensitive
Mimosa, that, when touched, will shrinkingly
Fold closely shut the leaves before outspread,
For them the slightest breath from grosser souls
Is contact all too rough, with like effect.
And as the flower that mimosa bears,
Yields up a honeyed sweetness, felt too rich
For other sense than taste, so they disclose
A beauty delicate and too refined
For every use and wastage on the common air.

As genius draweth from the instrument
Rich tones that bear aloft the ravished soul,—
Divinely tuned, these natures yield their tones
Obedient only to a godlike touch,
In strains that never meet with fit response,
Save in far purer, loftier worlds than this,—
Or when a kindred spirit here like it
Found lonely wandering in a world too strange,
In joyful recognition meets, and strikes
A chord responds to its own melody.

The unrefined touch, the worst of all,
A careless or vindictive tongue bestows,
Is felt to be a sting that deeply wounds
A spirit shrinks from use of weapons like,
And folds itself within the ample verge
Of calm reserve. Mankind look on and deem
The icy vestment all, nor think beneath
Flows gently stream pellucid, deeper yet
Repose rich pearls, pure jewels of the soul!

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The crisis which is now looked for in the financial circles of Europe, is that which most attracts men's attention at this moment. Those elements, which, moving in a circle of distress—improvement, prosperity, speculation, and revulsion, periodically producing financial difficulties and commercial disorders, have now reached a point where former experience would indicate that, in Europe, bank restriction and sacrifice of property would alone save a very general bankruptcy. If, however, we calmly look back to the period of former disasters, and weigh the then attending circumstances with the nature of the present crisis, we shall find such a change in the nature of circumstances, in their relation to each other, as to take from them their deleterious effects. The import of foreign grain into England in 1839, was, doubtless, the cause of the imminence with which bankruptcy approached the Bank of England in that memorable year. The import of an equal quantity of foreign grain and flour in 1846, so far from producing ruin, has eminently aided in preserving steadily the current rates for money. The financial measure of the English government in granting the charter of the new bank, was avowedly to prevent a large import of grain from having an adverse influence upon the money market. In our number for Nov., 1844, page 521, we gave the first return of the Bank under its new charter, and explained the nature of the change which had taken place in regard to the issue of notes, setting forth, to some extent, the influence which the principles of finance, then carried into effect, were likely to exercise. The change in the currency of the kingdom, from a credit circulation to a hard money basis, was accompanied by large reductions in duties on imported articles, with the design of enhancing their importation, while the specie currency was designed to prevent that increased import from having any injurious financial effects. The power of issuing notes was taken from the Bank to prevent any "paper-money advance" in prices, which should stimulate an unnatural or speculative import, or stagnate the regular export of the products of British industry, by inflating their prices. The theory was, "if the currency remained steady, governed exclusively by the flow of the precious metals, that how great soever the imports might be in volume, they would always be met by the exports of the proceeds of British industry." This theory was put in practice, and, as we shall proceed to show, has been eminently successful, down to Feb., 1847. In order to illustrate this fact the more clearly, we shall take from official reports the quantities of those articles that enter into human food, and taken for consumption in Great Britain, for ten years, ending with 1846. Of these figures we shall make two tables. The first, embracing the five years, 1837–'41, inclusive; and the second, 1842–'46 inclusive. The first table will, therefore, embrace the two great revulsions of 1837–1839; and the latter, the period of progressive prosperity under the liberal measures of the new government, down to the present time. These two tables will present most remarkable results, both as to the importation of food and the flow of bullion into the bank:

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN PRODUCE INTO ENGLAND FROM 1837 TO 1841 INCLUSIVE, WITH AMOUNT OF BULLION IN BANK AT THE END OF THE YEAR, AND THE AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT FOR THE YEARS

		1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.
Live animals,	No.	prohibited.	....	....	....	....
Hams,	cwt.	"	....	....	....	....
Bacon,	"	"	....	....	....	....
Beef, salt	"	"	....	....	....	....
Butter,	"	266,161	252,132	213,547	249,507	251,255
Cheese,	"	232,257	219,348	202,311	219,397	248,335
Rice,	"	126,760	136,574	205,787	216,090	247,887
Pork, salt	"	....	....	....	....	1,255
Sugar,	"	4,355,211	4,373 034	3,857,186	3,604,412	4,065,985
Molasses,	"	592,575	527,089	538,781	423,725	403,450
Tallow,	"	1,296,020	1,166,177	1,152,368	1,134,777	1,246,792
Total,	"	6,866,964	6,676,954	6,165,090	5,847,908	6,463,959

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(IMPORTS CONTINUED.)

		1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.
Total br't forw'd,	cwt.	6,866,964	6,676,354	6,165,000	5,847,908	6,463,959
Cocoa,	lbs.	1,418,570	1,602,671	1,610,338	2,045,478	1,930,765
Coffee,	"	26,392,427	25,818,613	26,832,186	28,708,033	28,421,468
Pepper,	"	2,626,298	2,635,130	2,643,908	2,741,953	2,751,717
Tea,	"	31,872,635	32,367,552	35,136,672	32,262,892	36,684,797
Tobacco,	"	22,504,344	23,356,246	22,971,406	22,902,398	22,095,588
Pimento,	"	335,653	339,979	309,358	339,453	297,208
Total,	"	89,149,927	86,120,191	89,503,868	89,000,207	92,181,543
Grain,	qrs.	830,466	1,823,845	4,424,702	3,448,399	2,955,616
Flour,	cwt.	40,187	392,947	665,693	1,317,814	1,214,290
Bullion in Bank		£8,172,000	9,250,000	2,887,000	4,145,000	4,486,000
Av'ge price of wheat		55s. 10d.	64s. 7d.	70s. 8d.	66s 4d.	64s. 4d.

The years 1836–7 were periods of great paper inflation, so much so, that in 1836, although no foreign wheat was imported, the bullion was reduced to an extent so alarming, as to compel the sacrifice of the great American houses in London, and all those credits running on American account cut off. The result was the universal bank suspension and insolvency of that year in the United States; and it will be remembered that there was then no "short harvest." The figures show, that the import of produce in England in 1837 was to a fair extent, the bullion in bank large, and wheat low. In the next year wheat advanced, and the consumption of most of the articles declined under "the screw" of the bank, which exerted itself to get back the coin that former speculation had carried away from it. In that year the harvest failed, and the year 1839 was one of revulsion. Wheat rose to over 78s. in Jan., and averaged over 70s. for the year; an enormous quantity was imported, and a great decline manifest in the quantity of all articles taken for consumption. The aggregate decline of those twelve articles was 100,000,000 lbs., or 12½ per cent. The bullion of the bank sank to an insignificant sum under the large import of grain, and recovered itself very slowly through the two succeeding years, notwithstanding the great efforts of the bank. The revenue from customs and excise fell off so much, that the government imposed 5 per cent. additional on all taxed articles in 1840, *which aided* in a further decline in the quantities consumed in that year. The figures, carefully studied, show the effect of short harvests under the old system; we now come to the *new*:

TABLE OF IMPORTS INTO GREAT BRITAIN OF ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION, WITH THE BULLION IN BANK AT THE END OF EACH YEAR, AND THE AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT FOR THE YEARS

		1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846. 11 mos.
Live animals,	No.	5,340	2,100	8,008	28,675	122,456
Hams,	cwt.	5,101	--	--	4,026	9,857
Bacon,	"	402	581	36	49	1,691
Beef, salt	"	5,443	3,279	4,306	3,463	161,759
Butter,	"	180,892	148,295	180,965	239,439	224,623
Cheese,	"	180,829	166,563	213,523	256,018	277,623
Rice,	"	252,412	259,253	327,842	260,314	399,776
Pork, salt	"	16,374	6,404	1,321	1,457	46,934
Sugar,	"	3,876,465	4,037,921	4,139,994	4,856,604	4,387,527
Molasses,	"	535,191	453,627	615,510	627,538	542,010
Tallow,	"	1,034,508	1,178,038	1,085,349	1,191,896	1,035,855
Total	"	6,092,957	6,226,063	6,576,854	7,478,879	7,717,913
Cocoa,	lbs.	2,251,145	2,551,191	2,590,528	2,579,497	2,735,565
Coffee,	"	28,583,931	30,031,422	31,394,225	34,293,190	33,680,812
Pepper,	"	2,679,624	2,743,824	3,097,562	3,209,718	3,001,945
Tea,	"	37,391,012	40,304,407	41,366,987	44,193,433	42,408,729
Tobacco,	"	22,152,707	22,891,517	24,535,116	25,917,100	24,502,321
Pimento,	"	455,512	407,812	342,675	491,287	360,675
Total,	"	93,513,931	98,930,173	103,327,093	110,684,225	107,690,047
Grain,	qrs.	2,172,349	1,237,871	2,532,619	1,105,342	3,884,486
Flour,	cwt.	1,125,801	426,877	712,968	582,527	3,377,186
Bullion in Bank		£10,330,000	12,078,000	14,828,416	13,325,886	14,308,000
Av'g price of wheat,		57s. 3d.	50s. 1d.	51s. 3d.	51s. 1d.	55s. 0d.

The column for 1846, it will be observed, is for 11 months only, yet the totals exceed those of the previous complete year, and run far in excess of that of former complete years. One thing strikes the eye as remarkable, and it is the singular steadiness of the price of wheat, throughout the five years. In the former five years the prices fluctuated 15s., or near 40 per cent. The average of the last five years has varied scarcely 7s. and the bullion, at the close of the five years, is £4,000,000, or 40 per cent. higher than at the commencement. This remarkable anomaly, then, presents itself; in 1839 an import of 4,658,707 qrs. of grain and flour, drew from the Bank of England all its coin, and threw it into the arms of the Bank of France for relief. In 11 months of 1846, not only has 5,071,751 qrs. been imported, but an increase of 25 per cent. in the quantities of the 16 articles enumerated, and the bullion in bank has increased £1,000,000, and the rate of money is but advanced from 3 to 3½a4 per cent. under the demands of railway speculators on the continent! These are facts which blow to the winds all theories based on the experience of 1839, under the old system of government. They prove, conclusively, that the conservative influence of hard money currency and free trade, is a panacea against commercial panics. If, in 1839, the same quantities of the articles named had been imported, that were entered for consumption in eleven months of 1846, irretrievable ruin would have overtaken the Bank of England, and the whole paper fabric of Britain.

The question recurs, what has been the nature of the operations, by which England has been enabled to purchase these unusual quantities without disturbing her finances, while, in former years, a far less quantity caused her credit to shake to its foundation. The cause is apparent in the fact, that a steady specie currency, and reduced taxes on food and raw materials, have so promoted her manufactures, as to swell her export trade in proportion to her import, in spite of the hostile legislation of assembled Europe and America. The United States, in 1842, enacted a tariff hostile to British products. England, simultaneously, reduced the duties on United States produce. Let us see the results. England exported to the United States in 1842, when the tariff was 20 per cent., a value of £3,528,807, say $15,000,000; and the amount increased, year by year, to £7,142,839 in 1845, when the duties were 40 per cent. on British products; just double in four years. The whole exports of Great Britain were as follows:

EXPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

	1842.	1843.	1844.	1485.
To British colonies	£13,360,291	15,045,911	16,504,069	16,856,580
" Russia	1,885,953	1,895,519	2,128,996	2,153,491
" Prussia	376,651	483,004	505,384	577,999
" Germany	6,202,700	6,168,038	6,151,528	6,517,736
" Belgium	1,099,490	984,650	1,471,251	1,479,038
" Spain	322,614	376,013	509,207	676,676
" United States	3,528,807	5,013,514	7,938,079	7,142,839
Total	£47,380.761	52,279,669	58,582,142	60,111,082

All these countries named, enacted in 1842 high tariffs, to keep out British goods; and the result is, that they have taken more than ever! England, buying their produce, has compelled them to take goods in return. If their absurd governments have taxed those goods high, it is they that have suffered, and not England.

The home trade of England has also been good. The rail-road expenditure has greatly promoted it; but the great and lasting reason has been, that the low duties on foreign food have allowed of a supply from without to meet precisely the deficit in the home production, as well as to feed the enhanced consumption at regular prices. Hence we find the bullion steady in bank, because the export trade has kept pace with the imports. The bullion being undisturbed, money has remained easy; foreign food coming in at low duties, has prevented that exorbitant rise, which, in former years, choked the home trade.

The question now is of the future, and of the relation of the United States to Britain in the present state of her affairs. It is highly probable that with the opening spring large quantities of corn, wheat and flour, will flow into England from Europe, as well as from the United States, and that bullion in return will

seek both destinations in considerable sums; but this is not a matter which can, in any degree, be productive of alarm. The amount of money as furnished by the Bank of England, cannot be influenced until the issue department shall have lost £7,000,000, or $35,000,000 of specie. A glance at the last return, January 9th, will show this as follows:

Bullion in Bank.	Jan. 1.	Jan. 7.	Jan. 23.	Decrease.
Gold	£11,788,770	11,482,442	11,081,751	797,019
Silver	2,469,490	2,069,658	1,674,509	794,981
Gold and silver coin	603,312	755,922	676,620	
Total	£14,861,572	14,308,022	13,442,880	1,592,000

The amount of gold left in the week, January 7, for the United States, per Hibernia, was near £400,000, and the silver was the amount loaned to the Bank of France. Hence, it will be seen that the Bank is suffering no demand except for the United States, and it had on hand £6,715,255 of notes, which cannot be issued until that amount of specie is drawn from the issue department. Now there can be no contraction of the currency to affect prices until that has taken place.—Because, as the notes in circulation are returned upon the issue department for coin, the Banking department will put out those it holds, and most of the specie drawn from the bank has come here. It may be supposed that the quantity of grain which will reach England from all quarters in the spring may prevent any further advance in prices, which, as seen in the above table, are insufficient to check consumption. We may then proceed to estimate, by the data furnished in 1837, how far the position of the cotton crop will be effected.

The year 1839 was a memorable one for cotton dealers, both because of the remarkable speculations which characterised it, and for the ruin which overtook them, through the defeat of their calculations. The U. States Bank had been a great buyer, and had aided to check the consumption of the large crop of 1838, by holding prices unnaturally high. That year closed with a stock in England, 50 per.cent. higher than in the previous year, but as the crop of 1839 was estimated short, speculations were based upon that fact. Among the most important was that of Vincent Nolte, which resulted in the loss of millions to the Citizen's Bank of New-Orleans. His calculations were based upon a crop of 1,350,000 bales, and they utterly failed, although the crop did not overreach 1,360,000 bales. This defeat was owing to the financial revulsion, growing out of the short harvest, and the large import of corn paid for directly with specie. The progress of affairs in that year was as follows:

	Prices. Fair Cotton.	Wheat.	Bullion in Bank.		Prices. Fair Cotton.	Wheat.	Bullion in Bank.
Sept	6⅞c	72s 2d	£9,500,000	April	8⅛c	70s 10d	£7,000,000
Oct	6¾	65 0	9,250,000	May	8¼	70 3	6,000,000
Nov	7¼	69 0	9,250,000	June	8	69 4	5,000,000
Dec	8¼	74 6	9,250,000	July	7¼	68 6	3,750,000
Jan	8¼	78 8	8,750,000	Aug	7¼	70 6	3,250,000
Feb	8¼	77 5	8,250,000	Sept	7¼	71 6	2,750,000
March	9¼	73 0	8,750,000	Oct	6¾	70 0	2,250,000

This continued high price of wheat throughout the year, accompanied by the excessive drain of bullion, amounting to £500,000 per month, for more than a year, affected the consumption, and we may now see to what extent:

SUPPLY AND CONSUMPTION OF COTTON IN GREAT BRITAIN.

	1838.		1839.		1840.	
Stock December 31		259,340		321,090		250,490
Import		1,431,229		1,109,550		1,599,343
Supply		1,690,569		1,431,649		1,849,833
Export	109,050		121,659		126,045	
Consumption	1,260,429	1,360,479	1,058,659	1,180,318	1,274,799	1,400,774
Stock		321,090		251,331		449,059

Now it is observable, that all the financial revulsions of that year only reduced the consumption 102,000 bales, and the stock, at the close of 1839, was less than at the close of 1837. This was the whole actual effect upon consumption of one of

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the most disastrous money revulsions of modern times. Since that time prices, of neither cotton nor cloths, have recovered themselves to anything like the prices they previously held, but manufacturers have, by reducing expenses, made low prices profitable; and fair cotton was ½ cent per lb. less in January, 1847, than January, 1839. The situation of the crop, as regards England, is now as follows:

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Stock in ports January 1	901,900	1,060,400	545,800
In spinners' hands "	135,000	135,000	113,000
Total stock	1,036,900	1,195,400	658,800
Import	1,855,700	1,243,500	*1,288,100
Supply	2,892,600	2,438,900	*1,946,900
Export	122,800	194,900	190,000*
Consumed	1,574,400	1,697,200	1,585,900	1,780,100	1,106,900	*1,296,900
Stock	1,195,400	658,800	*650,000

* Estimates.

The reduction of the stock in 1846, after an import of 25 per cent. more breadstuffs into England than in 1839, was 50 per cent. For 1847, we have estimated that England will receive from the United States the *same* quantity as last year, and 50 per cent. *more* from other sources. It results then, that the consumption of Great Britain *must be reduced* 480,000 bales, or 35 per cent. to maintain the same stock. The high prices of this year may draw out stocks of cotton which were held back from the low prices of last year, and the apparent crop thus exceed the estimates. In this we have not alluded to the continent, where the stock of cotton is 70,000 bales against 156,000 bales last year. Europe took last year 700,000 bales, the United States 425,000, and Great Britain say 1,000,000 bales, these make 2,125,000 bales, and the stock being reduced 525,000 bales of American, makes a consumption of 2,650,000 bales American. If the crop is 2,000,000 bales, the whole stock must be exhausted to supply a consumption equal to that of last year. Consumption has evidently outrun production. Very high prices of cotton must be required to bring consumption again within production. It is further to be remembered that the goods do not rise in the same proportion as the raw material, inasmuch as that the latter by no means constitutes the whole cost of production. The prices of cotton and wheat and the bullion in bank have thus far been as follows:

	Prices. Cotton.	Wheat.	Bullion.		Prices. Cotton.	Wheat.	Bullion.
Sept.	5½c.	53s 1d.	£16,224,364	Dec.	7½c.	61s 6d.	£14,951,532
Oct.	6	60 10	14,893,906	Jan.	7¼	66 10	14,308,000
Nov.	5 7-8	59 0	14,923,772	Feb.	7¼	70 —	13,442,880

Comparing these figures with those for 1839, in the above table, we observed a wide margin before similar results could be produced.

The purchases of produce which England must make from the United States will, to a considerable extent, be paid for in specie, and in so far, will increase the abundance of money in this country. It is also the case, that there is now no considerable class either of bankers or dealers in this country dependant on English credits, which might wither under a revulsion. In 1839, the late National Bank depended for its existence upon English loans, and very large interests, as well as the solvency of nine sovereign states of the Union, hung upon the disposition and ability of London capitalists to buy their securities: nothing of all that now exists. The United States, thanks to the Independent Treasury, are independent of England. Commercially we owe nothing, and that which they buy is not at speculative prices; it is at rates established by the effective demand for actual consumption, and the only influence which a money restriction could produce would be, to send to the United States larger quantities of the products of British industry in payment for farm produce and less specie. This is not a disadvantage; on the other hand, it will be favorable to the perpetuity of the export trade, because it will confirm an interchange of the produce of the two countries, and of specie we have already enough. The revenue of the government will be improved by it and our commerce benefited.

The present tariff of the United States united with the warehouse system, is eminently calculated to promote both the external and internal commerce generally, through the export trade of this country. The entry of all goods at the custom-house, and the deposites in warehouse without expense, must afford facilities for the revival of that carrying trade for the whole American continent that has fallen into decay in the last twelve years. A most important feature has also been added to it in the issue of "ware-house certificates." An importer who enters an invoice of goods, may take out a "withdrawal entry" for the whole or any portion, not less than a single package. These certificates being presented to the Register, who, for New-York, is D. P. Barhydt, Esq., obtains a certificate at a few minute's notice, of the number and mark of the package, with the vessel in which it was imported, and its assessed dutiable value. The return of that certificate being necessary to the release of the package from warehouse, it becomes the best possible security for all descriptions of loans, and it so completely represents the goods, that nothing farther is necessary to effect sales than the transfer of the certificate. It is at once perceived, that the capital of small importers is greatly enhanced by this process. Their goods are available to them at any moment, and no demand is made for cash duties, which the purchaser of the goods may be required to pay. This regulation, simple as it is, is equivalent to the addition of $10,000,000 to our commercial capital.

The holder of the certificate wishing to withdraw the goods, makes out his three copies of withdrawal entries, and takes them with the certificate to the Register's office. The Register cancels the certificate, and the merchant proceeds with it and the entries to the entry-clerks, and the usual forms and steps follow.

If part of the goods stated in the certificate are to be withdrawn, the same steps are taken, and the Register, in cancelling the old certificate, gives a new one for the portion not to be withdrawn, and not specified in the withdrawal entry.

No trouble is incurred by the merchant, except walking into the Register's office, on the occasions of getting his certificate and withdrawing goods.

A. warehouses his goods and receives his certificate; endorses his certificate over to B., who, in turn, sells them to C., and endorses the certificate to him. C. without further trouble than A. would have had, can withdraw the goods from warehouse.

The revenue of the government thus far under the new tariff, has exceeded that in the same period last year, and the prospect is, that as the year progresses, any stringency in the money markets of Europe that may reduce the prices of manufactured goods will accelerate their export to this country, when the influx of coin that has taken place will make money plenty. By such means, the revenue will improve and the means of the government be enhanced. During the month, the department has obtained the loan of $23,000,000, authorized by the act of January, (to which we alluded in our last number,) making $33,000,000 of debt contracted for the war. The notes issued bear 6 per cent. semi-annual interest, redeemable after two years, convertible at any time into a 6 per cent. stock, redeemable after 1867. The authority to issue notes in lieu of those cancelled, is to come six months after peace with Mexico. The proceeds of the public lands, after 1847, are pledged for the payment of the interest and redemption of the debt. Out of any excess of the land revenues over the annual interest, the security is authorized to purchase stock at par.

The receipts from lands last year were near $3,000,000, and the interest on the present debt is near the same sum. It may be inferred however, from the prospective prosperity, that the settlement of the public lands will proceed more rapidly than for the last few years. At the Green Bay land-office, as an instance, the sales of land for the last quarter of 1846, were 75,604 acres against 48,748 acres in the same quarter of the previous year. In all sections, farm produce is becoming valuable, and therefore farms and farm labor. The state of Indiana has passed a law which will make her great canal valuable, and bring into requisition the vast tracts of fertile land in her interior. The great Illinois canal will be open in the spring of 1848, and will open 100 miles of a most fertile country. Wisconsin, under its condition, is progressing most rapidly, and its new constitution, if adapted, will add to its increase. In all directions there are indications of improved land revenues and general prosperity.

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GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

February 20.

My Dear Editor:—There is a valley in the moon, Ariosto tells us, which St. John visited, so the place is select, you see, where all things lost upon earth are preserved in phials, labelled and arranged in rows, as in an apothecary's shop. This valley is, in fact, the rag-bag of our globe. You ought to have some such sack of fragments for your journal, to hold bits, scraps, odds and ends, which you cannot very consistently place in the midst of your elaborate patch-work. Nothings, you know, were current even before Adam. *Immortale nihil*, some old fellow says—suppose you accept us as your *chiffonier* for the present: there is much to be found in the streets, if one only rakes for it in the right place. In Chambers-street there is the Italian Opera, never before so successful in this city—crowded houses and fashionable houses; not only plenty of dollars, but plenty of scented sweet-smelling dollars. We never agreed with Vespasian that money had no odor, and that it made no difference whence it came. *Linda* was well received, and *Lucia* rapturously applauded. Rows of upright and indefatigable young men lined Palmo's walls, which bristled with double-barreled opera glasses, as the bastions of Vera Cruz with cannon. Nightly they laughed at Benetti's *Dov'é Lucia*, and shrieked *Bravo* at Benedetti's *Bel'alma inamorata*. Bouquets were hurled by fair ladies at the fascinating tenor, who did not know how to take them; *au moral*, we mean, for he generally stuck them in his belt beside the fatal dagger, and the master of Ravenswood died like a Roman Roué, covered with flowers. Ravenswood consulted Palmo's lawyer to know what course to adopt; in Italy, it seems, there is but one. The learned gentleman explained that a projected bouquet was only a bravissimo in action, and read extracts from Blackstone on marriage, and from Reeve on the domestic relations. A trifling quarrel behind the scenes increased the rush of the music mad. An extra representation was found necessary to accommodate the outsiders; when lo! a new opera was announced and played, and Mrs. Margaret Armitage might have found room enough, when two nights before the late Dr. Edson could not have been squeezed in:—*Nina pazza per amore*, by Coppola, revised and corrected by Barilla, translated by Attenelli. By the way, why, in the calls so constantly made for the various artists, does not some one vociferate for Attenelli, the pains and snuff-taking box-keeper, the accomplished author of the libretto before us? The only amusing thing about Nina is the English version of the libretto. Hear Count Rodolpho describe his anguish!

> "The fire which consumes my heart,
> Extends its influence to my visage."

St. Anthony's fire evidently. His gifted daughter says to her Eurico,

> "Remember thou when, with *bouncing* heart,
> Thou revealed unto me thy love?"

Timid and tender Eurico, with a heart like an Indian-rubber ball! Such an acquaintance with the music and literature of Italy is cheap at one dollar. The decorations of Nina are very simple; the plot equally so. A girl has lost her lover, killed as she supposes by a rival, "spotted with his blood." She becomes crazy, despises her paternal parent, lets her *back-hair* down, and runs about in a night-gown. Why do crazy women in operas always let their *back-hair* down? Linda, Lucia, Nina, all lose their combs and their consciousness at the same time. It is a rather remarkable coincidence, that Mr. Pickwick's presence of mind forsook him when the lady in the yellow curl papers loosened her occipital locks. At last, the lover returns, whole; sings *that* song, (the old story); the lady revives; a duet ensues, a good thing in the opera, and the curtain drops amid the usual shouts;

sposo! padre! amor! gioia! We must do the ladies of the chorus, as hearty and buxom a set of dames as ever appeared on any stage, the justice to mention, that the skirts of the yellow dresses they wore at Miss Ashton's wedding, looked quite as good as new below the black velvet boddices at Nina's nuptials. We would also direct your attention to the animated and gracious manner with which the prima donna of the chorus does the honors of the stage to that part of the audience which she faces. You know how uncomfortably hard the seats are at Palmo's. It is bad enough that it should be so: but is it not the very summit and apex of impudence for the *Impressario* to take advantage of his own omissions, and hang up a notice on the operatic walls, announcing, that cushions can be had on application at the office, and on payment of 18¾ cents for a single one and 37½ for a double one? Whether double alludes to the thickness or wideness of the desired substratum, is left in uncertainty. Rossini's new opera of Robert Bruce has met with great success at the *Academie*. Madame Stolz, the prima, was hissed on the first night by an envious clique, but her magnificent talent soon annihilated all signs of dissatisfaction. Rossini is "the only one" after all. In Scharfenberg's window, in Broadway, there is a caricature, "*Le Pantheon*" musical, a collection of all the divinities of the orchestra. The great *Maestro*, (un)dressed as a river god, lies carelessly on an urn, from whence flows the stream of melody. On the banks of the river the other composers are refreshing and strengthening themselves: Balfe, drawing from the *Puits d'amour*"—Donizetti, turning out operas from a steam-engine—Auber, charging on his "Bronze Horse"—A. Adam, "*en postillion*," et hoc genus omne.

I hope you were at the amateur concert at the Apollo? given for the benefit of the Catholic Half-Orphan Asylum by the first people in the city, not merely of the "Upper Ten Thousand" but of the "Tip-Top Five Hundred?" Was it not most beautiful and most successful in spite of the strictures of the ruling elder of the Journal of Commerce? The chorus of young ladies, brilliantly attired in white, looked through a reversed opera-glass like a group of the Viennoise children. It was enough to tempt a single man to turn half-orphan, if he could hope to supply his deficient moiety from that dazzling platform. There is some talk of Mrs. Butler's return to the stage; at least a correspondence between her and Alfred Bunn, the beloved of Punch, has been published. Bunn thinks Mrs. Butler too dear. If she should once more drive in the Thespian cart, we might boast of three of the best actresses living; for Mrs. Butler, if English by birth, belongs to America by marriage, and Miss Cushman and Mrs. Mason are all ours. The complimentary benefit offered to Mrs. Mason will be another great festival. The tickets are to be at two dollars throughout the house, and the pit and the boxes connected. Concerts are still given, and so are lectures delivered, but their day has passed. The opera kills the concert, and the twenty-five cent. edition the lecture. It requires a celebrity, some man known to fame, to fill a room. Herz crowded the Tabernacle, and Professor Agassiz will pack the Stuyvesant Institute, if he ever makes us his long-promised visit. While we are upon the amusements of the evening, we must not forget the Hegira, or flight of Mary Taylor to the Bowery! The *B'hoys* have succeeded in carrying off their darling, and she nows reigns supreme upon their favorite stage. And Christy! can we omit thy Ethiop minstrels singing in Moorish halls?—Especially him of the bones and shirt collars, the whites of whose eyes flash like heat lightning of a summer evening! You should see Bones in the rail-road overture. It begins with the slow *chuck-chuck* of the engine, and gradually increases in velocity, until the pace reaches forty-five miles in the hour, when the steam whistle screeches violently, and a frightful collision ensues. The fly-wheel niggers at either end are under too-much headway to stop. They keep on whizzing and whirling, until forcibly restrained by their surviving companions. Bones's "Is any body hurt?"—after he becomes a little composed, is delightful. Beside this, Bones dances the cachucha in a calico frock, pantalettes, and red shoes, as Fanny Elssler would, had she been bred in Timbuctoo. Bones is a diamond, a black swan, or very like one, *nigro que simillimus cygno.*—— A large meeting of the bar was held at the City-Hall, to receive the report of the committee appointed to organize a plan for the judiciary of the city. When we saw so many attorneys together, we thought of Toler's guinea, and wished we could subscribe to a similar fund. Did you ever hear the story? A poor devil of an attorney died in Dublin. His brethren contributed a shilling each

to his funeral. When the list was brought to Toler, he said: "What, only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here, take a guinea, and bury one-and-twenty of them."—There must be but little food in Ireland now, even for mirth. So terrible a famine has not occurred since the introduction of the treacherous potatoe.—Our friends and neighbors have shown great readiness and zeal in contributing to alleviate some of this fearful misery. The churches have held collections, subscriptions have been made at clubs, the merchants have given liberally. There seems to be but one voice throughout the land:—Succor the Irish! It is gratifying to see the New World become the Providence of the Old. Nor are our own poor to be neglected. Several gentlemen—men who have for years devoted their leisure moments to benevolence, propose constructing, in a suitable place, comfortable dwellings for the poor. The houses will be four stories in height; each floor is divided by a hall, on each side of which are "living-rooms," fifteen feet by eleven, and two bed-rooms, thirteen feet by seven. The necessary conveniences of fire and water will be introduced, and rent will be no higher than the prices paid for the damp, unwholesome hovels the lower class at present inhabit. How much the condition of civilized humanity might be improved, if the "godly" would apply to such purposes the immense donations now so completely thrown away upon ———— Halte-là—we are treading on dangerous ground. We will only quote from a letter from India, in a late English paper:

"I much question if I should even make as many converts as my friends, the missionaries here, who have, I believe, in the course of thirty years' labor, succeeded in turning out some eight or ten rather questionable Christians."

Have you seen the two novelties of the day? The advertising omnibus is one of those noisy accommodations parapetted with tin signs, of the same size and appearance as the legal shingle, bearing the names and wares of those who pay for them. At a short distance, the "six-on-a-seat" vehicle looks like a locomotive lawyer's office. The other novelty can be seen in Broadway, and is admirably suited to a new country, where the acres outnumber the arms. It is intended to facilitate population, and is called "The Patent Elastic Baby-Jumper, or Nurse's Assistant." It consists of a small hoop like a Washington chandelier, highly decorated, suspended by an elastic rope, whence depend four straps, which are secured to the dress of the olive branch, who is then made to ride a cock-horse, *secundem artem*. We saw a crowd gazing through a window at a fine fat responsibility on the full "patent elastic jump," who belongs, we imagine, to the stock in trade. The public are informed that the machine can be increased to accommodate twins. Electricity and Elasticity are the two great powers of the times.

MRS. MASON.

The re-appearance on the stage of this lady, and her decided success, have marked an era in the history of the American stage. Her genius is a source of the greatest delight to the lovers of the high and beautiful art of acting. Our national pride is gratified by having a *native* actress burst upon us, who is at the *least* equal to the greatest from other lands who have ever appeared before us.

Great acting may be divided into three classes: The first and greatest is where all appearances of *acting* is lost, where the *character* represented is alone seen and felt—where the power of abstraction is so intense that the actor is forgotten, and the actual Othello, or Lear, or Sir Giles is before us.

The second class is where, by the great study and art of the actor, we are led to appreciate the beauty of the author and the scope of his intentions. We do not feel strongly the presence of the actor and the character, but become deeply imbued with the poet.

The third and lowest, is where the peculiar characteristics of the actor are the most prominent features. While we feel slightly the beauty and object of the author, and are not insensible to the character, still we see the author and character as reflected through the *actor*. The actor stamps his own individuality on every thing he says and does.

We unhesitatingly place Mrs. Mason in the first and highest school. The distinguishing characteristic of her acting is intense *abstraction*; and this power belongs only to artists of profound genius. In her it is so powerful that she extends it to her audiences, drawing them gradually but effectually out of themselves—interesting them in the subject and feeling of the play, that they become silent and

absorbed hearers of her words, swayed along with her by the varying impulses of the passions.

Her acting is not made up of *points*, which, though bold and dramatic, stand out marked and abrupt for the general whole of the scene.

She rises in feeling and intensity from the commencement to the end of the play, as circumstances require—developing the character so naturally, that it pervades every look and tone, and finally impresses her own feelings so strongly upon the audience, that it seems what she says and does are the *only* things that ought to be said and done.

Mrs. Mason has a commanding figure; is extremely graceful and elegant in her movements and actions. She has a wonderfully sweet and telling, though not a very strong voice, capable without effort of every intonation. Her elocution is the most beautiful we ever heard; it glides along so naturally, that while the sense of the passages is made vividly clear, we are never startled by an effort of *emphasis* which always shows the labour of the elocutionary art.

She made her first appearance in Juliet. It was considered a dangerous experiment to open in that part, as it is so difficult to portray on the stage the highly wrought feelings of the *Southern* lovers, transcending, as they do, those of this every day life. It is considered that Romeo and Juliet can only be appreciated in the quiet and retired reading of the study, and that to embody on the stage their intense bounding, outpouring love, is almost next to impossibility. But her triumphant success in this most difficult part has established her reputation, and placed her in one night at the head of her profession.

The embarrassment and nervousness of a first appearance, after ten years' absence, remained upon her till the balcony scene, when her energies and powers fully developed themselves. She confessed her love with an expression of frankness, purity and depth of feeling—devoid of all affectation on the one hand, and exaggerated artistic effect on the other—that found its way to every heart. We were charmed and astonished as we listened to the music of her voice, as she delivered such words of devotion, such truthful joy, tinged with a sadness—the forerunner of future woe.

The personation of this scene brought back to every mind not completely seared by the world, "the freshness of early feeling" and the spring-time of life, when such love was not an effort of the imagination, but an impulse of the heart; it stirred emotions long lain dormant, that only such a pure and holy personation could arouse; it realized the conceptions of the most poetic, and gave to many an understanding of the subject that their own readings could not give.

In the scene with the friar in the fourth act, when, to escape the nuptials with Paris, she bids him to propose such desperate means,

> "Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
> *And I will do it* without fear or doubt,
> To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love,"

she was in manner, tone and attitude, the very embodyment of desperate determination.

But the crowning effort of the night was the potion scene. It was the greatest acting we ever saw. The terror she felt at the thought of "Tybalt's ghost" was extended to her hearers. Their imaginations were excited to such a pitch, that they remained some time after the scene was ended, silent; and then their pent up feelings broke forth with an enthusiasm seldom heard.

In conclusion, her acting may be described as possessing a wonderful power of abstraction; a full and thorough embodiment of the character, with sympathies easily moved, and flowing through the mournful, tender and passionate parts of her personations with the force and fullness of a swollen river. Apparently she has to contend with the strength of her feelings, which rush upon her unbidden, and occasionally take away the power of making special artistic effects; but if these great sympathies be a drawback in this particular, they are of immense advantage in the power of being the *whole* character, and in its influence upon the hearts of all who hear her.

Mrs. Mason's performances during the remainder of her engagement, especially of the part of Bianca, have confirmed and strengthened the *position* awarded to her on her first night.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Jacques. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Anne Blackwell. Redfield, New-York. 1847.

No modern writings have given rise to more controversy than those of George Sand, to use the *nomme de plume* the author invariably adopts. Or rather, we might say, no modern writer, up to within a few years, has been so generally condemned, in the severest terms of disparagement, as this mysterious George Sand. The controversy as to her merits is very recent, as to the English language; for there was no controversy formerly, but one unbroken, uniform stream of moral indignation and censure. The British reviews, whenever they had occasion to mention the name of the writer, coupled it with all that was base and licentious in French imagination.

It was known that George Sand was only an assumed name; it was known that the writer was a woman, and that she had committed the unpardonable offence of separating from her husband; and it was further known, that some of her works were exceedingly free in regard to certain social relations held sacred by the majority of mankind. This was enough to know; and so, on the strength of it, the English critics, by a sort of secret, unanimous consent, agreed to regard her as a she-monster—a demon in petticoats. The most horrible stories were told, of her dressing in man's clothes, smoking cigars, entertaining any quantity of lovers, and other things of the same character. But the howl of virtuous rebuke with which she was received was so vehement as soon to exhaust itself; it came to an end. The *Foreign Quarterly Review*, we believe, began to see, under all her imputed licentiousness, the marks of very high talent, and from time to time breathed out a little negative praise. Its example was followed; the stories invented about her were shown to be utterly false, and it was not long before George Sand was in a fair way of being considered an unusually instructive, accomplished and spiritual writer. Indeed, the tendency now is, in the very periodicals that most abused her, to elevate her to the rank of a great social reformer.

It must be said, however, in justice to the critics, that George Sand has greatly changed herself, and that her recent writings are of a different tone from those that first gave her notoriety. Her morbid and restless discontent with established relations has passed away, or been superseded by aspirations for a better state of things. Her last novel, *Consuelo*, no one can object to on the score of morals, while the genius it exhibits is of the highest order. Indeed, the influence it had upon our mind was as solemn and pure as that of religious music. The character of the heroine is one of the most beautiful and exalted to be found in the whole range of modern fiction. How a nature essentially bad could have conceived it, surpasses our understanding. One feels that George Sand has either been thoroughly regenerated, or that her early reputation was a falsehood and calumny.

As to the present work, it must be confessed, that it is not to be named in the same day with Consuelo. There is the same vigor and grace of style; the same eloquence of sentiment, and the same keen penetration into character; but the moral transparency and elevation is wanting. As a burning and vigorous protest against the evils of ill-assorted marriages, it may have possibly some good effect; but on the whole, the propriety of its publication is somewhat questionable. It is not the best specimen of the genius of the writer, even among her earlier works; and the objects she aims at in it could have been better accomplished in some other way.

We have only space to add, that the translation is excellently made, and that the book is printed in a very neat and handsome manner.

Lives of Eminent American Mechanics. By Henry Howe. Harper Brothers.

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This volume embraces the lives of the following distinguished men: John Fitch, Benjamin Franklin, Oliver Evans, Samuel Slater, Eli Whitney, D. Bushnell, A.

Whitterman, R. Fulton, Jacob Perkins, Thomas Blanchard, and Henry Eckford, of each of whom is a portrait, in addition to those of eminent English mechanics. The results of the ingenuity of each of these men were sufficient to revolutionize the state of civilization; and when we contemplate the stupendous consequences of the combined inventions of Whitney, Whitterman and Fulton, aided by the improvements of English mechanics, we are lost in astonishment. Such a galaxy of genius as the volume presents may well stamp theirs as the "mechanical age," and affords matter of reflection in which the mind may lose itself in contemplation.

The Occult Sciences. The Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and Apparent Miracles. From the French of Eusebe Salverte. By Anthony Todd Thompson, M. D., F. L. S. Harper Brothers.

These remarkable volumes form Nos. 22 and 23 of Harper's New Miscellany. The author, Mr. Salverte, was an *avocat du roi* under the old régime, a civil engineer under the empire, and a consistent friend of the people; a member of the Chambers from the 5th district of Paris, and one of the few who have resisted the corrupting influence of the most corrupt government of Europe In the volumes before us, he has produced a work of great erudition and boundless research, in which he developes a theory which maintains that the prodigies and miracles related by the ancients, are to be ascribed to the results of a state of science far more advanced than has in modern times been admitted; that this science was in the hands of the priesthood, and by them used in the perpetuation of their hierarchy. The translator, in the profundity of his wisdom, has omitted the portions tending to elucidate the miracles of the Bible. For what reason we do not see. If the truth of the revelations cannot vindicate itself against the theories of Mr. Salverte, then it may be well to suppress the latter. Dr. Thompson seems to have greater faith in Mr. Salverte than in the Scriptures, however. The great work of Mr. Salverte establishes many points in the history of the sciences that have been heretofore surrounded with mists, and is full of intense interest. He avows the theory which guided him to be as follows:—

"1st. When the improbability of a fact is the chief objection to the belief in its reality, the evidence which attests it regains all its value, if the improbability be proved to be only apparent. Can a similar test be applied with success to the greater part of the prodigies and miracles related by the ancients? It is more reasonable to admit the truth of the facts, and the accuracy of their explanation—than to condemn as impostures those recitals of which modern discoveries have frequently demonstrated the truth.

"2d. It is an incontestable fact, that anciently science—and more especially that science which was confined to the temples—was enveloped in a thick veil to conceal it from the eyes of the vulgar; and that it was employed to produce wonderful works, fitted to subdue the obstinacy and credulity of the people, is a supposition so natural, that it will be difficult to oppose it—at least by any sound reasons. In the marvellous recitals which have been handed down to our times, some of this mystical learning may be discovered; and in prosecuting the research we endeavor to complete the history of the science of mankind."

Education; its Elementary Principles Founded on the Nature of Man. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. With an Appendix by S. R. Wells. 7th American edition. Fowler & Wells, 131 Nassau-street, New-York.

The subject of education, always important, is peculiarly so in America, where the institutions of the country, and almost the whole fabric of society, rests upon the diffusion of intelligence among the people. The science of education has, nevertheless, advanced far less than others. Nothing has been done towards ascertaining the natural capabilities and dispositions of youth, and adapting a course of instruction to the peculiar mind of each individual, so as to develope, in the most advantageous manner, the greatest energies of which it is capable. The vast injuries which the youth of a nation sustain by this want of discrimination is little dreamed of by the many. In an article upon College Education, in our February No., some of the evils incident upon the application of a uniform system to a class were hinted at. The lessons being graduated to the medium intellects, the best are led into habits of idleness, while the worst are discouraged. A fearful waste is thus produced, growing out of a want of discrimination on the part of parents.

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Mr. Spurzheim, in his work, has doubtless laid the foundation of a great and radical change in this particular, and as such, of a vast economy in human intellect, that now seems to waste for want of the means of turning it into the proper channels to develope its utility.

The great importance of the subject, and the popularity of the author, combine to make the edition, as presented by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, peculiarly acceptable. To the present edition is added an Appendix, by S. R. Wells, containing a description of the temperaments, and a brief analysis of the phrenological faculties. The principles contained in the work are now so well recognized as to become an essential part in the qualifications of a teacher. In relation to this, the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal remarks:

"We regard this volume as one of the most important that has been offered to the public for many years. Small though it be, it is full of sound doctrine and practical wisdom. Every page is pregnant with instruction of solemn import; and we would that it were the text-book—the great and sovereign guide of every male and female in the country, with whom rests the responsibility of rearing or educating a child."

Another remarks:—

"We have examined this work critically, for the purpose of ascertaining how far its principles are capable of being applied to the proper government and training of children, and find that it begins at the beginning, or rather with infancy, and goes through childhood up to manhood and old age—developing, by a gradual process, the entire constitution of man. A more interesting and useful work has not been written. It contains all the instruction necessary for parent or teacher to properly govern and instruct themselves and their young."—*Instructor.*

Supernaturalism of New-England. By J. G. Whittier. Wiley & Putnam.

In our number for August, 1845, we hailed with pleasure this first volume by Whittier, whom all of our readers have known and loved. "The Stranger in Lowell," conveyed to the reader the free, frank impressions upon a noble soul, by the common incidents of life in the great manufacturing city, whither he was called to conduct a paper during the presidential canvass. The peculiar superstition of New-England then attracted some part of his attention, and following out this branch of the subject, has produced the delightful little volume before us. As an instance of the true New-England spirit of the traditions and superstitions here embodied, we copy one.

Some years ago, an elderly woman, familiarly known as "Aunt Morse," died, leaving a handsome little property. No will was found, although it was understood before her decease that such a document was in the hands of Squire S., one of her neighbors. One cold winter evening, some weeks after her departure, Squire S. sat in his parlor looking over his papers, when, hearing some one cough in a familiar way, he looked up, and saw before him a little crooked old woman, in an oil-nut colored woollen frock, blue and white tow and linen apron, and striped blanket, leaning her sharp, pinched face on one hand, while the other supported a short black tobacco pipe, at which she was puffing in the most vehement and spiteful manner conceivable.

The squire was a man of some nerve; but his first thought was to escape, from which he was deterred only by the consideration, that any effort to that effect would necessarily bring him nearer to his unwelcome visitor.

"Aunt Morse," he said at length, "for the Lord's sake, get right back to the burying-ground! What on earth are you here for?"

The apparition took her pipe deliberately from her mouth, and informed him that she came to see justice done to her will; and that nobody need think of cheating her, dead or alive; concluding her remark with a shrill emphasis, she replaced her pipe, and puffed away with renewed vigor. The squire had reasons for retaining the document at issue, which he had supposed conclusive; but he had not reckoned upon the interference of the testatrix in this matter. Aunt Morse, when living, he had always regarded as a very shrew of a woman; and he now began to suspect that her recent change of condition had improved her, like Sheridan's ghost, "the wrong way." He saw nothing better to be done, under the circumstances, than to promise to see the matter set right that very evening.

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The ghost nodded her head approvingly, and knocking the ashes out of her pipe against the chimney, proceeded to fill it anew with a handful of tobacco from her side pocket. "And now, squire," she said, "if you'd light my pipe for me, I'll be a-going."

The squire was, as has been intimated, no coward; he had been out during the war in a Merrimack privateer, and seen some sharp work off Fayal; but, as he said afterwards, "it was no touch to lighting Aunt Morse's pipe." No slave of a pipe-bearer ever handed chibouque to the Grand Turk with more care and reverence, than the squire manifested on this occasion. Aunt Morse drew two or three long preliminary whiffs, to see that all was right, pulled her blanket over her head, and slowly hobbled out of the door. The squire being true to his promise, was never again disturbed. It is right, in conclusion, to say, that there were strong suspicions at that time that the ghost was in reality of flesh and blood—in short, one of the living heirs of Aunt Morse, and not the old lady herself.

The Elder's House, or the Three Converts. Edward Dunigan. New-York: 151 Fulton-street.

This is a beautifully got up little volume, uniform with Dunigan's Home Library, and the story is one of those interesting little histories so illustrative of the earnest simplicity of the Catholic faith, for which that library is characterized.

Pastoral Letter of John, the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes. Edward Dunigan. 151 Fulton-street.

This is a most interesting letter to our Catholic fellow citizens from their ecclesiastical head, exhorting them to the religious duties of the season of Lent, and setting forth the condition and progress of the Catholic Christians for this diocese. The bishop states, that in 1839 the number of Clergymen was 45, and is now 120, and that an application for two assistant Episcopal officers has been made to his Holiness, and as yet no answer has been returned. The letter is a very interesting one.

The Scripture School Reader. Consisting of selections of Sacred Scriptures for the use of Schools. Compiled and arranged by W. W. Everts, A. M., and W. H. Wyckoff, A. M. Nafis & Cornish, 278 Pearl-street.

This volume, bound in a substantial manner, is apparently the offspring of the unhappy controversy which sprung up sometime since in relation to the use of the bible in the schools. Our Catholic fellow-citizens objected to certain portions of the Scripture received as a whole by the Protestant portion of the community; and where children of all faiths mingle, under our glorious institutions, in schools provided for all by Republican zeal in the cause of education, some compromise was evidently necessary, in order to ensure to all that perfect freedom of conscience which is the birth-right of every American. This compromise has been sought to be obtained, in collecting that portion of the sacred volume recognised by all, in a book that may form an acceptable reader in schools where children of all creeds associate.

Battle of Life. A Love Story. By Charles Dickens. Wiley & Putnam. 25 cents.

Of all the numerous books written for "Christmas-tide" in "merrie England," this had the most extensive sale, and took the greatest hold upon the popular mind. In this country the writings of Dickens have been extensively read, and are, perhaps, as popular as in England. They are printed in a form equally as desirable by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, and far cheaper.

The Horse's Foot, and How to Keep it Sound. By William Miles. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

This is an exceedingly useful work to all who have any connection with the management of horses. The great experience and long practice of the author, make his views of great importance.

American History, comprising Historical Sketches of the Indian tribes, a description of American Antiquities, with an inquiry into their origin and the origin of the Indian tribes. Also, History of the British Provinces, Mexico, and Texas, down to its admission into the American Union. By MARCIUS WILSON, Author of the School History of the United States. Mark H. Newman & Co. 199 Broadway.

Mr. Wilson has, in the volume before us, presented a very valuable work to the public. It brings up into a clear recital the shreds and patches, as it were, of American history wove into the main story; the antiquities of our continent; the exciting memoirs of the fast fading tribes of the aborigines; the history of the nation that seems destined to become a part and parcel of our great empire, more particularly the curious story of Texas. In the short space of a quarter of a century, a colony from the United States reclaimed a vast territory from the wilderness, successfully resisted the attempts of Hispana-Mexican tyranny, and created a nation which, in the exercise of its sovereignty, merged itself in the glorious Union. The whole supplies a very urgent want, and in the most desirable manner, accompanied by instructive plates, and with full marginal analysis and dates, which makes it a valuable work of reference to the general reader. The execution of the work does great credit to Messrs. Newman & Co. the publishers, who will doubtless find a sterling work appreciated by the public.

The Lives of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the Discoverer of the Pacific Ocean; Hernandez Cortez, Conqueror of Mexico; and Francisco Pizarro, Conqueror of Peru. Harper Brothers, New-York.

Among the lives of those renowned navigators whose adventurous spirit, aroused by the genius of Columbus, made the new world the scene of their bold enterprise, none are more interesting than of these, the three heroes treated of in this small volume. They present Spanish character in a light more bold and enterprising than of late years they have been able to sustain, and are fraught with interest.

Mary Howitt's Ballads and Other Poems. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. 83.

To the admirers of the admirable writings of Mrs. Howitt, the mere account of this volume is sufficient to guide the demand for it; and to those who have a pleasure yet in store in forming an acquaintance with an agreeable poetess, no more favorable opportunity will offer, than is presented in the beautiful and cheap volume offered them by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam.

Margaret Fuller. By the author of "Amy Herbert," &c. 2 vols. Edited by Rev. WILLIAM SEWELL, B. D. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

This interesting work forms No. 23 of Appleton's Literary Miscellany. It is an agreeable story, of an instructive and moral character, and enjoys the success incident to the productions of the popular author.

The True Believer. A Series of Discourses. By Rev. ASA MAHAN. Harper Brothers, New-York.

This is an instructive and interesting series, full of the great gospel truths, strongly put.

Questions in Geography. By RICHARD GREEN PARKER, A. M. Harper Brothers, New-York.

A series of questions, adapted to most of the geographies used in public schools.

A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. ASA MAHAN, President of the Oberlin Institute. Second edition. Harper Brothers.

This volume purports to be the sum of a course of lectures, which have been delivered in the last five or six years with great success. They profess to be drawn mostly from Coleridge, Cousin and Kant, and are highly calculated to interest the public, as well as the student.

During the month, two additions have been made to the weekly press of the city of New-York; one literary, under able management.

"*The Literary World.*" *A New Weekly Journal.*

The most important event of the month affecting our Home Literature, is the announcement of a new literary journal, bearing the title of "The Literary World; an Authors', Readers' and Publisher's Gazette." It is to be under the editorial charge of Mr. Duyckinck, whose name is ample guarantee for the spirit, fidelity and honor with which it will be conducted. The readers of the *Democratic Review*, for several years, have had, in the papers on general literature and criticism, contributed by him to its pages, evidence of his talents, and of the thoroughly American spirit in which he labors in the cause of letters. The enterprise of the new journal starts with a powerful publishing support from the leading houses in this and other cities. It is the first paper of the kind issued in the country—embracing, as its title imports, all the kindred and reciprocal interests connected with the writing, publication and purchase of books. Besides these, it will give its attention to a wide range of miscellany in art, general intelligence, passages of choice reading, extracts in advance from new works, and the literature and better performances in music and the drama.

All these subjects it will treat in reference to the growing and rapidly consolidating interests of the world of art and literature here at home. The first number was issued from the office, 136 Nassau-street, by the publishers, Osgood & Co., on the 6th of February, in a quarto of 16 handsomely printed pages, at 6 cents the single number, or $3 for the year.

American Statesman. Edited by A. Ingraham.

This is a weekly paper, devoted to politicians of independent character. It is of quarto form, containing 16 pages of reading matter, advertisements being excluded.

"The thousands of bold and energetic minds, which constitute a large portion of the population of the Union, desire an organ that will fearlessly, truthfully, honestly, and *discreetly*, discuss questions that the mere politician does not dare to meddle with, until they are popularized by others; or, until they have been tested in the crucible of public opinion, and become popular with the masses."

Such an organ Mr. Ingraham intends to make his journal, and at the same time make it a record of facts and documents, interesting to the American statesman, politician, or general reader.

The editorial experience and known abilities of Mr. Ingraham, are favorable to the success of this new paper, which is issued at $3 per annum.

An Inkstand.—What is an inkstand? The dictionary answers, "a vessel to hold ink." Now, anything may hold ink that is capable of retaining any liquid; but such an answer gives no more idea of the article which modern science has presented to the world, for purposes of writing, than a house is described by calling it a place of shelter from storms. There is a philosophy of ink holders in the world, evidently beyond the dreams of dictionary makers. It was a primitive notion, that nothing further was necessary to hold ink, than to procure a horn with a string, or a glass bottle with a stopper. The evaporation of the ink, the accumulation of sediment, and frequent spillings, to the damage of papers and apparel, were looked upon as matters of course, and entirely incident upon the necessity of using ink. In process of time, some genius conceived the idea of making a vessel for holding ink, which should yield its supply freely, while the liquid was unexposed to the air. Your common fountain inkstands were the result, but sudden changes of temperature caused them to spill ink much faster than it before evaporated. Finally, however, the article which will hold the ink without the disadvantages named, has made its appearance. It is called "Hall's Hydrostatic Ink Fountain," sold by Thomas Wilde & Co., 30 Old Slip. It consists of a beautifully fashioned cast-iron urn, tastefully gilded, air-tight, and provided with a plunger, working by a screw, which, in descending, forces the ink through a small pipe into a small, detached cup, of the size of a thimble. This simple contrivance prevents evaporation, or the accumulation of sediment, and the whole may fall in any position, without spilling ink, and seems to fulfill all the conditions of a philosophic ink-stand.

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Ellis Lewis

Lewis Pierce

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UNIV. OF MICH.

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

APRIL, 1845. VOL. I.

THE MEXICAN WAR—ITS ORIGIN AND [illegible]

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This [illegible]

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to their [illegible]

but by the [illegible]

for unprovoked and eminently unjust aggressions on our commerce. No nation on earth would have so long refrained from exacting justice from Mexico by force of arms as we have done. We have borne our wrongs from her with patience, until patience has ceased to be a virtue.) In our negotiations

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Vol. XX. APRIL, 1847. No. CVI.

THE MEXICAN WAR—ITS ORIGIN AND CONDUCT.

It has been the fortune of this country, perhaps its misfortune, to have become involved in hostilities with a neighboring republic. Such a state of things was contemplated many years ago however, as possible, by our leading statesmen, to whom no intentions of precipitate action, nor any ambitious designs, were ever attributed. Indeed, we may safely aver, that if hostilities had been commenced against Mexico long before the annexation of Texas, the people of this country would have been ready to sustain such a measure, and have given it their hearty approval.

The subsequent causes which have arisen for the attitude we have assumed, resulting from the addition of Texas to the Union, would in all probability have never been questioned, if an internal discord of opinion had not prevailed among ourselves, on the subject of slavery. This has led to opposition in certain quarters, to the measures of the Government, and has drawn public attention too much from the consideration of the war as a national measure of public justice, as well as from its origin, conduct, and real character.

These are questions which belong to history, which other nations will regard with interest, and in that view they should be treated. The theory of our domestic institutions, the provisions of our constitution, and the conflicting opinions of politicians on slavery, have nothing, or should have nothing to do with the broad question of our relations with Mexico. This is an independent topic, and should be treated as such. We are not willing that the judgment of the age should be warped by irrelative issues. To contribute our humble share, therefore, to a right exposition of the case, we shall proceed briefly to examine the origin and conduct of the war.

We may start with the proposition, then, that our relations with Mexico for twenty years past have been of an offensive and threatening character. (The attention of Congress has again and again been attracted to their condition, not only by the communications of successive Presidents, but by the earnest petitions of our citizens, asking for redress and indemnity for unprovoked and eminently unjust aggressions on our commerce. No nation on earth would have so long refrained from exacting justice from Mexico by force of arms as we have done. We have borne our wrongs from her with patience, until patience has ceased to be a virtue.) In our negotiations

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with France for redress of similar wrongs, the language of President Jackson, bold and even denunciatory, was applauded by the people. And during our difficulties with England in relation to the North-western boundary and the territory of Oregon, not a lisp of censure was heard from those lips now pouring forth their imprecations on the war with Mexico. We heard only of aspirations for the continuance of honorable peace. But now an element of mischief is at work. Wrongs committed by Mexico, in the opinion of some writers, are no wrongs, because slavery has not been exterminated in Texas. Improper and ill-timed issues have been made, and "all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

After years of negotiation, our Government succeeded in arranging a Convention for the adjustment and settlement of our claims, pursuant to a treaty made and ratified by both countries. Any nation pretending to respectability of character, would have sought to carry out the provisions of such a treaty. But what was the result in the case of Mexico? A gross violation of the stipulated conditions of the payment of our claims occurred before one third of the debt had been liquidated; and during the sessions of the convention itself, the most frivolous, unjust, and deceptive means were resorted to, to prevent a full acknowledgment and recognition of those claims.

Even Mr. Webster has admitted, what every honest American must admit, that the United States had well founded claims against Mexico, and that Mexico has behaved most wrongfully towards us. Indeed, to assert the contrary, would be to falsify the history of our country, and discredit its official documents. The abrupt termination of this convention, after a studied delay on the part of the Mexican Commissioners, left a large majority of our American claims unsettled; those which were allowed were never fully satisfied, and those which should have been so, were thrown aside, and the applicants for indemnity were left to bear up against the loss of their property and the ruin of their hopes as best they could. The idea that the commerce of this country can be preyed upon for years, and that our merchants and shippers may be ruined by every association of plunderers who can get our property into their power, is an absurdity too gross to need exposure. This Union was formed for high and useful purposes, and not the least of these, was the protection of the life, liberty and property of American citizens.

The annexation of Texas is considered as one of the causes of the war, and so it has been treated both in the newspapers and on the floor of Congress. That it has to do with the war we will not deny; but if it has been made a cause of difficulty, Mexico alone is responsible for the consequences. This distinction should be kept up in the minds of all reflecting persons. The annexation of Texas was not an act of War on our part. That was a Republic which had taken its place among the nations of the earth. Its freedom was recognised officially by the most powerful of the European Governments, and diplomatic intercourse, according to the laws of nations, had grown up between Texas and its new found friends. The recognition of its independence being thus general, and fully established, left it the power to seek the alliance of France or England, or more wisely, to become a member of a confederacy, where the Ægis of liberty could be held up for its protection, and where it could affiliate with kindred interests, hopes and destinies.

Even Mexico had admitted this independent position of Texas, by a proposition and an effort to negotiate. There was no doubt then, and there can be no doubt, that the annexation of Texas was no just cause of offence to Mexico. Indeed, after all the angry correspondence between the Mexican

Secretary of State and our former minister at the capital, a new negotiation was agreed upon, and might have terminated honorably and peacefully to both parties, but for the fresh misconduct of the Mexican Government.

Our minister, sent out in good faith and under a pledge that he should be received and accredited—our squadron withdrawn from the Mexican coasts, and our earnest proffers of amity, were only made the bases of new insults, and the commission of an act of inhospitality and bad faith towards that minister, whose life indeed was scarcely safe in the hands of a perfidious people. The treatment of Mr. Slidell was of itself cause of war, as well for its injurious effects upon the national honor and character, as because it was an act jeoparding those high and lofty principles, which, by recognising a solemn embassy, permit Governments to arrange their difficulties through their diplomatic agents, and give assurance that the good faith of nations is yet a guarantee for the preservation of their commercial and political relations.

Texas becoming an integral portion of the United States, was immediately entitled to the protection afforded to the other members of the confederacy. The boundary of the new state, as claimed by it, was recognised by the nations of the earth when they recognised its independence. Mr. Clay, however much he may have opposed the measures of the present administration, has distinctly asserted, that by the treaty of Louisiana, the boundary, as claimed by Texas, was fully established. In 1836, the Congress of Texas declared the Rio del Norte to be the boundary of the Republic; it had "exercised and extended its jurisdiction" beyond the Nueces; that portion of territory south of the Rio had been represented in the Congress of Texas; and finally, in 1845, our own Congress had included it within the circle of our revenue system, placing officers to reside there for the very purpose of supervising and sustaining it. Thus this country in each particular committed itself on this boundary question; and as the representatives of all parties in Congress assented to it, it became indisputably a settled question, "odorous with nationality."

Other measures became unavoidable, from the very nature of things, and Texas was as much entitled to our sympathy and protection, as any portion of the confederacy. That protection was needed, is a matter of history. A Mexican force threatened a fresh attack, and Texas, worn out with its long and bloody struggle for freedom, required, as it had a right to do, our prompt assistance. Thus we perceive there was an imperious necessity for action on our part; the collection of the revenue, important enough even in times of peace, to make the employment of a fleet of armed cutters indispensable, and the defence of our territory, demanded the presence of an American force in the quarter threatened. The manner in which this was done, was marked with as much judgment as delicacy.

The President, through his Secretary of War, placed a small force under the command of Col. Taylor, Brevet Brigadier General, an experienced and brave officer, and by no means a senior of his grade. The propriety of this first movement is highly worthy of commendation. There was no display of any of the pomp and circumstance of war—no great military effort—no thrusting forward of superior general officers, as if some grand design was intended; it was the mere disposition of a command, in the manner constantly practised by our Government, to protect a distant post, and as has for years been usual upon the rivers and prairies of the far west. (Still further to determine the character of this movement, we have only to look at the instructions given by the Secretary of War to General Taylor, which were, to abstain from all aggressive conduct towards Mexico and the Mexicans, and to commit no act of hostility unless in self-defence.)

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In the selection of General Taylor, the War Department displayed great

sagacity and good sense; and in relieving him from the control of his superior officers in the southern military department, it left him free to act according to the dictates of his own excellent judgment. His former services had established his reputation, and his conduct confirmed the good opinion entertained of him at Washington. And it is evident, upon the perusal of the recently published correspondence, that his opinions were frankly sought, and generally as frankly adopted.

It is also evident that the whole procedure of Gen. Taylor was in contemplation of a pacific mission. In a letter to Gen. Worth, he declared he apprehended no collision; and that General Worth entertained the same opinion, is evident from his returning to the United States and desiring to throw up his commission. (Those who would charge the Government with a desire to commence war, must, therefore shut their eyes to the instructions of the President to Gen. Taylor, as well as to the recorded opinions of that discreet officer, that there would be no collision, opinions of which he made no secret whatever.) (The Mexicans took the initiative, with their usual craftiness and love of blood.) The massacre of Col. Cross and of Lieutenant Porter, and the unprovoked attack upon the command of Captains Thornton and Hardie, were demonstrations of hostility, worthy only of barbarians and murderers, and these were upon territory not only known as a portion of Texas, but admitted to be such in an official proclamation by Gen. Woll, one of the officers of Mexico herself! The American Government was at all times willing to treat with Mexico. (It was Mexico, unwilling to receive the olive branch, that must fairly be charged with a premeditated design to make war.)

And here we may pause for a moment to contemplate the character of the instructions given to the American commander by the Secretary of War. In the letter of July 9, 1846, a spirit of forbearance and magnanimity breathes in every line, humanity influences every dictate, and the pacific intentions of the Government are everywhere apparent. In the appeal made to the Mexicans themselves, through an official proclamation prepared at Washington, the people of Mexico are alluded to with kindness far greater than they deserved; and only against their betrayers and oppressors, the real causes of their misery, were its denunciations uttered.

War then existed by the acts of Mexico herself; and our own Congress, unable to shut its eyes to the fact, officially recognized its existence. The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the siege of Fort Brown, the capture of Matamoras, and the advance upon and storming of Monterey, followed in brilliant succession. They are events too well known to need our eulogy; they are such, to use the language of the Secretary of War, as entitle them to be considered everywhere "examples of courage and of skill, scarcely excelled in the history of military operations." They have been followed up by a disposition of our forces, which cannot fail to close the war with immortal honor to the American arms.

The plans upon which the war has been conducted, have been the subject of much discussion. And by many a caviller

> "That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knows
> More than a spinster."

Studiously keeping out of view the chief and controlling principles which have all along governed the action of the President and the War Department, such persons have been as unfair in their criticisms, as they have been unsound in their opinions. At one time the administration was charged with sending a small army to be cut off, thus abandoning the idea of its being adequate to a war of conquest, and at others, with the intention of destroy-

ing the whole Mexican population. At one time the supposed plans of the campaign have been denounced as absurd and ridiculous; and now again, as success has nobly vindicated the ability in which they were conceived, they are claimed as the suggestions of General Scott. In short, it is utterly impossible to imagine any operations which would have met with approval in the quarters to which we have alluded.

Now we ventûre to assert, that no military enterprises undertaken by this country, have ever before been so successful; and history will not only stamp the actions of the war as brilliant in the highest degree, but also pronounce its conduct by the appropriate Departments sagacious and masterly.

The Secretary of War was first called on to post a small force on the boundary line of Mexico. He did so, and the army and the commander proved fully adequate to the purpose. With unexampled celerity the scattered forces of the nation were gathered together, consolidated and placed in position, and the commanding officer had full power to increase his strength.

The military power of the National Government was thus early placed at his disposal, and he was armed with all the additional resources which the laws would permit, to meet any possible exigency. If that force had proved in any way at first inadequate, the responsibility must clearly have fallen on the commanding officer. The Secretary of War had exhausted his means under the existing law, providing for the extension and equipment of the regular force to be employed in Texas. The President had not the right to call for volunteers, without a special act of Congress, or under the Constitutional emergency of an invasion of the territory of the Union. The existence of this emergency as a fact on which to base a call, could not be known at Washington in time to be made available. That was an occasion, which the conduct of the Mexican troops only could create. So far indeed was General Taylor from complaining of a want of troops, that he actually wrote to the Secretary of War, his chief embarrassment was in having too many! But suppose, on the contrary, he found his force too small; the only legitimate means of remedying its inferiority, was by a call upon the authorities of the states for aid, and to do this he had early and timely instructions from the War Department. Let those who would assail its efficient head refer to the documental evidence at hand, and blush for their unfairness. On the 23d of August, 1845, the Secretary of War wrote to General Taylor as follows:

"The information hitherto received as to the intentions of Mexico, and the measures she may adopt, does not enable the administration here to give you more explicit instructions in regard to your movements, than those which have been already forwarded to you. There is reason to believe that Mexico is making efforts to assemble a large army on the frontier of Texas, for the purpose of entering its territory and holding forcible possession of it. Of their movements you are doubtless advised, and we trust have taken, or early will take, prompt and efficient steps to meet and repel any such hostile incursion. Should Mexico assemble a large body of troops on the Rio Grande, and cross it with a considerable force, such a movement must be regarded as an invasion of the United States, and the commencement of hostilities. You will, of course, use all the authority which has been or may be given you to meet such a state of things. Texas must be protected from hostile invasion, and for that purpose you will, of course, employ to the utmost extent all the means you possess or can command. An order has this day been issued, for sending one thousand more men into Texas to join those under your command. When the existing orders are carried into effect, you will have with you a force of 4,000 men of the regular army. We are not enabled to judge what auxiliary force can, upon an emergency, be brought together from Texas; and as a precautionary measure, you are authorized to accept volunteers from the states

of Louisiana and Alabama, and even from Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. Should Mexico declare war, or commence hostilities by crossing the Rio Grande with a considerable force, you are instructed to lose no time in giving information to the authorities of each or all of the above states."

And General Taylor, in the contemplated emergency, did avail himself of this authority.

Thus, it seems that every preparation was made EIGHT MONTHS in advance of the possible emergency of General Taylor's position, by the Secretary of War; full power was given him to act, and the authorities of the states alluded to were informed of his power to make the necessary requisitions.

General Taylor, at his own discretion, took the course he did. He had confidence in himself—in his officers and troops; and whether his movement under his instructions, to bring up supplies from Point Isabel, was such a one as he should have been compelled to make, after planting his standard at Matamoras, is a matter which is now of no consequence. The Mexicans attempted to destroy his army and were defeated themselves. To have gained such battles, would be a sufficient excuse for any mistake or misapprehension of the views of the enemy.

In tracing out the immediate consequences of these actions, it has been urged that General Taylor should have pursued the Mexicans across the Rio Grande. But after the fatigue of two hard-fought actions, it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether it would have been prudent to follow the fugitive foe into that swift current where so many lost their lives. Had the plans of the Secretary of War been fully carried out by Congress, there is scarcely a doubt that the defeated army might have been captured. In his report of the 5th of December, 1846, it is distinctly stated, that the Department had, for years previously, asked for an appropriation to construct ponton bridges, but, as is too often the case with our representatives, they paid no attention to the suggestion. Had it been adopted in time, no doubt the immediate consequences of General Taylor's victory would have been equally as brilliant as the conflicts themselves.

The river was at length crossed, and the American flag was hoisted at Matamoras. The American drum-beat was then heard, for the first time, upon the Mexican territory.

Thus far, we believe, we have made out, to the satisfaction of every intelligent and candid mind, whatever may be its political bias, a complete vindication of the course of the Government previously and up to the occupation of the west bank of the Rio Grande. In no other light can this course be viewed, if we regard the truth of history or the obligations of candor.

Here a new question arises—were OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS just or expedient after that event? No one can deny the right of a state to make war, and it is the only resource among nations where remonstrance fails; and it is an admitted principle which no one can deny, that during war, the public force—the navies and armies of a nation—may lawfully be employed to destroy the navies and armies of its enemy. And some eminent writers, on what are termed the rights of war, have advocated the infliction of extreme severities upon those who have, by a protracted resistance, caused the unnecessary effusion of blood. This principle, though acted upon by the armies of European powers, has not been adopted by us. So far from this, there is not an instance of our forces having availed themselves of the plunder of the places they have captured, as at Monterey, nor have our commanders exercised the power of exacting contributions, which is admitted by eminent jurists to be within the just rights of a conquering force.

We have not, since the commencement of our operations upon the west side of the Rio Grande, availed ourselves of the extreme rights of our position; and while the most savage and assassin-like murders have been committed by the Mexicans upon those unfortunate Americans who have fallen accidentally into their hands, our troops have humanely forgotten the animosities which war creates, and have treated their undeserving captives as friends and brothers.

Though Napoleon asserted that war must support war, our policy has been different. Our army has paid liberally for its supplies; it has afforded protection to the territory captured; and its effective action, though preceded by the smoke of battle, has been in restoring safety and tranquillity wherever it has planted its eagles.

We repeat, then, that we have had clearly the right of all other nations to attack and weaken our enemy; and to do this effectually, our armies were of necessity compelled to advance.

Besides the right, we have seen the necessity of offensive operations. Even when we were victorious, pacific overtures again made to Mexico have been allowed to sleep on the table of her Congress, and, as far as events may indicate, the policy of that government is not now marked by a desire for peace any more than at any former period; and the truth is, peace is not the element upon which Mexican statesmen gain or maintain their personal ascendancy. The Prætorians of the Roman Empire were not more influential or corrupt in their day, than the armies which in Mexico follow either against a foreign enemy, or even their own countrymen, the bloody aspirants to power, who can afford the greatest amount of money, or are most lavish in promises of future bounty.

With an offensive war thus justified in every possible view, a line of operations was marked out, which, though when misunderstood was made in some quarters the subject of cavil, is now admitted to discover the highest military tact and genius.

The conduct of the President in this emergency was manly and patriotic, and deserves the thanks of every man who has a regard for the honor of the country. It became evident to him that local operations upon the Rio Grande, or along the Gulf Coast, however brilliant and necessary, were not all that were to be considered. A glance at the map of North America admonished him that Mexico rested on the Pacific, and that she had there a military organization and some vessels of war. He perceived, too, the danger to which our large commercial interests in that ocean might be subjected, and he also regarded those important interests connected with the movements of our western trading caravans, and the programme of the campaign was constructed accordingly. While these interests were to be secured and protected on the one hand, Mexico was to be assailed on the other. The arrangement of our forces was made to this end, and the most complete success attended the enterprise.

The expedition of Gen. Kearney to Santa Fé, at the head of a gallant though not numerous army,—his line of march being westward from Missouri, resulted in the conquest of New Mexico, and the subsequent occupation of Upper California. Security was thus given to our trade in the Pacific, and ports were provided for the accommodation of our whaling and merchant vessels. The march of Gen. Kearney was attended with success, unstained by any acts of inhumanity towards the inhabitants of those provinces. So far from that, a temporary code of law has been promulgated under the authority of the government, which for the first time illustrates to a down-trodden race the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

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The expedition of Gen. Wool, equally well planned, has been equally successful.

While the occupation of Santa Fé gave our forces the command of the passes to the Pacific, Gen. Wool's operations, directed for many hundred miles westward from San Antonio de Bexar, gave us the present control of another large portion of the Mexican territory, cut it off from the capital, prevented its taking a part in the campaign at the South, and enabled him to sweep down in triumph to Saltillo, to unite with General Taylor and threaten a march on San Luis de Potosi. Meanwhile, Mexico, perfidious to the last, is to be assailed at a point where her best and greatest strength remains; and thus taken at last in her own net, conquered on her own territory, she will be compelled to listen to the offers of peace so often made in friendship, and henceforward to be presented in mercy.

It is evident from this glance at the plan of the campaign, that an immense territory has been captured from Mexico; and that all our military movements have been in harmony, and thus far completely successful.

It is the opinion, indeed, of eminent engineers, that so large a field of operations was never before so completely attempted by a small army; never with such means was so much acquired, never were more splendid victories gained at such odds.

Co-operating with the army, our navy has been a vigilant and powerful ally. The conduct of our commanders in the Pacific and in the Gulf has been the subject of public congratulation. It is the fortune of all naval forces, when engaged in combined operations, to be subordinate in their movements to those of the army, and their reputation sometimes suffers under the accidents, which belong to a lee shore, an exposed roadstead, or the difficulty of contrary winds. On the ocean, a ship is a thing of life; in a harbor it is but a battery. Our navy, however, under all these disadvantages, has added to its established fame, and will be found ready to strike a decisive blow when the proper time arrives.

In looking at the results of the war in Mexico, we cannot but notice the remarkable fact, that our army and navy have covered a line of coast and territory of 2,500 miles in length, without material loss, in two campaigns, while those of France, after eighteen years of active operations, at an immense expenditure of money and life, have failed as yet to secure even the position of one city in Africa. The contrast in these results becomes the more surprising, when we take into view the vast disparity between the military resources of that nation and our own.

Among the inherent difficulties in the conduct of a war on our part, are the small number to which the policy of the country has limited the standing army, and the delay arising from the action of Congress in providing for an accession to our military resources. If the early recommendations of the War Department had been promptly attended to, vast advantages would have accrued to the service, which it is now less easy to secure.

Incidental difficulties have also occurred scarcely less formidable and embarrassing. The ill-timed correspondence of Gen. Scott, the temporary resignation of Gen. Worth, the precipitate action of Gen. Gaines, and the published letter of Gen. Taylor, might have well disturbed as serene a mind, and ruffled as unclouded a brow as that of the Secretary of War. All these matters have had their influence in distracting the public mind, and have furnished materials for assailing, at the caprice of the disaffected, the motives, intentions and position of a head of a department, who was eminently entitled, in his arduous position, to the entire support and sympathy of the country.

And now, that the correspondence between Gen. Taylor and the Secretary of War has been published, it is manifest to the most indifferent observer, that much, very much, has been left to the discretion of the American General; that his views have been sought in the most friendly manner by the

administration, and in the most friendly spirit received. No matter how competent, or how zealous or how efficient a War Department of itself may be, it is indispensable that confidence should be reposed in the Generals it sends to the field.

The military correspondence between Secretary Marcy and General Taylor does them both great honor, and will well compare with that collection which illustrates the Peninsular war. It affords a complete refutation of those audacious calumnies which have been charged upon our Government—the design of sacrificing our gallant army; and it shows, while the necessity of the conflict was forced upon us by the vindictive, unreasonable and bloody temper of the Mexicans, that it has been conducted on our part with chivalric courtesy—with a desire to escape the effusion of blood, and to terminate a struggle in which justice and equity were the tribunals to which we alone wished to appeal.

The Secretary of War knew his General, and the General appreciated the views of his superior. Between them there has been no real difficulty, and there justly can be none. It is for those who are ever ready to assail the Government—whose feeling is disaffection, and whose aliment is strife—to endeavor to create all the mischief in their power, to make the most bold and unfounded charges with unblushing front, or

"*Spargere ambiguas voces,*"

and assail by rumor what they find impregnable to violence.

From the commencement of the war the Secretary has been fully alive to the responsibilities of his station, his duty to his country, and the respect due to himself. In all his conduct he has shown himself far-seeing, prompt and sagacious. He has anticipated every probable difficulty and every possible failure. Our disturbed relations with Mexico belong to the times, and on our part have been unavoidable. We owe the bloodshed which has ensued to Mexican folly, and perhaps Mexican corruption. The War Department has thus far met every obstacle calmly and successfully; and whatever of praise we might choose to award its head for his former personal services in the field and in the cabinet, his later and more difficult career in a most trying and arduous position will but add to his acquired fame.

"It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it."

AN ALBUM DEDICATION.

Record of Friendship! with a trembling hand
  I stain the whiteness of thy fluttering leaf;
  For ever such memorials, with grief
That weighs like lead in after time, are scann'd:
  Like brief inscriptions in a church-yard lone
Will lines appear upon its pages traced,
  When years, like visions of the night have flown,
O'er the sand columns of Zahara's waste.
  Here beauty in bright characters will write
Her thoughts, and perish ere they fade away,
And fancy will the call of Love obey,
  And unpremeditated song indite:—
Fair Book! to Memory's holy keeping given,
May names recorded here be registered in Heaven!

W. H. C. H.

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PUNISHMENT AND PENALTY.*

In the eager discussion which has taken place recently, of the question as to the right and expediency of inflicting the penalty of death in certain high cases of crime, it has been a favorite assertion with the conservative party, that the arguments of their opponents, carried out, would overturn all government, and all punishment. They say that precisely the same objection can be alleged to the exercise of the punitive power of the state in any case, which are now alleged against the penalty of death.

This is a grave charge: and if it could be substantiated, would be conclusive of the whole argument, in the minds of every lover of public order. If the abolition of the penalty of death is to lead to the abolition of all other penalties, the movement against it, now going forward, had better be suppressed at once; for the evils against which it is directed are by no means so stupendous, as those conjured up by the imagination of its foes. But we must confess that we see no such result, as is here apprehended, looming in the distance. Indeed, on looking into the matter with as much calmness as we can muster, we are rather inclined to think that the worthy gentlemen who oppose us, are, or at least pretend to be, very much frightened by a bugbear. The class of thinkers to which they belong, accustomed to hold the human mind in leading-strings, as they would children, suppose it is only necessary to cry bug-a-boo! to terrify the whole of us out of our wits.

The present writer certainly entertains no design of undermining the fundamental principles of government, nor does he look to the immediate suppression of all the penalties which the law has attached to criminal offences; yet he is a thorough-paced advocate of the abolition of the death-penalty. So far from wishing to uproot the foundations of social order, he thinks that he cannot establish them more firmly, or secure the operation of just laws more certainly, than by removing statutes which affront the public conscience, or have a pernicious moral and social effect; and although some few of those who believe with him, may, in their zeal, advance theories not rigidly logical, he is none the less convinced by the infinitude of other arguments, that have a more solid basis. He will, therefore, present the public his notions of the object and nature of government, and his theory of penalty, that it may be seen that his position, as an enemy of capital punishment, does not conflict with a very earnest attachment to public order. This is the more necessary, because it has been so often repeated, that the grounds on which the abolition of the gallows is urged, are fundamentally inconsistent with the very idea of civil government, that some good people who read but one side of controversies, have been put in a painful state of apprehension. Now, for the relief of such, let us say, that we do not deny the right of the State to suppress and punish crimes, but, on the contrary, consider this one of its leading and most important functions. In fact, the present writer may as well add, that he holds the right to punish to be involved in the very idea of a State.

It is manifestly the will of God that man should live in society, inas-

* Argument of Edward Livingston against Capital Punishment. Published by the New-York State Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. 1847.

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much as all the indications of that will, which can be gathered, either from the constitution of human nature, the general analogies of the universe, the teachings of Providence, or the sacred Scriptures, seem to point to society as the only condition in which the purposes of existence can be fulfilled, because—

1. There is a strong general impulse in all men, to associate with their fellows. It shows itself at the earliest periods of life; it gathers strength as we advance in age, and it does not abandon us on the borders of the grave. In no state in which a man can be placed is he more miserable than when he is compelled to be perpetually alone. He clings to companionship with the same intensity that he clings to existence itself, and though there are morbid states of mind, or brief periods of relaxation from study when solitude is pleasant, the general, predominating, and universal desire, is for the interchange of looks, and words and deeds with our brother man.

2. But, besides this general and irrepressible desire, there are various special forms of attachment, which prove the same constitution of nature. There is a love between the sexes, which is an imperative and insatiable enemy to complete isolation. There is, springing out of this, a deep and heartfelt yearning for the joys of family, with its endless ramifications of affection, which draws us into a net-work of inextricable and pleasing ties. There are sympathies of friendship, founded upon congenialities of taste, sentiment, or pursuit, that spread on all sides, with a soft, delicious charm. And there are projects of generous ambition to be gratified, which lead us into prodigious sacrifices and efforts to secure the respect and applause of those whom we are proud to benefit. None of these fine and noble propensities can live a day out of the atmosphere of society.

3. Indeed, we may say that society is an absolute necessity of our being, since without it, there would be no means of preserving our existence, or developing our powers. If we suppose the human race destitute of these social principles, and wandering in solitary dispersion over the face of the earth, we should see that it could not protect itself from the rigors of the external elements. It would die; or, if preserved by some miraculous means from these outward causes of destruction, it could make no progress, none of its capacities could be unfolded, the agents of nature it could not bring into subjection, property would not exist, and the possibility of intellectual and moral advancement would not so much as be conceived.

4. Again, looking at the universe around us, we find all of it, but the rudest elements of matter, arranged into forms of organization, that show a disposition on the part of its Creator to gather it into what may be regarded as some form of society. There is an adjustment of parts, and an inter-dependence of the whole, which alone gives it life. In a state of isolation the whole world is chaos; but in aggregation and society, it is instinct with a beautiful and living harmony. Are not the analogies plain, then, which indicate that man, the highest of created objects, should also live according to that principle of social union, which gives all its efficiency and animation to everything else in the world?

5. But if there were any doubts left in our reasonings from nature, they would be entirely set at rest by the revelations of Scripture. Every line of the sacred oracles takes the existence of society for granted, as much as they do the existence of the human race itself, or that of God. It is implied in every warning, in every command, in every promise, in every prophecy. Add to this, that we are expressly

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enjoined to be obedient to the higher powers, to submit to civil authority, to honor magistrates, and to uphold law, which are, in a certain sense, vouched by the authority of Heaven.

Society, then, is a divine institution, as it is in so many ways made our imperative duty by the will of God, to live in close relationship with our fellow-men. But society, as a mere aggregation of individuals, cannot accomplish the objects which render it imperative and desirable. It must be more than a society; it must be a body—a corporation—an organised unity—a harmonious and living whole. This is what we call a State—a society organised; and that, too, as far as it can be ascertained, according to the will of God.

It would be interesting here to inquire, whether there be not in nature or the Scriptures, a principle of social organization which, it applied, would bring society into perfect correspondence with the law of distribution that prevails throughout the material creation, and with the forms of social relation that may be supposed to exist among the purer inhabitants of a higher sphere; but such inquiry would be foreign to our present purpose. Having shown that society is a requirement of the will of God, and that the state is indispensable to the permanent or effective existence of society, we are led to one or two important conclusions:

1. That it is the primary duty of every man to conform to the conditions which are necessary to the existence of the state, and that his obligations to do so, is not a voluntary contract, to be taken on or put off at will, but an ever-present and abiding duty, first to his fellow-men, who have a right to society, even if he declines it, and second to God, who has directly and indirectly in so many ways shown it to be his will.

2. That as the impulses, affections, necessities, and, in short, all the general considerations, both of nature and Scripture, from which we deduce the conviction that man should live in society, are common to all men, all men have a common and equal right to all the benefits of society which are within their capacity to enjoy. They possess essentially the same nature, are children of the same kind Father, sharers of a similar destiny, and alike responsible for the increase of all their powers; and, therefore, under the law of God, completely entitled to the advantages of the State, to the essential conditions of which they are compelled to submit.

But what are these essential conditions of a State?

They are the principles implied in the very meaning of the term organization, which is, as we understand it, an arrangement or distribution of certain elements, which will give perfect freedom of action to the individual parts, and yet preserve the harmonious unity of the whole. In a state, then, conceived as a perfect thing, there would be perfect liberty and perfect order; and both these ends every State must attain before it can rest from convulsions, tumults and distress.

1. Liberty is secured to the citizen, when the state guaranties to every member of the body politic the right to a certain minimum of subsistence, to keep him from the temptations, distractions and degradations of poverty; from the excessive toil which exhausts the strength, and leaves no time for culture; and the ceaseless anxieties of uncertain livelihood, which waste the energies of the heart. As society is compelled in some way or other to bear the burden of the idleness, indigence and disease which prevails among its members, the soundest policy is to provide for it intelligently beforehand, rather than be compelled to do so, as is now too often the case, as a last resort.

2. The State further secures the liberty of the individual, when it as-

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sures him the complete exercise and development of all his capacities, by guarantying freedom of labor, the right to an equitable share in the result of his toil, and the general education of its members. As every man is endowed with certain propensities and desires, in the gratification of which his happiness consists, it is obviously the will of his Creator that they should be gratified. But as the modes of gratification are two, *i. e.*, either at the expense of similar rights in others, or by adding to the happiness of others—the law of reciprocity defines the limits which bound the actions of all men. No creature can have a right to assert its own nature at the expense of the nature of others. But many creatures will do this; and there is, therefore, occasion for some authority to maintain order.

1. Order is secured, when the citizens concede to the State the power to adjudicate between individuals in the many cases of conflicting claims or fancied wrong-doing, which must inevitably arise in the present condition of mankind, when each person desires his special gratification, and would maintain his own rights. But if each one were allowed the redress of his own grievances, there would be an end both to liberty and order, and, in fact, the utter dissolution of society. The State *must* have authority to adjust these difficulties, and to carry into effect, by an apparatus of government, the provisions of its organic laws.

2. Again, as in the present condition of human nature, there are men, and there will be men for a long time to come, whom either circumstances or an innate and radical defect of moral structure will lead to wilful violations of the rights of others, and the public recognized law, the State not only must have the power, but it is its imperative duty to use all the means that are found absolutely necessary, to prevent the perpetration of offences. The way in which this is to be done, is a thing to be decided by the best experience and wisdom which can be brought into the councils of government.

Here, then, we see the origin of the right in a State to punish. It is a strict deviation from the very idea of a State; absolutely necessary to the preservation of an organized society, and an essential means in enabling mankind to proceed from conditions of barbarism and violence to those of more and more refinement and perfection. In this sense, consequently, it is proper to speak of society as a divine institution, and of the State as a necessary instrument to carry out the divine purposes in respect to the development of humanity. The functions of the State, from the very nature of things, will never cease, though, as men advance in knowledge and virtue, the exercise of these functions will gradually change its direction. It will have less to do with the *punishment* of enemies, and more with the distribution of benefits.

Having found a legitimate power to punish, we shall proceed to distinguish the offences which may properly be punished, and the authority by which these are to be punished.

An analysis of the various kinds of offences, though hasty and imperfect, will assist us in obtaining a solution of the problem. Offences, then, as they consist of violations of our relations to Nature, Man and God, to which we have just referred, may be summed up under the denomination of,

1. Reflective offences, or such as injure the relations of the delinquent to himself, and have no bearing, except indirectly and remotely, upon those in which he stands to society or the Creator. Of this kind may be enumerated all infringements of the physiological laws, by excessive eating or drinking; improper exposures; keeping bad hours, and all in-

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fringements of wholesome moral laws, by reading vicious books; indulging prurient imaginations; cherishing ill-will; neglecting devotion, &c. Here the injury reverts directly to the person who is guilty of the act.

2. Private offences, which are injurious to other persons in their individual capacities, or in their relations to the delinquent, simply as man to man, or neighbor to neighbor: of which class are betraying his confidence, secretly maligning his reputation, stealing his property, damaging his person, &c. &c.

3. Public offences, as those which injure others in their character of magistrates, or threaten the order or security of society as a body or whole; of which sort are conspiracy, arson, highway robbery, and a thousand other crimes of the same nature.

4. Religious offences, by which are meant any refusal to comply with the duties involved in our relations to the Deity, as Creator, Sustainer, Benefactor, and Redeemer; such as neglecting prayers, profanity, ingratitude, contempt of worship, disbelief of the Scriptures, and wilfully erroneous opinions. Now, this classification, it will be seen, embraces an immense variety of different offences. The question is, who has the right to inflict punishment on so many among those as may be conceived to deserve it? What authority shall take it upon itself to correct personal faults, redress private wrongs, chastise public offences, and punish sin? It may and can be done only by individuals, the State, or by Deity.

1. The obvious natural dictate of man, is for every person to take upon himself the redress of his own wrongs; and it is accordingly done almost without exception in the early and ruder ages of every people; but in proportion as they acquire more rational ideas, more peaceful pursuits, and closer social relations, the function is referred to the generally recognised or usurped government, which acts in the place of society.

2. Yet a person need only cast his eye on the various kinds of offence we have commented, to see that many of them cannot be allowed to the government without danger of its running into a despotism. Thus, to submit what we have called reflective offences, religious offences, and a large number of private offences to the State, would confer upon it the powers, not of a government, but of an inquisition. Its courts would not be courts of civil law, but of casuistry and conscience.

3. We must then refer the adjudication of numerous cases of wrong to the only other power which can be conceived to have a right to decide—which is God. He alone is competent to detect and graduate the degrees of guilt in many of them; and it is against him alone that many of them are primarily committed.

But the practical difficulty is, how we are to discriminate between the apparently conflicting claims of these tribunals. Our solution of it is this:—"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." In other words, all actions may be contemplated in two aspects: 1st. as civil or social, or in their effects upon the good or ill of society as a society; and 2d, as moral or religious, or in their relations simply to the will of God, as God. In the former aspect alone do they fall within the cognizance of society in its character of an organized whole or State; in the latter aspect, they must be left to the Deity, or such human tribunals as he may have designated, which the present writer is disposed to think would be, to a certain extent, a rightly constituted church.

The State has nothing to do with the actions of men in their *moral* aspects, and can deal with them only as they affect its *social* relations—its

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existence, security and growth as a society. Thus it punishes theft; not because it is a violation of a divine commandment, but because it is a violation of a social law, and the unrestrained prevalence of it would be inconsistent with the very existence of society. And thus, too, it does not punish lying, though equally an infringement of divine law, unless it be of such a nature as to involve the interests of society.

We have thus a tolerable precise and practical rule for judging as to what offences fall within the cognizance of the State; but having ascertained this, another question comes up as to the best methods of inflicting these punishments. And here we take the ground, that the leading object, and, indeed, the sole object with the State, must be the prevention of offences. How can this be most effectually done? That is the great point for the legislator to settle. In determining it, that spirit of enlarged and intelligent philanthropy which, during the last century, has done so much for the cause of prison reform, has arrived at certain general conclusions, to serve as a guide in the practical selection of penalties, which it may be well to adduce. Among these, are the following:

1. That preventive methods of diminishing offence are greatly to be preferred to the mere infliction of penalties, because punishment is an evil in itself, so that the more frequent and severe it is, the greater the amount of human misery and degradation; and because preventive means are not merely confined to deterring offenders, but design to take away the very disposition to offence, which is formed in habits of idleness, in poverty, in ignorance, and vicious associations. Among the most effectual of preventive means, are the diffusion of sound knowledge, and the practical, exhibition by the State itself, of perfect firmness in the execution of law, combined with great mildness and humanity in its spirit.

2. That certainty of punishment has infinitely more effect in warning vicious men from the commission of crime, than its severity; but, on the contrary, that excessive severity is the antagonist to certainty, because, where laws are too rigid, juries will not convict, which is equivalent to the abrogation of all law, as it allows delinquents to escape with entire impunity. The sense of justice and humanity is one of the keenest sentiments of the human heart, and statutes that outrage its dictates, do a double wrong; first, in teaching the spirit of vindictive injustice to the community; and second, in providing forms of punishment that will not be enforced. It is a truth of history, to which there is no exception, that excessive or cruel penal laws have ever been attended by great laxity in the administrations of the courts, and an increasing corruption in the body of society.

3. That all punishments should be divisable, or capable of being divided into degrees of more or less, adapted to the degree of atrocity in the offence, and that no punishment should be irrevocable, because of the fallibility of human judgment, and the awful nature of that judicial error, which should condemn an innocent person to a protracted and ignominious pain, from which there was no recovery. The human mind can scarcely conceive a more heart-rending and dreadful thing, than that a person not guilty of crime should be made to experience the agonies of mind, and deprivation and suffering inflicted on crime; that his family and friends should be rendered infamous during the long days of their pilgrimage on earth, by a mere mistake of the law—that law which ought to be the protection and not the killer of them. We confess that the consideration of this possibility alone, would for ever prevent us from consenting to the penalty of death.

4. Finally, that a principal end of all punishment should be the refor-

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mation of the offender. It is this sentiment which has given rise to those divinely beautiful and humane attempts at the reform of prison-discipline, which are one of the luminous glories of modern benevolence. The spirit in which it is conceived is worthy of the Christianity we profess. By separating the convict from all association that may further corrupt him; by appealing to his better feelings, and quickening the pulsations of joy and hope; by causing him to feel, that though fallen and degraded, he is still a man; by supplying his mind with the motives and consolations of Christian faith; and when he is released from his confinement, taking him in the arms of a generous confidence, assisting him to return to habits of industry and order, and enabling him to recover his forfeited place in the world's esteem,—is to exhibit, in one of its truest and noblest forms, the essence of the religion of Jesus. Oh! one such exhibition is better, infinitely better, to repel the doubts of the gainsayer, to win the respect and attachment of the indifferent, to prove the sincerity of our own goodness, than the longest prayers of the synagogue, or the most ponderous tones of preachment and exhortation. There is an imperishable life in such a philanthropy.

These, we say, are only the general principles, which the wisest and best of modern jurists have established for the guidance of legislation. *It is significant, that not a single one but condemns, positively and emphatically, the penalty of death.* It is not preventive of crime, because the crimes against which it is levelled have increased in proportion to the frequency of its infliction. It is not certain; for juries refuse to inflict it in a large number of instances, where, according to law, it is deserved. It is not divisible into more or less, as the degree of guilt may vary; and it does not reform the offender, but sends him amid the dread responsibilities of eternity, unregenerated and unreformed!

JEAN-CHARLES-LEONARD DE SISMONDI,

THE HISTORIAN OF ITALY AND FRANCE.

[The following Memoir is translated from a French journal—the *Magasin Pittoresque*, and was originally published soon after the death of M. Sismondi.]

Great men are, in a certain sense, prophets; they precede their age to illumine its path. Some receive from heaven itself the glowing torch which they raise above the crowd, while others, kindling their lamp at the past, collect the dim and scattered lights of history, to revivify them by their vigorous breath, and present them as a beacon to mankind. This was Sismondi's mission. He has accomplished it in spite of the resistance of those who, in their impetuous course, refuse to perceive the shoal towards which we have been long sailing, and upon which society is in danger of being wrecked.

Forty-six years of incessant toil, equal in amount to many long and laborious lives—the most conscientious study—the most active and sincere seeking after truth; that ardent love of humanity which pervades and gives life to writing and to action; a deep and tender compassion for the misery of the masses, and an indefatigable zeal in investigating its causes, and in calling whole generations to the pursuit of its remedies, these constitute Sismondi's just title to the gratitude of his age—

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to the veneration of those in favor of whom he invoked justice—for whom he implored pity, and for whom his voice, now beginning to be heard, is preparing a more kindly future. Slaves have been liberated from their chains; serfs released from the soil: it is time that their successors, the heirs of their wretchedness, the laborer and the workman, should be freed from ignorance and hunger.

In presence of the scarcely closed tomb of Sismondi; in the midst of those who deplore him, and whom time cannot console, interesting anecdotes, or piquant sketches of the distinguished men among whom he lived, will certainly not be required in his biography. We shall seek in the record of this exemplary and studious life, what he himself sought throughout the ages which he unrolled to us; not variety of events, a picturesque arrangement of facts, or a work of art fashioned with taste for the amusement of elegant leisure, but useful instruction. May some of the rich truths which he has bequeathed to France, as to the people most worthy to apply, disseminate and popularise them, enlighten these pages!

The family of M. de Sismondi, which became extinct in him, was of Tuscan origin. In the act of intercepting the thrust of an assassin's poignard, aimed at the emperor Henry VI., one of his ancestors acquired the device of his house, and its war-cry, "*Cara fe m'è la vostra!*" ("*Your fidelity is dear to me.*") The Simondis, who, upon the extinction of the Pisan republic, had taken refuge in France, becoming Protestants, established themselves in Geneva at the formation of the latter republic, but did not therefore renounce the service of the kingdom from which they had first received a welcome. The father of the historian, Gédéon de Sismondi, served, as did also his grandfather, in the French army, but quitted it to take orders—marry Susanne Girod, in 1770, and settle himself as a pastor in the village of Bossex, at the foot of Mt. Salève.

The infancy and early youth of Charles de Sismondi were passed at Geneva, where he was born the 9th of May, 1773. His classical education was pursued in the college of that city, but the practical good sense and generous feeling which dictated his writings and presided over his whole life, had their formation in the domestic circle. The salutary influence of woman, whose noblest type he found in his mother and his wife at the commencement and in the middle of his career, is strongly imprinted upon his mind, rich in the results of observation and experience, and in his gentle, disinterested and tender character. Nothing was wanting which could favor the development of his rare intelligence, his parents being enabled by their fortune and position, to assemble about them a choice society, not only among their compatriots, but from the numerous strangers, who at all times have resorted to Geneva.

The troubles of our revolution, convulsing the neighboring states, at length disturbed this peaceful existence. Trusting to the financial views of M. Neckar, the parents of Sismondi had placed their disposable capital in the French funds. This fortune, "the leisure afforded by which, Sismondi only estimated as a means of intellectual development, and its superfluity only as applicable to the relief of the unfortunate," became impaired, and in February, 1793, all the family went to England with the intention of establishing themselves there.

A country in which a wide chasm existed between a small number, often demoralized by enormous fortunes, and an immense population degraded by frightful misery, was unsuited to their modest position. After a short stay in London, and an experiment of more than a year spent partly in the county of Sussex, partly in Kent, the Genevese determined

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upon returning to the continent. But this period of exile had not been lost upon the already mature mind of young Sismondi. The impression produced by the spectacle of a destructive inequality—a hostile division between the capitalist and the laborer, was ineffaceable; an inclination was thus given to this serious and just mind, whose most earnest effort was to direct the science of nations into the paths of wisdom and of brotherhood.

On leaving England, the Genevese had expected to find a refuge at Châtelaine, a country-seat at the junction of the Arve and Rhone, which, together with a town-house, the dower of Sismondi's mother, was the only remaining possession of the family. The revolution of 1794 drove them from this retreat, where they had ventured to conceal a syndic of the city, M. de Caila: this proscribed friend, for whom Charles de Sismondi in vain exposed his life, was discovered, seized and shot. From that time their residence in the Genevan states became insupportable. Sismondi's father sold his patrimonial property, and yielding to the influence of his son, decided upon retiring into Tuscany, the land of his ancestors. He crossed the Alps with his family in the month of October, 1795.

While his parents and sister were recovering at Florence from the fatigue of a constrained removal, of a second exile, Charles travelled over the country alone, and on foot, to make choice of their future residence. He had been struck in England with the magnificent appearance of estates apparently deserted, but cultivated to the highest possible degree, and by means the most ingenious and economical. In Tuscany were beauties of another description, which not only attracted his eyes, but touched his heart. Instead of green and boundless plains, vast and uniform crops, he observed every where small farms, where the slightest inclination of the ground, or the most trifling difference in the soil, was taken advantage of for some corresponding variety of cultivation. It seemed as if the mind of a master had traced each furrow, and his caressing hand had directed the growth of every shrub. Instead of wandering over immense parks, shaded by ancient and gigantic trees—opulent solitudes, abandoned to the graceful sports of the deer, and to the blunted enjoyments of some rich idler, the eye of Sismondi now pursued the smiling undulations of hills, planted with olives, mulberries, figs and fruit trees of every description, the trunks of which were concealed among the yellow waves of ripened grain, or beneath velvet carpets of artificial prairies. Terrace upon terrace, sustained by walls of turf, often not more than four feet in width, were parcelled out into small portions of wheat, maize, barley, vegetables, flax and hemp.

When leaving the high road, the young man began to follow those narrow paths, unfurrowed by a wheel, which, accessible only to the small mountain horses laden with their pack-saddles, wind among the olives, the vineyards and the farms; at every hundred steps, on the side of each flowery hill-top, he met with some pleasant habitation, well-built, well-provided, whose occupant welcoming him with frank hospitality, hastened to introduce him to the abundant but frugal table, surrounded by happy faces. From the threshing-floor, (a platform of some extent, always to be found upon the eight or nine acres cultivated by the *métayer*,) the young traveller overlooked the country; every where his eye was met by a delightful aspect of comfort and happiness. If the peasant ceased for a moment the varied labors which, from dawn to night, exercised his activity, without creating weariness or disgust, it was to point out to his host, from beneath the orange trees and jasmines, the ornaments of his

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little cabin, some beauty which the stranger might have overlooked in this delicious scene. Listening to these good people, it was easy for Sismondi to perceive, that as healthful labor had left unimpaired the elasticity and beauty of their forms, and a wholesome and sufficient diet had preserved the vigor of their limbs, so the stability of the present, and a hope for the future, were no less favorable to the development of their intelligence; whilst a religion, which offers as homage to the Divinity all the powers and all the instincts of human nature, had an influence equally salutary upon their poetic feeling, their affections and their morals. Catholicism, through the medium of its clergy, brings the people into frequent and intimate communication with the educated classes. Its fêtes, the luxury of the poor, uniting with magnificence all the graces of art, excite their imagination, and procure for them those intervals of repose so important to the laborer. Although a Protestant, Sismondi deeply felt these advantages, and has remarked upon them in many of his works. His search was now ended, and his choice made. He carried his parents to Pescia, where the price of the sale of Châtelaine served to buy Valchiusa—a small estate, cultivated as are almost all in this part of Tuscany, by a *mezzaiuolo*, or *metayer*, who pays half the products of the labor of himself and his family, as rent of the ground which he tills, of the house he occupies, and of the animals and implements he employs. Thus was accomplished, on a little spot of earth, by a simple and primitive contract, that which Sismondi passed his whole life in endeavoring to obtain for all, and everywhere: the permanent association of capital and labor—of the manufacturer and the workman—of the proprietor and the cultivator—the former furnishing the capital, which the sweat of the latter makes productive; both having an equal interest in the improvement of the property, whose revenue they share as brothers.

Five of Sismondi's best years passed away in this delightful retreat, towards which his sweetest remembrances ever after re-called him. There, under the guidance of a mother, who may be classed among the most remarkable and amiable persons of her time, the formation of his character was completed; and having felt in England that to up-root man from the soil is to produce increasing poverty—the fearful nightmare of civilization—an acquaintance with the happy population of Tuscany confirmed him in the idea, that the earth is the true savings-bank of the poor, ready to receive their most trifling profits, and to turn to account their smallest intervals of leisure. From that time he began to feel of how much more importance are social than political questions.

Although Italy had been the battle-field of France and Austria, and its form of government had been changed by the chances of war and the revolutions of parties, yet the storm over, the waters resumed their level, and the happiness and comfort of the inhabitants were not seriously endangered by the political alternations, to which the *Ginevrini*, (as the Sismondis were called in Tuscany,) several times as foreigners, nearly fell victims.

Sismondi, too French when Austria was in the ascendency, too Italian when the French armies triumphed, was always in the ranks of the oppressed party. Three times he was thrown into prison, and his poor mother trembled for the safety of an idolized son. He did not, however, become disgusted with the doctrines, in whose name his fortune had been destroyed and his life threatened. He had only learnt that 'every work of liberty has need of time, and that, in revolutions, the

bayonet or guillotine, blind powers, replace, at first, that strength which order had previously owed to respect and habit."

The "*Recherches sur les constitutions des peuples libres*" then occupied Sismondi; they have never been published; but in many of his works which have since appeared, are found some of the enlightened ideas expressed in this first and voluminous essay; ideas which M. de Tocqueville's work on American Democracy has since sanctioned by its acute, just, and extended observations. Among other opinions Sismondi, although convinced as to the principle of the sovereignty of the people, was opposed to the tyranny of the majority. He endeavored to prove that a fundamental distinction exists between the vote of the majority and the national will. "In seeking to discover the popular will," said he, "something more is necessary than a mere arithmetical calculation, and the greatest good of all requires that we should learn to *weigh* rather than *count* suffrages." He required that "the representatives of a people should be in advance of it, and not simply express its stationary and torpid state." He, in turn, feared the "ignorance of the masses, and the selfishness of aristocracies, whose will, aided by superior intelligence, might propose to themselves only the interest of their own order, not that of all." In his eyes, the chief advantage of deliberative assemblies was, "to raise the moral dignity of the citizen, to teach him self-respect, and to diffuse knowledge among the people, by compelling them to act on all questions."

Sismondi published at Geneva, (1801,) his "*Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*," written towards the end of his residence in Italy. The preceding year his father had been recalled by business to their common country, and Charles, for the first time, separating himself from his mother, accompanied him thither. Madame de Sismondi, remaining at Pescia, continued to cultivate the little estate of Valchiusa, the income of which scarcely sufficed for her personal use. The society of her daughter, married in her vicinity to M. Antonio Forti, the endearments of her grand-children, vague anticipations of the future distinction of her son, and above all, his letters, which reflected upon her the light of an intellectual and literary life, animated and rendered agreeable her solitude.

What was then her grief at the prospect of never again beholding this son! Sismondi's reputation had increased; his work "*De la Richesse Commerciale*," printed in 1803, drew attention to the young author, who received from Count Platner the offer of the chair of Political Economy at Wilna. Deprived of their fortune by successive revolutions, the income of the Sismondis now amounted to scarce four thousand francs; and this flattering proposal was also advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, for young Sismondi was permitted to name his own conditions. He still, however, hesitated, in spite of his father's approval. Led by his researches to the study of Italy, he had conceived a passion for those poetic and stirring republics, whose movements in arms and letters had animated the middle ages; and he was preparing their history. It was necessary to choose between a durable celebrity, which he might hope from France, but which she bestows only on the dead, and the enjoyment of present success at Wilna. The counsels of his parents and friends urged him to the latter decision; for Madame de Sismondi, distrusting her own tenderness, feared to advise him in favor of her wishes. Thus, as she writes in letters blotted with her tears, she "drove the mother as far from her as possible." But the strongest of human sentiments could not be entirely repressed; it burst forth invol-

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untarily. "Since I must lose every hope which kept the life-blood warm in my heart," she wrote to him, "I wish, at least, that you should form attachments where you will live; that you should find there a protection and interest, which may give me an assurance of your happiness; another mother, who may love you, if possible, with the same tenderness as she, who can no longer give you proofs of her affection. But, my beloved Charles, if it is indeed true that I have looked upon you for the last time, wherefore should my eyes again behold the light of day?"

In spite of herself, Madame de Sismondi returns continually to this departure for Wilna; in some of her letters she enumerates the advantages of the situation, the career it opens, the connections it promises, and then, after losing for a moment all consideration of self, suddenly breaks forth: "Do not ask me how I feel about this affair of Wilna; I, who with such difficulty drive away the thoughts of it. . . . . When you are alarmed at the idea of an absence of ten years from the country which you prefer, do you not see that these ten years are undoubtedly more than now remains to me of life? From the day of their commencement, all will be over with me! I do not say that I shall die; it is in youth that we expect to die of sorrows which appear to us insupportable, and believe that the duration of our life can only be in proportion to our moral strength. When we have grown old amid storms, we understand that they wither and bend us to the ground, but that they do not destroy us; grief consumes life by slow degrees; nature alone extinguishes it at a blow."

In vain did his poor mother condemn as selfish these painful ebullitions of feeling. Her one idea betrays itself even in the details of her domestic life, so full of charm and pleasantry. Speaking of her old, and only domestic, "La Bracona," she says: "Good creature; she is too feeble and tremulous to do anything which requires much strength; she cannot work, though she is full of zeal. On Wednesday, coming to wait on me at table, she said, with a look of alarm: '*Che? hà pianto?*' I did not reply; but she looked at me earnestly, repeating: '*Ha pianto davvero la mia signora!*' As I had just wiped my eyes when I called her, and could with difficulty command myself, her question made me burst out again. '*Che hà? che hà? per l'amor di dio? mi fa rimescolare. Si sente male?*' I shook my head. '*Meschina me!*' said she; '*la farinata sarà stata cattiva!*'* Her penetration could go no farther. The idea was so ridiculous that I could not help smiling through my tears."

But these tears of Madame de Sismondi were soon to cease. Devoted to his history of the Italian Republics, her son refused the place at Wilna, and some time after, his historical labors caused him also to decline a professorship, both at Geneva and Paris. He continued to reside with his father, and amid his more serious occupations, agreeable relaxation was never wanting. Besides making several journeys to the glaciers, he had access, in the city and its vicinity, to the choicest society. Madame de Stael, then an exile in Switzerland, had not forgotten that, upon the death of her father, young Sismondi, a favorite with M. Neckar, had been desirous of joining her in Germany, to prepare her for the melancholy news; but yielded that office of friendship to Ben-

* "What! Madam, have you been crying? . . . . My lady has really been crying! . . . . . What is the matter? What is the matter, for God's sake? You frighten me. Are you ill? . . . . . Stupid creature that I am! The pudding must have been bad!"

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jamin Constant; and she invited him to Coppet, where he met the most distinguished men of the day.

Sismondi, however, did not escape that vague melancholy and depression, the disease of our time, the malady of youth, which seizes upon every unemployed faculty. "I have no hope. . . . . My life," he wrote, "has been a succession of profitless moments. . . . . I only take note of the continuance of existence by the continuance of sadness." His mother sought, with all the energy of affection, to inspirit him. "For God's sake!" she exclaimed, "come forth from the circle in which you seem bound. Come, my dear child, exert, arouse yourself; think, reflect, project; the present has need of the future."

Then, although urging him strongly to write history, she became alarmed at the hostility which he might excite by attacking established opinions. "Among so many arrows directed against you," said she, "there must be some that will reach the heart and poison life; and you are not invulnerable." But in spite of tender and timid counsels, the vigorous and practical mind of Sismondi could not be satisfied with mere literary trifling. With the past, he found it necessary to unite the present, and to seek a cause in the one for the miseries of the other.

In the beginning of the year 1805, he travelled over Italy with Madame de Stael. While his fellow-traveller was personifying art, in Corinne, and describing its brilliant halo as fading away among the frozen mists of the north, Sismondi shuddered at the depopulated aspect of the Campagna of Rome, and felt as if witnessing the last agony of a perishing people. "The death from inanition of a great city," he afterwards writes, "is a very sad spectacle." There, also, in the *Latifundia*, bequeathed by the ancient patricians to the Princes of Romagna, he found the origin of poverty, desolation and pestilential atmosphere,—which last is not the cause of the depopulation, but follows close upon it.

Before returning to Geneva, Sismondi passed two months with his mother, whom he consulted upon his "History of the Italian Republics," now partly written. Its sixteen volumes were published between the years 1807 and 1818. In addition to the researches requisite for a work in which it was necessary, according to his mother's expression, "to carry on together and without confusion, the histories of many distinct states," Sismondi contributed in this interval for Michaud's great work, all the biographies connected with the history of Italy.

His father rejoined Madame de Sismondi at Pescia, and died there, in 1810. His grandmother was no more; and now alone in his solitary house at Geneva, Sismondi, though almost entirely devoted to studies, still continued to mingle in society. He saw familiarly at Coppet the *élite* of foreign courts, as well as those men of distinguished and independent minds, whom military despotism had exiled from Paris. In the winter of 1811—12, he delivered at Geneva his course of lectures upon the Literature of the South of Europe. This course, published in 1813, by Treuttel and Wurtz, together with the "History of the Republics," obliged him to take several journeys to Italy, over which he travelled not less than ten times, to Germany and to Paris; at which place he was during the hundred days, and saw there Napoleon, who, struck with his social and political views, desired an interview with him.

Sismondi had investigated, in the History of Italy, the first attempts at various forms of government. He saw "that none of these combinations were perfect, but that all might possess the elements of liberty, and contribute to the moral education and happiness of man." The application of his long and extensive studies remained to be made. It was in the country most

opposed to his doctrines, and which, from the abuse of competition, excess of production, and accumulation of capital, has suffered most from the errors he has combated, it was in England, and in English, that he wrote, in 1818, for the Edinburgh Cyclopœdia, several sketches of his system of political economy, "that science which relates to the diffusion of happiness, and not to the augmentation of wealth." A year later he developed its principles in his "*Rapports de la richesse avec la population;*" a work constantly quoted by his disciple and successor, Buret, whose interesting work upon "*La Misère des classes laborieuses,*" ought, together with Sismondi's "*Etudes sur les sciences sociales,*" to be studied by every man who desires the good of his fellow citizens, and believes himself capable in any way of contributing to it.

The sentiment which led Sismondi to England, was destined to afford him the sweet enjoyments of domestic life, the first recompense of his arduous and important labors. Upon one of those journeys which carried him every alternate year to his mother in Tuscany, he had met with an English lady, whose family reckoned many names distinguished in commerce and politics, among others the Wedgewoods and Sir James Mackintosh. Madame de Sismondi had long desired the marriage of her son, but from the comparison which he naturally instituted between every other woman and his mother, the difficulties of the case may be imagined; they ceased to exist, however, when he knew Miss Allen. He followed her to England, where they were united in 1819, and passing through France on his return to Pescia, he spent there the first year of his marriage with his wife and mother.

In 1820, he established himself at Chênes, a country seat near Geneva, which he inherited from his grandmother. There were passed, with the sweet and graceful companion of his life, twenty years of happiness such as is scarcely dreamed of in this world—of domestic ease and tranquillity, regular occupation, (he was then writing his "History of the French," which he undertook and pursued with incredible ardour,) sympathetic and tender affection, delightful congeniality of character, sentiment and tastes,—a serenity, a repose, so full of attraction, that it was never relinquished but with regret.

The society, however, of their numerous friends, and the charms of conversation, to which Sismondi, who had enjoyed so highly that of Madame de Staël, was peculiarly susceptible, frequently called them to Geneva, where they met the amiable *savant* M. de Candolle, the Pictets, Bonstetten, Dumont, Rossi, the dignified and beautiful Madame Neckar de Saussure; but the happy occupants of Chênes passed many winters alone, in their country home, which they could not abandon, and in which strangers were received with the truest hospitality, and the unfortunate were sure to find sympathy. Sismondi freely offered his pen and purse in aid of the Greeks and Columbians. Every people struggling for independence had a claim upon his assistance.

In his quiet retreat, he held communion with all that was great and good. No exile ever appealed in vain to his compassion or his aid. His voice was raised not unsuccessfully in behalf of the imprisoned Confalonieri, and he had consolation to offer, a hand to extend, to all who suffered for justice or for liberty. Even in his most familiar intercourse appeared the impress of his opinions, the liberality and benevolence of which imparted their character to the smallest transactions. Able quickly to estimate the value of the object he wished to purchase, he never cheapened it, and the time of the seller was always included in his generous calculation. He never dismissed a laborer, however imperfect his work, but insisted on the harshness of turning off a person who had done his utmost, because he could do no better.

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Still less, although his income did not at most exceed eight or ten thousand francs, would he have dismissed or diminished the wages of any one on account of old age or infirmity. Thus the work performed for him was more imperfect, and longer in completion than that done for any other person; and when his wife, with gentle raillery, thanked God for not having bestowed upon them large estates, which, with this sort of management, would have gone to ruin, he replied only by one of his animated and benevolent smiles.

But this happy life could not be without clouds. Sismondi, in 1821, lost his mother, and as he inscribed upon the tomb, where she reposes near her husband in the little cemetery of Pescia, he "was inconsolable at having been absent from her at the moment of her death." The heart of him who suffered with the suffering, was about to be moved by political changes. With what delight did he learn the events of 1830! for he was of us, and triumphed with us. "The conduct of France has elevated humanity in my eyes," he wrote, and calling on our nation to give an example to the world for its institutions, he urged on us "the duty of inoculating Africa with civilization, and not cauterizing her by fire and sword."

Subsequently, when the shocks which succeeded our revolution alarmed his neighborhood, he questioned, if he had not misjudged the old friends from whom he was expecting the regeneration of the world; then, after having been indignant at the omnipotence of wealth and of credit, yet comparing France, as events unfolded themselves, with other countries, "there is no nation, no age," said he, "which ought not to regard France of the present day with envy. She is the only country where we may be sure that barriers will be opposed to despotism. It is discouraging to perceive that she is not satisfied with the greatest amount of liberty yet enjoyed by any people; and in fact, the greatest, the only evil of France now, is her want of stability."

The years 1836, '37, and '38, witnessed the acme of Sismondi's happiness and intellectual vigor. He travelled with his wife over the south of Italy, which he had not visited for a long time; and at Rome, the contemplation of its expiring struggle stimulated his genius. He had beheld from a distance the increase in Ireland of an indigent population, which threatened to overwhelm the colossal civilization of England. He now found in Italy, invading deserts, besieging the ancient city, and driving fever before them, as if God were punishing, by famine and pestilence, countries cursed with an unequal division of property, and with the aristocratic and fatal separation of rich and poor. Amid these scenes, his sympathy with humanity, ever ready to burst forth, expressed itself in his "*Etudes sur les Sciences Sociales*," an animated summary of a whole life of observation, travel, reading and study, directed towards a single end—that of drawing instruction for the present from the history of the past.

On his return, Sismondi visited his early home in Pescia—a spot full of tender and sad associations, where he found all that remained of a beloved family. There he luxuriated under the sun of Tuscany, a second country towards which he often affectionately turned, saying, "We have not roots like trees, and yet we are much more difficult to be transplanted." At length he arrived at Paris, the happy termination of his journey, and under the roof of their friend, Dr. Mojon, enjoying with him and his wife, Bianca Milesi, a delightful interchange of thought and affection, M. and Madame de Sismondi passed the spring of 1838. "What pleasure," they exclaimed, "is comparable with that of being thus beloved! and what a happiness is it to feel ourselves the objects of such tender, constant, and ever-thoughtful friendship!"

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But Sismondi's peaceful and happy days were drawing to a close. On his return to Geneva, he found himself called upon to give one of the most difficult proofs of courage: that of adopting, in opposition to the majority of his fellow-citizens, and against the opinion of some of his best friends, a course the most timid in appearance, but in his eyes, the most just. Convinced of the impropriety of converting a place of asylum into a post of attack, and averse to everything which could excite dissensions between France and her neighbors, he wished to repulse Louis Napoleon from Switzerland. Abused, threatened, reviled, he did not the less openly manifest, and boldly sustain, in face of the insurrection, and amid personal danger, his opposition to the system of violence prevailing among the country population, and even in the Genevan councils. But alarm, lest these troubles might bring about the destruction of this little republic—"last refuge of the burgher-sentiment, combined with the love of country," weighed upon his heart.

Meanwhile, one by one, his dearest friends were taken from him. The death of Madame de Broglie revived his grief for the loss of Madame de Stael. "His thoughts were now peopled with shadows;" his horizon was darkened. A rapid journey, for the purpose of visiting his wife's family in England, gave the final blow to his health. He resumed, however, all his energy in the hope of opposing the changes which the revolutionary party were seeking to effect in the Genevan constitution. He wrote—he spoke in the council. His intellect overcame mental and physical sufferings. From the first attack of the excruciating malady, (a scirrhus of the stomach,) which deprived us of him, redoubling his exertions, he devoted himself to what he considered his duty and peculiar task. He wished to finish his "History of the French," and succeeded in bringing it to a conclusion just one month before his death. For a long time previous, he could bear scarce any nourishment, but in spite of the anguish of his disease, he yet, only three days previous to his dissolution, corrected the proofs of the last page of his twenty-ninth volume. "His patience seemed to increase in proportion with his sufferings; and so long as anything remained for him to do, he refused to confine himself to his bed." His last words, his last writings, were expressions of tenderness and affectionate consolation for the beloved companion of his life, and for dear friends and relatives whom he had hoped to meet once more.

One of our most distinguished professors, while rendering a deserved homage to Sismondi, expresses astonishment that his monument and that of Madame de Stael should not be placed in Pere La Chaise, next the tomb of Benjamin Constant: and indeed, while reading the concluding paragraph of the "History of the French," it is impossible not to sympathise in the feeling so eloquently uttered by M. Michelet.

"My life has been divided between the study of political economy and that of history; the economist ought, therefore, frequently to appear in this work by the side of the historian. I have endeavored not to lose sight of the lessons taught by experience, with regard to what contributes to create and maintain the prosperity of nations; but above all, I have always considered riches as a means, not an end; I have always asked if they really contributed to diffuse comfort through all classes; and I hope that my constant solicitude for the cultivator, the tradesman, the poor, who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, will testify that all my sympathies are with the indigent and suffering classes. My family, too, proscribed, ruined, three times obliged to expatriate itself, has returned to obscurity; it is once more of the people, and I am proud to be also of the people. In the month of May, 1818, I began to devote myself seriously to the 'History of the French.' In May, 1842, I lay down my pen, having advanced as far as my strength will permit me to go. In presenting this work to the public, with the

merits to which I have just alluded, and with the faults which I do not deny, I rest in the conviction of having rendered a service to the French nation. I have given it what it had not, a complete picture of its existence; a conscientious picture, in which neither love nor hatred, fear nor flattery, have ever led me to disguise a truth; a moral picture, in which the bitter results of vice, the excellent fruits of virtue, may always be recognized, and in which, without suffering themselves to be inflated by vain-glory, the French people may learn self-respect, and may transmit it to their children.

Chênes, near Geneva, 9th May, 1842."

NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.

SINCE the issue of our March number, a work bearing the imposing title of "The Prose Writers of America," has been published in Philadelphia, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Rufus Griswold. It is one of the most notable specimens of book-making extant. The editor declares that he was restricted to a given number of pages, (on the score of economy, we suppose,) but there seems to have been no restriction as to the number or quality of the authors. As to those, he seems to have been commissioned to go out into the highways and hedges, and bid them all to the feast. We suspect that some of the distinguished writers who find themselves crowded into Mr. Griswold's trundle-bed, will feel not a little surprised at the company which he has put between the same sheets and covers with them. As that is a mystery of Mr. Griswold's making, we shall leave him to clear it up in his own way and time. The book is modeled on the plan of Doggett's New-York Directory. It diligently and impartially collects the names of the Smiths and Browns, (who are exceedingly numerous,) specifies their vocations and whereabouts, (for which the tailors will owe him a large debt of gratitude,) and does divers other things, "too numerous to mention," which Mr. Doggett has too much good sense and modesty to attempt.

Mr. Griswold has brought himself within our jurisdiction, by his professed attempt to develope the idea of nationality in literature, and to point out the American writers who have written in a national spirit. To have performed this task with ability, and in the right spirit, on the scale of this book, would have been to deserve well of the country, and should have had our hearty approbation. But the task was one quite above the intellectual strength of Mr. Griswold, and far beyond his moral characteristics. The work not only lacks general power, but tone. Its web and woof are wrought out of other men's ideas; but the borrowed and stolen materials were so diverse and incongruous, as not to admit of being worked and compacted into a harmonious result. Neither the writers selected, nor the writings quoted, appear to have been taken upon any principle. The prose writers of America should have been *selected*, with a view to the evolution of some general truths. If that had been the author's plan, and had been carried out in a spirit of fairness, we could have pardoned much to an imperfect execution of mere details. But no such governing principle presided over the construction of the work. "*Chaos umpire sat.*" The editor has introduced writers who have no national reputation, and have never heretofore been seen, but by the

aid of powerful telescopes, while he has ignored others, whose names have blazed like suns in our moral and intellectual firmament. A national work, intended as a sort of general catalogue of American writers, which does not contain a sentence from the voluminous writings of WASHINGTON, may well excite general surprise—if it does not stir our indignation. What Butler says of the writers of small poetry, is verified by Mr. Griswold of the compiler of large books:

"One that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him, is like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haber dasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wits have the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of their joints. You may know his wit not to be natural—'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; *so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected.*"

If our readers, when they come to examine Mr. Griswold's book, do not see the applicability of the lines we have italicised, why, "they are not the men we took them for."

Irving, Bancroft and Prescott, have each made eminently valuable contributions to our historical literature. Prescott is distinguished for research and accuracy, and an elaborate finish of style; but his historical works do not indicate whether their origin was British or American. In their general tone, they do not essentially differ from what a liberal Englishman, of the same learning and scrupulous regard for historical truth, would have written on the same subjects. Bancroft, with equal research and accuracy, if possible more elaborates his style, till, at times, it becomes hard, angular and mechanical; but he stands on American ground, and writes of a period which stirs the republican spirit of the man. His History of the United States is an attempt to embody and illustrate the spirit of Free Institutions and of human progress, and possesses a more philosophical cast than the historical writings of Prescott. Irving's Life of Columbus is a work of very high character, and has been approved of by the most eminent critical authorities of both hemispheres. But we are of the opinion, that Irving's reputation with posterity, especially in this country, will rest chiefly upon what he has written of the country itself.

Cooper has been for several years under a cloud. The time will come when justice will be done to him, as one of our greatest prose writers of fiction. He and Irving, of all contemporary writers, made the country earliest and most favorably known in literature. His greatest triumphs have been in the forest and on the ocean; in the one, illustrating the character and habits of a race, now swiftly passing away, and of another race, who are cultivating fields on the old hunting-grounds, and building capitols on the cold ashes of extinguished council-fires, and the sites of ancient wigwams; and upon the other, illustrating the spread of our commercial, and the triumphs of our naval marine. The forest and the prairie, the lake and the ocean, the rugged progress of our civilization and the sharp encounters of our revolutionary struggle, have been portrayed by him with great vividness, and an interest peculiar to works of the imagination. The coldness of death must have fallen upon the heart of the American, who

can read, without deep emotion, The Spy, The Pilot, Lionel Lincoln, and many others of the novels in which various phases of the growth and history of the nation have been preserved.

The authoress of Hope Leslie and The Linwoods, has contributed to the illustration of interesting periods in the religious and social life of the nation. Our complaint of Miss Sedgwick is, not that she has not written well, but that she has not written more. She is one of the most distinguished intellectual representatives of her fair countrywomen; and, we may add, the pride of her countrymen and an ornament to her country.

Simms has written largely and variously, and on home themes. We think his earliest novels his best. He has illustrated the barbarous life of the American savage, and the semi-barbarous life of our border civilization. He has made valuable contributions to American history, and to our critical literature. The spirit of his writings is American, though somewhat too sectional—a fault to which our southern writers are prone. He is yet a young man, under the training of constant practice in authorship, and displaying powers and resources which will secure him a lofty place among American writers.

Cornelius Mathews is one of our very youngest, but yet a voluminous writer. The subject invites us, but we have not the space for a full and critical estimate of his writings. But his close identification with the cause which we are maintaining, and the malignant and unscrupulous attacks which his powerful advocacy of that cause has drawn upon him, no less than the great intrinsic merit of much that he has written, render it peculiarly proper that his general characteristics should be distinctly presented in a paper relating to American authorship. Mr. Mathews has had scant and tardy justice from American, and liberal and prompt justice from the English critics. No charge against a writer is more damaging to his reputation than want of originality and the servile imitation of a popular author; and, accordingly, Mr. Mathews has been roundly charged with imitating Mr. Dickens. We assert, (and, if we had now the space to spare for quotations, could easily demonstrate,) that more passages have appeared in the writings of Mr. Dickens closely resembling passages in the previously published writings of Mr. Mathews, than can be found in the writings of the latter resembling those of Mr. Dickens previously published. Some of Mr. Dickens' best passages of humor, in Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey & Son, and the Battle of Life, so closely and almost literally resemble previously published passages by Mr. Mathews, that the similitude is very remarkable, and, but for the unimpeachable reputation of the English author, would make against him a strong case of plagiarism. Of course, we make no such charge. A writer of Mr. Dickens' affluence of humor need neither borrow nor steal. It only shows a striking coincidence in veins of humor and modes of expression. But we do say, that a stronger case could be made by Mr. Mathews against Mr. Dickens than by the latter against the former; and that, as the stronger case against Mr. Dickens fails, by parity of reasoning the weaker case against Mr. Mathews must fail still more signally.

Indeed, a mere reference to dates decisively settles the question of imitation. The first number of the Pickwick Papers was published in London, in October, 1836, and not re-published in the United States till the ensuing year. Now, the writings of Mr. Mathews which most closely resemble those of Mr. Dickens, were those which appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine, in 1835–6; in the New-York Review, in 1837, and in the Motley Book—a considerable portion of which was published before Mr. Dickens had been heard of in this country. Those papers contain the germ, and indicate all the characteristics, of Mr. Mathews' humorous writings which have since appeared. His later is as true to his earlier humor as the oak is to the

acorn from which it sprung. Indeed, the resemblance between Mr. Dickens' humorous writings and those of Mr. Mathews which had been published before the former had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, is more striking than between those of any later date. Since that time they have diverged more than they have approximated, and the bulk of Mr. Mathews' subsequent writings have differed very widely in their style from those of Mr. Dickens. Their almost simultaneous appearance may have first suggested the idea of imitation, but the enemies of Mr. Mathews seized upon the accidental resemblance to make a specious case against him, and aim a deadly blow at his rising reputation. But it turns out that his reputation was made of "sterner stuff" than to be battered out of life by the paper pellets of the brain of the Mac Grawlers of criticism. Great as is the genius and wide the renown of Mr. Dickens, we have greatly mistaken the robust and independent character of Mr. Mathews, as indicated by his writings, if he would be willing to be called the Dickens of America.

But the head and front of the offending of Mr. Mathews has been his course on the subjects of Nationality and Copy-Right. The penny-a-line writers—the small critics, and the re-publishers of the green and yellow literature—the scum and filth of the stagnant pools of foreign demoralization—saw in Mr. Mathews an embodied *principle* and *cause* before which they must go down. If sound learning—if native authorship—if the pure and wholesome elements of the American character, were to assert themselves and become embodied in the literature of the country, the foreign trash which the cheap re-publishers vended, could only flow through the vilest sewers of society, and for want of adequate appreciation must soon cease to exist at all, to the offence of all decency and the destruction of all moral health. The craft of the pimps for the brothel and the poor-house, the prison and the gallows, was in danger. They feared to assail the cause openly, so they assailed it by assailing its friends. If the friends of the cause could be cut down and trampled out of existence, the cause itself would perish, and the trowels and hammers, and the confusion of languages of the builders of the moral Babel, could be again in undiminished activity, while the Shibboleth of Sue and De Kock would be the rallying-cry and watch-words with which the Republic would move onward with gigantic strides to accomplish its destiny. We devoutly thank Heaven that that dark day has been succeeded by one of a clearer sky and more cheerful omens, and that we were not made to drink the bitter cup of popular demoralization quite to the dregs. And to Mr. Mathews and those who rallied with him, and made successful head against the influences which were sweeping over the country like a deadly and desolating Simoon, we owe, under Providence, a better present condition, and a future radiant with the glory of a brighter promise. The trade for a long time resisted moral suasion, but the growing consciousness that the fierce rivalry waged by the publishers of cheap nastiness was unprofitable, made a resistless appeal to their virtue, and the interests of the trade were thus made to fall into the ranks of good order and public decency and virtue. It will not do to look too curiously into human motives, and we are contented that the publishers should ascribe their gradual adhesion to international copy-right and a national literature, to public spirit and the highest moral considerations. It is enough for us that they cease to do evil and are learning to do well; and it will be a happy day for American literature, when the lessons which circumstances have forced them to con shall have been thoroughly studied and mastered.

The writings of Mr. Mathews are all on American subjects—legendary, or illustrative of the actual life and condition of our people; and the variety of his themes, and of the styles in which he has written, indicates a genius

of uncommon versatility and power. Besides his Puffer Hopkins, Big Abel and the Little Manhattan, Behemoth, the Motley Book, Poems on Man, &c., he has written a great number of Review and Magazine articles, essays, lectures on nationality, addresses on copyright, and on various other subjects. All of this has been done—all of it respectably, and much of it with eminent success—within a period of about ten years, by a man now a little rising thirty years of age, a considerable portion of whose time within that period was engrossed by his occupations as a lawyer, and in editing a monthly magazine, which held a high rank in our periodical literature. Within that period he has made a home reputation, and has been recognized abroad as one of our most original and successful writers, and especially as one whose writings are most thoroughly national, and stamped with the character of our country and the genius of our people. As a journalist, he exhibited in some of his articles, in "Arcturus," great reasoning powers and dialectic skill. As a poet, he has displayed a very fertile and vigorous imagination, but not always a corresponding facility of versification. There are at times a ruggedness in his verse, and a disregard of established rules of versification, that mar the beauty of his conceptions and cause them to fall short of their mark. We are confident that this is the result of carelessness or want of practice, as his prose style, whenever the subject calls for it, is musical in an eminent degree, and rises and falls like the ocean when the storm has gone down. As a dramatic writer, his comedy of the "Politicians" does him no sort of justice. A general survey of his writings furnishes latent indications of great dramatic power. Whether that power will ever be adequately manifested, will depend upon himself and the circumstances of the country. His Puffer Hopkins, a novel of local humor, designed to illustrate the lower strata of the political life of the country, is true to nature, and abounds with various and great merits—humorous and pathetic. But we think that the work would have been much more successful, if he had called his characters by more familiar and less grotesque names. His articles in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and that in the New-York Review, on the Ethics of Eating, constantly remind us, by their exquisite humor, of the best of the Elia Papers of Charles Lamb. The humor of the Motley Book has more action, and is more broad and dramatic. The papers in this work abound with descriptive passages, which are perfect gems, and are quite equal, we think, to the very best that have been produced by our best writers. As a work of the imagination, we consider Behemoth, in its conception, and in the execution of considerable portions of it, equal to any thing in the whole range of our imaginative literature. His last work, Big Abel and the Little Manhattan, had not a success equal to its deserts, because of a degree of obscurity in its general object. Its descriptions of localities; its episodes of the Poor Scholar and his Mistress, and Black Pompey and little Neddy Mellish; its individualization of the little Manhattan, the type of the aboriginal lords of the Island of New-York, and of Big Abel as the type of the civilized race who now possess it; its glimpses of the old Forest life, and its portrayal of the new commercial life of the city, are exceedingly graphic and effective. It brings to us old and familiar scenes, and furnishes us with an ideal medium through which we look back on the years that have fled, and events and characters that have passed away from the life of our boyhood like a dream of the night.

(To be Continued.)

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SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

III.

THE THEOLOGICAL AND METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY COMPARED WITH THE POSITIVE.

LET us briefly review our remarks in the two preceding articles. The present state of the European republic is the result of the revolutions which have overturned the ancient system of things. The Catholic unity of the middle ages has been destroyed: thence have arisen innumerable dissidences, and there is now no religious symbol which compels universal assent. Metaphysical doctrines have undergone a similar dispersion, and there is no longer any metaphysical creed around which the minds of men can be rallied. Apart from this now incurable disorder, stand the positive sciences, which are perpetually extending their authority, and which, as their objects are always relative to experience, and their processes always susceptible of verification, necessarily generate durable convictions. But these advantages have been temporarily neutralized by an important deficiency. The sciences encompass the inorganic world through mathematics, astronomy, physics and chemistry; through biology they embrace the theory of living bodies; but social phenomena have hitherto lain completely beyond their sphere.

M. Auguste Comte has supplied this deficiency. He has shown that human opinions, which necessarily regulate the form of society, have a proper filiation; that they succeed each other, not fortuitously, but in a determinate order. In other words, there is in society an intrinsic force which nullifies accidental influences, and always eventually predominates. The direction of this social force is likewise verified in all the particular sciences, these having reached the positive state only through theological and metaphysical transitions. But even after this extension of the positive doctrine to the last domain occupied by its rivals, the sciences would still not constitute a philosophy, so long, at least, as they should remain dispersed and disconnected. These isolated fragments, then, must be united and coördinated into a whole. That whole is the positive philosophy. We see, therefore, that it was necessary social science should be first created, before even the conception of a positive philosophy could arise: we see that this philosophy emanated directly from the sciences, and acquires from them its definitive character. Like them, it generates immoveable convictions; like them, its objects are always accessible to experience, and its processes always susceptible of verification. Filiation, method and character, are all indicated in this summary view.

We might here commence a direct exposition. Previously, however, it will be well to glance at the differences which separate the positive from the metaphysical philosophy. This last is that which now predominates in the education of most cultivated minds. They, even, who, as sometimes happens, regard it with contempt, are nevertheless unconsciously governed by it; and the doctrine of Condillac still influences not a few who claim to be wholly devoted to their special sciences. In this manner, the opposition between the positive and the metaphysical spirit will be more distinctly exhibited, than if I were to begin by indica-

ting the characteristics of the former. These differences are relative to the nature of the questions they consider, to the method they employ, and to the degree of stability which respectively appertains to them.

Our remarks will be also perfectly applicable to theology, which, in fact, has the same basis as metaphysics.

The theological and metaphysical philosophy, on the one hand, and the positive philosophy on the other, consider questions of a diametrically opposite character. The one is occupied with the absolute, the other with the relative. At the outset of its scientific investigations, the human mind is chiefly impelled by a desire to penetrate to the essences of things, and to grasp some ultimate notion which shall explain them universally. The infinite is then its necessary stimulant. There, in the region of pure speculation, it moves perfectly at ease, ever pursuing its own creations, ever combining and re-combining data of its own formation; and, deceived by the false show of an apparently boundless horizon, exulting also in the facility with which it can mould its docile elements, it abandons, to use the language of the school, the contingent, the finite, the relative, that is, precisely the reality of things as we know them. It does not suspect, even, that this reality can furnish a basis for science, and it perpetually seeks its systems in the infinite and absolute. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Reality is then too imperfectly known, to excite a sustained speculative interest; a long time must elapse before particular facts, through a careful observation, analysis and classification of them, can yield to the process of induction those general truths which the metaphysical spirit aims to reach at a bound. These general notions, furnished by experience, partake of the character of their origin in being always relative: those attained by the other method, are conceived, indeed, to be absolute, but are only apparently so.

The absolute is inaccessible to the human mind, not in philosophy only, but universally. The moment a problem is resolved, another question starts up behind it, and the solution of this last but serves to introduce new inquiries in infinite succession. Increase as we may the power of our telescopes, we shall but add somewhat to our present knowledge, but can never attain the bounds of the universe, if, indeed, the universe has bounds. Accordingly, from all sciences definitively organized, absolute speculations are discarded. Astronomy connects the celestial phenomena by means of the law of gravitation, a law which it accepts as an ultimate fact, without endeavoring, as it might do, to explain it by a thousand hypotheses, equally gratuitous and alike undemonstrable. What astronomy refuses to do, what all science has abandoned as an exercise henceforth utterly useless, is still essayed by metaphysics, the last refuge of the primitive ambition of the human mind, which necessarily began by attempting the impossible.

Absolute notions admit neither of proof nor of refutation. The study of the positive sciences, which now embraces so vast a field, is creating imperious mental habitudes irreconcilable with every other method. With intellects thus disciplined, all notions which cannot be subjected to the test of scientific processes, are regarded as hypotheses beyond our reach, and which it would be useless to attempt to disprove. Before we can know whether a theory is contained in the category of things refutable, we must ascertain whether it is embraced in the category of things demonstrable. It is mainly this scientific institution of intelligences, which distinguishes the mental régime of the moderns from that of the ancients; and, grounded as it is on facts, the influence it acquires is necessarily permanent. The understanding thus contracts a refractory

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disposition, which spontaneously discards all conceptions not in harmony with the positive method; and it is this difference of disposition which, in the several ages of humanity, has caused such striking variation in the limits of things credible.

When man, at the outset of his speculative career, launched forth into the boundless region of the absolute, no other avenue was open. At length, however, it has become possible to pursue the path of experiment and deduction, which can never conduct him to absolute notions; and even when he requires them of his reason, he asks more than it can give. The structure can never be more firm than the foundation, nor the accident more real than the substance. Man's mind is neither absolute nor infinite, and to expect from it solutions that are so, is to overlook the immutable conditions of human nature.

Setting aside, then, all inquiries touching first and final causes, the positive philosophy utterly renounces an ambition incompatible with the limited range of our faculties, confining itself to those questions which it is really possible to resolve. It thus merely generalizes the process which the particular sciences have employed so successfully: like them, too, it always recognizes some ultimate fact, the limit of experiment and induction, beyond which it refuses to inquire. In a youthful inexperience of its own weakness, the human mind agitated questions not susceptible of any solution; now, matured by time, more powerful also within the domain of the possible, it feels and is beginning to accept the conditions which control it, restricting its efforts to the circle of what is termed, in the school, the contingent and relative. Hence arises a striking difference between the two philosophies, the extent of which must be obvious on the slightest reflection.

If the sciences, (and who now will seriously deny it?) have rightly renounced all inquiries touching the essences of things; assuredly the opposite philosophy errs in persisting in such inquiries, inasmuch as general and particular conceptions necessarily appertain to the same class. The homogeneousness of the human mind revolts against this radical diversity in the nature of the questions respectively agitated in philosophy and in the sciences. If, while scientific notions are uniformly positive, social notions are yet partly theological and metaphysical, the fact is due to the slowness of the general elaboration. In following downward the course of history, we see the gradual encroachments of positive conceptions upon the others, with which they have been ever at war, and always victorious. The struggle with Galileo, touching the earth's motion, was merely a somewhat better known and more imposing event than others in this long drama.

That character of demonstrability, which distinguishes positive from absolute notions, is well marked by Voltaire in his admirable tale of Micromegas. The *savants*, who are returning home after the measurement of a degree near the pole, are asked by the two travellers from Sirius and Saturn, what is the stature of Micromegas and of his companion; what, also, is the weight of the air, and what the distance of the earth from the moon? The answer is immediate, clear, precise, and excites no dispute: but the moment the nature of the soul comes in question, the philosophers, who had before been so perfectly harmonious, each advance a different opinion. This lively and clever scene well represents the entire concord of minds on positive subjects, and their dissidences with respect to all absolute conceptions. Whenever we find sincere and intelligent men unable to convince each other, we may be sure

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either that their method is vicious, or that the subject in dispute is inaccessible to human reason.

Again, there is as radical a difference in the methods pursued, as in the character of the subjects investigated. The metaphysical philosophy proceeds from man to the world; the positive philosophy from the external world to man. Now, to assume man as the starting point, is exactly to imitate the ancient astronomers, who placed the earth in the centre of the celestial system. Doubtless it was inevitable that the earliest observers should regard the earth as fixed, and the starry sphere as revolving about it; but what false notions were engendered by this first and necessary error! Nothing was viewed in its real place; distances, magnitudes, motions, were all entirely misconceived. Precisely similar are the illusions involved in assuming the human mind as the starting point of philosophy, though here likewise the erroneous assumption was originally inevitable. Man necessarily began with what he knew best, that is, with himself: but this conception, which guided his first investigations, has perpetually misled him by false appearances, and has not allowed him to perceive the relation between the questions proposed, and the real extent of the intellect which examines them.*

No problems are more complicated than those relative to philosophy. Now, whenever man ventures upon inquiries embarrassing through their complexity, he is compelled, under the penalty of remaining ignorant of the errors he may commit, to compare the result of his reasonings with the reality. Astronomy, for instance, notwithstanding its peculiar simplicity, and the power of the mathematical instrument it employs, is obliged, in its more complicated researches, to ascertain the coincidence or difference between its deductions and observation. Still more is this necessary in physics. When it was attempted to subject the propagation of sound to mathematical investigation, the difference between the calculated and the observed result proved to be considerable: the trial revealed the error and the necessity of the comparison. But astronomy and physics are relatively simple sciences. What, then, would mere reasoning be worth in the more complicated departments of knowledge, in chemistry for instance, and especially in biology; and, in these, who would place much dependence on extended trains of deduction which could not be subjected to the test of observation? In metaphysics, however, where the most complex of all possible questions are considered, and where, consequently, a comparison of results with realities must be especially necessary, all such comparison is interdicted, for the objects of this philosophy completely transcend the limits of experience. To this fact must be ascribed the inevitable vagueness which characterises it.

The true subordination between the world and man, between the ob-

* In the explication of the phenomena of external nature, says M. Comte, the theological and metaphysical philosophy has invariably assumed as a starting point our immediate sentiment of human phenomena; whilst, on the contrary, the positive philosophy always places the conception of man in a rational and necessary subordination to that of the external world. The incompatibility between these two philosophies, which has been manifested in so many ways throughout their whole successive development, has in fact no other essential origin, and no other permanent basis than this simple difference of order between two equally indispensable notions. By giving, as the human mind necessarily did at the outset, a predominant weight to the consideration of man over that of the world, it was led inevitably to ascribe all phenomena to corresponding *wills*—first natural, and afterwards extra-natural—thus creating the theological system. On the other hand, nothing short of a direct study of the external world could have produced and developed the great conception of natural *laws*, the sole foundation of the whole positive philosophy, and which, through its gradual extension to the more complex and less regular classes of phenomena, has finally come to be applied to the study of man and of society, the ultimate term of its complete generalization.—J. H. Y.

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ject and subject, objective ideas and subjective ideas, cannot be appreciated by the metaphysical philosophy, severed as this is from the sciences. These last start from the external world and from objects: the notions thus acquired rectify the mind's spontaneous conceptions, and indeed the consistency which the sciences have attained, is owing to this continual re-action between observation and hypothesis. Accordingly, the interval which separates metaphysics from science, has been growing perpetually wider; and it is here that a philosophy should interpose, equally embracing man and the world, ever subordinating the subjective to the objective, taking away from the former its absolute character, and from the latter that incoherence which results from its isolation. It is from this combination of the subjective and objective points of view, that we obtain the general and the positive; that is, a union of those qualities which separately characterise metaphysics and the sciences. Now, this combination at once arises spontaneously, when all the notions gathered by the sciences, are brought back again to man, in view of correcting, by a confrontation with reality, the absolute, unlimited, indemonstrable character appertaining to purely subjective conceptions.

This method, the inverse of that originally pursued, has not been always possible; for, as I remarked above, it was at first indispensable that man, by an instinctive and necessary hypothesis, should create all things after his own image; should impose his own conceptions upon the external world, until experience, by a slow reaction, should finally bring back the world to his conceptions. This mental revolution, which began centuries ago, with the earliest mathematical labors, and has advanced with the successive creation of the sciences, is at length approaching its ultimate term, Here, also, we may perceive the filiation of human opinions, and the connexion of the present with the past. When the Earth is placed in its true position among the planets; Man in his proper rank in the scale of living beings, and Society under the influence of that movement which appertains to it, absolute notions, theological or metaphysical, lose their necessary aliment; and, with minds of a positive character, all confidence in such conceptions continually declines.

Accordingly, the objection is often urged by intelligent thinkers, that for the past two thousand years the metaphysical philosophy has incessantly agitated the same questions, without ever arriving at any permanent solution. And why is this? It is precisely because that, from its very nature, nothing in this philosophy can be ever regarded as definitively acquired; that nothing is constant, in this succession of theories, but the never-ending endeavor to master difficulties necessarily insoluble. To cite only the principal systems, antiquity witnessed the struggles of the Academics, the Peripatetics, the Epicureans, the Stoics, the Skeptics; and when men's interests in these great conceptions, which long engrossed the highest intelligences, had declined, Neoplatonism, in its turn, acquired a momentary ascendant. But the antique philosophy necessarily perished with the contemporaneous form of society, and accordingly Neoplatonism disappeared simultaneously with the definitive installation of Christianity. Then came a Christian Metaphysics: the problems debated by the philosophers of antiquity have been resumed by those of modern times; analogous questions were discussed in the middle ages, under the names of nominalism, realism, and conceptualism. Finally appeared the doctrines of Descartes, of Spinosa, of Locke and Condillac, the critique of Kant, and, in our own day, the speculations of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. All these leading systems, to say nothing of their numerous partial modifications, have been mutually at war upon their

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fundamental principles. They have exhibited the spectacle, not of an edifice progressively completed, but of new structures continually reared on the ruins of the old. At the present time, manifest symptoms indicate that the great theories of Condillac in France, and of Hegel and Schelling in Germany, are already exhausted, and are soon to make room for new systems.

History, then, with an evidence decisive by its prolongation, reveals the essential instability of metaphysical doctrines. In fact, absolute notions are inevitably fluctuating; are incapable of engendering durable convictions, and are always mutually antagonistic. At each great metaphysical epoch, there is made a *tabula rasa;* other minds resume the controversies upon new data, and the whole previous labor is lost, except as contributing to the education and exercise of human reason. The history of the world, says Schiller, is the judgment of the world; and the multitudinous variations perpetuated for more than twenty centuries constitute the emphatic judgment of metaphysics.

The sciences, resting as they do on other grounds, exhibit a widely different spectacle,—an unbroken continuity of labors; and, as a single glance will show, a perpetual growth and ascension. Whilst in metaphysics, the very basis is, with each new theory, overthrown and reconstructed,—in the sciences, on the contrary, acquisitions once made are never afterward lost, and the edifice is reared with confidence on this solid foundation. Nothing is more instructive than the historical contrast between the two philosophies; a contrast that now, after a long lapse of ages, may be deemed characteristic and fundamental. Time permits its teachings to flow gradually forth, as a succession of small rivulets which scarcely furrow the surface, but which at length form by their union an irresistible current.

There is this striking diversity between metaphysics and positive science, that in the first, all controversies are relative to principles, in the other, merely to consequences; in the former, to those primary notions which were debated in the most ancient schools of philosophy, in the latter, to newly-observed facts, and the inductions flowing from them. Again, the sciences have a character fixed and determinate, like the objects they consider; they vary no more than the laws of nature vary; and these laws being always and everywhere the same, there results a series of notions independent of places and times. An astronomical truth discovered in Greece, has neither date nor country, and is now just as valuable as it was two thousand years ago. Metaphysics, on the contrary, resting as it does on *a priori* principles, on absolute notions drawn directly from the human mind, necessarily varies with the character of that mind, reflecting the opinions of successive civilizations, and being Greek or Oriental, Christian or Pagan. Metaphysical systems are connected less by intrinsic and natural relations, than by extrinsic circumstances. The pagan philosophy perished on the advent of Christianity, whilst the pagan geometry and astronomy suffered no such interruption.

The reason is, that the office of metaphysics is essentially critical, and therefore always relative to data not exclusively appertaining to it; in a word, to theological principles. As the objects of its speculations are identical with those of theology, but as, moreover, it considers them in a different manner, a relation is established between the two, which inevitably determines the character of the former. Accordingly, it has waged perpetual controversy with religious powers, the conditions of the existence of which it has continually assailed. It was thus that, by a long elaboration, the pagan metaphysics gradually undermined the mental basis

of polytheism, and paved the way for the advent of monotheism in the Græco-Roman world. It was thus, too, that the Christian metaphysics, so fruitful a source of heresies, at length gave birth to Protestantism, caused the disorganization of the Catholic establishment, and finally introduced those revolutionary phases which modern times have witnessed.

The right to treat in an independent manner those questions which theology resolves, has never been conceded by religious powers; and, on the other hand, the right to restrict within certain limits all discussion of the absolute notions common to religion and metaphysics, has never been accorded by the latter. Hence the social office of metaphysics and theology. In the history of the most advanced communities, neither of these two powers has ever achieved any decisive victory over the other: they have divided the common domain by lines continually varying between faith and reason. The metaphysical philosophy has been always either an auxiliary or an adversary: a dangerous auxiliary, because of its independence; a formidable adversary, because of the freedom it accords to every understanding. This alternation must necessarily be perpetuated until the decisive advent of positive notions, which always supplant and nullify both theological and metaphysical explications.

Such, in the history of the development of humanity, has been the purely correlative and critical office of metaphysics; long enabling it to satisfy one of those logical wants which are imperious in our intellectual system, inasmuch as we always seek some general means of coördinating our conceptions, some principle which shall embrace them, some comprehensive notions which shall constitute a theory and a guide. The metaphysical philosophy is an intermediary, (the human mind always requires intermediaries,) between religion, which its discussions undermine, and positive conceptions, of which these very discussions prepare the advent. By an accordance manifested in history, the speculative generalities that have been received in past ages were then not merely necessary, but were likewise sufficient, as being in harmony with the amount of real knowledge possessed, and with the existing mental condition of humanity. Gradually, however, they have ceased to be sufficient. The vacant compartments of science have been filled; the discoveries accessible to our intelligence have been attained, and the line has been drawn between the vain quest of absolute principles and the investigation of relative truths—the only real object of our speculations. Time has accomplished this two-fold result; exhibiting on the one hand the futility of the labors of the metaphysical Sisyphus, and on the other the constant and continued progress of positive notions. At this point, and this we have finally reached, the concurrence between the sciences and philosophy is manifest; the sciences are becoming transformed into philosophy, or, if the phrase be preferred, philosophy is absorbing the sciences.

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POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 4.

ALBERT MERLE.*—A BALLAD.

I.

Proudly a new-born nation's flag
Floats in the exultant gale;
The land is free, and fortune smiles
On mountain and in vale!
While forests lift their leafy heads,
While streams leap to the sea—
Shall mingle with the perfumed air
The anthem of the free!

II.

From his far home of Alpine hills
A valiant Switzer came,
Both strong of hand, and free in heart,
And Albert Merle his name.
Each comrade praised his daring deeds
On many a stirring day;
For none was gentler in the camp,
Or bolder in the fray.

III.

Sweet peace prevails, and Albert's thoughts
Turn to his native land;
He longs to meet his mother's smile,
And grasp his fathers' hand;
To tell them of the fruitful fields
His soldier-ship has won;
To bid them voyage o'er the waves,
And bless their only son.

IV.

Louisa Wardle gained his love,
Ere came the sailing hour,
As fair a maid as ever brushed
The dew-drop from the flower.
Her cottage, shaded by old elms,
Stood near the Hudson's side,
Where Croton's limpid water joins
The river's swelling tide.

V.

Her garden, with white fences round,
Repaid her gentle care,
For summer's flowers in beauty bloomed,
And autumn's flourished there.
The daisy by the wayside sprung,
Unnipt by stragglers rude;
Wild laurels there paled in the sun,
And mitred mullens stood.

VI.

His passion for the cottage maid
Young Albert soon expressed;
She blushed, and half looked in his face—
That look her love confessed.
The happy day was fixed, on which
The lovers were to wed;—
Ere it arrived, alas! he heard
His aged sire was dead.

VII.

His mother, helpless and alone,
Laments her son away;
He told his bride, and they put off
A year, the wedding-day.
Louisa, in his absence, pined;
But time assuages grief—
Alas! that maiden's love should be
So exquisite—but brief.

VIII.

A wealthy wooer flattered her,
Rich jewels won a smile;
He spoke of splendor gold may buy—
She listened, pleased the while—
But thought she never could bestow
Her hand upon another,
Till she was counselled much by friends,
And strongly by her mother.

IX.

Before the appointed day had dawned,
The ardent Swiss returned;
A thousand anxious doubts and hopes
Within his bosom burned.
With bounding step, and buoyant heart
That beat in love's excess,
He reached her cot, without a thought
Or fear of faithlessness.

* In a note which conveyed this Ballad to the editor, the author says: "This Ballad, though it may seem a new version of the old story, is, nevertheless, founded on a tradition of our land now almost forgotten. In an Orderly-book, still extant, of the Army of the Revolution, while encamped near the place the scene of the Ballad lies, the name of Albert Merle is mentioned in terms of praise; and an old woman pointed out to me, many years ago, a grave with that name rudely carved on the head-stone. These facts give much credence to the tale. I have chosen with some hesitation the present phrase to tell the story. In this age of mock sentimental rhymes, and sweet, unmeaning verse, ballads are very unfashionable—unless, indeed, they are very old: few read them, and fewer still appreciate their nicest and rarest qualities. Directness of narration; simplicity of thought, in a style natural and innovate, are the chief merits of a ballad. Now-a-days, they are too often regarded as "see-saw-Margery-Daw" sort of things, only fit for the nursery. Let children-of-a-larger growth, who deride them, forget but for a moment their too much sophisticated notions, then, our word on't, they will not idly condemn a style of verse that once delighted and instructed nations."

X.

They met,—with ecstacy his arms
Around her neck he threw,
And printed kisses on the cheeks
That seemed so sweet and true.
"How fair thou art, my lovely girl!
Thy faith is truly kept;—
Thou 'rt all the world to me!"—exclaimed,
And then with gladness wept.

XI.

To tell the history of the year,
Flock tattling friends around;
Silent, and pale, the false one stood—
The angry husband frowned.
But Albert heeded not their words,
Thought 'twas a sport, to prove,
If absence or the Alpine maids
Had changed his plighted love.

XII.

Too soon, alas! he was convinced
What they declare, is true;
The husband spoke it out aloud,
Louisa looked it, too.
Frost-like, the truth fell on his brain—
No chiding word he spoke;
Nor cast he one reproaching look,
His heart that instant broke.

XIII.

Within the rural burying-ground
A drooping willow weeps—
Beneath it is a new-made grave,
There Albert calmly sleeps.
To mark the lonely resting-place
Of that brave soldier dead,
A stone, that simply bears his name,
Is planted at his head.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF DIDEROT.

(Concluded.)

It was at one of his most Christian Majesty's, Louis XV.'s, little suppers at Trianon: "A charming day for the chase—was it not, madam?" said the Duc de Nivernois to Madame de Pompadour. "Ah! yes; but warm, quite warm, and very fatiguing," replied the lady, with vivacity. "After all," she continued, playing negligently with a superb fan, set with jewels, "this war, either upon hearts or men, is not half the exciting thing it was before the invention of gunpowder. There was some display then for grace and dexterity, in the management of their steeds, hurling the lance, and wielding their good broad-swords; now, men are shot down like so many pigeons." "There was certainly a vast deal of romance, as well as nonsense, in those old feudal times," said the Count de Logéres, a privileged wit and courtier: "the chivalrous devotion to one lady-love, and abjuring all ties of home and kindred for the war of the Holy Cross. Very barbarous days; three-quarters of them rough old wretches—no doubt of it. Yet, there is something god-like in this sort of self-sacrifice. The world has grown cold and selfish; life is a very matter-of-fact, stupid thing now-a-days." "Is Saul, also, among the prophets?" replied Madame de Pompadour, laughingly. "But this gunpowder: can any one tell me of what it is composed?" The Count de Logéres turned away; what was a courtier and wit to know about gunpowder? "An equal infusion of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, I imagine, madame," said the Duc de Nivernois, with a bow. "Nay, by your leave, by no means equal,"* interrupted the Duc de la Valliére; "there must be but one part of sulphur, one of charcoal, with five parts of saltpetre, well-filtered, well-evaporated, well-crystallized." "Strange, when so much mischief is done with it, we should know so little about it," said the Duc de Nivernois. "Is it not so with almost everything

* Part of this conversation is verbatim.

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in the world?" returned the lady; "I could not for my life tell how the rouge, which I wear on my cheeks, is made, nor the silk hose which cover my feet;" and she coquettishly thrust the beautiful foot forward. "And I know where we could find it all, if his majesty would but permit us," returned the Duc de la Valliére. Louis opened his eyes in astonishment. "Yes, sire; your majesty certainly imprisoned the man, and damned his book. For it is in a book," continued the Duc, "that all these wonderful things lay hid. The man is Diderot; and the book, his Dictionnaires Encyclopédiques." "They said they were treasonable, and the author has given a great deal of trouble," replied the king; (his momentary excitement over.) turning away with a suppressed yawn. "Where is the book?" asked Madame de Pompadour. "His majesty has the only copy of which I am cognisant," returned the Duc de la Valliére. "We will see it," returned the king, listening with interest again to the discussion; let it be brought here." They were soon seized, and bright and regal eyes bent eagerly over: "Really, there is everything here, sire," cried Madame de Pompadour, after one and another had called attention to what particularly interested them; "really, everything. Your majesty is determined to be the only learned man in your kingdom, and so you've confiscated the rest; but the author, what has become of him? is he still in prison?" "Oh, no; released long since. He is spending the winter at St. Petersburgh, by special entreaty of her imperial highness, Catherine the Second," replied one of the courtiers.

"Ah! Monsieur Diderot—at length I have the happiness of meeting you," exclaimed an elegant-looking man, scrupulously point de vice in his accoutrements, who at that moment entered his study. The low bow which concluded the speech, was worthy of an individual who could date his escutcheon centuries back, and dandy of the first water. The inclination in return was brusque, though not awkward—little consequence if it had been; when the world dubs a man famous, defects of manner—indeed, defects of every kind, are mere eccentricities of genius.

"Mon ami, a word in your ear," exclaimed a graceful, witty author, with a vast appearance of caution and secrecy. The next moment the bon mot ran round the circle, followed by shouts of laughter. "Where have you lain perdu for the last three months, Denis?" exclaimed Jean Jacques. "At Grandval," replied Diderot; "but it was anything but laying perdu, my good friend, for I was fêted and lionized at a great rate. There was her serene ladyship, with her proud, beautiful eyes, and floating ærial movements, all graceful gaiety, as usual; Madame la Mère, piquante and pleased; and as for the Baron, I pronounce his chibouque and himself irresistible. There were somebodies and nobodies by the score—Morelli, fresh from the Prince of S.'s lovely Italian villa, upon which he discoursed so eloquently, that we dreamed of nothing but fountains, singing-birds and orange groves for a month. I really luxuriated there;—long delicious mornings, in a cool, quiet room, with uninterrupted leisure to pursue one's own occupations, and the merriest evenings imaginable." "Have you seen the new lampoon which is out against Diderot?" whispered Grinun, to the Abbé Fontage. "Yes—and the dedication sounds amazingly like Denis himself." Diderot passed just then, and overheard them; a smile curled his lip. "You cannot deny it," exclaimed the Abbé, turning towards him. "You wrote it;—what could have been your object, when you were abused so scurrilously?" "To preserve the poor devil from starvation," answered Diderot, drily. "I have to return you a thousand thanks, Monsieur, for your most apropos words," murmured a thread-bare aspirant for the favors of the muses. "They

preserved my tragedy from condemnation." "Have you looked over the will?" exclaimed a thin, dissatisfied-looking little man, bustling up to him. "Do you not imagine I shall succeed? Are not the proofs clear as noonday? Have you seen my brother? Pray do not allow him to gain you over; he has the tongue of the old serpent." "The proof-sheet from the publisher's, Monsieur Diderot—and he wishes it sent back again without a moment's delay," said a servant, handing him a pacquet. "Where is the article you promised to write for me?—Shall I not sparkle—be eulogised, and quoted?" said the shameless thief, seizing the manuscript, and walking off with it. "A delicious morceau—listen, my friends," exclaimed Diderot, and read the prettiest, most musical little rhyme imaginable. The timid young poet, whose production it was, blushed and looked infinitely distressed, as praises poured thick and fast upon him. How many things which delight us, half annoy at the same time! "Have they all gone, father?" and an arch, sweet face, following the query, peeped in at the door an hour after. "Have they all indeed gone?" and a white hand rested on his shoulder, and a most persuasive kiss was impressed on his forehead. "What do you want now, you baggage?" exclaimed Diderot, laying down his pen, and turning to the intruder. "I know you came for something." She shook a tiny purse lank as possible before his eyes, and laughing merrily, accomplished two or three entrechats round his chair. "How much?" he replied to the mute appeal, unlocking his drawer. "Full, father, full," exclaimed the girl, gaily; "for there is a love of a hat at Madame Tursand's, and a superb shawl, and oh! such an exquisite mouchoir at Lamarché's, and all must—shall be mine." In a trice the contents of the drawer vanished into Mademoiselle's little bag. The smile left the girl's face; she looked ashamed—pained. "Nay, father—not all you've got," she exclaimed. "Take it, my child; you can as well have it now as at any time," he returned, with a half-sigh; "and now off with your beguiling tongue, for I'm busy."

"The hand of heaven is in it, Denis; pray do not bring down its wrath by fruitless opposition," exclaimed the pale, patient looking wife, laying her hand entreatingly on his shoulder. "Folly, drivelling folly," exclaimed Diderot, repelling the mute appeal; "mad, crack-brained enthusiasm. The girl had better be petting her kitten, or sighing over her dead canary, than crushing every human, womanly feeling, in that sanctuary of hypocrites and fanatics. Why, Sophie, how can you for a moment endure the idea? her youth and bloom silently wasting—the throbs of her fresh, free heart, growing faint and dull—the step each day slower, more hopeless—life oozing away in despair and regrets. She knows, as yet, nothing of the world which she desires to leave—its hopes, delights, quick, vivid, stirring interests." "I, at least, have the advantage of experience," returned his companion; "and I know nothing in this world which she should grieve to abandon. Regrets and despair accompany every step here, and the treasures of her youth's love, and trust, and tenderness, had better, oh! how much better, be bestowed where there is neither deceit nor change."

The speaker's lip quivered, and she averted her face hastily as she concluded. Diderot made no reply. The words cut him to the quick, though there was evidently no idea of reproach in his wife's manner. "Well, as you choose," he returned, in a subdued tone; "the child is yours."

A year intervened after the consent so reluctantly given, and the church was filled to overflowing when the young novice took her vows. The bishop sat within the altar in all the pomp of violet and gold, his splendid crosier by his side, and the gemmed mitre on his brow. Attendant priests, engaged in different holy offices, were near, and the organ swelled gloriously,

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as the band of nuns, in their long, black garments, each bearing a taper, appeared. The lady-abbess came last, leading the fair, pale enthusiast. She was attired like a bride, in a rich white dress; pearls clasped her arms and neck, and a wreath of spotless flowers crowned her golden head. She floated past like some angelic vision; the violet eyes cast down, the little satined foot scarcely able to sustain its burden, and knelt before the altar. The priests performed their mummery; there was sweet, unearthly chaunting, and the irrevocable words were spoken. She was then led out; the beautiful garments abandoned forever; and when she re-appeared, it was in the sombre hue which distinguished the rest—the lovely tresses concealed (preparatory to severing) under a black, unbecoming scull-cap, which rendered the pale, suffering look still more apparent. The mother raised her eyes to heaven in pious, though mistaken thankfulness; but Diderot, who leant against a pillar, averted his eyes with a deep groan. But a little month elapsed before there was again a pageant in a church. A bride, "bearing her trappings gaily," glided through the portal; troops of friends followed, and Diderot's face wore its blithest, most courteous expression, even though he was relinquishing his darling forever. She blushed and sighed, and with the most charming, graceful self-possession, did both part when she should. Everybody spoke admiringly and approvingly—everybody talked brave things, and a happy future; but the mother turned away this time with a tear and a sigh.

Diderot was sick; pain and languor had secured the threshold, and death was holding a parley. He battled, not fiercely, but in his careless, nonchalant, lazy way, with the intruder. He wrote letters, he read new books, gave audience, and said to the unwelcome guest, "I'll none of you." The blood which glanced so quickly and joyfully through his veins, kept up a gay beating at his heart; his eye yet flashed, his soul was buoyant and airy. Ah! 'twas a brace old spirit. How could he think the thing that had been so triumphant over adversity and poverty, that had baffled fortune and contemned care, that revelled even now over age and disease—how could he believe that that mighty, indomitable thing, the human soul, could perish ignobly, silently, with the old worn-out enclosure. He had had a merry life—merry in his garret and starvation, merry in courts and bravos, and faith! he meant to die right merrily. The air came softly and pleasantly into the room, which was subdued to a lovely shaded light; flowers and a basket of fruit on a table near, in endless confusion, with books and papers—and Denis reclined in a large cushioned chair, his eyes bent admiringly and fondly on the beautiful brunette who sat at his feet. The dark, brilliant orbs which returned his gaze, spoke most eloquent things; and a thousand-fold more pretty folly might have been pardoned for the beauty of the coral portal through which the words issued. She was dressed in most exquisite taste, and altogether had the most captivating, charming, irresistible air in the world.

"Now, father," she was saying, "you know I do not love the country; its solitude is stifling and deadening; I feel under a sort of incubus, which, the instant I enter Paris, I fling away"—she threw back her hands with a graceful, child-like motion, "and breathe lightly and joyfully again. But you never saw such a country as this of Languedoc. You never saw anything so lovely as the way in which Henri's father and mother live. Oh! the sunlight over those woods, and the moon resting on the dark, shining leaves, and casting great shadows beyond. They have a charming cottage in the very midst, and everything is so light and cool, and gracefully pretty in it. You know his mother was an Englishwoman, and certainly the Eng-

lish ideas of cleanliness and comfort are beyond all comparison. I do not know why—but I was not the least ennuyé there, there was such a cheerful, indescribably sunny sort of influence over the whole house. The day so fully occupied; Madame de Roche has so many pets; and I would go and feed and take care of them with her; then we would work in the garden, (she has odd little implements made on purpose for her—light and easily managed,) and I worked with her—till my hands—ah! you never saw any thing look as my hands did. She taught me, too, to make nice things for the dessert; and it did delight Henri to see me look conceited, and boast and insist upon his eating them, whether he would or not. We drove out every night at dusk, and returned when the moon was rising. I wish I could give you any idea of Madame de Roche—the dear little round fat woman. Oh! *so* fat; absolutely roly-poly—with such beautiful, white, dimpled hands, a clear fresh skin, not a thread of gray in the dark abundant glossy hair, and an expression as if she longed to bless and beautify the whole world. She has a perfect genius for music—plays on the guitar, and sings charmingly, without ever so much as knowing one written note from another. She had a little grand-child, on whom she perfectly doated, who looked so much like the English—a golden-haired, blue-eyed, graceful little angel; she reminded me of Madeleine. Ah! father, I went to the convent to see dear Madeleine, and she looked so pale and sad behind the grate; so much paler and sadder than when here with us. I know she is not happy; and my heart ached when I saw her, and I stretched out my hands, but the grille was between us, and then—I could not help it—I burst into an agony of tears, and Madeleine fainted, and they carried her away, and told me I must not come again in a long, long time." "I knew it would be so," said Diderot, at length, with a deep sigh; "the life is killing her." "Now I must go," said his daughter, rising; "I have been with you at least two hours. You must come and see us, dear father; you will soon be well enough to go out, and then you must come and see us at our rooms. You have no idea how grand we look, and you cannot possibly have any idea how grand we feel. You'll come in a carriage, and be ushered up stairs, the door will be thrown open, and I'll make a grand, sweeping, stately courtesy, as if it were a prince of the blood. You'll be seated in the most superb, stately chair in the room, and I'll sit at a respectful distance from you, and inquire, with the utmost deference, into the state of your highness's health; perhaps, venture to hazard an opinion on the last opera——and then I'll race across to the big, stately chair, and kiss you to death." Diderot smiled; he would not throw a damper on her happiness; for he knew, though she little dreamt it, that he never would walk out of his own house again. As the door closed upon the gay, graceful apparition, a shade seemed to have fallen upon the apartment; it looked dark and cheerless. "How do you do?" and one of those individuals entered who never make any one feel any better. "You look wretchedly; I asked Doctor ——— about you this morning, and he shook his head. You do not go out at all," he continued, assisting himself to a chair. "I should suppose you would be wearied to death staying here; it is detestable to be sick. I've just seen Grinun, and he tells me that rascally publisher cheated you roundly; your books are selling for ten times the sum he paid for the copyright. You might have cleared a handsome fortune if you had been a little keener. I can assure you you'll have need of all you could have got, my good friend; for though Monsieur and Madame de Roche live very charmingly, they spend a charming amount of money doing it. By-the-bye, it is astonishing what success some people have. You have heard of ———? He

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has become a star of the first magnitude. The Duc himself said to him, the other day, after a profusion of elegant compliments, Diderot's has been called the most encyclopedical head in France, but you, monsieur, out-Herod Herod. Now, my friend, you have spent a life-time in acquiring the reputation which this man thus secures in an hour. Other people have made fortunes out of you. Rivière is perpetually laughing at the readiness with which you are imposed upon; so ungrateful in him, when he has been such a gainer by it. But you look pale; I am wearying you. Good morning. I am afraid you cannot last long;" and with an ominous shake of the head, he vanished. Diderot closed his eyes; he did not wish to last long; his daughter had filled his soul with sweet visions and fancies, but this man had come like the Sirocco across. He touched a bell, and his wife entered with a glass of water. He asked, in a fretful tone, for the basket of fruit, and helped himself to an apricot. "Pray, do not eat that, Denis!" she exclaimed, supplicatingly. "Why, how the deuce can it hurt me?" he returned; and with the words on his lips and fruit yet in his hand, fell back and expired.

THE NATURAL JUSTICE OF WAR.

Mr. Webster has been much censured for saying that it is not the habit of Americans to consider the "natural justice of war." Now, we are no admirers of Mr. Webster's political opinions or character. We have freely condemned his political course. It has generally been in opposition to the democratic party. We have no confidence in him as a politician; and as a statesman, however great he may be esteemed, however brilliant he may appear on the historic page, however he may command the admiration of men, he lacks the affections of the people; he is distrusted in popular opinion—and he must ever be held by the democracy, so far as respects his political action, in cold and repulsive aversion. But then we dislike to see the use made of the sentiment, not many months ago advanced by him, seized upon, as it has been, and tortured into an unjust imputation on the American people. One would suppose enough could be said by democratic editors against Mr. Webster, without converting the casual remark alluded to into a meaning, as derogatory to the orator's common sense as to his ordinary patriotism.

Setting aside all explanations, said to have been made, we want to know if it is not true, not only as it respects Americans, but also with regard to every people, that they do not "consider" the "natural justice of war" when embarking therein. Most wars commence from sudden aggression. A nation is involved in its horrors without the opportunity of deliberation. A point of honor, from which neither belligerent can recede, often precipitates hostilities. Commercial or other interests at stake, make war frequently an act of political necessity. Now, what have all these causes of war to do with its "natural justice." Fine philosophical statesmen those would be, indeed! who, when any of these sorts of war should be sprung upon them, instead of putting their country in the panoply of defence,

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should pause to discuss with their rampant assailants the "natural justice" of the war they are waging.

From Nimrod to the present day, the "natural justice" of war seems to have been about the last thing which has ever entered the heads of the combatants. To a Christian—a true follower of Jesus Christ, all wars are unjust. The "natural justice of war," therefore, in the estimation of such, is an absurdity. If Christians implicitly followed the injunctions of their Divine Master, there would be neither wars of aggression or defence.

But suppose that nations actually did, in these modern days, in the years of our Lord, consider wisely the "natural justice of war"—let us inquire how faithfully we, as a people, have considered it in all those wars which we have waged against the aborigines of this continent? We have, indeed, mastered a mighty continent; and where are the original proprietors of the soil, who once swarmed on the shores?—basked in the sands?—bounded on the prairie, and lorded as legitimate sovereigns of this vast empire? Where are they? God Almighty has recorded the "natural justice" of those wars, by which it has been the "habit" of their Christian successors to extirpate them from the face of the earth. The mighty wave of Anglo-Saxon invasion has swept on and on, without much regard to the "natural justice" of its progress—till the roar of the resistless inundation mingles with the surges of the Pacific, and re-echoes from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains.

There probably never was a serious dispute between two civilized nations, which two wise and good men of each could not have adjusted amicably and satisfactorily, and consistently with the principles of natural justice. But alas! these principles are the last rule of nations. Practically, all statesmen look chiefly for the promotion of the interests of their own country.

And now to bring the subject home to the present condition of our national affairs—we so far agree with Mr. Webster, as to be unwilling to discuss the "natural justice" of the present war with Mexico—we are equally unwilling to "count the cost" in dollars and cents, in his meaning of the phrase. We are in for it, and we must win. Triumph and glory must crown our conquering progress. The party which arrays itself against our victorious march upon the aggressive Mexicans, will prove a miserable abortion of political fatuity.

But when we shall have "conquered peace"—when we have brought our foe to terms—then, it seems to us, a difficulty will arise more serious than the abstract "natural justice" of the war, or than the painful duty of counting the cost.

Then, the interests of the whole nation, and not of a section, must determine the national action. Then more momentous questions than any involved since the formation of the Constitution must arise. For that crisis public men must prepare, and the press must fearlessly speak in relation to it, in all its bearings and consequences.

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VERSE LIMNINGS.—No. 2.

THE VAIN AND PROUD.

The vain are ever seeking to proclaim
A beauty, fortune, or a noisy name.
Their self-conceit is never pleased so well
As when a crowd can see them puff and swell.—
The idling groups that gather in the street,
Or in saloons, where all is gilded, meet.
Their shallow minds are ever bent on arts
Whose practice will display their showy parts,
Draw notes of praise from Admiration's quill,
Or petty comments on a good or ill.
No matter which—to such sad straits they're driven,
Attention pleases, though to vice tis given.
The body's decked in all the hues combined,
While quite as many glaze the painted mind.
Through these its purposes are shifting still,
As each in turn lends color to the will;
And prismed sight complacently espies
Like admiration in all other eyes.

Another feature characters the proud;
They seek no flatt'ry from the changeful crowd.
Careless of what is thought or said by these,
Will learn no arts their vanity to please.
In all they meet, expect the lowly bent
And modest head in meek acknowledgment
Of vast superiority accords
A slight return that *graciously* rewards.
Important ends, however much desired,
Pride scorns to gain if meanness be required,
Forever craving, still its want conceals,
Lest common ill a common rank reveals,
And oft in lonely grandeur moves apart,
While bitter fancy gnaws its own stern heart.
It scorns to do what much it wishes done,
Lest false construction should the truth outrun.
Seeming encased in proofest coat of mail,
No web of gossamer was e'er so frail;
And souls that seem of adamantine strength,
Are pierced by trifles of a pin's point length!
No nature so belies its outward show;
None feels so keenly the most trifling blow;
And none that contradicts itself so much—
For giants' blows will seem a fairy's touch,
And scarcely felt while victory is gained
By those high spirits are by pride sustained.
Weak in their strength, and in their weakness strong,
The proud charge others, whilst themselves they wrong.

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LAST WORDS OF THE LEARNED.

> "The grave 's the pulpit of departed man,
> From it he speaks."

PLINY, in one of his letters, asserts that he has frequently observed, amongst the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most worthy of admiration. The remark is no less true at the present day. How many of the unostentatiously great have passed away without the loud clarion of fame to echo their virtues to the living multitudes! But for this, what a rich store of instruction might have been garnered from the final utterances of many a heaven-bound spirit. If, says an eminent theologian, the reputation of the living were the only source from which the honor of our race is derived, the death of an eminent man would be a subject of immitigable grief. It is the lot of few to attain great distinction, before death has placed them above the distorting medium through which men are seen by their contemporaries. It is the lot of still fewer to attain it by qualities which exalt the character of our species. Envy denies the capacity of some; slander stigmatises the principles of others; fashion gives an occasional currency to false pretensions; and the men by whom the age is hereafter to be known, are often too much in advance of it to be discernible by the common eye. All these causes combine to reduce the stock of living reputation as much below the real merits of the age, as it is below the proper dignity of man; and he who should wish to elevate his spirit by great examples of wisdom, genius and patriotism, if he could not derive them from the illustrious dead, would have better reason than the son of Philip, to weep at the limits which confined him. To part with the great and good from a world which thus wants them, and not to receive thereafter the refreshing influence of their purified and exalted fame, would be to make death almost the master of our virtue, as he appears to be of our perishable bodies. The living and the dead are, however, but one family; and the moral and intellectual affluence of those who have gone before, remains to enrich their posterity. The great fountain of human character lies beyond the confines of life, where the passions cannot invade it. It is in that region, that among innumerable proofs of man's nothingness, are preserved the records of his immortal descent and destiny. It is there the spirits of all ages, after their sun is set, are gathered into one firmament, to shed their unquenchable light upon us. It is in the great assembly of the dead, that the philosopher and the patriot, who have passed from life, complete their benefaction to mankind, by becoming imperishable examples of virtue. Beyond the circle of those private affections which cannot choose, but shrink from the inroads of death, there is no grief then for the departure of the eminently good and wise. No tears but those of gratitude, should fall into the graves of such as are gathered in honor to their forefathers. By their now unenvied virtues and talents, they have become a new possession to posterity; and when we commemorate them, and pay the debt which is their due, we increase and confirm our own inheritance. Cyrus, in his last agonies, desired the Persians to rejoice at his funeral, and not to lament as if he were really dead.

The ideas usually entertained respecting dissolution, are very unphilo-

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sophical. We are accustomed to associate the separation of soul and body with horror and dread, as if death were necessarily agonizing and distressing, but this is far from being the case universally: the instances, indeed, to the contrary, are both numerous and striking. How frequently do we hear or witness the departure of a spirit from its frail tenement, marked by all the placidity of a summer sun-set, wholly insensible to pain—rather, indeed, joyously relinquishing its hold on things of earth? Dr. Hunter was an instance of this kind. A few moments prior to his decease, he said to a friend who attended him—"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

By way of exordium to what is to follow respecting the death-scenes of remarkable persons, we cannot deny ourselves a brief citation from Lowell, the poet, as it evinces all the glowing beauty of a poet's feeling. Speaking of the final disunion of our complex being, when the drapery of our humanity is about to be laid by, he says:

"Why should men ever be afraid to die, but that they regard the spirit as secondary to that which is but its mere appendage and conveniency—its symbol, its word, its means of visibility? If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? A child looks forward to his new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. We should welcome death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession, though, it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it.

"The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather. To the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles. It is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.

"We look at death through the cheap-glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him the monster which the flawed and cracked glass represents him."

The moralist inquires, how a man has lived? our curiosity is even more excited as to how he died; and it is a no less interesting question to ascertain what influence mental cultivation has exerted on his last moments. The close of cultivated men, with few exceptions, has been marked by serenity and composure, from the ascendancy of their mental powers overcoming the terrors of death. This is, however, most triumphantly exhibited in the decease of the Christian, since he brings to the solemn occasion the soul-transporting influences of a "hope full of immortality." The degrees of mental supremacy in the article of death, cause the differences which characterize the last hours of men of various nations. The prevailing unintellectual tendencies of the Turks induce, consequently, their greater tenacity to life, from their indolent love of animal indulgence; the recklessness and uncivilized habits of the Arabs, and other predatory races, account for their utter indifference to the value of existence, and the calm philosophy of the Germans, their stoicism; while the mercurial volatility, and irritability of the French, supply us with the solution of the causes which render them no less the victims of disquietude at the period of dissolution; for too generally, to quit the scenes of busy life is, according to their belief—

"To die, and go we know not whore."

How grateful the contrast afforded by the last expressions of Addison, whose spirit was illumed by the cheering light of Divine truth. When he called

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to his bed-side his profligate son-in-law, exclaiming, "Behold, with what tranquillity a Christian can die!" The ancients have left as many touching instances of the ruling principle that reigned in life, being most powerful on the dying.

"Call it not vain—they do not err who say,
The ruling principle our life that marked,
Is seen most visibly when to decay
We yield. The seaman deems himself embarked,
That man of tempests and of direful storms;
The miser clutches at his gold and dies;
Springing from off his couch, the hated forms
Of enemies the warrior chief descries:
Visions of all his actions swiftly pass
In panoramic view his eyes before;—
The poet, as he breathed his 'choaked alas!'
Has feebly pointed to his escritoir.
These show the spell that charmed our lives along,—
E'en in the last—the dying hour is strong."

Seneca, the moralist, endured pains and agonies that were long and violent, as he lay with his veins opened, pouring forth his life; yet his sufferings, acute as they must have been, could not repress his fortitude or his eloquence. He dictated, we learn from history, a discourse to two secretaries, which was read with great avidity after his death by the people, but which has since perished in the wreck of time. Says a contemporary:

"What a lesson is there taught in the withering rebuke and apostrophe of Cæsar, when he fell, cleft to the ground by the conspirators' daggers: 'Et tu, Brute!' It reveals the faithlessness of friends, though deemed as firm as the sea-beaten rock; it shows the poignancy of the sorrow that momentarily wrung the Emperor's bosom, when he perceived Brutus foremost in dealing the fatal blows. 'Et tu, Brute!' surely those words speak volumes—lessons that should ever be garnered up fondly! The remark of the wicked and voluptuous Nero, in his dying moments, is worthy of record: 'Is this your fidelity!' said he to a freedman, who, under pretence of staying the blood, was endeavoring to hasten his master's death."

The poet Lucan, in the very act of expiring, repeated the beautiful description, in his own poem of the "*Pharsalia*," of a person in his precise circumstances:

"Nec, sicut vulnere, sanguis
Emicuit lentus: ruptis cadit undique venis.
Pars ultima trunci
Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus, artus
At, tumidus quâ pulmo jacet, quâ viscera fervent
Hæserunt, ibi fata diu; Luctataque multum
Hac cum parte viri vix omnia membra tulerunt."

The story of Arria exhibits a memorable instance of heroic fortitude. Pœtus, her husband, having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms in Illyria against Claudius, was taken, after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Arria having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself, rather than submit to an ignominious end. Pliny records, she plunged the dagger into her breast, and then presented it to her husband, exclaiming, "Pœtus, it is not painful!" Marc Antony died, exhorting Cleopatra not to lament, but to congratulate himself upon his former felicity; considering himself as one who had lived the most powerful of men, and at last as perishing by the hand of a Roman. Cleopatra's end was equally indicative

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of her character; her love to Antony, even after his decease, remained true. In all her gorgeous robes she feasted at a splendid banquet, previous to applying the asp; her attendants found her on a gilded couch, even

"More beautiful in death than life!"

Near her, Inas, one of her faithful attendants, was stretched lifeless at her feet; and Charmion, herself almost expiring, was settling the diadem upon Cleopatra's head. "Alas!" cried one of the messengers, "was this well done, Charmion?" "Yes," she replied, "it was well done; such a death becomes a glorious queen, descended from a race of noble ancestors." On pronouncing these words, she fell down and died with her much-loved mistress.

We have many instances of persons who have evinced their strength of mind, by composing verses when on the point of death. The emperor Adrian, before expiring, it is stated, composed the celebrated epigram, "*Animula Vagula Blandula.*" Salmasius, attacked by a mortal disease, still young, and while in momentary expectation of death, composed his epitaph in verse. We have abundance of instances on record, however, of the last moments of celebrated men, evincing

"The ruling passion strong in death."

And even is this the case with some of that limited number of the world's great thinkers and seers, who discern

"The far-off mountain-tops of distant thoughts,
That men of common stature never saw."

When Alfieri drew near his end, he was persuaded to see a priest, but on his appearing, he begged him to defer his visit another day. On the morrow, when the official again appeared, he urged, "at present I have but a few minutes to live," and entreating that the Countess of Albany—widow of Stuart, the Pretender—might be called, exclaimed, on seeing her, "Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die!" and immediately expired. Petrarch died of apoplexy, seated in his library, with one arm resting on a book. De Lagny, who was intended by his friends for the study of the law, having fallen on Euclid, found it so congenial to his disposition, that he devoted himself to mathematics. In his last moments, when he retained no further recollection of the friends surrounding his bed, one of them, perhaps to make a philosophical experiment, thought proper to ask him the square of 12; our dying mathematician instantly, and perhaps without knowing that he answered, replied, "144." Pere Bouhours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutiæ of letters. He was more solicitous of his words than his thoughts. It is said, that when he was dying, he called out to his friends (a correct grammarian to the last,) "*Je* VAS, *ou je'* VAIS *mourir; l'un ou l'autre se dit.*" When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language. And when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state, in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him,—"Hold your tongue," he said, "your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them. The favorite studies and amusements of the learned La Moth le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion, when death hung upon his lips. Bernier, the celebrated traveller, entering,

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and drawing the curtains of his bed to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turned to him, and with a faint voice inquired, "Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul?" The virtuous Erasmus, when dying, exclaimed, "Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!" Boyle, having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words of Lord Chesterfield were, "Give Dayroles a chair." The last words of Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor." Charles I., on the scaffold, said, "I fear not death! death is not terrible to me." Sir Thomas More pleasantly said, when mounting the scaffold, "I pray you see me up safe; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Rousseau called his wife to the bedside, and told her to throw up the window, "that he might see once more the magnificent scene of nature." The noble testimony of Frederic V., of Denmark, who, in his last moments, exclaimed, "It is a great consolation to me, in my last hour, that I have never wilfully offended any one, and that there is not a drop of blood on my hands," might also be cited. Whether true or fabulous, Homer is said to have died of grief, at not being able to expound a riddle, propounded by some simple fisherman—"Leaving what 's took, what we took not, we bring!" a knotty point, it is true, but scarcely worth the expense of one's precious vitality.

Chaucer repeated, in his last moments, the "Balade made by Geoffrey Chaucyer, upon his dethe bedde, lying in his grete anguisse." As few readers may be familiar with these beautiful stanzas, we subjoin a portion of them, with the orthography modernized:

"Fly from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
  Content with what thou hast tho' it be small;
To hoard brings hate; nor lofty thoughts pursue—
  He who climbs high endangers many a fall.
Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,
  And oft the sun that raises, it will hide;
Trace not in life a vast expensive scheme,
  But be thy wishes to thy state allied.
Be mild to others, to thyself severe,
  So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear."

Waller affords a somewhat similar instance with the above. He expired in the act of rehearsing some favorite passage from Virgil:—likewise others of more recent date, such as the Earl of Roscommon, who, at the moment he expired, uttered, with the energy of devotion, these two lines of his version of Dies Iræ:

"My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia, is expressive of that settled melancholy which hung over him through life: "I have but one favor to ask," said he, "that you would collect my works, and commit them to the flames; particularly my *Jerusalem Delivered.*" But how beautifully pathetic are the last words he uttered this side the grave! how sublime their pathos and sentiment!—the breathing of a soul entranced in seraphic enjoyment! His friend and physician, Rinaldini, informed him that he had no hopes of his recovery; and how did this affect him? His last words were,—"*In manus tuas Domine,*"—though life became extinct before he could pronounce them all. He lived to receive great honors at the Eternal City, and from the Pope. Klopstock expired in the rehearsal of his own beautiful verses, descriptive of the death of Mary, the sister of

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Mary and Lazarus. This song of Mary, observes Mad. de Stael, was sung at the public funeral of the poet.

We lately met with a touching incident, which we transcribe, related of a celebrated French comic writer, Louis de Boissi, who, though he is said to have labored incessantly for the public, and enjoyed a large share of popular favor, was at one time languishing, with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest poverty. Boissi had friends, who would readily have relieved him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not that friendly impetuosity which forces assistance on the modest sufferer. He became at length the prey of distress, and sunk into despondency. The shortest way to rid himself at once of his load of misery, seemed to him to be death; on which he speculated with the despair of a man who has none of the consolations of religion. His wife, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation, as often as he declaimed, in all the warmth of poetic rapture, on the topic of deliverance from this earthly prison, and the smiling prospects of futurity; till, at length, she formed the resolution to accompany him in death. They could not, however, bear to think of leaving their beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them, on their passage to another and better; and the mode of dissolution they chose was starvation. Shutting themselves up in their apartments, an obscure and wretched abode, they prepared for their dissolution with immovable fortitude. When any one came and knocked, they crept trembling into a corner for fear of being discovered. Their little boy, who had not yet learned to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying, asked for bread; but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissi's friends, that it was very extraordinary that he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family had changed their lodgings; but on assuring himself of the contrary, he began to be alarmed. He called several times in one day, and at last burst open the door; when he saw his friend, with his wife and son, extended on the bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound! The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and wife had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had passed his lips. The parents lay still, in a perfect stupor, and seemed quite insensible to the embraces of their agitated friend. Their eyes, half-shut, were directed towards the boy; and a tender expression of pity could yet be discerned glancing through those eyelids which were on the point of closing on him for ever. The friend hastened to take measures for their recovery, but did not succeed without great difficulty. They thought themselves already far from the troubles of life, and were terrified at being suddenly brought back to them. Bereft of sense and reflection, they yielded, however, to the attempts that were made to recall them to life. Nature did her office, and their friend did not leave them till fully restored. The occurrence caused much excitement in Paris at the time; and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour; who, commiserating the deplorable situation of poor Boissi, sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured for him a lucrative editorship of one of the leading French papers, with the addition of a pension for his wife and child should they survive him. Dr. Johnson's extreme fear of death presents a remarkable contrast to the preceding. It is well-known, that, with all his great and powerful intellect, such was his singular dread of dissolution, that he could scarcely be persuaded to execute his will, lest the act should hasten his end.

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When a friend called upon him he exclaimed, in a melancholy tone, "*Jam moriturus.*" The "dread monster," on the last day of his existence, came to his mental apprehension envisaged with all the horrors that had so haunted him through life. Byron was of excessive nervous irritability; he died, according to Dr. Madden's opinion, the victim of mal-treatment: muttering inaudibly some verses about his sister and child, but so inarticulately as not to have been perceived. Cowper, the most surprising instance of nervous melancholy throughout the greater period of his life-time, happily was permitted to resign his spirit, cheered by the blessed assurance of Christian hope,—his end was as calm as a sleep. Mary, Scotland's ill-fated queen, met the "gloomy king" under the most appalling circumstances, with a degree of firmness and heroic resolution, strikingly opposed to what might have been looked for from so gentle a creature, oppressed with such heavy misfortunes, and so numerous,—deserted by every professed friend, with only her faithful little dog to share her sorrows.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when seized with a palsy, which put an end to his existence. Bead died in the act of dictating.

Napoleon's last words were, "*tête d'armèe,*" an unmistakable evidence how his thoughts were occupied on the eve of his departure from his warlike career. What words could be supposed more in accordance with the tenor of his history? He died in his military garb, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

Instances occur to us of terrible death-beds, such as that of the wretched atheist, Altamont, the sad story of whose mental anguish, at the moment of dissolution—if it were not, indeed, sufficiently known already to the reader—is too harrowing for recital here. Others, somewhat of the like distressing character, also exist upon record. One we might refer to—that of Cardinal Beaufort, accused of having murdered the Duke of Gloucester, the faithful remembrance of which seemed to have filled his mind with indescribable terrors; for it is stated, his end was one of the most terrible ever witnessed. His last words were—"And must I then die?—will not all my riches save me? I could purchase a kingdom, if that would save my life! What! is there no bribing death?" Shakspeare's description of the Cardinal's death is awfully yet scrupulously true.

The death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham was one of remorse, from her faithless conduct towards the unfortunate Earl of Essex. 'Tis said Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch, with "God may forgive you, but I never will." This same queen, in her turn, endured the pangs of an unappeased conscience in her last minutes; for she exclaimed, "All my possessions for a moment of time." On the other hand, how many have met death as a holy thing, rejoicing in the casting off the bondage of earth; a calm and peace have pervaded their actions, and a smile has heightened their angelic looks, as they fled from time for eternity. Anne Boleyn was perfectly resigned to her fate; her thoughts were on another world. She observed, clasping her neck, "It is but small—very small." The deaths of that hapless yet beautiful pair, Lord Dudley and the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, were marked by a pious and settled composure: of the latter 'tis truthfully said—

"Yet here she kneels in her unfolding years,
All yet unreached the height of womanhood,
Kneels face to face with death, and feels no fears,
Though the keen axe be soon to drink her blood:
Calm looks she, as the seaman on the flood,
Which, though it loudly rage, and wildly foam,
Shall bear him bravely to his distant home."

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Sir Isaac Newton died in the act of winding up his watch—a singular emblem of the winding up of his own career of brilliant achievement. Haller, feeling his pulse, exclaimed, "the artery ceases to beat," and instantly expired. The following stanzas, penned on the bed of sickness, merit notice, from their richness and soft harmony. The author's name is Wood, who resided in Kent, England, comparatively unknown to fame; yet his muse is evidently endowed with a keen relish for Nature's beauties, for he seems to riot in her magnificent charms. Feelingly he wrote, on his dying couch, the following:

"Now bear me hence away,
I like not this close room, so small and dim;
Around the curtained bed are shadows grim,
Which jauntly play,
Turning my mind from prayer;
I know they tell me of my coming fate,
But oh! not here—I would the change await
In the cool air."

Haydn's faculties, like those of many other men celebrated for their genius, were impaired before his frame. His latter years were those of a drooping and demented old man. He was sometimes visited by strangers; they found him in a simple chamber, sitting before a desk, with the melancholy look of one who felt that all his early powers were gone. When he took notice of his visiters he smiled, and tears stole down his cheek; but he sometimes seemed to feel sudden bursts of memory, and talked strikingly of his early career.

When the war broke out between Austria and France, in 1809, the intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the shattered remnant of his remaining strength. He was continually inquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang, with the slender voice left to him—

"God preserve the Emperor."

The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, having reached Schoenbrun, half a league's distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon shot, within two yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him full of terror. The old man, rousing himself, got up from his easy-chair, and with a dignified air, demanded, "why this terror?—Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is." A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. His strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able—"God preserve the Emperor!" It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and expired; aged 78 years.

Haydn was very religious during the whole of his life. At the commencement of all his scores, he inscribed, *In nomine Domini*, or *Soli Deo gloria;* and at the conclusion of all of them is written, *Laus Deo.* When, in composing, he felt his imagination decline, or was stopped by some difficulty which then appeared insurmountable, he rose from the piano-forte and began to run over his rosary, and he said he never found this method fail.—"When," says he, "I was employed upon 'The Creation,' I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that, before I sat down to the instrument,

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I prayed to God with earnestness, that he would enable me to praise him worthily." This masterpiece was the fruit, we believe, of nine years' toil.

We give another anecdote of his brother-composer, Mozart: he seems, however, to have suffered, like Johnson, from prevailing fears of death.—There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. "His sweetest song was the last he sung"—the "*Requiem.*" He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length, the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—*my* Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solacement and delight." Emilie obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

"Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

"Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched, shall find
A haven—a mansion of rest.

"Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing."

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.

We turn again, for a moment, to the closing scenes of some of the earlier poets,—citing a few cases at random. The two we commence with are melancholy enough.

Otway, the dramatist, died at the early age of thirty-four; though, in the manner of his death, his biographers somewhat differ. It is said that, having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public house on Tower Hill, where he died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing a piece of bread, which charity had supplied after a long fast. He went, as is reported, almost in a nude state, and in the rage of hunger, finding a

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gentleman in a neighboring coffee-house, he asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; when Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful. Pope says that Otway died of a fever, caught by a violent pursuit of a thief, who had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might have brought him to the grave.

Philip Massinger, the immediate successor of Shakspeare, and second only to him as a dramatic poet,—often as majestic, and generally more elegant than his master,—was as powerful a ruler of the understanding as the Bard of Avon was of the passions. And yet, with such rare talents, Massinger appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity, and to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine. Life was to him one long wintry day, and "shadows, clouds and darkness" sat upon it. Even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. It simply states: "March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, *a stranger!*"

The last lines penned by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the night previous to his execution, may be familiar to the reader: they commence—

"Go, Soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
  The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

"Go, tell the Court it glows
  And shines like soften wood;
Go, tell the Church it *shews*
  What's good, and *doth* no good.
If Church and Court reply,
  Then give them both the lie."

When on the scaffold, he desired to see the axe; and feeling the edge of it, said to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils! Being asked which way he chose to place himself on the block, he replied, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies," and giving the signal, he received the stroke with the most perfect composure. Such was the end of this great and illustrious man, of whom the age was not worthy.

When the poet Goethe, after more than the usually allotted term of human existence, was met by the summons, it found him still busy with the pen, the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sank as a child, who, with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek, looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy, folds himself to sleep. "*Let the light enter,*" were his last words, echoed, we may suppose, says his biographer, from a region where all is light.

We gather from the interesting memoirs of that surprising woman, Madame de Staël, that her last expressions, addressed to Chateaubriand, were, "I have loved God, my father, and liberty;" and on quoting the memorable words of Fontenelle, "I am a Frenchman, fourscore years old, yet I never ridiculed the slightest virtue;" she added, with strong emphasis, "I can say as much of the slightest suffering"—a noble confession, worthy of all imitation.

We find when that voluminous scribe, Sir Walter Scott, was near his end, he expressed a wish to Lockhart, his son-in-law, that he would read to him; and when asked from what book, he replied, "need you ask? there

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is but one!" Lockhart then read the 14th chap. of John's Gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc., to which, adds the biographer, Sir Walter listened with mild devotion, and then replied—"Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I *were yet to be myself again!*" The last words of Mr. Jefferson, who died just half a century after the passage of his immortal Declaration of Independence, were, "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country!" The dying words of John Adams, the same day, were still more characteristic of the man. A few minutes before he died, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the 4th of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day," and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips. It is refreshing to find some evidences of deep consciousness of the vast solemnity befitting a dying hour, among men endowed beyond the average of their race, with intellectual strength; as in the case of Grotius, who, on being asked for his dying admonition, exclaimed, "*Be serious!*" All his vast learning did not allow him to think lightly of the paramount claims of those things which make for our eternal peace. Sir William Jones, one of the most brilliant geniuses that ever lived, affords similar evidence of the right estimate of human learning, compared with the more important concerns of the future world. "It matters not," says Johnson, "how a man dies, but how he lives." And even the skeptical Rousseau observes: "The great error is, allowing too much importance to life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death." To attach ourselves but slightly to human affairs, is the best method of learning to die. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house and gardens, at Hampton Court, instead of his replying in the language of flattery, he exclaimed, "Ah! David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible." And at the dying couch of one of the ancient philosophers, when some attendants were softly speaking upon some metaphysical topic, he eagerly opened his eyes, and said, "Let me understand what you are discoursing about, that then I may die." Alas! how little, after all their toil and assiduity, can even the greatest men attain! Newton confessed to this, when he compared his vast scientific acquisitions in the view of the boundless regions of unexplored knowledge, to a child picking up pebbles by the sea side. To thinking minds, time is never so impressively marked, as by the successive exit of the great men of an age. The constellation which ushered in the present epoch, is going out one by one. Goethe, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, have departed; and the amiable and enchanting melody of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans, we hear no longer in new outgushings of their muse.

The closing scenes of Mrs. Hemans' life display her affection in a high and rich degree. The recurrences to childhood show how quiet her conscience, and how mellowed her memory: her conversations with her sister all breathe a hope of immortality; the anxious yearning of a mind free from the impurities of earth, and ready to participate in that pleasure which is shared in a land her own pen has so touchingly depicted:

> "Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
> Sorrows and death may not enter there,
> Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom."

She has been portrayed to us as of most exquisite mould; her features transcendantly beautiful—"a fitting shrine for so pure a mind." As is the case with most, if not all who write, day after day, for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind, and wore away her frame,

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which, we are told, became, towards the last, almost etherealized. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away, to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely "profaned what was born for the skies." On her tomb, which, as stated in a previous paper, is in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph:

> "Calm on the bosom of thy God,
> Fair spirit! rest thee now!
> E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
> His seal was on thy brow.
> Dust to the narrow home beneath!
> Soul to its place on high!
> They that have seen thy look in death,
> Nor more may fear to die."

There is something, we repeat, singularly sad and solemn in these departures. Its great ones seem the essential features of an age; and when they are removed, "a chill comes over us," to use the expressive words of an elegant author; "the ground seems taken from under our feet; we feel as though a change of dispensation were at hand—an untried and unknown future were about to open up before us."

LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM.

(Concluded.)

JERUSALEM, *Tisri 2d.*

To my Mother in Tarsus, Cilicia:

OH! the years, the years, dear mother, which have passed since we have exchanged letters! Never have I written to you since that dreadful year I spent with Benaiah. Poor old man! how heart-broken he was then, and how little possible it appeared that he or I would ever smile with heart and hope again; but God hideth us in the covert of his wings, so that no lasting evil may be ours. Our sorrow was changed to resignation and cheerfulness, when you were enabled to take up your abode in our glorious Jerusalem. From that time can be dated all my happiness, for my mind had become sick, indeed, and I rebelled against God, that He should so have changed light into darkness for those I had loved, and I asked what crime had been their's, that could make a just God chase them out from the world. "My purposes were all broken, even the thoughts of my heart"—but, mother, you were sent, as an angel, to give us somewhat of your undoubting faith, because of your wisdom, and good words, and wit. Benaiah smiled again; we all smiled. Then came the day when love for Azariah dwelt in my heart, and never again have I wondered at Sarai's devotion to Helon. Then was brought to us the joyful summons to go to Benaiah's dwelling, and see why he was the happiest man in the world. Shall you ever forget how like a glad man he looked, that day, as he came forth to meet us? How a load of trouble, that had pressed him exceedingly, almost not to be borne, seemed to have been removed, and life given him again? And when we asked the cause

of all this, he showed the young child, Sarai's first-born. How we tried to trace her expression in his fine face, and thought we succeeded; and then how we wept when we removed his tattered dress, and found fastened in its folds a scrap of parchment, with these few words written on it—"This child of mine, whose name is Benaiah, I send to you, father, to be yours; the blessing you denied me, give to him. That curse has long been retracted by this time; for perhaps God has told you, in some manner, that I have done but right, and have never repented." The child was too young to tell us about his parents; indeed, we knew he must have been a long time parted from them, for he talked incessantly of people we knew nothing of, and not of his parents.

This letter-writing recalls the far and the near past very vividly to my mind; and I always write of that which is present in my thoughts. Beside, in the two weeks which have passed since you left, nought of importance has occurred. The children are well. Azariah has been out to his vineyard, and returned; he says all is safe there. Yesterday and to-day he is busy overseeing the decorations of the city, for the approaching Feast of the Tabernacles. The city is nearly twice as full of people as it was when you left; all is work and expectation. Benaiah prophesies that, as the crops have been unusually rich, the rejoicings and feast will be unusually magnificent; but we have heard such so often at each recurring harvest, that I begin to doubt them, and do not believe it will be remarkable enough to notice. I, however, shall carry my gift to God very gladly. He has spared us life, and given us good without measure. Happy in health, luxury and love, how can I be else than joyful?

The boys are released, till after the feast, from their studies, and make almost too much noise, even for their mother. Now they have gone to practise the creed with Nicodemus' sons and their guests. Benaiah, the younger, has gone with them. How much I always wish, when I see our fine-looking Benaiah, that his mother could see him, and be as proud of him as we are. Soon he will be seventeen, and then he will sit at the feet of Gamaliel. I expect much of him; his talents are great, his heart is good. Nicodemus' house is full of guests; so is Joseph of Arimathea's; Hosea and his wife abide with Joseph. As yet we have no guest, but by to-morrow I expect some will come whom we invited. As you are not to be here, Judith thinks she will go to Uriah's house. For that I am sorry. The rest on my list are coming, so we shall have a glad house. Pilate is to be here the day after to-morrow; his palace has been prepared sometime for him; and the Roman soldiers are seen in every street. Hateful! that our feasts should always cause their appearance. Would that the time had really come that they fear, a rise among the people. It is rumored that there is more apprehension than usual of such a rise, because it is supposed the new Christ will be at the feast; but I see no reason to expect anything of him. We have not heard anything of him since the festival in the spring. He has probably given up his over-bold project, and again our hopes are to be dashed. Our new Christ, we must begin to suspect, I fear, has gone back to his making of sandals, which they say he came from. Heard you ever of such bare-faced impertinence? Our Messiah, a sandal-maker! How excited you were about him at the last feast. Had we not both been ill, I fear me we should not have minded Azariah's laugh, but gone in search of the vulgar impostor, as he called him. To this feast, if he comes, I have threatened to go and see him. Azariah still only laughs, and says if I should be a convert to a man who is foolish enough to make pretensions to be the Messiah, and at the same time to tell the people to love their enemies, that he shall think

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no more of my wisdom. So, mother, I must not become fascinated, as they say all are who see this sandal-maker, for I must not descend from the pinnacle of wisdom Azariah is pleased to place me on. Mother, dear, I am tired and sleepy. It is late—I have had to superintend the preserving of some Egyptian melons, for my Ruth has been ill for a few days; she is now nearly well, but is too valuable to be exposed to a recurrence of illness. I did not dare trust any other of my bond-women. I hear Azariah's step. Farewell!

Tisri 19th.

It is the fourth day of the feast, and I wish it had not been so necessary for you to make your visit before this festival was over; for, as was prophesied, it has been unusually magnificent; the tents have been larger than ever before known, and, at night, more brilliantly lit. Our tabernacle is placed without the city, so that there might be room enough in it. Beautiful it is; exquisite devices of flowers are formed to ornament it, and these are replaced by new and fresh ones at morning and at evening. Azariah is as delighted as a boy with the arrangements of the feast; great credit is due to him for these arrangements. Our expected guests have all come, and are good and glad. The children are kind and thoughtful in their happiness. The little pet, Rebekah, often asks for you, and the boys are meditating a letter for you. Judah uses the styles quite readily, I find. Pilate went round the city to-day to see the decorations; he came into our tabernacle. One cannot help being interested in this Pilate. One pities his weakness and cowardice, which is, in fact, wickedness. He seems to have good intentions, but alas for his moral energy! He is a sickly man, and that, perhaps, is the cause of his not being able to meet danger bravely; for the connection between body and mind is so intimate and subtle, that we should not always judge of the soul's health until we know of the body's vigor. He suffers much from his head aching; but to-day he was well, and in fine spirits. He is pleased with the tabernacles—with the people—with everything. He says all is quiet and orderly, and he observed that that carpenter, (it seems this Jesus is a carpenter's son, and not a sandal-maker, as I said,) has not made his appearance. After he had gone, Nicodemus came in, and his thoughts seemed elsewhere; he was abstracted, and not very agreeable or companionable. At last I ventured to ask where his carpenter was; you know you and I suspected he was more interested than he cared to own. He looked up somewhat sternly, and said that he had appeared in the Temple to-day, when it was at its fullest, and taught the people; that he had heard him for awhile, but had come away, for he feared the priests would incite the people to stone him; and he could not bear to see him killed, for he believed him a good man, though, perhaps, crazed on the subject of his rank in life. He thought it was not improbable that he might be one of the forerunners of the Christ, and so far inspired—that he must be a man of singular boldness, to dare appear again at another feast, if he was not upheld by a higher power than his own. All this corroborated our suspicions, mother; so I asked, had he ever had any interview with him—seen him elsewhere than in crowds? He said that once he had talked to him when he was alone, but that then he spoke in a new and incomprehensible manner. Then Nicodemus sighed, and seemed impatient of the subject which a few moments before had so deeply engrossed him. After some indifferent remarks, upon as indifferent things, he went his way.

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Others came in, and most of them spoke of Jesus. This Christ, then, is here, of whom the common people tell either such wonders or such falsehoods; and he must not go away without my seeing him. Azariah says that he cannot reconcile it with his ideas of right or propriety, for a Jew, who has been known to have studied the prophesies, as he has, to be seen going in search of such a ridiculous preacher; and that I must, if I go at all, find some other companion, for he cannot go with me. The priests begin to fear him, and they talk of convening the Sanhedrim especially to talk of his case. This reconciles me somewhat to my reawakened interest. If they fear him, he must be a man of power. All our guests are such firm Pharisees, and scarcely brook the Christ; so I shall not place myself in a situation to be refused their company or escort, and I have engaged the services of young Benaiah for to-morrow.—Farewell for to-night.

Tisri 24th.

The last day of the feast is over, dear mother, and again we are home. These words say little, but this feast has, perhaps, been an epoch in my life. I cannot but hope that the Saviour has at last come! "God has given us untold blessings. God will save Zion, and will build the cities of Judah." He has promised his son shall come: may he not be among us? Had you been with me in these last days, you would question, I think, as I do. Benaiah and I searched for Jesus the fifth, sixth and seventh days of the feast, but we always went to the Temple when he was not to be found there, or sought him elsewhere, without success. We even went to Bethany to try and find him, for it is said he goes very much to the house of a man by the name of Lazarus, a man of some note in Bethany. We found the house, and were ushered into the court. The house reminded me of our old house in Nyssa. In the court were two young women sewing, evidently sisters, by the strong resemblance existing. One, the younger, was by far the most beautiful, though the elder had a very sweet face. Upon hearing what I sought for, the elder said that he had gone out with her brother Lazarus, and asked her sister—Mary, she called her—when they would return. Mary merely said that "the Master did not say;" and with a gentle smile and bow to us, strangers, resumed her work. The dwelling of these friends of Jesus was comfortable, and had that look of home which one cannot describe, and which nought but pure minds can bring around them. I longed to stay with the sweet sisters; but meeting with no invitation to remain from the one I most fancied, the Mary I spoke of as being so lovely, I turned away from the house, sorry that the courtesy had not been changed to a heartfelt wish that I would talk with them yet longer.

Yesterday was the last day of the feast, and the sun shone as if he, too, loved the day—the great day of the festival. The Temple was thronged, and the Christ and the religious ceremonies of the day seemed to divide the interest. Some said he would, and others he would not come. Towards sunset, when the heat was less, yet the day as bright as ever, the procession for the last great ceremony began to form. Joy beamed in all countenances, as they pressed on towards the Fount of Siloam, without the city. Benaiah and myself had been in the Temple all the morning, even till past, long past, the mid-day heat; but, tired and weary, we went home awhile to rest. As the procession trooped on its way, we went to the Temple for the last time that day; as we did not intend

leaving it again till midnight, unless Jesus should come there before then. We reached there in time to secure good places near the priest's court, in the court of the Gentiles; for it was there that they said Jesus mostly taught. It was well we went as we did, for the crowd soon pressed in, and became very dense, and made up of all nations. I clung to Benaiah's arm, and almost repented my zeal. I was soon engaged in watching the almost numberless priests, as they arranged themselves in their order in their court. Presently the prayers and the voices of the people were silenced by the shout which told that the water was drawn from the fount, and soon the already well-filled courts were crowded by an immense multitude; all the new-comers bearing pitchers on their heads, in token of the rite. At length the bearers of the golden vessels of water came in, crying, as they came—"With joy we draw water from the wells of salvation!" As the priests mingled wine with the water, the people took up the cry—"With joy we draw water from the wells of salvation!" As he poured the wine and water on the altar, the multitude shouted aloud. Their shout—"Hosannah! Hosannah!" was prolonged and reiterated, until the multitude was as if beside itself in its joy and gratitude. My heart went back to the time when the weary and footsore Israelites saw the water gush from the rock at Moses' command; and I thought of the Jewish saying—"He who has not seen the joy of drawing water, has seen no joy." After the last shout of joy had died away, a silence ensued, which was broken by a loud, clear voice near me—"If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink!" Instantly it flashed upon me that the speaker was the one I sought; and, turning to him, I lost all he said, so intent and earnestly did I gaze upon his face. Nothing of the vulgar cunning I had feared to see was in that face: it was calm and composed. He spoke as if God gave him authority. His air and bearing was of great majesty; but when his eye fell upon me, and I saw its expression, I felt that his soul must be beautiful and glorious indeed. My thoughts flew to the sweet sisters of Bethany, and I almost wished that I was one of them, that he might look at me with love. The multitude swayed to and fro; the ceremonies continued; Jesus moved away; and I saw him no more. He left the Temple, they said. On my way home I shuddered when I met the priests or Pharisees, for they were outraged at this reappearance, and their looks were stern and angry. Azariah begged me not to go to the Temple in the evening, as he feared there might be trouble. He stayed with me, and reasoned with me about "this man"—as he calls him. After the evening service, Nicodemus came in, and some of the priests, and the bitterness that was spoken against Christ was dreadful to hear. Azariah laughs still. How can he laugh? Yet I should be glad that he laughs, and that I do not hear anger and hatred from him. Some of the officers of the Temple came in search of Azariah, to counsel with him. When our guests had gone, Azariah told me they were in great tribulation; that they feared disgrace, as the priests had sent them to take Christ, and that no man durst touch him; for he spake as never man spake. And they said, also, that Nicodemus had taken Christ's part; or, to speak better, had advised justice be given him; that the priests had taunted him with being a disciple. He said nothing to us about it, but he is surely much troubled, and doubts if this Jesus be the Christ or not. If he is, may he soon exhibit his power, is my prayer, as well as the prayer of many anxious ones. Farewell! Pleasant dreams be thine, mother dear!

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Tisri, 25th.

As I bade you farewell last night, I little dreamed what was in store for us. A special messenger is waiting to take you this letter, that you may have the glad tidings as soon as possible. Sarai is with us again, never to leave us. Is not God, indeed, good? He has sent this great prophet—if he is not his son, as he believes himself to be—to be the Saviour of our family. I must tell you all in order, if I can have patience; and my hand trembles so from excitement.

Yesterday morning little Rebekah seemed ill, and so I could not go to the temple; but about the ninth hour she was better, so that I could leave her,—and, as you may imagine, went to the temple. It was almost deserted; and when I asked where the new teacher was, no one knew. When I returned home, I stopped in at Nicodemus' house. He was at home, and very sorrowful. Annah was in tears. She has faith in Jesus, it seems, and weeps that he does not exert his power. They told me that Jesus did go to the temple in the morning, and that the doctors disputed with him, and that he angered those about him—that they even took stones to cast at him, but that he hid himself, and saved his life.—Annah weeps from impatience that he will suffer such things, and from a little fear, too, I suspect, that he may be deluded.

I bethought me that I would go to Bethany and see those sweet sisters, and ask them of Jesus; so I wrapped up some presents in a straw case, and gave it in charge of Hadad, the chief of my bondmen, now that Gideon has gone to Rome on business for Azariah. In the case I put some delicate confections which came from Rome, some Persian perfume, and some of my most exquisite flowers. We mounted our mules and went our way. The sisters were not at home, and I waited for them some time. The sun was setting when we neared Jerusalem. After all, I had to leave my gift with the servants. The evening was so fine, that I thought I would walk part of the way home; so Hadad and the mules were dismissed. Wrapping my veil about me, I was bent upon enjoying the fine evening and the beautiful country. But my mind would revert to Azariah's reasons why it was impossible that this man would prove our Christ; they reverted to Christ himself—to the sisters at Bethany—to all—to everything but the purpose of my walk. I saw people pass by me, and yet noted not their forms. As it was the time people generally left Jerusalem for their country houses, the number of persons that passed by was quite large. Quite near the city, however, my attention was attracted from my thoughts by hearing that sad exclamation, "Unclean, unclean!" and shrinking back involuntarily, I saw near me, upon the bank at the road-side, a young girl most horribly disfigured by leprosy, and by her was a woman who wept very bitterly. The leprosy had so changed her face that I could not help wondering how much like a human being she might have looked had she been well. Kind thoughts induced me to pause a moment, and say something to her. "Have you suffered long?" "I have been a leper all my life," she gasped. Again I asked, if she suffered much, and she answered that she did, very much. "May God in his mercy heal you," I ejaculated, and was moving on, when it occurred to me she might know something of Helon. "Knew you aught, my child, of a leper in the wilderness, whose name was Helon—Helon of Jerusalem, whose father was Amaziah of Jerusalem?" The girl looked wonderingly at me, and repeated, "Helon of Jerusalem?—he is dead; he was my father." So affected was I by this, that I could not speak, but pointed inquiringly at the woman. "She is my mother."

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was her answer. Ah me! I did not move. I feared to check the weeping of the poor woman—I feared to see her face. This Sarai's child? What change in her might not appal me! At last my agony of fear changed to an intense desire to know the worst. I spoke her name;—she recognized me, and pressing her to my heart, we wept together. Youthful beauty is all gone, mother; exposure, sorrow, disappointment have done their work; but I can trace somewhat of the Sarai still. She had come from the far South, as I suspected, in hopes this Christ would heal the sick. So together we watched for him on the road-side. The hours of watching were painful, so much that was to be said swelling our hearts almost to bursting; yet we said but little. And then, with what intense eagerness we scanned every face!

The shades of evening came on slowly, deepening into night. The night was dark and cloudy; every moment the sky darkened, and gave prospect of a storm that night, and now we had no hope that we could distinguish Jesus if he passed. I asked Sarai where she should spend the night. I dared not offer her a home in my house, for mother and child could not be separated, and I thought of my children and the wilderness. She said their camel was not far off, and on it was a tent.—But the storm? I asked. Sarai said, sadly, storms and desolation, and want were not unknown, and that the child and herself had been accustomed to no other shelter for years. We had no hope any longer for that night. Sarai needed rest, and the child moaned with pain. She told me where her tent should be placed, and I promised to be with her at early dawn. We expected no aid or help that night—yet we staid. We were loth to move, and by action we believed there was no chance of aid from Jesus. Some laborers passed by with torches; the glance fell directly on the young Miriam's face; it shocked me more by that uncertain light than even in that of day. A hand was laid on the poor girl's shoulder: "My daughter, art sick and sorrowful?" I knew that voice, mother—it was Christ. "Be of good cheer; thou art healed." And turning to the friend with him, he continued his way. Instantly the child stood up; the scales fell from her face; her glorious eye beamed in its beauty, and youth and loveliness were on that face where, a moment before, seemed only hateful ugliness. Mother, would you had seen Sarai's look of joy and gratitude! When she could speak, she faltered, "My God! my God! forgive me for ever having murmured at thy will."

Joy is as intensely painful sometimes as utter sorrow; and so it was this night. But now a calm has succeeded. Scarce an hour passed, and we were home. Benaiah, the younger, is out of the city, but returns to-morrow. Benaiah, the father, is almost insane, because of joy. Sarai sleeps now, but she seems most fearfully exhausted. I sit writing beside her, with a shaded lamp, for I fear that she is more ill than she thinks herself to be, or will allow; and though it has been day without the house for some hours, yet the heavy curtains of this room are closely drawn—all sound forbidden in the house, and the night will be a long one for the over-excited ones. I was too much excited to sleep. The beautiful young Miriam lies beside her mother. Mother and child would not be separated even for the night.

How happy Benaiah will be with the mother he so often speaks and dreams of! And this sister—this beautiful, graceful being, his own! I tremble that this is all too happy for us mortals to bear, so that God may not let it last. The love existing between mother and daughter seems deep and exquisite; and could you but hear Sarai speak of Helon!

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

ELLIS LEWIS.

The Hon. Ellis Lewis, President-Judge of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania, was born in Lewisburg, York county, Penn., a pleasant little town, which derives its name from his father, by whom it was founded. He is now about forty-seven years of age. More than a century since, his ancestors removed to York county from Chester county, where they had previously resided, from the first settlement of that portion of the state. They were of the religious persuasion of the Friends, and came to this country with William Penn. His paternal ancestors were originally from Wales, and were persons of note and worth. They are thus described by Proud: "Amongst those (settlers) who arrived about this time, were also many from *Wales*, of those who are called *Ancient Britons*, and mostly *Quakers*; divers of whom were of the original or early stock of that society there. They had early purchased of the Proprietary, in *England*, forty thousand acres of land. Divers of these early Welsh settlers were persons of excellent and worthy character; and several of good education, family and estate, chiefly Quakers; and many of them either eminent preachers in that society, or otherwise well-qualified and disposed to do good, in various capacities, both in religious and civil, in public and private life. Of some of them there are particular and extraordinary accounts in manuscript, both respecting their eminent religious services among the Quakers, &c., and also of their great usefulness among their neighbors, in settling the province, and in regulating and managing the civil affairs of the government; as persons highly and justly esteemed and distinguished, both in private and public station." Such was the character of Judge Lewis's paternal ancestors, as drawn by a faithful historian; his maternal progenitors were from England, and were equally respectable and deserving. They were together amongst the earliest pioneers of York county. An anecdote is related of Ellis Lewis the elder, connected with his first visit to the Redlands of this county, then a part of Lancaster county. Having, in company with two or three friends, arrived at the eastern bank of the Susquehanna River, and there finding no other kind of craft than canoes to cross in, they fastened two together, and placing their horses with their hinder-feet in one and their fore-feet in the other, they thus crossed the river, at the imminent peril of their lives. They possessed that hardy nature and calm courageousness of character, which were the characteristics of American settlers generally in these early and trying times.

Of four brothers, of whom Ellis Lewis was one, three were members of the legal profession, and, in early life, *practical printers*. The eldest, however, Webster Lewis, spent the greater part of his life in the practice of medicine, in which he was much distinguished; but his legal and scientific attainments were also good. There are now extant some of his legal opinions which are remarkable specimens of close reasoning and extensive learning. He was a man of great natural parts. Another brother, James Lewis, recently deceased, was, for many years, at the head of the York bar, and was classed with the first lawyers of the state. Some of his more im-

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portant efforts before the State Supreme Court, will long be remembered in the profession for their research and ability. The fourth brother, Eli Lewis, now a resident of York, is no less able than his brothers, and is favorably known as the former editor of different papers in York and Baltimore. A daughter of Judge Lewis, Juliet H.,—the wife of James H. Campbell, Esq., a gentleman of the bar of Pottsville, Pa., of much promise in his profession—is widely-known for her poetical genius—as the authoress of "The Whirlwind," "All is Vanity," "Music at a Death-Bed," besides numerous other productions—and is a young lady of rare mental accomplishments.

Ellis Lewis had the misfortune to be bereft of both his parents when but nine years old; and whilst yet quite young in years was sent to Harrisburg, and placed in that best of schools, a printing office, of which trade he there learned the "art and mystery." From Harrisburg he went to New-York, where he pursued the honorable calling of a journeyman typo, and where, it may be added, he followed his avocation by the side, and was the early companion and friend, of Gen. George P. Morris—now so well-known to fame. From New-York Mr. Lewis returned to Lewisburg; and, after studying medicine at that place for a time, went to Baltimore, where he made an unavailing effort to procure employment at the printing business. He next went to Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pa., and there purchased a printing establishment. In 1820 he commenced the study of law, while occupied as editor of a paper, which, with his printing establishment, he disposed of in 1821. In 1822 he was admitted to the bar, and soon after married his present wife, a most estimable lady, who enjoys the respect of all who know her. In 1823 he was appointed deputy attorney-general for Lycoming and Tioga counties. In 1824 he removed to Tioga county, where he had an extensive practice in his profession. It may be mentioned as one of the most decisive evidences of his energy and perseverance, that he was assiduous in his attention to his professional duties, notwithstanding his sufferings from a *necrosis* of the *tibia*, with which he was attacked soon after his removal to Tioga county—which resisted all remedies then within reach of the medical science in that portion of the state, continuing its ravages for several years, and gradually reducing him to a skeleton, in which condition he was removed on a litter from Tioga county to the house of his brother, Doctor Webster Lewis, of York county, where the late eminent surgeon, Doctor James Roberts, of Harrisburg, and Doctor Lewis, performed with great skill a surgical operation, which instantly relieved him from all further effects of the disease, and completely restored him to usefulness. After an interval of several years, he resigned the appointment which he held under the attorney-general, and removed to Bradford county, whither his professional reputation had preceded him, and where its appropriate honors and rewards were proportionably enhanced in value.

What has been narrated in the previous part of this biographical sketch, is sufficient to impress upon the reader the remarkable energy of purpose and vigor of mind, which Mr. Lewis displayed throughout the entire period of the severe and continuous struggles of his youth and early manhood, for a subsistence, for knowledge, and for professional reputation. We now come to notice his first entrance into the stirring and extended political field of action, under circumstances in the highest degree creditable to the moral courage and generous spirit of the young advocate. When, in 1832, an attempt was made to deprive General Jackson of the support of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania for re-nomination, in pursuance of an extensive and selfish combination, extending over the state, to get anti-Jackson delegates elected, *without instructions*, to the State Convention, to which the matter was committed, Ellis Lewis boldly, zealously, and ably exposed the scheme

at the primary meetings of the party in the northern counties, particularly in Bradford county, where he resided, and where the prime movement was made by its chief instigators; and its authors and abettors were completely prostrated before the might of public sentiment roused against them in the breasts of the democratic masses. His services, at this juncture of affairs, were too marked to escape general attention; and, against his individual preferences and wishes, he was taken from his favorite pursuits, and sent as a delegate to the State Convention, which, it will be remembered, was thoroughly Jacksonian; and was that fall elected, in opposition to the anti-Jackson influence, to the popular branch of the State Legislature, by an overwhelming majority—larger, it is believed, than any candidate ever received, before or since, in the stronghold of democracy in which he resided. In the places of his residence the suffrages of his fellow-citizens were next to unanimous in his favor. He then lived in the same county, (Bradford,) and represented a portion of the same district, which the Hon. *David Wilmot* now so ably represents in Congress.

Mr. Lewis' legislative career, although soon terminated by his appointment as attorney-general, was yet an exceedingly brilliant and useful one. Immediately on taking his seat, or from the first moment of his participation in the business and debates of the house, he took rank as a leader in the councils of his native state, and speedily acquired a weight and influence there, which it is the lot of but few to command. He was equally respected for his talents, and beloved for his estimable social qualities. If his eloquence shone conspicuous in the house, his conversational powers were equally captivating in the private circle.

Mr. Lewis has always been the friend of the suffering and needy; and when in the Legislature, he originated and obtained the enactment of a law, authorizing Prothonotaries to receive bail, and discharge insolvent debtors from arrest, or from prison. This saved them from the expense of a conveyance on Habeas Corpus to the Judge, who in many instances resided at a distance from the seat of justice. In the same session Mr. Lewis was on a committee, appointed to visit the public institutions in Philadelphia; and the wretchedness witnessed by that committee in the course of the inspection referred to, arising from the imprisonment of poor people for small debts, where the costs in many instances exceeded the debts, produced a bill from the committee to abolish imprisonment for all sums under $5 34 cents, which was ardently supported by Mr. Lewis, and became a law; and which was the first step in the system of humane legislation, which nine years after led to the total abolition of *imprisonment for debt* in Pennsylvania.

In January, 1833, resolutions were offered in the Pennsylvania Legislature, expressing the opinion of that body against *any* reduction of the tariff, and directing the Governor to forward the resolutions to the Senators and Representatives in Congress. Mr. Lewis voted against the resolutions, and placed his reasons on record in the form of a protest. Among the reasons assigned were the following:

"That the Representatives in Congress, whom the Legislature attempted to instruct, were not the representatives of the *Legislature*, but of the *people*; and as such, cannot in any way be responsible to a body of men who, like themselves, are but servants of the people. That the opinions of the Legislature ought not to be accepted as the opinions of the people. That the practice of offering resolutions on subjects different from those which the Legislature was convened to consider, is wrong in itself, is attended with a useless expenditure of time and money, withdraws the attention of members from the proper subjects of state legislation, delays the business which the Constitution has entrusted to their care, and ought to be discouraged."

These principles, sound at all times, have acquired a peculiar importance at this time in Pennsylvania, with those who consider that the action of the Congressional delegation of that state was greatly embarrassed in the adjustment of the tariff, at the last session of Congress, by legislative instructions which placed it out of their power, as is thought by many, to secure a modification as favorable to Pennsylvania interests as might have been obtained, if they had been left to their own unembarrassed action.

The Constitution of Pennsylvania provides for the removal of judicial officers, on the address of two-thirds of both houses of the Legislature. It has been the policy of one party to restrain the right of removal to cases of conviction for criminal offences, and to misdemeanors in office. While Mr. Lewis was in the Legislature, he made a report from the judiciary committee in the case of *Henry O'Neal*, in which the democratic principle of construction was affirmed in the following words:

"The Constitution provides that justices may be removed either by conviction of misdemeanor in office, or of any infamous crime, or on the address of both houses of the Legislature. Both modes of proceeding are open. The first is confined to cases of misdemeanor in office, and of infamous crime; the last not only embraces the same class of cases, but all others, and is limited only by the discretion of the Legislature. If a magistrate has been tried and acquitted on a charge of a crime or misdemeanor in office, it is still in the power of the Legislature to look beyond the record of acquittal, and if they believe him guilty, a false verdict in his favor, or one obtained by mistake, cannot save his office, although it may be conclusive so far as to save his person from punishment. On the other hand, it is not necessary that the Legislature should believe the officer guilty of either one offence or the other to justify a removal. *It is enough, that in their opinion the interests of the community require a change.* If an officer be intellectually incompetent; if from intemperate habits, or from age and infirmity of body or mind, he has become unable to discharge the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the community, he ought to retire to the walks of private life, and leave the station to be filled by one better able to discharge its duties. If, on the other hand, he is believed to be competent, but from a love of gain, a want of temper and decorum, or any other cause, he discharges the duties of the office in such a manner as to excite general and extensive doubts of the purity of his motives, and great discontent among the people, it is ample cause of removal."

This able and conclusive report was adopted by the house of representatives, and in the senate; an equally strong report in another case, which is understood to have been drawn up by the Hon. *Jesse Miller*, the present secretary of state of Pennsylvania, was adopted, containing the same sound constitutional doctrines upon this important subject.

In 1833, Mr. Lewis was appointed Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. The office was spontaneously conferred upon him by Governor Wolf, and was a free tribute to the high reputation he already enjoyed as a lawyer, as well as a legislator. He preceded the present distinguished Vice President of the United States, *George M. Dallas*, in this important trust; and the energy and great ability he exhibited as attorney-general, were such as to command the highest commendation. From this time henceforth he must be classed with the first legal talent of the country. In this capacity, too, Mr. Lewis used all his influence to promote harmony between the state and national administrations, while others around him were using their influence to disturb it. And it may, with strict truth and propriety be said, that he did as much at that time to sustain Jackson as any man in Pennsylvania, while it is also known that that venerated President appreciated his services, and was grateful for them—spontaneous and unselfish as they were known to him to have been. As attorney-general, Mr. Lewis would never take any

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fees for public prosecutions, leaving these to his deputies in every instance, considering this course as most in accordance with the dignity of the office.

In the fall of 1833 Mr. Lewis resigned the office of attorney-general, on receiving the appointment of president-judge of the eighth judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Northumberland, Lycoming, Union and Columbia—a station once occupied by the celebrated Judge Cooper, of South Carolina. Judge Lewis continued in the discharge of his duties as judge of this district until about two years since, when he was appointed president-judge of the 2nd judicial district, composed of the city and county of Lancaster, which responsible trust he now holds. The city of Lancaster is the residence of Hon. *James Buchanan*, our present distinguished Secretary of State. The county of Lancaster is one of the largest and wealthiest in the United States. With a population about equal to that of the State of Arkansas, or Rhode Island, and greater than that of Delaware, it may readily be imagined that the presidency of such a judicial district is no sinecure. The unlimited civil and criminal jurisdiction of the courts over which Judge Lewis presides—the immense amount of property constantly passing under adjudication in the settlement and distribution of estates of decedents, and the numerous and intricate questions which arise in the united authority of law and equity, constantly call for the exercise of the highest efforts of the mind.

In addition to his labors on the bench, Judge Lewis also discharges the duties of professor of law and medical jurisprudence in Franklin College, Lancaster, one of the oldest endowed institutions of learning in the state; and edits, in connection with those distinguished lawyers, Messrs. *Trowbat* and *McCandless*, a Law Journal, published under their united auspices.

Mr. Lewis' forensic reputation stood very high in northern Pennsylvania during the period of his practice at the bar. His success in the state courts led to his early appointment as chief law officer of the commonwealth. But his attention was not wholly confined to the state courts. He had a principal agency in procuring the establishment of the U. S. District Court at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and when at the bar had an extensive practice in that court, and was eminently successful. He is familiar with the practice in the United States courts, as the following incident may serve to illustrate: A number of years ago a fugitive slave was rescued from the possession of his owner, in the town of Dannville, Pennsylvania, through the instrumentality of a writ of *homine replegianda*. The Hon. David Petriken (who subsequently acquired in Congress the cognomen of "*previous question*,") was the prothonotary who issued the writ. An action of trespass, and separate actions for the penalty of five hundred dollars, under the act of Congress of February 12, 1793, were brought against him, and each of the persons engaged in the issuing and service of the writ; and after the collection of several penalties, with costs from some of the most responsible of the parties, Mr. George Sweeny, an editor of a public journal, was lodged in jail for the penalty recovered against him for the same rescue. So high was Ellis Lewis' reputation for abilities, and a knowledge of the practice in the United States Court, that Mr. Sweeny supposed he could extricate him, even after his other counsel had failed, and after judgment had been recovered against him; and he accordingly sent a distance of nearly one hundred miles to engage his professional services in his behalf. His expectations were not disappointed. In an argument of surpassing eloquence and power, which the public journals of the day noticed as having won golden opinions for its author, it was clearly demonstrated that there was a distinction between penalties imposed as a *punishment*, to be recovered by any one who may sue for them, and those given by statute to the *party aggrieved*. In the

former case, each individual engaged in the illegal act, is liable to the full penalty. In the latter, but one penalty can be recovered for one illegal act, although many might be engaged in it. Mr. Lewis also showed that the rule in the United States Court, under the act of Congress, differed from that which prevailed in the state courts, with respect to the costs, and that where the plaintiff had his election to bring joint or several suits, and elected to bring several suits, he could only recover costs in one of them. The result of these doctrines was the liberation of the imprisoned editor from his unjust and illegal confinement, to the great joy of his family and friends.

Judge Lewis was first raised to the bench about twelve years ago, and his judicial career has been a highly distinguished one. This is not the proper place for an extended notice of his labors as a jurist, though such a review would be interesting and instructive. A critical analysis of the constitution of his mind, would demonstrate his rare adaptation for the study and advancement of philosophical jurisprudence, whilst an intimate acquaintance with the rich stores of his learning, would prove that nature's prodigality had not deterred him from superadding to her gifts a perfect acquaintance with the leading principles and accredited expounders of his noble profession; that his mind was "thoroughly imbued with legal lore, and expanded and adorned by the most liberal and diversified studies." One trait in his character is too honorable to be here overlooked. Himself emphatically one of the people—sprung from their midst, and sympathising with their feelings and wants—Ellis Lewis has ever been the fast friend of the people. Whether we scan his actions as advocate, legislator or judge, the result is the same. We behold him the same fearless and able defender of the rights and interests of the masses. In this he seems to have been bent on loyalty to the stern teachings of his own early struggles, and to have kept constantly before him, as worthy models, those great republican lawyers of the English commonwealth, and of our own colonial and revolutionary era, who were on all occasions the most devoted, as their great intellects and better training constituted them the most able friends of liberty.

Many of Judge Lewis' more important decisions have elicited the marked approbation of the bench and the bar, and been favorably noticed in the law journals and treatises of this country, as well as in those published abroad; and his opinions generally, are held in high estimation, and are of extensive repute. On questions of medical jurisprudence, particularly, he has acquired a reputation which is noticed with commendation in Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, and elsewhere. Doctor *Beck*, in his standard work, speaks of Judge Lewis' opinions and charge, on the trial of Earls for murder by poison, as containing the highest evidence of the advanced state of the science in this country. The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, for October, 1846, contains two highly important decisions of Judge Lewis on this branch of jurisprudence, communicated with the approbation of Professor *W. L. Atlee*, of Philadelphia, himself of the highest authority on such subjects.

The decision against clerical interference with a parent's right to educate his child, has gained a celebrity for its author, which has extended not only over the Union, but beyond the Atlantic. We speak of the decision in the celebrated case of the Commonwealth *versus* Armstrong. It is reported in the January number of the Boston Law Reporter, with the letter of Chancellor *Kent* in its support, and the editor's notice of approbation; and it is also cited as authority by Kent in his Commentaries. We remember to have seen published a letter from Judge *Grier*, now of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressing, in the strongest terms, his approbation of Judge Lewis' opinion; and it has also elicited an elaborate letter on the same side, from the eminent Dr. *Wayland*.

The decision in the case of the Lancaster Savings Institution against Reigart, has also attracted much attention, and its appearance was greeted with lively satisfaction, particularly by the press, in the chief cities of the Union. The decision was, that the state *Stay Law* was *unconstitutional;* and that decision, although against the state Supreme Court, was fully sustained by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The decision in the case of Spring *versus* Caul, that a survey cannot be impeached after the lapse of twenty years after its return into the land office, quieted more land titles in Pennsylvania than any other decision ever made, and did more to advance the credit and property of the state than any other decision. It had previously been the common practice to allow a younger survey to defeat the title of an older one, if the surveyor of the state failed to mark the trees on the ground. This made all titles insecure. A journal, published in *Pottsville*, in speaking of the prosperity of the coal regions of Pennsylvania, ascribed their unequalled prosperity to the effect of that decision, in settling the titles, and in giving confidence to the capitalists to make investments.

Notwithstanding the observations, by Mr. Justice Story, in the case of Prigg *versus* The Commonwealth, Judge Lewis has constantly enforced the statute of Pennsylvania relative to surrendering fugitives from servitude, holding that the sovereign states are perfectly competent to legislate on the subject, so long as their enactments do not impair the rights of the slave-holder, or interfere with the remedies provided by the constitution and laws of the Union. This construction is believed to be best calculated to preserve the peace of society, protect the free citizen from injury, and secure to the slave-holder his rights. If this construction had prevailed on a recent occasion in New-York, the interests of an innocent captain of a vessel, and the constitutional rights of the owner of the slave, would both have been protected.

In the case of Beam *versus* The Methodist Episcopal Church, Judge Lewis decided that a grave-yard, from the moment it was dedicated to the purposes of sepulture, was no longer subject to sale by the sheriff.

If the foregoing be but a meagre sketch of Judge Lewis' juridical labors, it is not owing to any paucity of materials; for it has fallen to his lot to decide upon a great variety of interesting and important points of law and subjects of litigation; and his written opinions will compare with those of any judge in the country, so far as relates to cogency of reasoning, extent of learning, and justness and liberality of conclusion. But that this account of his performances as a jurist is not more amply satisfactory, is owing to the difficulty of selection, and the necessarily circumscribed limits of the present article.

In 1837, Judge Lewis was invited by the then Secretary of War, Mr. *Poinsett*, to visit the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, as one of the annual board; and the report which, as chairman of the committee on the department of moral, religious and political instruction, he drew up, was remarkable for the ability with which those subjects were treated. The following extracts from that report are not without great interest at the present time, and for that reason, as well as on account of their innate excellence, are incorporated in this sketch:

"The examination on the subject of constitutional law, was also creditable to the parties concerned, considering the multifarious duties assigned to the Professor, and the limited time allotted by the regulations of the Academy to this study. The progress and improvement of the cadets, in this important branch of their education, was not so great as, under other circumstances, might have been expected. According to the distribution of time, under the present regulations of the Academy, only two hours during each day are allowed for the study of moral and political

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science, and one hour each day for recitations in the sciences. By the regulations adopted by the proper authority, ethics is enumerated as one of the branches of knowledge required to be taught, as comprising a complete course of education at the Military Academy. By the same regulations it is declared that 'ethics will include moral philosophy, and the elements of national and political law.' Of the ethical instruction and improvement, your committee have already spoken as entirely satisfactory. It is regretted that, for the reasons already stated, the committee cannot express themselves entirely satisfied with the proficiency of those examined on constitutional law; while the subject of national law is, for the same reason, entirely omitted in the present course of studies. The regulations of the army, as applicable to this institution, expressly require that, in addition to a course of 'practical military instruction' and 'engineering,' 'the science of war' shall be taught. This branch of education may be well understood to extend, not only to those principles of the law military which regulate the rights and duties of the officer and the soldier, but to the fundamental doctrines of international law, which, having been adopted as the rules of action by all civilized nations, regulate their mode of warfare, and distinguish it from the cruel butcheries of the savage. War, under any circumstances, is one of the greatest calamities which can befall a nation. If it must exist, it is surely the duty of every people to mitigate its evils, by requiring that it shall be conducted according to the law of arms among civilized nations. Every cadet is intended to be qualified for command; and every commander may, in the ordinary prosecution of his duty, be placed in a situation where ignorance of international law would be an unpardonable disqualification for the discharge of his military duty. This disqualification might betray him into acts which would involve his country in a war, and tarnish the laurels won by his bravery. The value of this branch of education is acknowledged in civil pursuits; in military life, it appears to the committee to be of still greater importance; and that it should receive its due attention in this institution, cannot be too strongly urged upon the War Department.

"From what has already been said, it will appear that, in the opinion of your committee, the principles of military law were intended, by the regulations, to be taught at this Academy. But these, also, with the exception of the army regulations, seem to receive no attention whatever. A knowledge of the rights and duties incidental to military life, the powers of military tribunals for the trial of offences, and the principles governing the trial, may do more than anything else to secure to the officer the obedience due to his station, and at the same time to protect the soldier from any unauthorized acts of violence and oppression. This must be the case where discipline and subordination, necessarily rigid, are sought to be enforced over individuals possessed of a high degree of intelligence and reason. Nothing will so readily secure the assent of such minds, as a knowledge of the nature, extent, and just foundation of the authority requiring their obedience. This subject has been brought forcibly to the notice of your committee, by the opportunity which they embraced of attending the court martial which has recently been sitting at this institution, for the trial of two of the cadets, for offences against the regulations of the Academy. Witnesses were called upon to give evidence, who claimed to be excused from answering some of the questions put to them, upon the ground that they could not do so without criminating themselves, and thereby subjecting themselves to the punishment sought to be inflicted upon the accused. This privilege was not allowed, and the reason assigned was, that the witness was not himself upon trial, and, therefore could not criminate himself! If this privilege is to be denied to every witness, upon the ground that he is not himself upon trial, it can never be allowed to any witness, because no witness is ever upon trial at the same time and in the same cause in which he is giving his evidence. If a witness voluntarily consents to cover himself with infamy, upon a promise of pardon, for the purpose of convicting a companion in guilt, it is his privilege to do so. But to place him, against his consent and remonstrance, in a condition in which he must subject himself to punishment and reproach on the one side, or to the guilt of perjury on the other, is leading him into such powerful temptation to falsify, as ought not to receive favor anywhere; and more particularly, in an institution designed to establish the morals, as well as enlighten the minds, of the youth under its instruction. These observations are not designed to cast the slightest censure upon the respectable officers of the courts martial. These gentlemen, including the accomplished Judge Advocate, are highly intelligent, and conducted the trial, not only with strict impartiality,

but, as your committee understand, in conformity with the practice, in this respect, which has prevailed at the Academy. But the existence of such a practice serves to show a defect in the course of studies at this seat of military learning; for there can be no doubt that, so far as witnesses are concerned, it has resulted in a total subversion of a privilege guaranteed to the *soldier* as well as the citizen, recognized by the law military, as well as the common law; consistent with the purest morality, as well as the noblest feelings of the human heart; and reposing upon the broad foundation of that holy orison—'*lead us not into temptation*.'"

"The committee have deemed it their duty to speak plainly upon the subject of knowledge so necessary in military life, because the constitutional authority of Congress to establish this institution, depends upon its connexion with the military establishment of the country, and the purposes of national defence. It is the pleasure of the nation that those entrusted with the command of its forces should be gentlemen of correct morals and general science. As the hills of the Hudson have constantly answered, in faithful reverberations, to the sounds of the morning and evening gun at this place, so the hearts of the American people have continually responded, with equal fidelity, to every effort of the public authorities for the inculcation of general science in this institution. That general science is highly necessary to the purposes of national defence, is fully admitted by your committee; but it is equally true that this would be insufficient for these purposes, unless the whole science of war, including the elements of martial and international law, shall occupy the prominent ground intended by the founders of this interesting military school."

In politics, Judge Lewis has all his life been a democrat. He *illuminated* for our victories during the war of 1812, when he was but a mere boy, and the enthusiastic preferences of his youth have been confirmed by the mature reflections of his manhood. He has uniformly supported the men and measures of the great party with which he is now so closely and honorably identified. He has received many signal marks of regard and important trusts at the hands of democratic functionaries and constituencies; and it is his highest praise that he has so discharged the duties of the various situations he has filled, as to attract to himself the confidence and esteem, not only of his political friends, but of the people at large. Judge Lewis was chosen a delegate to the late Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, although circumstances beyond his control prevented his attendance on the sittings of that body. The eulogium which, at the request of the citizens of the city and county of Lancaster, he pronounced upon the life and character of *Andrew Jackson*, was one of the most eloquent and superior productions called forth by the solemn occasion of that great man's death. Some of its passages are models of unaffected pathos and elevated sentiment. It is preserved in durable form in a volume of orations, on the same melancholy theme, which has been recently published.

"Judge Lewis' political principles were inherited from his father, Eli Lewis, who was, in his day, a democrat of the school of Jefferson. The son has now in his possession an address written by the father, as the organ of a portion of the citizens of the county of York, to Thomas Jefferson, upon his accession to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. The address is conceived in the happiest spirit, and expressed in the most appropriate terms. As the production of a *Quaker democrat*, as well as by reason of its peculiar appropriateness of thought and diction, it is well calculated to arrest the attention and elicit the approbation of the reader; but we would be going beyond the legitimate scope of the present article, were we to do more than make a passing allusion to it here. Judge Lewis has now in his possession, we believe, Mr. Jefferson's original reply, and doubtless values it as an evidence of his father's enlightened devotion to those great political principles which have ever been so dear to himself."

Ellis Lewis is truly a self-made man. Left an orphan at a tender age, he was thus thrown upon his own unaided resources. He was schooled in a printing office, and laid the foundation of his varied and profound attain-

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ments whilst working as a journeyman at that business. His studies were continued in the midst of his early editorial and professional struggles, and have been ever since steadily pursued in the intervals of weighty official duties. He has always been a hard student, and now, in the meridian of life, has achieved a noble triumph over the great obstacles which beset his path. His success, under such difficulties, presents an example alike honorable to him, and full of hope and encouragement to the ingenuous youth of the republic.

Judge Lewis has found leisure, in the midst of his severe professional studies and arduous public duties, to acquaint himself with the leading principles and deductions of science generally,—especially to keep pace with the wonderful strides it has made in the present age,—and to cultivate with success a knowledge of the liberal arts. In former years he has not shrunk from giving countenance and aid to various useful associations, in the popular form of lectures on different branches of science and the arts. Like Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Story, and other distinguished ornaments of the bench, he indulges a classic taste in his moments of relaxation from mental toil; and his numerous poetical contributions to the leading periodicals of the country, evince his elegant scholarship and versatility of genius. Take him all in all, he is a good type of the American character, in its best development; and is destined, if spared by Providence, to fill a large space in the eyes of the American people.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The state of financial affairs has presented a singular anomaly during the past month. With large importations of specie, exchanges have continued to fall; but this state of things has been unaccompanied with that abundance of money which usually attends similar circumstances. It is to be supposed that the great changes which have taken place in the commercial policy of each of the leading nations of the world, would produce financial phenomena, not readily accounted for, through the experience of most practical men. Whatever produces a great change in the currents of business, and the employments of capital, necessarily creates an activity of the precious metals, and a temporary depression of credits. The direct agency of the metals in the transaction of business, is very limited. Between nations it does not amount to two per cent. of the international trade, and it is less between different sections of the same country. The transfers of ownership, in goods or produce, are almost altogether through the medium of bills of exchange. This grows out of the fact, that trade between countries, or different portions of the same country, is but a mutual and reciprocal exchange of the products of the industry of the respective inhabitants. This interchange is, however, of slow growth. The citizens of a distant country, unacquainted with the products of a nation with which they have hitherto had no intercourse, experience no want of those products; and if they are suddenly brought among them, considerable time must elapse before they come into extended use. The China trade is an instance. When tea was first introduced into Europe, by the Dutch, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was in small quantities, as a rare luxury. It was not known in England until the time of Cromwell, say 1650, when certain coffee houses began to sell it; and Mr. Pepys, secretary to the admiralty, remarks in his diary: "Sept. 26, 1661, I sent for a cup of tea, (a China drink,) of which I had never drank before." In 1664, the East India Company brought two pounds two ounces of tea as a present to his majesty. From that time the consumption of tea slowly spread in England, until it reached some 20,237,753 lbs., and 2,000,000 in the United States, in 1800, a century and a half; and since then, it has gradually progressed to 44,000,000 lbs. in England, and 16,000,000 lbs., in the United

States, in 1845, say 60,000,000 lbs. against 22,237,753 lbs., in 1800. It required a century and a half to make any considerable progress in the consumption of tea in England. In all that time, up to 1842, China sedulously excluded English products by law. Had a liberal commercial policy been pursued, there is no doubt but a mutual interchange would have sprung up, by which a large consumption of goods would have now existed in China, and the consumption of tea in Europe would have spread with much greater rapidity. The China markets are now open; but a long time must elapse before the Chinese come to *demand* English goods. All the nations of Europe, with the United States, have, to a greater or less extent, pursued the Chinese policy. They have all sought to discourage the importation of foreign products, and to encourage the import of the precious metals —laboring under the absurd monomania, that in the metals alone consisted wealth. The events of late years have served to open the eyes, not of governments so much as of the people, in relation to the injurious influence of such antiquated chimeras, and measures have been adopted by the leading governments to enhance national intercourse, by promoting the importation of goods and produce. The effect of these enactments is, aided by circumstances of harvest, to promote the consumption in all countries, of those articles of foreign product with which they are already familiar, and to admit for consumption many articles that are new. This latter trade must, however, necessarily be small for the present, because it is an unaccustomed trade. An instance of this is afforded in the export provision trade from the United States to Great Britain. Pork, beef, &c., were prohibited in England until 1842. Since that time, the business in those articles, as well as in cheese, and other articles of provisions, has been steadily and gradually increasing; but those engaged in it, as well merchants as packers and forwarders, have been *learning the business*. It is a new trade to all parties, and its peculiarities have to be observed and humored, before it will become very extensive. Up to this day, the manner of preparing provisions for that market, is far from being generally understood. The trade has not formed its connections, nor acquired the influence of credit which more ancient branches of business command. It is the case where a new trade opens *suddenly*, that a movement of specie results, because a reciprocal demand for goods in payment is slow of growth. The English trade, for the last few years, affords a notable example of this, as follows:—

CONSUMPTION OF FOREIGN GRAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND BULLION IN BANK AT THE CLOSE OF EACH OF A SERIES OF YEARS.

	Grain. qrs.	Flour. cwt.	Bullion in Bank.		Grain. qrs.	Flour. cwt.	Bullion in Bank.
1837	830,466	40,187	£8,172,000	1842	2,172,349	1,125,801	£10,330,000
1838	1,823,845	392,947	9,250,000	1843	1,237,871	426,877	12,078,000
1839	4,424,702	655,693	2,887,000	1844	2,532,619	712 968	14,428,416
1840	3,448,399	1,317,814	4,145,000	1845	1,105,342	582,527	13,395,886
1841	2,955,616	1,214,220	4,486,000	1846	4,130,240	3,377,186	14,308,000

When the English harvest failed in 1837, there had been no foreign corn trade for five years: the harvest had been abundant, and sufficed for the wants of the British people, without aid from abroad; a natural consequence of this was a proportionate cessation of intercourse with the corn-growing countries. The following is a table of the exports of British goods to the corn-growing countries, for a series of years:

	Russia.	Prussia.	Germany.	Italy.	Egypt.	Total.
1832	1,587,250	258,556	5,068,997	2,361,772	113,109	£9,389,684
1833	1,531,002	144,179	4,355,548	2,316,260	145,647	8,492,636
1834	1,382,300	136,423	4,547.166	3,282,777	158,877	9,507,543
1835	1,752,775	188,273	4,602,966	2,416,171	269,225	9,239,410
1836	1,742,433	160,722	4,463,729	2,921,466	216,930	9,505,280
1838	1,663,243	155,223	4,988,900	3,076,231	242,505	10,126,102
1839	1,776,426	206,866	5,215,155	2,079,010	123,859	9,401,316
1840	1,602,742	219,345	5,408,499	2,660,338	79,063	9,969,987
1841	1,607,175	363,821	5,654.033	2,578,697	238,486	10,442,212
1842	1.885,953	376,651	6,202,700	2,494,197	221,003	11,180,504
1843	1,895,519	483,004	6,168,038	2,960,965	246,565	11,754,091
1844	2,128,926	505,384	6,151,528	2,569,240	402,101	11,757,179
1845	2,183,491	577,999	6,517,736	2,601,971	291,800	12,172,997

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The year 1832 was the last of the corn trade, which did not revive until 1838, when it recovered, as seen in the first table, and has increased until the present time. During the discontinuance of the import of corn, the exports of the corn countries remained stationary; and notwithstanding that during the distress of 1837, when money rose to 6 per cent. in London, and prices fell, large exports of produce were made to the continent to raise money. Since the revival of the corn trade, the exports to the corn countries have increased *thirty-three and one-third per cent.*, and this in the face of the fact, that Prussia and Germany, in September, 1842, raised the duty on British goods 50 per cent., and Belgium increased the duties in July, 1842, and Russia in November, 1841. All the leading nations of Europe raised the duties on English goods avowedly to exclude them from their markets. The result has been, as seen in the table, increased exports to those countries.—The sudden resumption of the corn trade disturbed the specie of the English Bank, in 1839, and caused it to flow towards Europe to a dangerous extent. A few years *continuance* of the trade served to create a reciprocal trade, which, under *increased* imports of corn into England permitted the bullion to *return to* the Bank.

The modification of various restrictions in different countries has now given activity to the precious metals by unsettling the various currents of business—more particularly in respect of the trade between England and the United States. As a general rule, what is called the "balance of trade" has been largely in favor of the United States as respects England;—that is to say, England has always bought more of the natural products of the United States than the latter have purchased of Great Britain. There has, therefore, in every year, been a cash balance due the United States, which has been paid either directly to the United States in specie, or by accepting bills running on London, from China, France, Brazils, Cuba, &c., on American account. The tariff of 1846 somewhat checked the French trade, by raising the rate of duties on the articles of import from France, and by so doing has enhanced the amount of specie to be paid the United States by England, in the proportion that French bills running on London have been diminished. Simultaneous with this movement has arisen the extraordinary demand for United States produce in England, growing partly out of the failure of the Irish crops, and partly out of the amelioration in the English duties. This is a new business. The corn trade with Europe has been in operation since 1838, and, as we have seen, has become steady on a reciprocal basis—ceasing to affect materially the movement of the precious metals. With the United States it has only enhanced the specie balance, which, for many years, has been due from England to America; and this, under the peculiar circumstances of the change in the conduct of our national finances, is a circumstance highly favorable. This is probably the first time in the history of our finances that large importations of specie have failed to produce great bank expansion and consequent speculation. The following table of the leading banks in operation, according to the date of their last reports, will indicate their approximate condition:

LEADING FEATURES OF THE PRINCIPAL BANKS OF THE UNION.

	Capital.	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
Massachusetts, Nov	31,160,000	51,326,114	3,054,755	14,591,914	9,459,376
New-York, Feb	42,735,337	65,806,358	9,191,254	20,968,815	31,830,591
New-Jersey, Feb	3,834,816	5,841,361	600,179	2,440,875	1,670,783
Pennsylvania, Jan	20,994,795	28,186,284	5,796,192	10,681,466	13,171,579
Maryland, Jan	10,214,208	10,142,290	1,841,500	2,159,149	3,113,750
South Carolina, Jan	5,992,607	5,804,394	643,831	2,863,698	1,754,478
Louisiana, Dec	20,130,340	8,196,000	6,502,418	3,158,678	6,504,292
Ohio, Nov	4,437,903	8,291,875	1,619,336	5,701,602	2,398,009
Indiana, Nov	2,083,825	3,018,744	1,003,647	3,336,533	409,969
State Bank, Tennessee, Jan	3,183,275	3,832,507	587,770	1,532,028	267,862
Bank of Kentucky, Jan	4,038,300	4,703,566	1,240,365	2,434,659	602,098
Farmers' Bk of Virginia, Jan.	2,676,900	4,958,462	788,927	2,918,818	1,082,153
N. W. Bank " Jan.	740,600	1,047,632	233,548	614,123	166,790
Total, 1847	$152,222,736	201,085,587	33,103,662	73,402,358	82,431,750
" 1846		207,071,067	32,242,511	69,531,659	74,056,927
Increase			861,151	3,870,692	8,374,823
Decrease		5,985,480			

It results from these figures that, while the specie in these institutions increased $861,151, their loans and discounts decreased near $6,000,000. The reduction

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in loans is mostly on the part of the New-York banks. The disposition of the institutions has been to contract since the report of February, and avowedly because of the demand for specie for government purposes; nothing can more strongly illustrate the soundness of the principles on which the Independent Treasury is based. The currency of all countries is, or ought to be, gold and silver, and is constitutionally so in the United States; nevertheless, the creation and institution of banks has, for the most, supplanted the use of the metals as a currency. Gold and silver can be furnished as a currency to any considerable extent to this country only through the operations of commerce; and when we reflect on the progress of the country—looking back to the first landings at Plymouth and Jamestown, when there was *no specie here*, and contrasting that state of things with the fact, that there are now at least $150,000,000 of gold and silver in the country, we are aware that commerce has, in spite of all obstacles, furnished as much as was wanted, and it will ever continue to do so. Nothing is of greater importance to a nation, in order that industry may meet its full reward, than that the currency should be steady. That is to say, that it should be increased or diminished precisely as all articles of commerce rise or fall in value; viz., according to supply and demand. It is for this reason that the precious metals are best fitted for the purposes of currency. They will always go where they are most wanted, and the supply cannot be increased at *will* any more than wheat or cotton. When the metals become scarce they command a greater quantity of all other of the products of industry, and it becomes more profitable to mine them, which results in an increased supply, and consequent fall in value. Where bank promises are used as a currency, the supply depends on the will of the promisors, and will be increased to any extent—feeding a speculative disposition, until explosion, as in 1837, becomes inevitable. This tendency to overaction on the part of bank paper has been acknowledged by its warmest advocates, and they have ever sought, in charter provisions and restrictive laws, to prevent that tendency, and these have always been found to be unavailing. The National-Bank-Biddle-theory was, that this tendency could be checked only by a great monopoly bank, which, with overshadowing capital, should place its branch in the centre of each commercial circle, as Boston, New-York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New-Orleans, *&c.*, and operate upon the local banks as a check. As thus: most of the goods sold in New-York to country dealers were formerly paid for in notes payable at the bank nearest the home of the dealer. A large number of buyers, from Cincinnati, for instance, appeared in New-York, and gave their notes to different merchants for goods. All these notes would be deposited in the National Branch in New-York, and by it sent to the branch in Cincinnati for collection. The branch there would receive in payment the notes of all the other Cincinnati banks. Hence, when the notes matured, it would bring in favor of the branch balances against those banks, which it demanded in specie. This balance would be large or small according to the expansion of any bank; and to make the balance due the branch bank as small as possible, the local banks were ever obliged to be cautious in their movements. Now, providing the National Bank issued *no notes of its own*, this check would be effectual in restricting the local banks to a legitimate business. When, however, the National Bank itself issued largely, it follows, that its notes, falling in the course of business into the hands of the local banks, would allow them to extend their own movements without enhancing the balance due the United States Bank. Thus, as the National Bank progressed, the whole verged to explosion whenever the foreign exchanges, which were the only correction, became adverse. We may take from official tables the figures showing the progress of affairs to the explosion of 1837:

IMPORT OF SPECIE INTO THE UNITED STATES.—AMOUNT IN U. S. BANK.—LOANS AND CIRCULATION OF U. S. BANK, AND OF THE OTHER BANKS OF THE U. S.

	Import of Specie.	Specie in U. S. Bank.	United States Bank. Loans.	United States Bank. Circula.	722 Banks of the U. S. Specie.	722 Banks of the U. S. Loans.	722 Banks of the U. S. Circula.
1830.....	8,155,964..	7,608,076..	40,663,805..	19,924,147..	22,114,917..	290,451,214..	61,323,898
1831.....	7,305,945..	10,808,047..	44,032,057..	16,251,267	.....	.....	.....
1832.....	5,907,504..	7,038,023..	66,293,707..	21,355,784	.....	.....	.....
1833.....	7,070,368..	8,951,847..	61,695,913..	17,518,217	.....	.....	.....
1834.....	17,911,632..	10,031,237..	54,911,461..	19,298,379..	42,937,625..	324,119,499..	94,839,570
1835.....	13,131,447..	15,708,369..	51,908,739..	17,339,297..	40,019,524..	365,163,834..	103,692,495
1836.....	13,400,881..	8,417,988..	59,232,445..	23,075,422..	37,915,340..	457,506,088..	140,301,038
1837.....	10,516,414..	2,638,449..	57,393,709..	11,447,968..	35,184,112..	525,115,702..	149,185,890

This is a very instructive table at this juncture; the more so when we reflect that the above figures show the march of speculation, as conducted by the banks, under the lead of the national regulator, to that disastrous issue, which resulted in the failure of nine sovereign states, and in those stupendous bankruptcies that were presented in the returns under the bankrupt law. As the specie flowed into the country at that time, it did not go into circulation; it did not, of itself, increase the volume of the currency, but it went into the bank vaults, and then became the basis on which the "regulator" raised its line of discounts from 40 to 64 millions, and its circulation from 12 to 23 millions. Thus, the "regulator's" circulation was in 1830, 12 millions, or one-fifth of that of all the banks. In 1834, its circulation was over 19 millions; but *still one-fifth of the aggregate bank currency.* From 1835 to 1837 came the collapse, and general ruin, leaving in 1837 an enormous irredeemable bank circulation outstanding. This is the usual course of bank expansion in a season of favorable exchanges, usually brought about by a revulsion. Every dollar imported adds, under bank management, three to the circulation, and, *vice versa*, every dollar exported draws three from the circulation. Now, it is charged against the Independent Treasury as an evil, that it requires the specie, now coming into the country, to pass into circulation, instead of remaining in the banks, to become the basis of expansion, so disastrous in its usual results. It is stated that the banks will not loan when they are uncertain how great will be the demand for specie for the Custom-House. That is to say, they will not manufacture paper money to loan to speculators, when they are afraid they will be called upon to redeem it. Now it was precisely for this very object that the Independent Treasury found warm advocates. It was by simply adhering to the constitutional provisions, in relation to the currency, that it was hoped to prevent this over-action of the banks, and preserve that steadiness of the currency necessary for the protection of industry and the safety of commercial enterprize. It was to take from rapacious cashiers the power of supplying currency, and confining that power where only it can rest with safety, viz. in the operations of commerce. The same principle, which triumphed in establishing the Independent Treasury, predominated in the re-charter of the Bank of England in 1844. What is now complained of is, that the New-York banks, under the government demand for specie, cannot expand their facilities to meet a speculative demand for money. If we take a table of their leading features, as compared with former years, we shall be able to form some estimate of the justice of this allegation:

BANKS OF NEW-YORK.

	Capital.	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
January 1, 1836	31,281,461	72,826,111	6,224,646	21,127,927	29,532,616
January, 1837	37,101,460	79,313,188	6,557,020	24,198,000	30,883,179
May, 1838	36,401,460	57,903,043	9,355,495	12,960,652	18,411,860
January, 1839	36,801,460	68,300,486	6,602,708	19,373,149	18,370,044
February, 1847	42,735,337	69,806,358	9,191,254	20,574,321	31,830,595

January, 1836, was the highest point of speculation, when prices were exorbitant, and when the impulse was unchecked by apprehended danger. January, 1837, was marked by the growing panic, which resulted in the general suspension of the following May. In May, 1838, the banks resumed again; through that year the movement was upward. In January, 1839, the Western banks resumed; and in October, of the same year, the circulation of the New-York country banks was too large for the resources of the State Bank to continue its usual redemptions, and the then system was broken up, followed by the failure of the United States Bank, and the suspension of all the banks at the South in Jan., 1839. Comparing the figures for Feb., 1847, with those of the periods of former revulsions, it is evidently high time that some correction was applied to the upward movement. The liabilities are, at this moment, as high as at the great suspension in 1837, ten years since; and the complaint is, that the action of the Treasury prevents them from continuing to expand!

It is manifest that the operations of the Treasury do not act injuriously upon the market; that, on the other hand, the influence exerted by it is in the highest degree beneficial and necessary at this juncture. That money has risen in price in the face of large importations of specie, is owing to other causes than a re-

striction of the bank movement. Among the most prominent of these causes, is the advance in prices of produce, under the foreign demand, in consequence of which much larger sums are required to transfer the same quantities than a few months since; the same demand has imparted great prosperity to shipping in all its branches. The value of vessels has advanced at least 100 per cent., and every means of building is put in the utmost activity. The value of flour, corn, wheat, and rye, shipped from the port of New-York in June, 1846, was $600,000, and in Feb., 1847, $2,000,000. This of itself creates a great increase in the demand for money; inasmuch as that the bills drawn against this produce are sold to bill-houses for paper, which is discounted at the banks. The imports of foreign goods for Jan. and Feb., 1847, was $13,478,636 against $9,990,606, in the same months of 1846; and as anticipation of great spring business, resulting from the profitable exports of farm produce, were entertained, but few of the goods went into warehouse. Hence arose a demand for $2,922,762 in specie for duties. Under all these circumstances there has been no difficulty of getting money for regular business objects. There can be no danger to banking institutions in discounting all the genuine business paper, no matter to what extent it may be required. The danger which overtakes them in times of speculation grows out of loans made on paper which has nothing behind it. It is to prevent this description of loans, and kiting operations, that the Independent Treasury is chiefly valuable. Its action is aided at this moment by the loan operations of the government. Under the law of Jan. 27th, the Secretary of the Treasury issued invitations for deposites of specie to be made with the Assistant Treasurers, in exchange for Treasury Notes, bearing 6 per cent. interest, and convertible into a 20 years 6 per cent. stock. The effect of this was to draw specie into the Treasury from the banks, and the capitalist making the deposit received the notes for investment. The specie was, to some extent, transferred to the mints for coinage and circulation. The future holds out promise of most lucrative and extended business; and, as is usually the case when a large business is done on a *cash* basis, the currency becomes very active, and instead of being scarce, is apparently abundant.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

March 15.

My Dear Editor:—The fashionables in New-York are Episcopalians; and as such observe the season of Lent, until the restraint becomes unbearable, when they break out into dancing, tea-drinkings, and Polka-concerts, which bear the same religious proportion to balls, that fish does to flesh in diet,—abstinence being visible in the music and in the supper. It is singular how little variety there is in this class of amusements in Great Britain and America. Time seems to give them no progress. Is it that the highest conceivable social enjoyment for collections of men and women, consists in agitating themselves, in or out of measure, as Providence and the dancing-master have willed it, until dishevelled by fatigue and perspiration; and then insuring for themselves an uncomfortable morrow, by feeding upon eccentric culinary combinations? We took up, a day or two since, a novel called *Granby*, published some twenty-five years ago, describing gay life in England. The scene at a ball, which follows, will do as well for New-York as London, *mutato nomine*, &c. After cataloguing the crowd, Granby says:

"—— All these united in one close medley—a curious piece of living mosaic. Most of them came to see and be seen; some of the most youthful professedly to dance; yet how could they? At any rate they tried. They stood, if they could, with their *vis-à-vis* facing them,—and sidled across—and back again, and made one step—or two, if there was room, to the right or left, and joined hands, and set—perhaps, and turned their part-

new, or dispensed with it, if necessary—and so on, to the end of 'La Finale;' and then comes a waltz for the few who choose it—and then another squeezy quadrille—and so on—till the weary many 'leave ample room and verge enough' for the persevering few to figure in with greater freedom.

"But then they talk; oh! sy! true, we must not forget the charms of conversation. And what passes between nine-tenths of them! Remarks on the heat of the room; the state of the crowd; the impossibility of dancing, and the propriety, nevertheless, of attempting it; that on Wednesday was a bad Almacks, and on Thursday a worse opera; that the new ballet is supposed to be good; mutual inquiries how they like *Pasta*, or Catalani, or whoever the syren of the day may be; whether they have been at Mrs. A.'s, and whether they are going to Mrs. B.'s; whether they think Miss Such-a-one handsome; and what is the name of the gentleman talking to her; whether Rossini's music makes the best quadrilles, and whether Collinet's band are the best to play them. There are many who pay in better coin; but the small change is much of this description."

By the way, you may be pleased to learn that the present quadrille, (Anglice,) contredanse, (Galice,) and cotillon, (Yankice,) first came into vogue in the year 1768, or thereabouts. The Earl of Carlisle writes from the south of France to George Selwyn, that he and the Marquis of Kildare are learning cotillons, in order to be abused by the papers in England. Old winter laid down his snow-cloth over the streets and avenues for one more grand entertainment, the last of the season; and to the music of the bells, glided swiftly the merry throng, in full dress of furs. The opera sang on, and we fear Benedetti did not observe his Lent with sufficient zeal. The cold weather, or the *cold without*, proved too much for him. He gave in. At one time, the theatre was a hospital. Barilli had the croup, the tenor the bronchitis, the baritone was in the agonies of lithography, the chorus was bled, leeched, cupped and blistered, for all we know.—Fortunate Madame Weiss, if her little girls catch cold in the legs, dancing is the best medicine they can take; knees never grow husky, nor do toes become hoarse. The Lombardi is too great an opera for a small house. The crashes and explosions of sound are out of all proportion for the band-box theatre. The first act reminded us of "King John,"—set to thunder. Knights and banners, and red-legged pages crowd the stage, and two brass bands, one above and one below the foot-lights, rival each other in their deafening din. Four years since it was confidently asserted that Palmo's walls would not bear the weight of the audience. How triumphantly has been shown the superiority of the modern mechanic over the ancient architect! The opera-house sustains, unharmed, a braying of trumpets that would have overturned Jericho at the first peal. The piece is a grand one, well got up and well sung: perhaps the most curious part of it, is the quickness and frequency with which the Protean chorus change their dresses. We had to watch one particular nose to be sure that there were not three sets of flunkies on the stage. The first scene opens at Milan on a bright starlight evening; the constellations are considered abominable by the *dilettanti*. General Arvino and his suite have volunteered for Palestine; the general, great in love as in war, *tam venere quam Marte*, has excited the jealousy of his brother Pagano, who resolves to kill him, but by some unexplained mistake destroys his father. Grand scene of horror and horns!—during which the parricide escapes.—After an interval of some years we find ourselves in Palestine. Pagano has taken a beard and the frock, and lives, regardless of rheumatism, in a cave. He meets the army of occupation, dons a rusty cuirass and helmet, and becomes *aid* to his brother Arvino. Antioch, the Vera Cruz of Palestine, is taken; Arvino finds his daughter, a prisoner of the Saracens, in a very pretty kioseque. His joy at the discovery is not reciprocated by the young lady; she scolds her father; he tries to kill her; and they go off on opposite sides. Then follows a love scene between Giselda and the tenor; then somebody kills the tenor, who, as usual, dies finely on a huge rock, brought in by two crusaders for his accommodation. Giselda falls asleep upon this rock, and sees in a dream, without a spark of jealousy, the tenor in heaven between two pretty women. A battle follows; Pagano, the hermit, is mortally wounded, comes to his brother's tent, reveals his name, embraces his family, and dies with a distant view of Jerusalem, amid the thunders of the orchestra. If *Nina* was too dull, there are in this piece incidents enough to gratify any craving for variety; an assassination,—two conversions,—a baptism, and a scene in heaven.—In fact, it must be considered a successful opera. Much of the music in the second and third

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ceta is very beautiful. The direction have made a great mistake in placing the benefits between two regular nights. The beneficiary does not, perhaps, suffer, but the house does. The public crowd to the festival, and the weary singers play to empty benches on the third evening. It would be better for all concerned to reserve the benefits until the end of the engagement, as was the practice formerly.——A sister has departed from among us; Judy is no more. Her short career was closed by a surfeit of indigestible pleasantries; her last numbers were in short detached sentences, like the gasps which betoken and precede dissolution. That style of publication began upon a false system; the open, undisguised imitation of the London Punch, was fatal; because imitations must be even better than the originals to succeed—and Punch is not easily surpassed in his vein. Yet there is a style of humor which is peculiar to America, and which prevails throughout the States. It is an amplification of the Hibernian mode of pleasantry: the Irish bull fed upon prairie grass. A specimen went the rounds of the papers, which, although exaggerated, is worth printing again, and illustrates what we mean. Some heroic correspondent writes to his editor, of the Rio Grande, thus:

"Imagine some of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and then fancy to yourself a large river, three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this almighty crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber cannot find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together—but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpools in the bends, because they cannot find their way out. *Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they started from—being deceived by the different crooks!* Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it, and *some of the b'hoys say it is so darned twisting there isn't but one side to it.*"

This is broad, to be sure, but amusing and native; it is singular that neither of the jocose weeklies have attempted anything of the kind. The Greek origin of the Irish is very generally asserted; and we do not doubt that it is so. Frequent *Erinisms* appear in the dramas. In the Electra, for instance, Orestes (anciently written O'Restes) and his friend, while journeying toward their native city, meet Electra, and inquire the road in this manner:—"O woman! are we going where we wish to go?" Excuse us, my dear editor, if, while upon the Greek, we tell you a classical joke, which was born when we were at college. Our Greek tutor was named Sanger, and in the class was a youth yclept Smith. We were reading Xenophon's retreat of the Ten Thousand; the old mercenary mentions with great exactness the distance he travelled, in Persian measure. Smith translated: "En mia nukti, in one night—epoiese, he made—duodeka parasangas, twelve pair of Sangers." Mr. Sanger glared furiously at Smith's imperturbable countenance—and called the next. Poor Smith fell a victim, not long since, to a Mexican fever. General Tom Thumb, the travelled Thumb, having been announced by the newspapers, and by graceful though immodest sketches of himself upon the walls, that he received at the American Museum; we hastened to pay our quarter and our respects to the remarkable being who had been visited by all England and France, fêted by nobility, fondled and kissed by princesses and queens; after passing in review Barnum's curious glass cases, where the five-legged calf vies with the razor with which Thomas Nokes "slit his wife's weasand," we reached a long, low platform:——or rather we reached three hundred women, of all descriptions, from the Fifth Avenue down to Orange-street, pressing upon a long, low platform, which upheld a miniature rostrum, containing a lilliputian sofa and infinitesimal chairs. Presently a shrill, elf-scream rang through the room: "How do you *do, ladies* and gen-*tel*-men?" This came from Thumb, who, attired in irreproachable black, was borne in by his faithful and fortunate Barnum. We had seen this minimum exponent of humanity before his triumphs abroad, and remembered *him* as a hydrocephalus infant, dressed in coat and trowsers. His present appearance is not prepossessing; the head is too large for the body, and the features puffy, without much expression. In fact, the General looks like a preparation withdrawn from its antiseptic alcohol, costumed and galvanized. Having mounted the rostrum, Mr. Thumb waved and kissed both hands to the public, and addressed them with "Yankee Doodle." But at this moment all the mothers, like so

many opossums, produced innumerable youngsters hitherto invisible, and elevated them upon the platform, effectually shutting out both sight and sound of his Littleness. The other females, if less parturient, were equally anxious to see the show, and became so unruly that the General was obliged to adjourn to the theatre. Here he underwent several contortions, which Barnum called dancing, and gave utterance to fife-like noises, which Barnum informed us were French songs. And this, we thought, as we scrambled down stairs to the street, this is the mannikin who has commanded more attention from the transatlantic Great and Small, than any full-grown man or properly-developed General has ever received, or can ever expect to receive. Wonderful little fellow! Who would have thought it? How true the old proverb: "One never can tell by looking at a toad how far he will jump!"——The Paupers are holding a World's Convention or Congress of Mendicants in New-York. Among other propositions laid before this vast assemblage, is a plan for transporting all the Destitute of Europe to the land of freedom and Indian meal, at the expense of the Native Americans, and for founding here one or more new states on a basis of hopeless insolvency: *paupera regna.* The Convention are taking the most active measures to carry out the great objects of the meeting. A prize has been offered by the Committee of Ways and Means for the best new "dodge" in street begging: ulcers and little children being no longer very profitable. We learn that the Beggar's Opera is in rehearsal, and will soon be performed at the Alms-House, under the patronage of the members of that institution. An unanimous vote of thanks was offered to the corporation of the city, for the use of that building during the past year, and for the gentlemanly liberality in the supply of wine! brandy! beer! tobacco! snuff! and fireworks!——The *Manhattan*, a new club, have taken the new building, 489 Broadway. Three years ago, there was but one club in the city—the Union,—now we have the Union, the New-York, the Racket, and the Manhattan. We have heard, too, of a preparatory club, composed of young gentlemen whose tender years prevent their admission into the others. Single men ought to congratulate themselves upon the introduction of club-life. Though the American establishments are far from furnishing the helps-to-live which the English do; yet in a city of few public amusements, like New-York, they keep many a man of idle evenings away from bar, bowling and billiard rooms, and others of worse note,—who is drawn there merely for the want of some better place to visit.—By the way, talking of clubs, we *hasten to announce,* that, at a recent meeting, the Farmers' Club ascertained that potatoes are a vegetable!

THE ARTS.

Under this general head we propose to give in each number a view of what has been done during the past month, and, as far as our opportunities will admit, of what is about to be done in Music, the Drama, Painting, &c. Our readers will of course be obliged to see these views as they are colored by our own judgment and fancy. But such is the necessity of all who borrow the eyes or ears of their neighbors, and it is a small price to pay to those who awaken in us, however feebly, the pleasures of hope or of memory; neither is it at all unprofitable to any of us to see and hear as others do, if they be but honest; and of course we are honest—all critics are, or say they are so—which it is to be supposed means the same thing. True, the prospect which we show may sometimes be gloomy, and in our retrospect we may be able, but "*renovare dolorem*;" yet even this, though an unwelcome, will, we hope, be not an unfruitful task. It was our intention to have said much of what we are about to say in our last number, but we were unable, and this must be our excuse for looking back beyond the month.

Music seems to demand our first attention, both as the art which in this age wins to itself more attention, and exercises an influence at once wider, stronger and more subtle than any other, and as that in which most has been attempted and achieved among us of late. In the United States, music has made greater advances within the last ten years than during the previous sixty of our existence as a country, and relatively, almost incredibly greater advances here than in

Europe. But incredible and remarkable as this advance has been, it was to be expected. We use the highways of Europe in art as well as in science and literature, and have to begin our progress but at stages which she has marked for us. We have as yet but started from points which she has left, but we go over the ground at railroad speed, and may reasonably hope to overtake, if not outstrip her, at no very distant period.

New-York, daily becoming more metropolitan in its character, and what is worthy of remark, more generally acknowledged as the metropolis of art in America, has been the chief laborer in the field of music, though New-Orleans, Boston and Philadelphia have themselves done much, and have shown themselves not slow in profiting by the labors and good fortunes of her whom they can no longer hope to rival. The Philharmonic Society, the American Musical Institute, the brilliant succession of vocal and instrumental artists who have sought and won from the critics and the public of this city that approval which was to be their passport to favor throughout the country, and finally the successful, and, we hope, permanent establishment of an Italian Opera, have given an impulse to the higher sort of music, the effects of which are plainly visible, both in the improved taste of our public, and in the unwearying constancy with which they attend the performances of great works or distinguished artists. Such audiences as have continually filled the Tabernacle for the last three or four years, are never seen at concerts in Europe, save on the occasion of some great musical festival, and rarely in the opera houses of the largest capitals on the continent. M. Herz, who arrived here last winter on the afternoon of the day on which that admirable violinist, Mr. Burke, gave his grand concert, expressed his great astonishment at seeing so immense an audience as that assembled in the Tabernacle on that occasion; and seemed totally unprepared to expect that the concerts of an artist of even his own reputation would be repeatedly graced by similar crowds. It will give some idea of the estimation in which our attainments in music are held in Europe, to say, that M. Herz brought with him no orchestral parts to the few piano-forte concertos which were in his *repertoire*, thinking that he would not be able to procure a proper band to perform them; though on the other hand the London *Athenæum*, in noticing the progress we were making in classical music, and judging, as it said, from a criticism in the *Courier and Enquirer* upon the performances of Spohr's *Weihe der Tone*, acknowledged that we are on the right road, and that we seem in earnest, and did not hesitate to adopt the opinion and almost the very words of the transatlantic critic.

The Philharmonic Society, which has done more for the cause of the highest order of music than any other institution or public establishment here, has, we fear, remitted those exertions which once made it the pride and the hope of the musical profession and the amateurs of our city. It stands now where it stood two years ago. Its concerts for this season, save the first, at which Spohr's symphony, *Die Weihe der Tone*, was performed, under the direction of Mr. George Loder, have been little creditable to it. Spohr's chaste and highly finished work, which shows more than any of his other compositions how narrowly he escaped being a genius, and how nearly great talents, perfect taste and great labor can approach to genius, was rendered by the society in a style at once worthy of the work and of itself; but we cannot say as much for the performance of the *Pastorale* and the Symphony in A. (No. 7) of Beethoven, which, though undoubtedly two of the greatest known inspirations of genius, produced less effect than the former symphony. Some of this deficiency may undoubtedly be attributed to the conductors. Mr. Timm, the conductor of the *Pastorale*, a thorough and accomplished musician, unequalled as an accompanist, and unsurpassed as a concerto player by any pianist in the country, seems to lack the necessary nerve and immobility for the conductor's stand; and when the society elected Mr. Boucher to conduct the Symphony in A, they lost more in his violincello playing in the *Allegretto* than they gained by his conducting. Why should not this society have a perpetual director? The Philharmonic Society of London has tried it with the greatest success, having, under Costa's direction, attained an excellence, and developed resources before unknown to itself. Perhaps an American Philharmonic might think a perpetual directorship too dictatorial—too much of a one-man power to establish. But democracy however excellent elsewhere, has no place in

the orchestra. Let this society but elect a man whom their own judgment will point out to them as the fittest for their constant director; one who will work, and who will make the society work—who knows its resources, and how to develope them so as to attain the high ends which such a body should have in view—and they know better than others if they have such a man among them,—and they will resume the progressive march in which we are sorry to say they have halted, and seem inclined to stand at ease.

At its next concert, the last of the season, this society is to perform SPOHR's Double Symphony, which will probably be led by Mr. HILL, the President of the Society, who has the honor to have been chiefly instrumental in establishing it. He leaves soon for Europe, and it is hoped that he will return with the score, or the promise of one, of a symphony written for our Philharmonic, by SPOHR or MENDELSSOHN.

For a long time the American Musical Institute has not appeared before the public, but it ere long will produce "Paradise and the Peri," an Oratorio by SCHUMANN, a lovely composition, original, and full of fancy and feeling, and one replete with the rich orchestral effects of the modern school. Its story is MOORE's Paradise and the Peri, very slightly modified to adapt it to musical expression; and the music, as far as we are at present able to judge, does ample justice to the imaginative creation of the Irish bard.

The Opera season has been one of almost uninterrupted and brilliant success. After long waiting, and much doubt as to whether we were to have any opera at all this winter, Signor SANQUIRICO, encouraged by the small sum of three thousand dollars subscribed by a few of our wealthy enthusiasts in music, made his appearance, accompanied by a *prima donna*, a *tenore*, a *basso*, a *maestro*, the brother of the *prima donna*, and a *tenore secondo*, her step-father. These, with Madame PICO and himself, form the principals of the company which has had so much success as to lead to the maturing of plans for building a suitable opera house in the fashionable part of the city. Such a success by a company inferior as a whole to any Italian company we have ever had in New-York, and after a long continued succession of concerts by DE MEYER, HERZ, SIVORI and BURKE, is in itself sufficient indication of the permanent hold which music has taken upon the public mind. We do not mean to disparage the company at PALMO's; it contains artists of great merit, and is far better than we deserve, considering the amount sent to insure its arrival, and the wretched house in which it was expected to perform, without, at that time, any hope of a better, or of a prolonged engagement in America.

On the arrival of the *troupe*, as a matter of course, the merits of the different members were the subject of inquiry and discussion among the *dilettanti*. Nothing was known of them except what could be learned from the management; and with it, the charming voice, the beauty, *naivete* and youth of the *prima donna*, together with the magnificent organ, impassioned style and perfect method of the *basso*, were constant and almost exclusive themes. The merits of PICO and SANQUIRICO were too well known to need setting forth; but of the tenor little was said, and that in a tone which rather deprecated criticism than stimulated expectation. We mention this as remarkable, because at the dress rehearsal of *Linda di Chamounix*, which took place before the first critics and amateurs of the city, this depreciated tenor had hardly uttered four bars of the *adagio*, when he was pronounced *the* artist of the company. Signor BENEDETTI has not only continued to hold this position, but, by his performance in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *I Lombardi*, particularly on the occasion of the last performance of the former opera, he has won still more upon the favor of the public and the judgment of critics; being acknowledged as inferior only to ANTOGNINI in his best moods. By a large portion of the public he is, perhaps, even preferred to that admirable artist. His voice is of a decided tenor quality, though not perfectly pure, having a slight sharpness in its tone, which, however, does not interfere with its extremely touching quality, nor its power of expressing intense emotion. His method is formed on the best models, his style is natural and impassioned, and his conception of his music generally shows a thorough appreciation of the dramatic situation, and of the intention of the composer. He scorns meretricious effect of any kind, and is remarkable for the simple and direct manliness of his manner. As an actor, his bearing is just what that of such a singer should be. His con-

centration of grief, sorrow and wrath, in the second act of Lucia, and his death-scene in the same opera, have produced impressions which will with difficulty be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed his performance; they are too familiar to need comment.

Notwithstanding all our admiration of Signor BENEDETTI, we think that he has been too indiscriminately praised by the press, and applauded by the public. Though he has undoubtedly the elements of a great artist, he is now by no means the perfect singer some think him, and, indeed, shows some defects which are surprising in an artist of such general excellence. His method, though, as we have remarked, formed in the best schools, is by no means unimpeachable, and his performances lack that finish which is requisite to a perfect work of art. His general conception and outline are always truthful and forcible, and his filling up in good keeping, but he lacks those last delicate touches, which show the thoroughly accomplished artist, and which are generally the last attainment of genius. Those delicate inflections of the voice which tell the subtlest changes of emotion, that expression of restrained passion which shows the highest state of excited feeling, and the harmonious contrast of light and shade produced by a judicious use of *forte* and *piano*, are too often wanting in Signor BENEDETTI's performances. Comparatively few notice the absence of these until they are supplied. Few, save the most practised eyes, can see the want of the last touches to a great picture, the effect of which, when laid on, all acknowledge.

Signor BENEDETTI's most prominent errors of method are a defective breathing, which causes him sometimes to break musical phrases, and even to dismember words, and a want of *portamento*, which frequently compels him to *ha-ha-ha* his way from one note to another. This last fault, which was much more prominent at the first part of the season than at present, seems to affect, or be affected by, the whole company. Signorina BARILI, whose method is remarkably pure and perfect, has it in some degree; and in Signor BENEVENTANO it passes the verge of broad caricature. Can it be a mannerism now coming into vogue in Italy?

The youth, inexperience, and pleasing person of Signorina BARILI, caused her to be received, at first, with an indulgence, which the merit she really possesses, joined to her laudable and untiring efforts, has converted to decided favor, and, perhaps, even admiration. But it must be manifest to all, upon reflection, that she is a pretty, pleasing girl, of moderate capacities, a pupil of whom her talented brother may be proud, rather than a woman who can sustain the part of *prima donna* in an opera company of any pretension, or even one who gives promise of ever being able to do so. With regard to her method of singing she is almost beyond fault-finding; she never violates good taste, and her voice is pure and of pleasing quality. But upon the boards she is almost a cypher. If she never shocks, she also never delights. She "dwells in decencies for ever." Her voice is weak and meaningless, and style she has none; apparently from the lack of those emotions from which style springs. Difference of dramatic situation produces no change in the inflections of her voice, which are the same, whether she be in the depths of woe or at the summit of happiness—whether she utter common-place recitative or the ravings of a maniac. Naturally enough, her acting is of a piece with her singing; in all situations she gives us the same monotonous and stereotyped swinging of the arms, and crossings of the stage, but she is never awkward nor even displeasing.

Her perfect antithesis is found in Signor BENEVENTANO, the *primo basso* of the company. Exuberance of voice, extravagance of manner, and exaggeration of sentiment, characterise all his performances, whether as a singer or an actor. His voice, a decided bass in quality, though having the register of a baritone, is remarkable both in volume and compass. It is immensely powerful, extraordinarily flexible, and extends to G above the lines. But it is as passionless as the silver pipings of BARILI, and is delivered with so vicious a method and so exaggerated a style, as at times to awaken ideas of the ludicrous, when otherwise it would awaken nothing at all, if we except every sleeper within two squares of the Opera house. In spite of the power of his voice, and the great capacity of his lungs, which enables him to hold a note for an almost indefinite period of time, he is unable to give a pure and simple *sostenuto*. When he attempts it, the note which he gives pulsates and changes in quality and in force at almost every second. He has one great excellence which is somewhat rare in bass voices, his intonation is always perfect.

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In this matter both BARILI and BENEDETTI are frequently at fault; the latter less, however, than the former, who is almost sure to sharp on a *decrescendo* note. In his vocalization BENEVENTANO usually contrives to introduce all the vowels of the alphabet in the space of a couple of bars, and when he starts on one of the meaningless roulades with which he is fond of interlarding his music, for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice, we may be generally sure of his going through most of the bodily contortions of an "India Rubber Posture Man" in a Circus ring. In the midst of the famous quartette of *Lucia*, he breaks the dramatic interest of the scene by striding to the front of the stage, with his arms extended, when, clapping both hands upon his breast after the fashion of a goose foot, and with his body imminent above the footlights, as if about diving head-first into the astonished kettle drums, he shouts forth sounds like "*ay-hay heel meo sa-hangway-hay lo-ho tradeeta*-HAH-HAH-HAH-*ha*," &c, which in his version of "*ella e il mio sangue l'ho tradita.*" *Yankee Doodle's* caricature of this scene, laughable as it was, was hardly an exaggeration, at least so far as BENEVENTANO was concerned.

Apropos, this coming to the footlights on every occasion is a general failing with this company, and perhaps with all opera singers. It mars the effect of the scene, particularly in duetts, trios, &c. The singers forget that they are actors, and sing to the audience and at each other; whereas they should sing to each other and at the audience.

Of the operas which have been produced, *Lucia di Lammermoor* has had the most brilliant success, and deservedly so, both on account of the merits of the music and of the performance. Though by no means a finished composition even in its school, which looks little to thought and study, its principal melodies have an originality, vigor and meaning, which are too frequently wanting in the works of DONIZETTI, and which cause us to place this carelessly written opera at the head of the last school of Italian dramatic compositions.

Linda di Chamounix, the first opera produced, abounds in those graceful melodies which a trained Italian ear can hardly fail to produce, and which mean nothing in themselves, though they can be made to mean anything in the hands or rather the mouth of an accomplished singer; but it contains nothing original or striking, save the little air "*Ah consolar t'affretti si,*" too small an affair to be the burden of an opera.

COPPOLA's *Nina pazza per amore*, in which that charming artist, Madame PICO, displayed her wonted powers,—worthy a better *role*,—was the first check to the success of the company. That this was the case must be attributed wholly to the music. Though written with far more care than either *Linda* or *Lucia*, with instrumentation nicely conceived and carefully wrought out, its melodies are trivial and lack passion, and but little of the music is at all equal to the dramatic situation to which it is assigned. The composer has studiously elaborated the meagre productions of a mind of some talent but without genius.

The great novelty of the season, *I Lombardi*, demands attention, if not from its intrinsic merits, at least from the prominent position which its composer, VERDI, now holds on the Italian stage. But his holding that position is by no means an evidence of his merit. In Italy, the novelty of a claim to the musical throne is a sure means of ensuring at least partial success in its attainment; and when the throne is left vacant, as now, by DONIZETTI, the new aspirant is sure of the empty seat if he will but boldly take it. The verdict of an Italian audience upon the merits of a composer is worth less than that of any other audience in the world, if perhaps we except the Chinese and the Choctaws. *Furori* are raised there, half a dozen a year, by successive composers, who go out after their first flash, and are never heard of more, even in Italy.

But VERDI has obtained a hearing and a measure of success out of Italy; and as celebrity, though possible only a celebrity of a day, our readers may like to know all we can tell them of him. He is a Lombard of obscure origin, born in 1815, and is consequently not so young as he is generally thought. He is of course pale, with a broad forehead, deep, melancholy eyes, and looks prematurely old. This is the stereotyped physiognomy for geniuses of his sort. He did nothing which attracted any attention until he produced his first opera, *Oberto*, at La Scala. Sustained by the principal singers of Italy, it produced an impromptu

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furore, and "callings-out" to the number of twenty in succession took place nightly, though the opera has not been heard of since, and the composer is unwilling that it should be until he has rewritten it.

His next work was the *Finto Stanislae*, which was performed in Venice with great success. This was followed by "*Nabuco*," performed at La Scala in 1841, the principal part being sustained by RONCONI, the great baritone. To this succeeded *Ernani*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, *I due Foscari*, and *Attila*. The last of these was written in 1846. We do not know of his having produced any thing since then, though he is now engaged on *King Lear*, the principal part of which he writes for LABLACHE.

From a careful and thorough consideration of *I Lombardi*, and not a little knowledge of *Nabuco*, *Ernani*, *I due Foscari* and *Giovanna d'Arco*, we must dissent from the praises lavished so unsparingly upon VERDI on the one hand, as well as from the wholesale condemnation of him, on the other. We dissent from his European reputation, with less doubt of our own judgment than might seem proper, were it certain that he had attained a solid reputation, and not an ephemeral popularity. We have yet to learn that such is the fact. *I due Foscari* was produced some few months since at Paris, and was successful only so far as the singing of GRISI, MARIO and LABLACHE could make it so.

Judging from his other works, *I Lombardi* is a poor specimen of VERDI's claims to popularity. It is more labored than any other, with the exception, perhaps, of *Nabuco;* but the labor of VERDI will neither win him favor with the people, nor respect from musicians. In his compositions, whatever is pleasing is of the DONIZETTI school, and whenever he attempts a melody out of that school, he is strange without originality, and harsh without force. Seemingly conscious of this, he has given himself Herculean tasks in the instrumentation of his songs and concerted pieces; but what he intends as instrumentation, is added to the melody, not born with it, as should be the case; and has as little to do with developing or sustaining the sentiment of the subject, such as it is, as an Irish jig with Old Hundred. There seems to us to be little which calls for any particular approval or condemnation in what we know of his works. Stripped of the enormous gingerbread imitations of instrumentation which he has pasted on to them, they are the pleasant, characterless melodies of the DONIZETTI school, with little to mark the individuality of the composer's mind. He has given us no fresh melody, no new forms of harmony, even to condemn; though he has made many feeble and some pleasing imitations of the French and German manner. But generally he confines himself to the three principal harmonies, and his "labor" is to set his instruments running scales after each other, and playing leap-frog through the common chord. Some of his attempts at "imitation" border on the ludicrous; and in *Nabuco* he has written a Canon upon a modern Italian melody, producing very much the effect of putting the Apollo Belvidere into the green velvet and scarlet ribbons of a theatrical bandit. He introduces death-scenes by a solo, with brilliant *fiorituri* for the violin, and accompanies a prayer by a jigging movement on the flute.

In *I Lombardi*, the din of brass prevents what music there is to be heard from being heard, until the hearer is as used to it as a resident at Niagara to the roar of the falls. We are at a loss to conceive what is the meaning of that eternal brass band on the stage. But there it is; and in-doors and out-of-doors, in-season and out-of-season, we have Lombards in helmets and spectacles, and Turks in turbans and spectacles, blowing ophecleides, trombones, and E flat clarinets, as if each man considered himself the impersonation of Fame, and that he was sounding his own praises to the listening world.

I Lombardi is, in short, an Italian burlesque of MEYERBEER, an operatic caricature of BERLIOZ. When will composers and audiences remember that, though they may have an army of instruments, there are but three notes in a common chord, and that noise is neither thought nor grandeur?

What we have said in disparagement of the exalted position claimed for VERDI by some, applies solely to his elaborate and shallow imitations of the French and German styles. When free from this, his music is as good as the most of DONIZETTI's—except *Anna Bolena* and *Lucia*; though he lacks the warm feeling of that writer. The tenor cavatina in the second act, and the trio in the third act of

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I Lombardi, are examples in point; though the trio is disfigured by an *arpeggio* accompaniment for a violin solo.

During the approaching new season, could not the management be persuaded to give us *La Sonnambula?*—a pearl which has lost no lustre since it has seen the light. It is admirably adapted to the abilities of the company, and would rival *Lucia* in filling the treasury; but we have no hope of hearing it, nor anything of BELLINI.

The Havana Opera Company have determined to go to Boston first—unwisely, we think. We have no Niblo's Garden now, and nothing will fill the Park Theatre in warm weather; not even a double company, imported at an expense of twenty thousand dollars.

Our music has occupied so much of our space as to give us no opportunity to speak of other matters, which we the less regret, as little has been done in the Drama of late, and the National Academy's Exhibition will claim our attention in our next number.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. Burgess & Stringer, New-York.

THIS admirable work presents to the reader in a condensed form, the whole series of English authors, from Langland and Chaucer down to the present day.—Not only is he made acquainted with them, as it were, personally, through a biographical sketch, and wood engravings of the principal authors, with a detail of the interesting events connected with their history and writings, but their productions are presented to the reader in their appropriate chronological order. The volumes are divided into five periods: 1st, from the earliest times down to 1400; 2d, 1400 to 1558; 3d, 1558 to 1649; 4th, 1649 to 1689; 5th, 1689 to 1727. The immense popularity of this work in England is evinced in the fact that 40,000 copies were sold in three years. The American publishers have added to the 300 elegant English illustrations a number of fine steel and mezzotint engravings of the principal authors. Literary history is not a mere philological history of critical erudition; it rises into the philosophy of books. The actual condition of a people is reflected from the enduring pictures, by the gifted beings who have transmitted them to posterity. Such authors are, for the most part, the creatures of public opinion in the age in which they live. An epoch in the history of a people is always marked by the existence of a great man; and contemporary ready writers transmit to us the public and domestic story; and thus books become the intellectual history of a people. Fortunately authorship is not confined to hereditary rank or entailed estates. All grades of society have furnished the brightest specimens of intellectual worth; and hence the manners of a whole people rise before us in the works of ancient writers. The volume with which the public are presented by Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, embodies all these in a cheap and elegant form.

History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi by the three great European Powers, Spain, France and Great Britain, and the subsequent occupation, settlement and extension of civil government by the United States, until 1846. By JOHN W. MONETTE. In 2 vols. Harper Brothers.

These volumes are a most important addition to American history. In an authentic and clear manner, they point out the first penetration of each nation of Europe into this vast continent,—showing the progress of settlement, until each, coming from different points, meet in the great valley of the Mississippi, and are merged in the sovereignty of the Anglo-Saxon race—laying the foundation of that mighty empire which one day is to claim Mississippi for its centre. These volumes are altogether too important, and fraught with too intense an interest to be dispatched in a passing notice; and we shall, in the coming number, devote some pages to a review of them.

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Modern Chivalry; or the Adventures of Capt. Farrago and Teague O'Regan. By H. H. Brackenridge. Second Edition since the death of the Author. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

These small volumes form a part of the Library of Humorous American Works, published by Carey & Hart, and are well illustrated. Its character is, as represented in the preface, that of a satire on the folly, presumption, and extravagances or dishonesty which too often shows itself amid the rank growth of popular liberty. The adventures of Capt. Farrago and his man are well-told and humorous.

New French Reader. By A. G. Callot. D. Appleton & Co.

This work comprises selections from the first dramas of France, arranged in a progressive order, admirably adapted to initiate the learner into the idioms and familiar style of the French language. It supplies a great want.

Quadrupeds of North America. By John James Audubon, F. R. S., &c. &c., and the Rev. John Bachman, D. D., &c. &c. New-York. J. J. Audubon.

We hail with pleasure the appearance of this valuable addition to our national literature and native science. The great ornithologist was assisted in the production of this magnificent work by Dr. James Bachman, a gentleman who, for learning and accuracy of information, probably stands at the head of the science of mammalogy in this country, and whose two daughters were united in marriage to the two sons of Mr. Audubon, John W. and Victor G. Such a union of devoted enthusiasm, high science and great learning, could not but have produced a rare monument of national genius. The country over which investigations have been extended, comprises the British and Russian possessions to the north, the whole of the United States and its territories, and California and Mexico, down to the Tropic of Cancer. The vast labor of collecting the history and habits of quadrupeds, was performed by both authors from personal observation, and through that of the friends of science—Dr. Bachman being mostly responsible for the designation of species and the letter press. Some of the drawings were executed by J. W. Audubon, who is now engaged in Europe making figures of arctic animals. Mr. V. G. Audubon executed many of the back grounds. It is gratifying to observe, that a respectable list of subscribers is appended to the volume, but far short of what should be the case; and we trust, for the honor of the country, and the future success of science, that it will swell in number and amount.

History of the Roman Republic. By J. Michelet, Member of the Institute of France; Author of "History of France," &c., &c. Translated by Wm. Hazlitt. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

Our readers are doubtless acquainted with the peculiar clearness and vivid freshness of the style of M. Michelet. The soundness of his judgment, the extent of his researches, and the faithfulness of his pictures, eminently qualify him to command respect as a historian; while the methodical and masterly manner in which he introduces his readers to the scene of his story, and unfolds the picture before them, gives it the interest of a romance rather than the usual dry details which history presents. The impartiality with which the author philosophizes, while his mind is filled with the rights of the people, so long oppressed by tyrannic governments, wins the admiration of the student. The mind of the reader is not mystified by different and irrelevant digressions; but the main story in its truthfulness is kept before him, until the whole is completed to his mental view in a bold and well-defined picture. The volume before us forms No. 25 of Appleton's Literary Miscellany—a new series of choice books, without which no library can be complete.

Travels in Peru. By Dr. J. J. Van Tschudi. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

Dr. Tschudi is a naturalist of considerable reputation, one who spent five years in Peru, exploring the least-frequented regions of that country, its mountain wildernesses and vast forests—its towns and cities, mostly in pursuit of his favorite study. His professional occupation did not, however, interfere with his collecting an ample store of the most interesting observations on the ways and doings of the very singular people among whom he sojourned. These he has narrated in a manner at once spirited and agreeable. He vividly portrays the mighty works of nature that he encountered; the toils and hardships, the pains and pleasures of his

wanderings, in those strange regions. As an instance of the agreeable style of the book, we subjoin the Dr.'s description of the ladies of Lima :

"The women of Lima are far superior to the men, both corporeally and intellectually; they are affectionate mothers, though their conduct in other respects is any thing but exemplary. It is certainly not for the sake of pleasing their husbands that they cling with invincible obstinacy to the use of their national walking guards, the *saya y manto*, in which they take their pleasure in the streets, making keen play with the one eye they leave uncovered, and quite secure in that disguise from detection, even by the most jealous scrutiny. The veil is inviolable ; any man who should attempt to pluck off a woman's *manto* would be very severely handled by the populace. The history of their lives comprises two phases: in the full bloom of their fascinating beauty their time is divided between doing naught and naughty doings; when their charms are on the wane, they take to devotion and scandal. A young lady of Lima

"'Rises late; dresses her hair with orange or jasmine flowers, and waits for breakfast, after which she receives or pays visits. During the heat of the day she swings in a hammock, or reclines on a sofa, smoking a cigar. After dinner she again pays visits, and finishes the evening either in the theatre or the *plaza*, or on the bridge. Few ladies occupy themselves with needle-work or netting, though some of them possess great skill in those arts. . . . The pride which the fair Limenas take in their dainty little feet knows no bounds. Walking, sitting, or standing, swinging in the hammock or lying on the sofa, they are ever watchful to let their tiny feet be seen. Praise of their virtue, their understanding or their beauty, sounds not half so sweetly in their ears, as encomiums bestowed on their little feet. They take the most scrupulous care of them, and avoid every thing that might favor their enlargement. A large foot (*Pataza Inglesa*, 'an English foot,' as they say,) is an abomination to them. I once heard a beautiful European lady deservedly extolled by some fair dames of Lima, but they wound up their eulogies with these words: '*pero que pie valgame Dios! parece una lancha!*' (but what a foot, good heavens! it is like a great boat!) and yet the foot in question would by no means have been thought large in Europe.

The Fireside Friend, or Female Student. Being advice to Young Ladies on the important subject of Education. By Mrs. Phelps. Harper Brothers.

The author states in the introduction, that the design of this work is "to awaken the minds of the young to the importance of education, and to give them just ideas of the nature, design and practical application of various branches of study," and it seems to fulfil the object. That the public appreciate the work, is evinced in the fact of the many successive editions through which it has passed in England and America.

The Institutes of Medicine. By Martin Payne, A. M., M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica, in the University of New-York, &c. Harper Brothers, New-York.

In this noble volume the author has ably carried out his avowed intention, of maintaining throughout such a consistency of facts and of laws that stamp the whole work as the *Philosophy of Medicine*. The views contained in it are well adapted to the student in medicine, and to the more advanced. For the advantage of the student, he has aimed at such a method as he might command, and such illustration as might not seem irksome to the latter. A copious general index is affixed to the volume.

Amenities of Literature. Consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature. By J. D'Israeli. Harper Brothers.

These are two valuable volumes for a small sum of money. The author tells us, that a history of the vernacular literature had occupied his mind for many years. It was his design to trace from their beginnings, the rise, the progress, and the decline of opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the "great incidents in our national annals." He was arrested in his studies "by loss of sight, and the present papers are a portion of my projected history." They are of exceeding interest, and a highly valuable addition to every library.

Rambles About the Country. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Harper Brothers.

This is an agreeable little volume, portraying the journeyings of the fair authoress, whose writings are familiar to the readers of the Review in many tales which we have published.

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An Exposition of the Apocalypse. By DAVID N. LORD. New-York: Harper Brothers.

A just exposition of the Apocalypse would doubtless be found not only to confirm the views presented in the other Scriptures of the great objects of the Divine government, and exalt our apprehensions of the work of redemption, but adapted in a high degree to assist the people of God to the duties which they are now called to fulfil in their conflict with the powers that oppose them. There are indications in the Revelation that the Church is to enjoy extraordinary aids toward the close of its struggle with Antichrist, and be raised to an eminent height of wisdom and fidelity. The representation, that all the witnesses who utter their testimony immediately before the seventh trumpet are to be slain, shows that, unlike the confessors of former ages, they are all—unterrified by threats, and undismayed by inflictions—to persevere in their steadfastness to the end; and the representation, that they are all to be speedily raised from death in reward of their fidelity, indicates that it is to be peculiarly decisive and acceptable to God.

This exposition of the book, issued by the Messrs. Harper Brothers, unlike those of former commentators, exhibits it as possessing this adaptation to instruct the Church both in its present position, and in the scenes that are at hand. The view it presents of the designs of God vary very much from those which are generally entertained. The great movements that have marked the few last years are exhibited in new aspects, and indications presented of approaching changes wholly unanticipated by others, of the greatest moment to the people of God, the false Church, and the civil governments.

No views can be imagined fitted in a higher degree to excite a profound interest in all religious denominations in Great Britain, than those which it presents of nationalized and dissenting churches, and the events that are soon to mark their career; or of the character of the civil rulers of the European kingdoms, their past and future agency, and the destiny that awaits them. That the work will there be read with eagerness and exert important influences, no one aware of the condition of the parties into which the British churches are divided can doubt.

The disclosures it makes of the Divine purposes cannot fail to attract also the consideration of all denominations here, and work great changes in the views and expectations with which the people of God are to continue the work of communicating the Gospel to the nations, and testifying against the usurpations and blasphemies of the Antichristian powers.

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By JOHN HARRIS, D. D., President of Chesnut College. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

This is the first of an admirable series of contributions to theological science, by the able author. The attempt is made—and with success, we think, to develope and sustain the great truth, that there is a "theology in nature," which is alternately one with the theology of the Bible. In tracing the evident marks of design in its formation, which the earth exhibits, the mind is carried irresistibly up to the great intelligent Author of that design. This process is gone through in the work before us in an able and exceedingly interesting manner. The volume is furnished with a comprehensive index, and its execution reflects great credit on the publishers.

Life of Napoleon. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

The existence and career of Napoleon was not alone that of a man of transcendent genius and fortune; it marked the great struggle of democracy and the rights of the people against tyranny and aristocratic privileges. From this fact alone has it arisen, that the influence of aristocratic governments has been exerted to misrepresent and malign the great French leader of the people. In attempting to vilify him they suppose that they are putting down the democratic spirit. Hence the student is not only surprised but disgusted with the tissue of falsehood and prejudice he everywhere meets with in English productions whenever Buonaparte is the subject. This feeling alone produced in Hazlitt the desire to do justice to Napoleon, and through him to the popular movement he headed; and nobly has he fulfilled his task. Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have conferred a great favor both on the public and the republican cause by the production of this volume, which we have set aside for a more extended review.

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THE TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

The Congress which terminated its sittings March 4, 1847, has doubtless been one of the most remarkable in the history of the country. Its first session terminated August 10, 1846, 12 M., after 253 days—the longest on record. The 2d session expired in 53 days. By its enactments, more national and long debated questions have been finally and successfully brought to a close, than by those of any one of its twenty-eight predecessors.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

No. 1.—The vote on the bill to provide for the war with Mexico, and recognizing the existing as the act of Mexico, passed the Senate—Ayes 40, Nays 2. Present, not voting—John M. P. Berrien, George Evans, John C. Calhoun. Absent—J. W. Chalmers, A. O. Greene, W. H. Haywood, John Fairfield, S. S. Phelps, Daniel Webster, Jabez W. Huntington. J. W. Miller, J. A. Pearce, Ed. A. Hannegan, John A. Dix.

No. 2.—August 6. Vote on a resolution of Mr. M'Duffie, that Congress should appropriate a sum of money to enable the President to negotiate a treaty of peace with Mexico. Yeas 33, Nays 16.

No. 3.—July 28. Vote on ordering the tariff bill to a third reading. Ayes 27, Nays 27. When the Vice-President, explaining his position, gave his casting vote for the bill.

No. 4.—Tariff bill—final passage. Ayes 28, Nays 27. Mr. Haywood of South Carolina resigned his seat to avoid voting on the bill.

No. 5.—Passage of the bill to authorize a loan of $22,000,000. Ayes 43, Nays 2.

No. 6.—$3,000,000 bill. Vote on the motion to add to the bill an additional section excluding slavery in territory acquired under the bill. Ayes 21, Nays 31.

No. 7.—Vote on the final passage of the $3,000,000 bill. Ayes 29, Nays 24.

No. 8.—Territorial government of Oregon. On the ground that there would not be time to pass the bill to extend over Oregon a territorial government, a motion to lay it on the table was carried—Yeas 26, Nays 18.

No. 9.—Vote to exclude Mr. Ritchie from the floor of the Senate. Ayes 27, Nays 21.

No. 10.—April 23, 1846. Passage of the Oregon notice resolutions. Yeas 42, Nays 10.

		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
Allen,	Ohio.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	
Atherton,	N. H.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	Y	
Archer,	Va.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Ashley,	Ark.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	Y	
Atchison,	Mo.	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	
Badger,	N. C.				Y	N	N	Y	Y		
Barrow,	La.	Y	N	N	N						Y
Bagby,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	
Benton,	Mo.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N		Y	
Berrien,	Geo.		N	N	N	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	
Breese,	Ill.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	
Bright,	Ind.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	
Butler,					Y	N	Y	Y	Y		
Calhoun,	S. C.		Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Cass,	Mich.	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	
Colquitt,	Geo.	Y		Y	Y	N	Y			Y	
Chalmers,	Miss.		Y	Y	Y	N	Y		N		
Crittenden,	Ky.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	N	N		Y	Y
Cameron,	Pa.	Y	Y	N	N		Y	N	N	N	Y
Cilley,	N. H.		N	N	N	N	Y	N	Y	Y	
Clayton, J. M.	Del.	Y	N	N	N	Y	N			Y	Y
Clayton, Tho's	Del.	N		N	N	Y				Y	Y
Corwin,	Ohio.	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	Y
Davis,	Mass.	N	N	N	N		Y	N	Y	Y	
Dickenson,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	Y	N	N	N
Dayton,	N. J.	Y		N	N		Y	N		Y	
Dix,	N. Y.		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Evans,	Me.		Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	
Fairfield,	Me.		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N		N	
Green,	R. I.			N	N	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	
Hannegan,	Ind.		N	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	

		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
Huntington,	Conn.		N	N	N		Y		Y	Y	Y
Houston,	Texas.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	Y
Haywood,	N. C.										Y
Jarnigan,	Tenn.	Y	N		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Johnson, Reverdy	Md.	Y	Y	N	N		N	N	Y		Y
Johnson, H.	La.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	N	Y	N	Y	Y
Jenness,	N. H.	Y									N
Lewis,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y			Y
Levy,	Fla.	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
M'Duffie,	S. C.	Y	Y	Y	Y						Y
Miller,	N. J.		N	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Mangum,	N. C.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Mason,	Va.				Y	N	Y	Y	N		
Morehead,	Ky.	Y	N	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Niles,	Conn.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Phelps,	Vt.		N	N	N		Y	N		Y	
Pearce,	Md.		N	N	N		N	N	Y	Y	Y
Pennybacker,	Va.	Y		Y	Y						Y
Rusk,	Texas.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y		Y
Semple,	Ill.	Y	N	Y	Y						N
Simmons,	R. I.	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Sturgeon,	Pa.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	
Sevier,	Ark.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y		N	Y
Soule,	La.						N	Y	Y	N	
Speight,	Miss.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y					Y
Turney,	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	Y
Upham,	Vt.	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Webster,	Mass.		Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Woodbridge,	Mich.	Y	N	N	N		Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Westcott,	Fla.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N

RECAPITULATION.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
Total Yeas	40	33	27	28	43	21	29	26	27	42
" Nays	2	16	27	27	2	31	24	18	21	10
" Vote	42	51	54	55	45	52	53	44	48	52
Excess Yeas	38	15	..	1	41	..	5	8	6	32
" Nays						10				

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

No. 1.—On the news of the invasion of the territory of the United States by the Mexican army reaching Washington, a bill was introduced into Congress providing for the prosecution of the war, and its preamble set forth as follows:—"Whereas, by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States, therefore," &c. The vote on this was 173 yeas to 14 nays.

No. 2.—The vote on the general tariff bill, which came to a close July 23, 1846. This bill is given in our number for August, 1846.

No. 3.—On the 23d April, the joint resolutions for giving notice to Great Britain of the cessation of the joint occupancy came up for final vote, and was decided, ayes 142 to 46 nays.

No. 4.—On the 2d January Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, introduced the following resolution:—"Resolved, That it is inexpedient to lay any tax on tea and coffee." This was carried, 115 to 46. This was followed by the following resolution, offered by Mr. Simms, of Missouri:—"Resolved, That the people of the United States are too patriotic to refuse any necessary tax in time of war." Yeas 126, Nays none.

No. 5.—January 11. The passage of the bill to raise ten regiments to serve in the war with Mexico came up, and was decided, 176 ayes, 34 nays.

No. 6.—Vote on the bill to authorize a loan of $22,000,000 on a 6 per cent. stock, or treasury notes to be funded in a 20 years stock. Ayes 166, Noes 22.

No. 7.—January 27. Vote on the bill to increase the pay of soldiers, and giving a bounty of 160 acres of land to volunteers. Yeas 171, Nays 18.

No. 8.—February 16. The so-called $3,000,000 bill, the object of which was to place that sum at the disposal of the Executive to negotiate a peace, came up for vote. Mr. Hamlin moved to add the Wilmot proviso, which provides that no slavery shall exist in territory to be acquired by treaty. This was adopted, 115 to 106.

No. 9.—March 3. The $3,000,000 bill being reported from the Senate without the Wilmot proviso. Mr. Wilmot moved to add it to the bill. Vote on this motion, Yeas 97, Nays 102.

No. 10.—Vote on the passage of the $3,000,000 bill without the Wilmot proviso. Yeas 115, Nays 81.

No. 11.—Vote on the bill to add certain general officers to the army.

No. 12.—Vote on a bill to lay a duty on tea and coffee and certain other articles; also to graduate the price of the public lands. Yeas 68, Nays 136.

		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.
Arnold,	R. I.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Abbott,	Mass.	Y	N		Y	N	N		Y	Y	N	N	N
Adams, Stephen	Miss.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y		N	
Adams, J. Q.	Mass.	N	N	Y			Y	Y	N	N			
Ashmun,	Mass.	N	N	Y		N	N	Y	Y	N		N	
Atkinson,	Va.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Anderson, J. H.	N. Y.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y			
Bart.	S. C.	Y	Y	Y		Y		N	N	Y			
Bell,	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	Y	
Black, James	Pa.	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	
Brinckerhoff,	O.	Y	Y			Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	
Baker,	Ill.	Y											
Brodhead,	Pa.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	
Buffington,	Pa.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y		N	N	Y
Blanchard,	Pa.	Y	N		Y	Y	Y		Y			N	
Burringer,	N. C.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	N
Bayly,	Va.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y		N	N			N
Bedinger,	Va.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N		Y	N
Benton,	N. Y.	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	N
Biggs,	N. C.	Y	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	N			Y	N
Black, James A.	S. C.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N
Bowdon,	Ala.				N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Bowlin,	Mo.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Boyd,	Ky	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Brockenbrough,	Fla.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	N	Y	Y	Y	N
Brown, Milton	Tenn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N
Brown, Wm. G.	Va.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Campbell, W. W.	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N		
Campbell, J. H.	Pa.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	
Carroll,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Cathcart,	Ind.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Collamer,	Vt.		N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y
Crozier,	Tenn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	Y
Cummins,	O.	Y	N		N	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Chapman, J. G.	Md.	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	N	
Chapman, A. A.	Va.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Chapman, R.	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Chase,	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Chipman,	Mich.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	N	N	Y		N	
Clarke,	N. C.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y		Y	N			Y	N
Cobb,	Geo.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Cocke,	Tenn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	N
Collin,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	
Cottrell,	Ala.				N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Constable,	Md.		Y		Y		N						
Cranston,	R. I.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	N
Cullom,	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Cunningham,	O.		Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Culver,	N. Y.	N	N		N	N	N	Y					
Douglass,	Ill.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	
Darragh,	Penn	Y	N				Y	Y	N	N	Y		
De Mott,	N. Y.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Dillingham,	Vt.	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	
Dunlap,	Me.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		
Dixon,	R. I.		N	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Daniel,	N. C.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Davis, Jefferson			Y	Y									
Dargan,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Davis, Garrett	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N		N	N
Delano,	O.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Dobbin,	N. C.	Y	Y	Y		Y	N		Y	Y	N		
Dockery,	N. C.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N	N
Dromgoole,	Va.	Y	Y			Y	N	N		Y		N	
Davis, J. W.	Ind.												
Edsall,	N. J.	Y	N			Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Ellsworth,	N. Y.	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Erdman,	Penn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Ewing, J. H.	Penn.	Y	N	Y	Y	N			Y	Y	N	N	Y
Ewing, E. H.	Tenn.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N
Ellet,	Miss							N	N	Y	Y	N	
Farran,	O.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y
Foot,	Vt.	Y	N	Y		N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Foster,	Penn.		N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N		Y	Y
Ficklin,	Ill.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	N
Fries,	O.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Garvin,	Penn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	N	Y	Y	Y
Goodyear,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	N			Y			Y		Y
Grover,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
Gentry,	Tenn.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N
Giddings,	O.	N	N		Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N		N
Giles,	Md.			Y	N	Y	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	N
Gordon,	N. Y.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Graham,	N. C.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N
Grinnell,	Mass.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N		Y	Y	N	N	N
Grider,	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N			N	
Hamlin,	Me.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y

		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.
Henley,	Ind.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y
Holmes, E. B.	N. Y.	Y	N	Y		N		Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
Hungerford,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Hale,	Mass.				Y	N	N	N	Y	Y		N	N
Hampton,	N. J.	Y	N	Y		Y		Y	Y	N	N	N
Harmanson,	La	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Harper,	O.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Hastings,	Io.				Y	Y	Y	Y			Y		
Henry,									Y	Y	N	N	N
Haralson,	Geo.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N				
Hilliard,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N		N
Hoge,	Ill.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	Y	N	
Holmes, J. E.	S. C.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y		N	N	N	Y		N
Herrick,	N. Y.	Y		Y									
Hopkins,	Va.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Hough,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Houston, J. W.	Del.	Y	N		Y	Y			Y	Y	N	N	N
Houston, G. S.	Ala.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Hubbard, E. W.	Va.		Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Hubbard, S. D.	R. I.		N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Hudson,	Mass.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	N
Hunt, Washington	N. Y.		N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Hunt, J. B.	Mt.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Hunter,	Va.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Ingersoll, C. J.	Pa.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Ingersoll, J. R.	Pa.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Jenkins,	N. Y.		N		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Johnson, J. H.	N. H.		Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Johnson, J.	Va.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	N	Y	Y	N
Johnson, A.	Tenn.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Jones, G. W.	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Jones, Seaborn	Ga.		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		N	N	Y	Y	N
Kennedy,	Ind.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
King, Preston	N. Y.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
King, T. B.	Ga.	Y		Y	Y		Y	N	N	N	N	N	
King, D. P.	Mass.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N		Y	Y	N	N	N
Kaufman,	Tex.		Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Leib,	Pa.	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y					
Levins,	Pa.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y				Y
Lewis,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y	N		N	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Long,	Md.		N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	Y	
Lawrence,	N. Y.		Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Leake,	Va.		Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Leffler,	Io.					Y	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	N
La Sere,	La.	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Ligon,	Md.	Y		Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Lumpkin,	Ga.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Maclay,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y			Y	N
M'Clean,	Pa.	Y	N			Y		N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y
M'Crete,	Me.		Y	Y		Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
M'Dowell, J. J.	O.	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
M'Ilvaine,	Pa.		N	Y	Y	N	N		Y	Y	N	Y	
M'Clelland,	Mt.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y			N
M'Clernand,	Ill.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N				N
M'Connell,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y									
M'Daniel,						Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
M'Dowell, Jas.		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N		Y	N
M'Gaughey,	Ind.	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
M'Henry,	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	N
M'Kay,	N. C.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Marsh,	Vt.	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Martin, J. P.	Ky.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Martin, Barclay	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Miller,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y		N	N	N		
Morris,	O.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Morse,	La.	Y	Y	Y	N			N	N	N	Y		N
Mosely,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	
Moulton,	N. H.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N
Newton,	Ark.								N	N	Y	N	Y
Niven,	N. Y.	Y	Y		Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Norris,	N. H.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Owen,	Ind.	Y		Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Price,	Mo.	Y		Y									
Perry,	Md.		N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y		Y	
Pollock.	Pa.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	

		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.
Parish,	O.	Y	Y	N	N	Y		Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Payne,	Ala.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Pettitt,	Ind.	Y		N		Y		Y	Y	Y			
Perrill,	O.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Phelps,	Mo.	Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N			Y	N
Pendleton,	Va.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y		N	N	N		
Pillsbury,	Texas.		Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Rumsey,	Penn.	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
Rathbun,	N. Y.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y		N	Y	
Rhett,	S. C.	Y	Y			Y		N	N	Y			
Relfe,	Mo.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y		Y
Rockwell, Julius	Mass.		N	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Reid,	N. C.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	N
Ritter,	Penn.	Y	N	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
Roberts,	Miss.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Rockwell, J. A.	R. I.	Y	N	Y		Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	N	N
Root,	O.	N	N	Y	Y	N		N	Y	Y	N	N	N
Rusk,	N. J.		N	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N
Ripley,	N. Y.			Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N		
Russell,	N. Y.		N			Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y		
Smith, Thomas	Ind.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y			Y	
Sawtelle,	Me.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Starkweather,	O.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Scammon,	Me.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y
Sims, D.	S. C.	Y	Y			Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Severance,	Me.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Smith, Truman	Conn.	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y
Seddon,		Y	Y			Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Smith, Albert	N. Y.	Y	N	Y	Y		Y	Y		N	N	Y	
Sawyer,	O.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N		Y	N
Smith, Caleb B.	Ind.		N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Smith, Robert	Ill.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	N
Stephens,	Geo.		N	Y		Y	Y	N					
Stewart,	Penn.	Y	N	Y			Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y
St. John,	O.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y		N					
Strohm,	Penn.	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	
Sykes,	N. J.		N	Y		Y		Y	Y	Y		Y	
Sims, L. H.	Mo.	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Stanton,	Tenn.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Seaman,	N. Y.		N	Y		N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Strong,	N. Y.	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y		Y		N
Simpson,	S. C.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y		N		Y	Y	N	
Schenck,	O.	Y	N	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	
Thompson, Jas.	Penn.		N		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Thomasson,	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N		
Trumbs,	Ky.	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	N	Y	
Thibodeaux,	La.	Y	N		Y	Y		N				N	
Thompson, Benj.	Mass.			N	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	N	N	N
Thompson, Jacob	Miss.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Toombs,	Geo.	Y	N		N	Y		Y	N			N	
Tibbats,	Ky.	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Tilden,	O.	N	N	Y	Y	N	N		Y			N	N
Towns,	Geo.	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N		
Thurman,	O.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y		
Tredway,	Va.	Y	Y		N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Taylor,	Va.												
Vance,	O.	N	Y	Y	Y	N		N	Y	Y	N	N	N
Vinton,	O.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	
Wentworth,	Ill.	Y		N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	
Wheaton,	N. Y.	Y	N	N	Y	Y		Y	Y	N	Y	Y	
White,	N. Y.		N	Y	N	N		Y	Y	N		Y	
Williams,	Me.		Y	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Wilmot,	Pa.		Y		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N		Y	
Wood,	N. Y.		Y	Y		Y	Y	N	Y	Y	Y		
Wick,	Ind.	Y	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N
Winthrop,	Mass.	Y	N		Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N	N
Woodruff,	N. Y.	Y	N	Y		N		Y			N	N	
Woodward,	S. C.	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	N	Y	Y	N	
Woodworth,	N. Y.					Y	Y		Y	N	Y	Y	N
Wright,	N. J.		N	Y	Y		Y	Y	Y	N	N	N	
Young,	Ky.	Y	N		Y	Y	Y	N		N	N	Y	
Yost,	Pa.		N		Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	
Yancy,	Ala.	Y	Y										
Yell,	Ark.	Y											

RECAPITULATION

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Total Yeas	173	114	142	115	176	166	171	115	97	115	121	68
" Nays	14	95	46	48	34	22	18	106	102	81	75	136
" Vote	187	209	188	163	210	188	189	221	199	196	196	204
Excess Yeas	159	19	98	67	142	144	153	9	...	30	46	...
" Nays									5	...	...	68

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R. J. Mackey

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would have been avoided; because wealth would have been obliged to

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XX. MAY, 1847. No. CVII.

TAXATION.

THE question of taxation is becoming one of exceeding interest, as the public attention, through political strife, becomes more directed to the subject. The system of indirect taxes is invidious in its operation and pernicious in its ultimate tendency. There is no shape in which taxation can be made agreeable to the payers. It is a necessary evil, an expense incidental to the organization of civilized life, like house-rent, or the wages of domestics, and as such, should be met in a common sense way. The actual necessary outlay for the protection of persons and property should be ascertained, and the amount levied upon the community seeking that protection, in a manner to lay the burden proportionably upon each individual. All the persons in the community look, in about an equal degree, to the government for security in person; for protection in life and limb against all aggressors whatsoever. Hence, it is apparently reasonable that every member should contribute something to that purpose. In addition to this object a portion of the public require security for property, and protection against those who would deprive them of it. In this latter object a large portion of the community is not directly interested, or in a very minor degree only. It is true that all are interested in making the reward of industry secure; but it is not until a man has acquired property, that he becomes dependent upon the government protection for security in its enjoyment. Hence the holders of property having a double demand upon the government, viz., for security in property as well as person, are bound to pay doubly for its support. The problem is to apportion and collect the required sum from each person in the most prompt and cheap manner, so that the money may be applied as directly as possible to the purpose for which it is collected, and that the mode of its collection should interfere in the least degree with the ordinary business of the country, and the interchange of its products. The system of indirect taxation is comparatively of modern date, and it became a favorite with governments, from the facility with which money could thereby be raised without exciting discontent. In former ages, when taxes were demanded directly from each citizen, the government was restricted in its expenditure, through the difficulty of collecting large sums from the people, and exposed to dangerous revolts through the insolence and extortion of its agents. Had the wants of governments been moderate, and the direct collections conducted in a judicious manner, there is but little doubt but that much of that great inequality in condition, which now exists, would have been avoided; because wealth would have been obliged to pay

its full share of the burdens of the state, and industry, having the full enjoyment of its reward, would never have been so depressed as of late years it has become, under indirect taxes. The substitution of these latter threw upon labor the whole burden of the government expenses, and by making property comparatively exempt, enabled it to accumulate with greater rapidity in fewer hands, and checked its acquirement by those whose only capital was their labor, and whose only income its wages.

The operation of indirect taxes falls almost altogether on the laborious class, because they form part of the cost of every necessary purchased with the proceeds of their industry. The condition of Great Britain is a remarkable evidence of the evil of indirect taxes. The working many have, for centuries, discharged the national expenditure, and the wealthy few have not only been comparatively exempt from taxes, but to a considerable extent they have been recipients of those paid by others. Had a just system of taxation been in operation at the close of the 18th century, Great Britain would never have spent years and much blood and treasure in European wars, in which the people had no real interest. As long as the wealthy classes were, however, to derive all the honor and profit, and the laboring portion to pay all the expense, there was no thought of peace. The expenses of those wars vastly increased taxation, and by so doing only served to drain more rapidly the wealth of the country, which is created by the many, into the hands of the few. The moment peace was declared, direct taxes on property were abandoned, and indirect taxes upon labor continued, for the discharge, not only of the current expenditure, but the enormous debts contracted for the wars. The result has been, vast "mountains of wealth and deep valleys of poverty." Thirty years of this operation reached the "limits of indirect taxation," and they produced a necessity for a return to direct taxes upon property, and a remission of those upon labor. The manner in which the value of labor declined, while that of property advanced, from 1821 to 1844, is indicated in the following table. We may state, that the official value of British exports is a fixed value, and indicates quantities only, in the comparison of a term of years. The declared, is the actual invoice value.

	British Export Value. Official.	Declared.	Price of Consols.	Money Value of Debt.	Price of Wheat.	Price of Iron.
1821	£40,194,893	36,826.082	68	£524,000,000	54s	£12 10
1844	145,961,749	58,584,292	100	800,000,000	52	8 0
Incr.	£105,766,856	22,758,280		276,000,000		

The depreciation in the money value of the products of labor, was, it appears, 80 per cent., while funded property advanced 32 per cent. That is to say, the value of labor has continually diminished, while that of wealth has increased in a double ratio. As thus: In 1821, £10,000 of stocks were worth £6,800 in money; or they would buy 1,760 oz. of gold, 552 tons of iron, or 1,250 qrs. of wheat. The same £10,000 has gradually increased, until in 1844 it would buy 2,600 oz. of gold, 1,250 tons of iron, or 3,846 qrs. of wheat. Or thus:

	Stock.		Gold.		Iron.		Wheat.
1821	£10,000	=	1,760 oz.,	or	552 tons,	or	2,518 qrs.
1844	10,000	=	2,600 "	"	1250 "	"	3,846 "
Increase			840		698		1,328

This table shows very clearly the increased value of wealth, and the enhanced misery of laborers. The process of making iron has not undergone so much improvement as to materially lighten the labor of the workman, as has been the case with many articles, and which has aided in producing the

great depreciation in exportable values. The aristocratic stockholder can now command 125 per cent. more of the labor of the iron-maker than he could 25 years since. His stock is worth 50 per cent. more gold, and near 50 per cent. more wheat, now than then, yet the industry of the laborer, the income of a workman, will command very little more wheat than it did then. Why should the iron-miner be compelled to bring forth two and one-quarter tons of iron for the same reward that a quarter of a century since he obtained for one ton? Why should the fund-holder, after the enjoyment of 25 years revenue, without laboring for it, obtain double the labor of other people for his capital? These are questions that it is difficult to answer; nevertheless, the facts are so. They have grown mainly out of the system of taxation. The tradesman has been compelled, not only to pay indirect taxes upon all that himself and family consume, but on all the material which he uses in his manufacture; and has had his markets, manufacture and business interfered with in every possible way, through the operation of the taxes. Competition has reduced the prices of goods, and compelled the reduction of wages to the extent in which taxation enters into the cost of the articles made. The fund-holder has paid only the tax upon that which he consumes, and that but partially, because the wages of labor have been reduced to make it up. It was in view of these facts that the government, in 1842, declared that the limits of indirect taxation had been reached, and that thenceforth revenue must be raised from property, and the income-tax was levied. The collection from this tax has far exceeded the estimates, as will be seen in the following table. The minister presented his plan in five schedules. The first A, comprised the rent of land, of 3,460,000 houses, tithes, railways and canals, mines, and iron-works. The next, B, the amount assessed on occupiers of land; C, public funds and stocks; D, profits of trades and professions; E, income of public officers. The table shows the assessed amount of each of these items, and the estimated tax to be collected at 3 per cent., with the actual tax collected in 1845:

	Estimates—1842.		Actual Results—1845.	
	Amount.	Tax.	Amount.	Tax paid.
A	£54,600,000	1,600,000	78,868,310	2,366,048
B	5,000,000	150,000	10,410,233	315,607
C	22,400,000	646,000	25,280,178	766,066
D	42,000,000	1,220,000	51,397,900	1,541,970
E	5,250,000	155,000	10 463,366	313,901
Total	£129,250,000	3,771,000	178,419,987	5,330,502
Excess over estimate			£49,169,987	1,559,502

This was a great result, and it is highly probable, that pursuing this system the income tax will be raised to five per cent. and become permanent. It has been found to be absolutely necessary to release labor from its burden and impose it upon wealth. Nevertheless, there seems to be in England a universal outcry against the inequality and injustice of the present income tax, as if by any possibility it could be more unjust than that system which has produced such great poverty on one hand and such enormous wealth on the other. There is no doubt but that the income tax operates unequally, to some extent; but while the necessity for raising money for public purposes exists, it is to be shown that any tax can be imposed to operate more equally. It is objected that the artisan, whose income is $1,000, depending from year to year on his own exertion, and ceasing with his ability to work, pays as much as him who derives an equal sum from a funded stock, and does not work at all. This is certainly unjust; but we do not see that if each of these pays three per cent. of his income directly to the state, that more, or indeed so much injustice is inflicted, as when the same amount is

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raised by indirect taxes, which draw from the artisan as much as from the fundholder on what each consumes, but which materially lessens the income of the former, by spoiling his market and interfering with his business. It is as if a shop-keeper should agree with his landlord that he would pay no rent, but give the latter a right to station a man at his door, and levy a small tax upon every customer coming in. He might flatter himself that he was living at a very cheap rent, but would find in his diminished income that he was not thereby a gainer. It may be necessary to classify and graduate an income tax, so as generally to remove much injustice.

M'Culloch, and many other distinguished writers, object to an income tax, that "it lessens the means of employing labor." This idea we conceive rests on a fallacy. No man employs labor because he has an income. On the other hand, the largest incomes have been derived from the most extensive employment of labor, or in other words, the most successful appropriation of the wealth created by others. Many eastern manufacturers of inordinate wealth acquired it, by employing numbers of hands, and paying them far less than the value of their labor. If, now, one such person who derives $50,000 per annum from the labor of others, should be charged with a tax of $1,500, would he therefore discharge the hands that e rn him that sum? It has, however, resulted from the manufacturing indirect tax system, that a very large class of the English people are dependent employers, while in the United States, as yet, the majority are independent producers, who pay not only the expense of government in indirect taxes, but are also made by that system tributary to manufactures, to an extent vastly greate than the amount paid to government; a process which is rapidly producing great wealth on one side and extreme poverty on the other.

The example of England has shown that the ultimate tendency of indirect taxes is ruin to the many, and that direct taxes must ultimately be resorted to. Wisdom would therefore dictate that the true principle should be adopted before universal distress compels it. Why wait until the many are ruined, before changing the false system which is the cause of the ruin? Fortunately the wants of the United States in time of peace are not large. Of the English revenue three fifths goes to the interest on the public debt. In the United States that is not the case. It is true that the war is causing a debt to be created that may reach $100,000,000, being already half that sum. That is, however, comparatively but a temporary circumstance. The ordinary wants of the federal government are about $25,000,000; of this sum four fifths may be raised by taxes on income and property, and the remainder *per capita* of all the population enjoying the protection of the government, without any great burden upon any class. On the other hand, by removing all trammels upon trade, and all restriction upon intercourse, the amount of incomes and the value of property would be enhanced far above the small amount paid to the government. The sources from which the government could draw sufficient means are four:—the public lands, a legacy duty, a tax on incomes over $500, and lastly, a capitation tax.

The public lands of the United States will, or may be made for many years to come, to yield a revenue of 3 to $5,000,000. It has been supposed and advocated in many quarters, that the lands should be made free to all settlers. We do not, however, in such an arrangement, recognize the principle of justice. The people of the United States have, by conquest and purchase, acquired, at much expense, possession of vast domains, and have made those lands a desirable place of residence. If, then, an individual wishes to monopolise a portion of that land to himself forever, he can do so. There is no good reason, however, why he should not pay his proportion of the original cost and expense of that land. He may squat upon it under a prëemption right, and have years in which to earn the small sum of 1,25

per acre, to reimburse the people of the Union who have been taxed to open land to his reception. The proceeds of the land are now mortgaged for twenty years to discharge the new loan; nevertheless they are a source of income. A well regulated legacy duty would, in time, become the most fruitful source of revenue to the government, and one which, while partaking of the nature of an indirect tax, would in no way interfere with business or the operations of trade. There can be no more legitimate object of taxation than property, which, under the protection of the government, having gone on to accumulate from year to year in the hands of an individual, passes at his decease into the possession of another, who has done nothing to earn it, and into whose hands it falls by the death of the testator, and the operation of law. Without good government, stable laws and just administration, property would be very precarious in its descent, and it is therefore just that that property should pay its proportion of the cost of the government. We may take an eminent individual example. Mr. Astor, of New-York, by great enterprise, perseverance and skill through a long life, has amassed a fortune estimated at say $25,000,000. That fortune has been attained by a foreigner by birth, under the protection of the United States laws, and the action of Congress has more than once been solicited to shield him from injuries to which his vast and praiseworthy commercial operations have, from time to time, been exposed. Yet, under our system of indirect taxes, Mr. Astor has contributed no more to the support of the federal government than the laboring man, whose utmost exertions have not enabled him to accumulate a dollar. When the latter dies he leaves nothing, and has no occasion for the protection of law. When, in course of nature, the vast property alluded to descends to heirs, the operation of law and the protective influences of government are required to ensure the passage of the property to its proper destination, and to secure to the heirs the full enjoyment thereof. Hence it arises that the property in its passage should be charged with a reasonable duty or tax for the benefit of the government, in order to relieve the shoulders of those without property from taxes, and to remove obstacles in the way of trade. It is also reasonable that fortunes accumulated in commerce, for the protection of which a navy is supported at vast expense, should pay their proportion. A tax of this nature can be no burden upon the recipient of a legacy. The amount received is a gratuity in any event. When a prize is drawn in a lottery it is customary to deduct a per centage, commonly a large one; yet the winner of a prize is not known to complain on that account. Nor does that circumstance retard the purchase of a ticket. When property passes to a widow, or descends to children, it is less in the nature of a prize, and therefore the duty admits of graduation; as one per cent. to a widow, two per cent. to a child, three per cent. to brothers, four per cent. to brother's children, up to perhaps ten per cent. to strangers. A tax of this nature, applicable alike to real and personal property, would probably produce $10,000,000 per annum, and be subject to annual augmentation. In England, a legacy duty of the nature indicated exists, applicable, however, to personal property only, and it has increased from $1,000,000 annual income in 1805, to $13,000,000 of revenue, in 1844. At least $10,000,000 might be realized in the United States from such a tax, by including *real* property in its operation. A large portion of this English tax has been derived from the descent of the national debt at the increased money value it has undergone, as shown above. It was objected by Ricardo to the English legacy duty, that it impaired the capital of the country, inasmuch as that when $1000 would be left to a person, and $100 deducted for duty, he considered his legacy but $900, and took no measures to make up the tax by economy, as might have been the case had the tax been laid in another shape. We do not see the cogency of this reasoning. In

looking forward to leaving a large property or any property, a man is quite as likely to take the duty into consideration, and save that in addition for the benefit of his family, as he would be to save any other tax for their benefit.

Indirect taxes are a wasteful and injurious mode of levying an income tax, because they tax every article consumed by persons and families, and by so doing diminish incomes; that is to say, they make every article bought dearer than they would be otherwise. By this operation they compel each person to pay four times as much as the government gets; that is to say, in the United States the government gets $1,50 per head for every individual. This is raised from foreign goods, which are about ten per cent. of the whole quantity of similar goods consumed in the country, and as the prices of the whole mass of those goods, regulated by foreign supply, are raised by the tax on those imported goods, the consumer is obliged to pay at least $5 for every $1,50 procured by the government. Now, the population of Great Britain was 19,000,000 in 1841, and the proceeds of the income tax £5,330,502, which gives a tax *per capita* of $1,25, representing an average income of $41,67 per head, all incomes below $7,25 being exempt. In the United States income is much more equally distributed. There are fewer exorbitant revenues and fewer very small ones. Probably the average incomes in the United States are $30, excluding all under $400. This would give an annual income for the nation at $600,000,000, on which *one* per cent. instead of three, as paid in England, would give $6,000,000. It may be estimated at $5,000,000. It would be necessary to classify this tax by distinguishing the nature of the income. That derived exclusively from property should pay a higher rate than that derived partly from property and partly from business, or produced in labor. That derived exclusively from the manual labor of a man would probably seldom come up to the range of taxation. Property itself will thus be taxed in the legacy duty, and that in possession will pay its quota according to its magnitude. It becomes then necessary to tax all those who derive benefit from the government in protection to their persons. The amount probably required would be $5,000,000 after the sums raised on land and property, and twenty cents per head per annum would pay this. That is, a man with a family of five pays $1 per annum. The income and personal tax for each family of five having an income of $1000, would amount to $11 per annum, for the support of the government directly, in place of $25 that they now pay indirectly. The sum of these taxes and land proceeds would give the government $25,000,000 based on data as they now exist. But when once in operation, they would increase largely year by year, according to the numbers and wealth of the people, until in a short time, through the operation of these causes, the tax to each family would be reduced to $5 per head per annum and less.

When the burden of taxation is thus fixed in a compound ratio of numbers and wealth, its constant tendency is to lighten in the progress of the country. As wealth increases, the ratio per cent. of the tax required from it will diminish, the wants of the government remaining the same. As numbers increase the tax per head will diminish; as, thus, if there are fifteen persons, of whom ten have taxable incomes of $1000 each, and it is required to raise $25, then the fifteen pay $1 per head and the ten pay one per cent. tax. If, now, the number increase to thirty, and ten incomes rise to $2000, and ten more to $1000, then the whole tax is reduced to fifty cents per head, and one third of one per cent on the incomes, still giving the required amount. By this operation, a few years of peace would place the country comparatively free from taxation.

Such a means of revenue of course contemplates the entire abandonment of indirect taxes. The custom-houses, the revenue service, and all the vast

executive patronage, with the prodigious evil influences that spring from the present system, would be superseded.

The great disadvantage of indirect taxation is not so much the amount actually paid by the consumers of taxed goods, great though it be, as the diminution it occasions to their revenue, by depressing prices. In this country the leading productions are agricultural, and they far exceed the wants of the people of the United States. Whatever tends, therefore, to circumscribe the foreign market, contributes to glut those at home, and by so doing depress prices. As thus, for four years down to the close of the fiscal year 1845, the export of flour from the United states was small, averaging 1,100,000 bbls. per annum. In all these years the average value was less than $5 per bbl. In the fall of 1845 a foreign demand sprang up, and the exports for the year ending July 1, 1846, were 2,289,476 bbls. valued at $11,668,669, or $5,10 per bbl., against an export of 1,195,230 bbls. in 1845, valued at $5,398,593, or $4,50 per bbl. That is to say, an average advance of sixty cts. per bbl. was created in the United States by an increase of exports, amounting to 1,094,246 bbls. of flour. Now, as the product of flour in the United States is 22,000,000 bbls. that small increase in foreign demand raised the value of the whole crop sixty cents per bbl. amounting to $13,-200,000 in the pockets of the farmers. In the year 1847 thus far, the price of flour has been over $6,50, and the exportation large. The exports of flour down to April 1st, 1847, have been 2,600,000 bbls., sustaining the price, $2 per bbl. above the average of previous years, which, on the production, is $50,000,000 in favor of the farmers on flour alone. The same facts are true of most articles of farm produce; Indian corn in particular. The export of the year 1845 was 840,184 bushels, valued at $411,741, or fifty cents per bushel. In 1846 the export was 1,826,068 bushels, valued $1,186,667, or sixty cents per bushel. The production of Indian corn being 440,000,000 bushels, an advance of ten cents on this would be $44,000,000, supposing it all sold. The exports in 1847 have been thus far 10,000,000 bushels, averaging 75 cents; consequently the actual money paid from abroad for this article is $7,500,000, and about half as much more for freight, while the price of the whole product is 25 cents per bushel higher than without that export demand. This would amount to $110,-000,000 on the whole crop. If we allow half to be exchangeable, it will be $55,000,000 in favor of corn growers. The probability is, that all articles of farm produce have been advanced in the aggregate value $150,000,000, or five times the value sent out of the country. According to the census there are 3,719,951 persons employed in agriculture. Of these, 2,250,000 raise farm produce, and the result is $75 each profit on the export of farm produce.

The protective theory, as connected with indirect taxes, is that the manufacturer obtains from the consumer of goods better terms than he could derive without those taxes on rival goods. Hence, indirect taxes raise the prices of goods to the farmer in the same manner that large exports raise the value of produce to the manufacturer. The latter is the result of the natural operation of trade; the other that of the arbitrary influence of law. If law compels 4,000,000 to pay high prices for goods to the remaining 1,000,000, and the natural operation of trade requires the latter to pay the market prices of the world for produce to the former, which system is most calculated to draw wealth from the many into the hands of the few?

This export business has grown this year out of the peculiar state of affairs in Europe, and can be made permanent only by receiving in payment for future sales the produce of the industry of those who require the supplies, and to get the start of Europe in the trade. England is the great customer; hence it becomes necessary first to abandon all duties upon English products, and to receive them as freely in exchange for farm produce as they now receive

that produce. If, to attain and perpetuate this trade, by which each farmer and planter enhances the money value of his sales, while he diminishes the cost of his purchases, it becomes expedient to abandon indirect duties, and all the vexatious barriers that are interposed to general commerce, and pay a small direct tax; there are none but will subscribe to it. In abandoning duties, regard should be had only to those articles which will most promote sales of produce. The tax on English goods should be removed, and if revenue is needed, it should be raised on tea and coffee, because those articles are not so directly exchanged for American productions. If, by transferring the duty from English cottons to teas, the price of corn is raised five cents only per bushel, the grower of one thousand bushels can well afford a small tax on tea. The manufacturer and artisan in cities would be compensated for the tax and the enhanced price of food, through the great increase in the demand for goods and labor. If, through great prosperity, the quantity of goods consumed doubled per head, the demand for labor will double.

This operation must be gradual, proceeding by the remission of a certain class of duties, as revenue from the new sources is obtained in sufficient amount to warrant it. We have not gone into the details of the operation of the several taxes, the space of an article not warranting discussion upon a subject so prolific; but have glanced in a most general way at the outline of that progress which is making throughout the world in economical science, and the results to which we are now rapidly approaching. The tendencies of the whole world are to freedom of intercourse, through the growing convictions of the public mind that by such means alone can the prosperity of a whole people be promoted.

THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA.*

The success with which Mr. Griswold's volume of the "Poets and Poetry of America" has been received, has led him to the present undertaking. Externally, his book resembles the previous one, though internally we do not think it so likely to interest the public. It is much easier to make a collection of poetical extracts, than it is to make one of prose; for poems are generally so short that they can be extracted entire, or if they are not short, are nearly of equal merit throughout, so that passages, taken at random even, may be excellent specimens of the whole. But to give a few pages, here and there, of a novel, a treatise, a sermon, or an elaborate essay, in order to convey an idea of the author's qualities to a reader ignorant of them, is to repeat the old jest of Hierocles' silly fellow, who brought a brick as a sample of the house he lived in. Every prose writer has, of course, certain distinguishing qualities of style, and these are often more prominent in some passages than in others; yet it is difficult to form more than a superficial notion of a writer's general ability, by stringing such passages together; for the reason that writing is an art, and, like other arts, must be judged of, not by details, but as a whole. We should make a sorry business of it, if we attempted to estimate the relative merits of the great painters, from patches and fragments cut out from their master-pieces; and though we should discover, perhaps, many touches indicating the possession of high artistic pow-

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* The Prose Writers of America; with a survey of the History, Condition and Prospects of American Literature. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

ers, we could get no conception, certainly no adequate conception, of a landscape by Claude, or the Last Judgment of Angelo. And so in the productions of a master in prose—the more perfect his mastery of his art, the less likely we should be to know him fully by means of selections and extracts, for his effects would result, not so much from the finish imparted to single sentences, as from the unity and grandeur wrought into the whole piece. Take one of the novels of Scott, for instance, and how absurd it would be to try to convince an uninstructed reader of the variety, depth and beauty of his skill, from one or two isolated scenes or descriptions? Or one of those splendid arguments by which Burke was wont to illuminate the British Parliament,—what collection of the "Beauties of Burke" could furnish us with even a shadow of their magnificence? "Elegant extracts," therefore, are very apt to be stupid affairs, doing great injustice to the author whom they pretend to illustrate, and misleading the readers who are shallow enough to trust to such sources for their supplies.

This is the secret of the fundamental defect of Mr. Griswold's present book. It is not an adequate representation of American prose. A stranger to our literature could derive from it no opinion, either as to the degree of our intellectual development as a whole, or of the respective merits of our various writers. Some sixty or seventy authors are thrown together in a heap, (or separated only by critical notices of the very thinnest material,) from each of whom, a page or less of extracts is taken, and the whole is set forth as a concise embodiment of what America has done in prose literature! Suppose some intelligent German or Frenchman should take up Mr. Griswold's book to obtain information as to the nature and extent of American authorship, what an exceedingly slim and meagre conception he would attain? It is true, he would find a formidable catalogue of names in every department of science and art, set forth with lofty and sounding accompaniments of eulogy in Mr. Griswold's introduction; but turning from the maniloquence of the outline to the poverty of the filling up in the body of the work, how woful his disappointment! "If this," he would say, "is the effective writing force of America, and that, too, for the whole period of her existence, it is scarcely to be compared with the results of the German or French mind for any one single month. It must be true, as foreign tourists have said, that the young nation, which boasts so much of its vigor, has no literature; that its energies have been exclusively devoted to felling forests and building towns, and that the time for her intellectual development has not yet come. There have been one or two passable writers, and one or two tolerably strong-minded thinkers; but the mass of those who have pretended to wield the pen is made up of rather ordinary materials. There was one Jonathan Edwards, who gave indications of metaphysical acumen—one Franklin, who displayed some traits of common-sense and homely wit—one Cooper, who might, if he tried, write a stirring tale, and one Dr. Channing, who possibly preached with a rare emphasis and eloquence; but beyond these, the nation does not seem to have accomplished much. There is an Everett, an Emerson, and a Longfellow, that have strung several pretty sentences together—a Miss Sedgwick, a Mrs. Kirkland, and a Mrs. Child, who have each published excellent moral stories; but none have said much that we care to remember."

This, we say, would be the judgment of any intelligent foreigner who, having no other means of enlightening himself, should take up Mr. Griswold's book for information as what we have done in prose literature. He has proceeded so wholly without plan, or upon so absurd a plan, that his book is an extremely inadequate, and therefore unjust, representation of our literary accomplishments. We think we have never met with a more sig-

nal failure in this respect. The editor, in his endeavor to do too much, has done nothing, or worse than nothing. It would have been better to have made no specimens at all, than to have paraded a few piddling extracts of from five to fifty lines each, with a view to presenting the public with a grand summary of American literature. We could select some half dozen or dozen of our writers, and by giving one entire work from each, produce a far more favorable and sufficient view of the American mind. A single complete book from Irving, Cooper, Dana, Emerson, Channing and Willis, respectively, would go further to establish our literary pretensions than the whole seventy of Mr. Griswold, as there represented. Indeed, Mr. Dana's criticism on the acting of Kean, which is almost the only thing from our really good writers that Mr. Griswold has given entire, is in itself a more convincing proof of our ability than two-thirds of his other extracts. He has minced our literature until no substance remains—he has shorn it of its fair proportions—he has cut down our Brobdignags into Lilliputians—made Tom Thumbs of our giants, and reduced American literature to its smallest dimensions, by causing it to be looked at through the smaller end of his telescope.

We have cudgelled our brains for a longer time than his whole book deserves, to find out upon what principle Mr. Griswold has made his selection of authors. We have resorted to a great many conjectures to solve the enigma, but confess that we are finally compelled to give it up in despair. The most obvious rule in a case like this, would be to select only such writers as had really contributed to the elevation of our literature—such as had deeply impressed themselves on the public mind, and given a tone and a direction to our literary life. But this was not Mr. Griswold's rule, since he has included in his galaxy of worthies a Hooker, a Cheever, a Mathews, and a host of others of the same calibre. Another rule would be to select such as had written a successful book; but this was not Mr. Griswold's rule, as he has elevated Mr. Whipple, and others who have not written successful books, to the dignity of a place, though they are no more entitled to it than three-score magazine critics we could mention at random. Another rule would be to select from writers who may be termed exclusively literary, ostracising theologians, controversialists, politicians, &c.; but this Mr. Griswold has not done, since we find in his book, Calhoun, Webster, Edwards, and many more, who have achieved their distinction rather as thinkers and actors than as writers. Besides, if Messrs. Calhoun or Webster are to be ranked as "Prose Writers," why not a hundred politicians besides, who are certainly as eminent in that department as either of them, though not perhaps so widely known as statesmen? Why not De Witt Clinton, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Wright, Mr. Choate, G. M. Dallas, Richard Rush, Robert Wickliffe, Gov. McDowell, John Forsyth, Daniel D. Tompkins, and innumerable others, whose political and occasional essays are as much part of our literature as anything we have seen of Webster's or Calhoun's? The truth is, that Mr. Griswold adopted no principle in making his selections, and was wholly guided by his own arbitrary likings and dislikings. Some of our best writers he has wholly omitted, scarcely alluding to them even in his introduction, while he has given a conspicuous position to many that stood no other chance of being heard of beyond their immediate localities. Thus, we look in vain for some record of the existence of one of the most illustrious men in our annals—as illustrious for the depth and vigor of his thought, as he was for the goodness of his heart and his ability as a writer—we mean the late Edward Livingston. Is it possible that the author of the Louisiana code, and the immortal reports which accompanied it, has passed entirely from the memory of men? Or, is Mr. Griswold so ignorant

of our intellectual history, as not to be acquainted with those profound and beautiful dissertations on law and prison discipline, which placed their author at once by the side of Montesquieu, Beccaria, Bentham, Romilly and Mackintosh? For our own part, we must be permitted to rank Livingston above at least sixty out of the seventy included in this volume, and can therefore find no excuse for the palpable oversight of the editor. The omission is the more singular, as Mr. Livingston's merits were long since appreciated abroad as well as at home; and in the splendid eulogy which Mignet pronounced upon him before the French Academy, he was elevated to the loftiest niche in the temple of fame. We should certainly just as soon have thought of omitting Franklin or Dr. Channing, as the great lawyer, diplomatist and author of the south-west. There is also one James Kent in existence, whose Commentaries on American law have given him considerable repute. Let us inform Mr. Griswold that he resides in the city of New-York—was once Chancellor of the state—subsequently a Professor of Law in Columbia College, and now, in a green old age, finds his opinions quoted in many parts of the civilized globe. The friends of James Kent think him a prose writer of no little eminence; high English authority has pronounced him the equal of the best English Chancellors; he is quite as distinguished at least as Mr. George P. Marsh. Then, again, this city once held the spirit of a man named William Leggett, who, if any man ever did, succeeded in impressing his prose pretty deeply upon the minds of a large number of his contemporaries, and in fact gave a new turn to political speculation throughout the whole country. But Mr. Leggett was so obscure, it seems, as to have escaped the researches of our indefatigable and accurate editor. Leggett was one of the few men in this country who have struck out for themselves an original and independent path in literature. His manly spirit disdaining the beaten ways, achieved a noble fame in a career in which some ninety-nine-hundredths of those who enter it fail. As a journalist, he was unquestionably without a compeer in this country; while abroad, Fonblanque and Carrell are the only writers who can be said to surpass him in the same walk. He was the first man to make the daily newspaper here a power in the state. By his energy, his fearlessness, and his force of style, he was able to command public opinion in one of the severest political controversies that ever shook this nation; and there are many who believe that the overthrow of bank tyranny was brought about as much by the vigorous assaults of Leggett in the *Evening Post*, as by the terrible batteries of Jackson from the Presidential fort. Now, such a man, we humbly conceive, was worthy of a passing remark at least, in a collection professing to embrace all the prose writers of America, and which does embrace some that were never before heard of. Where, too, is Thomas Paine?

Again, among those of inferior note, we find omissions almost as glaring. Where is Dr. Godman, whose Natural History has ever been a classic in the libraries of the naturalists? Where Samuel Miller, of Princeton, whose "Retrospect" was at one time so universally read? Where the Alexanders of the same place, the venerable Doctor and his two sons—one, perhaps, the finest scholar this nation has produced, and the other, one of its most severely chaste and beautiful rhetoricians? Has Mr. Griswold never seen a little book by one Jones Very, in which certain criticisms of Shakspeare appear—criticisms as penetrating and profound, but far more consecutive, than those of Coleridge? Does not Albert Barnes and William H. Furness preach in the very city in which his book is published? Was there never a Dr. Nott, or a Dr. Beecher, quite as celebrated as Mr. Herman Hooker? Have John L. Stephens and Slidell Mackenzie written no narratives of their travels in various lands? Or could he find no place for these, in his anxiety to pre-

sent the claims of a Cheever, a Wilde, and a Headley? We might extend this series of questions to a much greater length, but that our object is not so much to point out the minute faults of the book, as to indicate its general defects. Its fundamental want of a plan lays it open to many more objections, which we pass over to get at other topics.

Let us remark, however, before quitting the consideration of the mode in which it has been executed, that it is not destitute of all merit. Mr. Griswold has been a careful student of our literary history, and has thrown some light upon its obscurer points and regions. He is a sincere lover, too, we believe, of that literature, and has earnestly endeavored to press its claims upon the attention of the world. For his able vindication of the necessity of an international copyright, he deserves the thanks of the reading public; and we are glad to see that in this volume, he omits no opportunity to press the justice of his views upon the minds of his readers. His criticisms, though sometimes unmeaning and absurd—as where he speaks of Irving in contrast with Webster, Calhoun, &c.—and sometimes warped by his personal biasses, are yet, on the whole, honest and straightforward. He has shown these characteristics in several instances in the work before us. That small fry of literary pretenders, who are perpetually buzzing "Americanism in Literature" into our ears, while their eyes and souls are as perpetually absorbed in the droppings of the English press, are properly rated by him; and the prodigious thieveries of Brownson, and the crudities of Headley, are plainly exhibited. On the other hand, he scarcely does justice to Miss Fuller, who, though deficient in art, and quite a bungler as to style, yet manifests a high degree of original thought, and is likely to do infinite good by her boldness, independence, and sagacity. It seems hard, too, that Mathews* and Headley should be dragged into such undeserved prominence, merely that Mr. Griswold may have the pleasure of spitting them against the wall. But his severity in these cases has a better reason for it than in that of Miss Fuller, who is really a cultivated woman, honest, plain-spoken, and enthusiastic, and entitled to the reverence, rather than the mockery of inferior and more common-place minds. Mr. Griswold's position towards her, according to all the proprieties of things, should have been that of respect and admiration; but it is perfectly allowable in him to adjudicate the claims of the others who move his ire. He is, in their cases, perfectly competent to judge; but he wants the delicacy and elevation of mind, which is necessary to a right appreciation of Miss Fuller's intellect. He must rise to a level above that attained by mere booksellers'-hacks, to get even a view of her—much more to behold her in her true proportions.

There were two courses that Mr. Griswold might have pursued, either of which would have enabled him to make a better book than he has now. The first was to have confined his book to names that are strictly literary, which would have lessened its size, but greatly increased its value; for it would have enabled him to dispense with the large mass of worthless matter now crammed between its covers. But then he would not have been permitted to conciliate so many of the pretended authors of the day, while he would have been compelled to exercise much more judgment than he has shown. The second plan was similar to that which is adopted in Cham-

* An article on the merits of this gentleman found its way into the last number of our magazine, through the inadvertance of the editor. He does not mean to engage in any controversy on the subject, but will say, that he regards the estimate of this partial friend as altogether too extravagant to allow it to pass for the opinion of the Review. Whatever may be the merits or defects of Mr. Mathews, it is very certain that neither he nor his friends are willing "to bide his time;" and the absurd efforts which have been made to push him forward too fast have had the effect of greatly retarding his real advancement.—Ed. Dem. Rev.

bers' recent Cyclopedia of English Literature, in which a chronological order is preserved, while a sufficient number of extracts, to illustrate the styles of different writers, as far as they can be thus illustrated, are interspersed. By this means he would have had an opportunity to do, what is not done in the Encyclopedia, viz., to present literature in its regular historical development; to connect it with the various external causes, political and religious, conspiring to modify its character, and to assign to each writer his relative place in the literary republic. A mere catalogue of names, whether chronological or arbitrary, is, to the last degree, unsatisfactory, and we might as well take up a business directory as it, for any purpose, either of amusement or profit. What the student of literature wants to know, is, not the when or where such and such writers were born, nor how many books they may have published, nor whether their style is "terse" or "eloquent," or "forcible," &c., to use the slang adjectives of common-place critics; but their respective influences upon the national life, and reciprocally the influences of the national life upon them, the degree in which they reflect the spirit of their age and country, and the degree in which they have carried that spirit on to its ultimate historical development, in laws, institutions, and manners.

Literature, when it is worth anything at all, is not a chance product: but like everything else, both in the moral and natural worlds, is the result of an infinite variety of co-operating agencies,—itself operating back again infinitely in various directions. Thus, it may be considered cause and effect at once; and great writers, who impress themselves upon the men of their day, are, in a certain sense, both the creatures and creators of the epoch in which they live. They are developed by the circumstances around them, but by the force of that development react upon these circumstances so as to bring them more speedily to a head. They do not, like their mythological patroness, Minerva, spring full panoplied from the brain of Jove, but grow gradually rather out of the changing condition of the times, until vigorous enough to seize the characteristics of those times, and carry them forward to their completest manifestation.

But what is singular in respect to the appearance of these eminent men, is, that it has been remarked that they seldom come singly, but for the most part in groups. The plans of Providence, in this respect, as in many others, are socialistic; for we find particular eras in the histories of nations, illustrated like the different spaces of the heavens by galaxies of stars or constellations more than by individual planets. Great men are grouped together, sometimes in a kind of equilibrium in regard to each other, but more often around some central figure, who is the pivot of his era. Thus, in ancient Greece, we read of the age of Pericles, when all or most of the fine arts, in fact, when the whole intellectual activity of the people had reached its highest degree of concentration and development, and the splendid court of the great orator and statesman was surrounded by a brilliant host of philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, and wits; when wisdom was taught by Anaxagoras, and Apelles painted, and Praxitiles wrought the marble into celestial forms, and Aspasia imparted a new glory to the lustre of woman. Such an age was that of Augustus in Rome, when Virgil and Horace flourished, and nearly all the other excellent poets, whose works have triumphed over the enmities of time, to become the intellectual nourishment of distant ages and unknown people. Such an age was that of the illustrious Elizabeth, made illustrious by the reflected splendors of Shakspeare and the stellar hosts which circulated within his magnificent orbit. Such an age, too, was that of Louis in France, when Versailles flashed with corruscations of wit, and roared with thundering plaudits re-echoed by the nation.

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These epochs are the salient points of history, and relieve its steady progress from the dead level of barren and monotonous uniformity. Their recurrence furnishes the most interesting problem of historical philosophy, plainly pointing, as they do, to a providential law of historical development, and connected so intimately as they are with the whole life and movement of the different people. Why they should be brought about at this or that period and at no other; what particular causes were joined in the production of their distinctive characters; in what way they affected the general advancement of the multitude, or aided in furthering or retarding the more tremendous revolutions of society,—are all questions of wonderful as well as serious significance; and any account of literature which should not take them in, would be like a list of dried plants in a herbarium, or at best nothing better than the index to the miscellaneous writers of a magazine.

Now, American literature,—although we think the writing of books has not been the main occupation of this country, and that its intellectual energies have taken another, and considering the results, a wiser direction,—is yet sufficiently developed to exhibit some of these great historical phenomena. There have been periods of access and remission in the activities of the American intellect—seasons of grand national ferment and illumination, when the minds and hearts of men were stirred to an unwonted vigor; and again, seasons when the sinews of exertion were relaxed and deadened—times when peculiar influences were at work in the secret laboratories of the national life, the effects of which were distinctly marked in the writings of our leading men. It is true, that these periods are not so frequent or so decided as in the histories of the old-world nations, that our existence, in many spheres, has been merely colonial, or that our writers consequently have been imitative rather than self-dependent or original: still, as we have had some such periods as we speak of, and have also had some men of native genius, full of the spirit of their time and of their country, it is therefore the imperative duty of him who undertakes to consider the "history, condition and prospects" of American literature, to take more than a passing note of these events. He ought to give us some connected and systematized view of these things; ought to trace causes to their effects and effects to their causes, and at least intimate to us that the varying results he chronicles do not spring up like mushrooms of a rainy night in a hap-hazard way, without relations and bearings, which can be philosophically discriminated and canvassed. Our revolutionary writers, for instance, were a class of men most prominently marked, and have had a very appreciable influence upon the whole subsequent career of the United States. Again, Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Channing, Mr. Emerson, have grown out of singular changes in the intellectual and moral condition of New-England, and can only be rightly understood in connection with those changes. Mr. Longfellow, what degree of cultivation in the popular mind does the favorable reception of such poems as his suppose? In what respects does the literature of New-England differ from that of the Middle States, or to what elements in the respective characters of the people are they owing? What influence has life in the "great west" exerted over the artistic developments of the whole nation? There are innumerable similar questions properly asked of the historian of literature, inasmuch as it is his peculiar function to explain them, or at least to give an intelligible theory of the origin and progress of the literary life he undertakes to narrate. It is evident that Mr. Griswold is not competent to this task.

And we may add, that in asserting his deficiency in this respect, we only say what we should repeat of the great majority of English writers who have attempted this line of criticism. We know of few works in our language

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which come up to our ideal of a literary history. Hallam's great book on the Literature of Europe, inestimable as it is in many respects, and abounding, as it does, in masterly criticisms in the detail, is, as a whole, exceedingly defective. He is one of those authors who have a keen eye for the minute, and the utmost patience and impartiality in the investigation and decision of particular facts, but no capacity for great and comprehensive generalizations. For these, we must look to the continental writers—to the French and Germans—who write history, not as one makes an inventory of his shop, but in the spirit and according to the methods of a profound philosophy. Who that has read Villemain's Course of Literature, or Guizot's Civilization, or the many excellent works of the Germans in almost every department of historical research—too numerous to particularize—does not feel their immense superiority to the dull and lifeless productions which crowd the shelves of English and American libraries? The reason is, that the latter contemplate history—not as an accidental and arbitrary collection of independent facts—a storehouse of statistics—a mere museum of withered plants and stuffed carcasses—a sarcophagus of dead men's bones, regularly labelled and laid aside for future curiosity to speculate upon, but a living, organic whole, displaying the outward workings of the inmost impulses of the human soul, and unfolding, in all their endless variety, the gradual and manifold strivings, the changes and counterchanges by which humanity grows into its completeness and unity. Our destinies upon this globe were long since ordained, and are now perpetually directed by an overruling "Father of the ages;" and the lofty task of the historian, in every sphere, like that of the great poet of Paradise, is to—

> "Assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man."

SONNETS.

ROT AT THE CORE.

Ah! Friend! 'tis not my cheek that tells the tale,—
  My heart is withered. Yet you see me move,
  Still calm, in this cold world,—still free to rove,
Wherever rolls the sea or drives the gale:—
Yet am I perishing fast;—Even as the tree,
  Which the worm gnaws within and still must gnaw,
  Looks green in the gay sunlight, free from flaw
  And smiling as the smiling ones go by—
His branches give no token, and his leaf
No tremor,—yet his destiny, how brief!
You see my fate in him, and his in me!—
  Sudden we fall, our green tops waving high,
And men who seldom know even what they see,
  Wonder of what disease the tree could die!

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NEW POETRY IN NEW-ENGLAND.*

From traffic to treason nothing is safe against Yankee versatility. The sons of New-England are omnipresent in every region, whether of space or thought. If you take the wings of the morning for the uttermost parts of the earth, you may expect to find that they have got there long enough before you to carry off the best bargains, and set up a newspaper: they abound in every corner, from Kamschatka to Cape Horn, and frequent the Arctic Ocean and the Great Desert with equal facility. Whether any of them might be met with by descending to certain unmentionable depths, may seem a delicate question, but we have no hesitation in answering it in the affirmative: they are not likely to neglect a locality so rich in curiosities, and so fruitful in hints for new patent cooking-stoves and hot air furnaces. Not less adventurous are they in the continents and recesses of the intellectual world. They are ready to explain all questions, and debate all difficulties. From cyphering to psychology, nothing daunts them; and it must be confessed, that they seldom attack their subject altogether in vain. Whether it be a singing book, or a new system of English grammar, they turn the matter in hand to profitable account. They are, undeniably, a nation *sui generis*—a metaphysical, machine-inventing, money-making people, that never had their like. Whatever comes they are prepared for, from making a railroad to contriving a new-fashioned pocket-comb. They are never caught napping—never are in want of resources, and always fall upon their feet. Their hands, to be sure, are very near to their heads, something nearer than to their hearts. What they think they do, with energy sharp as their own winds, and rugged as the mountains on whose barren sides they are nurtured. Thinkers and doers are they; let them have that praise; if not always the broadest and most comprehensive of thinkers, at least the most resolute, earnest and persistent of doers. They never grow weary of action, and never suffer their eyes to be seduced from their aim. If a mountain stands in their way they cut it down; if an ocean, they fill it up, or get the better of it by some shrewd stratagem. They are careful of boundary lines, and unconquerable sticklers for individual rights. They claim their due from others to the last stiver, but having got it, they are no niggards, only business is business, and generosity is another thing. If sometimes from crooked conviction they come short of the right and the wise, no capricious impulse betrays them into the wrong and the foolish. Their nature is not hot, but strong—not volcanic, but steady and sure. They go by foresight more than by hope; what they desire is the reason of the thing, and on that they will stand till doomsday or after. They know most of the force of ideas; in the power of irreflective enthusiasm, of spontaneous, unquestioning passion, they have less experience. But ideas they are convinced to be substantial and creative. They will starve for them, fight for them, die for

* Poems. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1847. 12mo. pp. 251.
Poems. By William Ellery Channing. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1847. 12mo. pp. 160.
Poems. By William W. Story. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1847. 12mo. pp. 249.
Poems. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Company. 1847. 12mo. pp. 124.
Songs of the Sea; with Other Poems. By Epes Sargent. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1847. 12mo. pp. 208.
Schiller's Homage of the Arts; with miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath and other German Poets. By Chas. T. Brooks. Boston; Jas. Munroe & Company. 1847. 12mo. pp. 151.

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them. They would even move the world with them, were they not sometimes too apt to take one idea for the sum of all ideas, and to urge it with such one-sided pertinacity, as to drive men from it by sheer re-action. But above all, they are men of conscience. Their great question is, "what is right?" Starting from a jealous guardianship of what they reckon to be right, as regards themselves personally, their insatiable logical faculty hastens to inquire what is right for other men, for all men, and that they are no less zealous to argue for and to work for.

Above all, like other natives of cold and sterile countries, and like all races in whom the intellect and practical faculties predominate, their's is an unconquerable love of liberty, as well as an exhaustless devotion to the common cause. They love their country, not so much because it is their birth-place, as because it is the residence of the race to which they belong. In them, what is called public spirit, is perhaps stronger than in any other branch of the Anglo-American family. The honor of New-England, of their native state or city, is never out of their minds, go where they may. A Bostonian cannot doubt that Boston is a better town than any other, though others may have some slight advantages; and if he were called to make a new map of the world, he would not fail to put Massachusetts in the centre. This too, is at the bottom, a noble feeling. It is in essence the devotion of the individual to the good of the community. What it has done for New-England would not be easy to calculate.

Next to this public spirit the Yankee character is distinguished for depth and activity of the family sentiment. The best of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, are to be found in New-England. A parent there, is a providence to his children. For their education he spares neither expense nor pains; and their success in life is far dearer to him than his own. From this sentiment springs the excellent care New-England has always paid to her schools and institutions of learning, and to the maintenance of correct moral influences for the young. Indeed, these two impulses, public spirit and family affection, are the keys of New-England's history, past and present.

It is remarkable that, of the American poets whose names are at all familiar, the majority come of this stock; Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Whittier, Longfellow, and Willis,—to name no others. Their writings, through whatever personal peculiarities, all display the striking trait of New-England men—the predominance of the intellect. There is no rich southern glow about them, no exuberance of mellow, sunny, gushing enthusiasm. Of them all, Halleck, Longfellow, and Willis are the least Yankees, the most graceful and genial; the latter is also the author of more love poetry than all the others put together, though at the same time he is the least earnest and the most desultory. And now here are new names for our Olympus, also from New-England; touching them and their works, as upright and faithful critics, we have our word to offer.

First, by right undeniable, we have placed the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom there is little risk in pronouncing the most original, not only of American poets, but of living writers. He is no vender of second-hand notions, but a man on his own account, who gives you jewels from his own mines, and of his own setting. Not that he deals in jewels only. We do not receive him as an infallible witness, are scarcely willing to reckon ourselves among his indiscriminating admirers, and have little sympathy with those who fail in the attempt to imitate his style. This class of persons is, however, too limited to be worthy of any serious notice; and as they were predestined to inanity, there is no reason why they should not take it in this way as well as any other. Certainly no disease could be more harmless to the public at large. But small as is our sympathy for

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these unfortunates, we confess to a feeling even less amiable towards the whipper-snappers and dilettanti who, at safe distance, presume to discharge their pop-guns at the diamond fortress of this man of genius. For the former class pity is possible, for the latter it is not.

Though we are writing under the title of New Poetry, Mr. Emerson is not altogether a new candidate for the laurel. More than ten years ago he made good his right to the name of poet, in a little book called Nature. Though wearing the guise of a philosophical essay, and written in prose, it was still a poem. You might dispute the theory which pervaded it, and find the author guilty of every heresy in the theological and metaphysical catalogue, but there was no escaping the beautiful enchantment which shone over every chapter, clear and beguiling as the aroma of woods on a May morning. Since that time, Mr. Emerson, living at Concord, Mass., upon his own fortune, (Heaven send us all that same blessed independence!) has kept good his acquaintance with the world mainly through college-orations and popular lectures, many of which have been published. Indeed, two duodecimo volumes, which he has given us as essays, and which have justly received very wide attention, were first brought out in the lecture-room. It is scarcely necessary to say, that they are all streams from the same fountain.

Those who have heard Mr. Emerson speak have enjoyed a pleasure, of which, in passing, we would fain give our readers some idea. You enter the hall, whose seats are tolerably filled with an audience motley enough. There are shrewd men of business and pale men of books, fashionable gentlemen and ladies, studious, timid youths, impassive editors, solemn clergymen, confirmed lion-hunters, skin-flint brokers, important politicians, pale mystics, oily counsellors, and fiery radicals, all waiting in peaceful contiguity for the hour that shall wrap them into an unknown world. Some maiden ladies, no strangers to the scene, are perhaps busy knitting. Precisely at the moment, the rather tall and gracefully awkward form of the orator ascends the platform. With a glance of his cool gray eye over the audience, the over-coat is laid off, and the manuscript drawn from the pocket. The man stands before you, his forehead narrow and slightly retreating, his nose prominent, all his face transparent, earnest, surcharged with thought, but yet strangely fresh and youthful, like one just from the company of those Olympian bards,

> "Who sung
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young,
> And always keep us so."

With the first tones of his voice comes a new charm; rich, mellow, musical, not of great compass, but of great flexibility, managed more by impulse than by study, it is fit for its use. Mr. Emerson employs few gestures, and those wholly spontaneous. As he reads, he raises his eyes and looks straight forward, not at the audience, but beyond them. He is not aware of his listeners, or of the effect he is producing; he is occupied with his thoughts. His oratory is thus of a style peculiar to himself, but yet no speaker has more perfect possession of his audience. Even those who do not comprehend him, cannot but listen as if they did, borne along by the flow of that unique, opaline soliloquy. If he uses an illustration it is never in vain. We remember listening one night when he compared life to a wintry sea, and men to lonely barks driving over its waves, just hailing each other, and flitting past. The bleak wierdness of that moment we have never forgotten. You felt yourself out there, hurried along the cold, mountainous ocean, whence and whither, Who knows?

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Mr. Emerson's humor is as happy as it is idiosyncratic. He has so much of the quality of a good joker, that sometimes you are inclined to set that down as his proper function. When you least expect it, his wit will go sparkling through half a dozen paragraphs, and you laugh not boisterously, but inwardly and unweariedly. But through the whole he is a genuine New-Englander. Everything about him is of that climate. His eloquence is the aurora borealis of the head, not the tropic warmth of the heart. The usual key-note of his music is that same Yankee public spirit; in him the love of honor, of heroism, of justice, and his unconquerable repugnance to the loss of the individual in the mass. Persons accuse him of being vague and unintelligible. To all such the old reply holds good: he is not bound to furnish them with brains also. Those who bring this charge imagine they are criticising Mr. Emerson; in fact, they are only making a confession for themselves.

We suppose that even those who are tolerably familiar with Mr. Emerson's writings are not always clear as to whether he is most of a philosopher or a poet. To our thinking, he cannot be set down distinctively as either. He is both. He poetizes philosophically, and philosophizes poetically.—To this fact we must attribute his want of perfect success in either department. His poetry is too intellectual, and his philosophy too poetic. In the one there is too much of transcendental thought, and in the other too much of personal fancy. The one lacks the heat of life, and the other still fails of that universality which belongs to the Heaven-appointed Teacher of Wisdom. In the one, to borrow the illustration a witty friend always insists on in speaking of our poet-thinker, you find a man whose blood is not red, but of a cold, moonlight whiteness, and in the other you can scarcely ever forget the Yankee propensity to urge the idea or aspect of the subject at the time apparent, as if it were the sole embracing truth of things,—defects apparently different in form, but one in essence.

But though Mr. Emerson's writings lack the human element, being mainly intellectual, devoted to the statement of those sharp intuitions and brilliant affirmations which distinguish him from other men, but which always promise more than they perform, or else to that peculiar stoicism which is his favorite ideal of conduct, the volume now in our hands has one or two poems in which a warm and more universal affection distils in strains which, to our thinking, are nowhere surpassed. We had marked extracts from them, and from other pieces, for general and particular illustration, but an implacable want of space must cheat our pages of their expected ornaments.

As a prose writer, Mr. Emerson is often the most perfect of rhetoricians. Nothing can excel the beauty of many of his periods. The very manner in which his essays are constructed favors this perfection. They are made up of detached sentences—occasional inspirations, noted down at the time. When the subject is mature, these separate stones are builded together into a whole. We believe that his poetry is written in a similar manner. A line rises in his mind to-day, or something suggests an image; it is put down, and when the next line *comes* that is put down too; thus a single piece may be months in ripening. There is no impatience about it—no desire or design to have the piece off the hands of its author. It grows up spontaneously, without being forced; as a plot of ground bears trees, flowers and herbs all at once, so this man's mind brings a variety of works together towards their perfection. There is something fascinating in this, though we admire more the artist whose soul is full of his theme, who rests from it neither by day nor night, flowing, like a great swelling river, enthusiastically on to his goal.

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Our author's theory of Poetry may be read in his own words in the piece called *Merl.n.* That theory is a faulty though not a surprising one. Mr. Emerson speaks for himself. To borrow a musical term, he would have his poet write in the *major* mode; of the richer and more interior harmonies of the *minor* he is naturally ignorant, and wisely says nothing.

The voice of the true poet must chime not only with the grander movements of nature, but with airs of summer; with bubbling brooks and rustling flowers; not only with manly impulses, the throb of assemblies, the hum of traffic, the resolve and energy of the hero, and the ecstacy of martyrs, but with the fears and hopes of the beloved maiden, the infinite joy thrilling the heart of the young mother, the yearning aspiration and ideal sense of beauty in the artist, the generous trust of friendship, and the sacred philanthropy of the Sister of Charity. Poetry is universal, and has no narrower limits than man. Its soul is the human soul—its sphere the whole of Nature. All emotions and thoughts belong to it. It is a higher language—Speech raised to harmony. Whatever may be spoken may be poetic; and the poet is he who, in harmonious words, speaks for all men what were otherwise unsaid, or said only in meaner and ruder phrase.

Herein too, Mr. Emerson fails, as we must believe, of a thorough idea of art. He seems to regard it as something accomplished, as well as begun, solely by inspiration. According to his words—and we have elsewhere heard from him the same thing—he would have the artist ascend the skies by a leap, not by the Jacob's ladder of preparatory toil. Let him lay aside all thought of means—all coil of rhythm and of number, and make every verse a surprise—a plan which, followed by a man of less genius than the one by whom it is prepared, and sometimes even when followed by him, can make every verse a very disagreeable surprise indeed.

Doubtless the artist will not be encumbered by the means he has to use. So far as he is truly an artist, and not a dabbler or mere learner, they are become to him a subsidiary part of himself. They are a domain he long since conquered, and reclaimed to his own purposes, an extension of his native faculties and organs, which he employs without thinking of them. But there was a time when he thought much of them, and gave days and nights to their acquisition. The colors of Titian, the chisel of Michael Angelo, the rhythm and number of Dante or Milton, and the thorough bass of Beethoven and Mozart, are indeed to each a "stairway of surprise," so unconsciously and wonderfully they are employed. But those masters gained this stairway by earnest striving and seeking, and no one who would accomplish any noble work of art can hope to do otherwise. He must first subdue and appropriate the means; afterwards he may work as if he were not aware of their existence. But this is not Mr. Emerson's view of the matter. In poetry, he seems to desire not art, but undisciplined, untrimmed nature. He does not appear practically to apprehend that art is not artificiality, is only nature raised to higher and more perfect degrees. To an unfinished, off-hand composition, provided it has some gleams of sense, he will incline to give more praise than to one wrought into fine simplicity and perfect expression. Gold in the ore, with all the dross that nature in her confusion has mingled in, is more attractive to his taste than the noble metal purified and refined. Fortunately, his practice does not rely altogether upon this opinion; we notice that some of the pieces in this volume have been re-touched for the present publication.

It is plain, however, that for the merely artistic form of his poems, Mr. Emerson has little care. He lacks too much that peculiar sense which is the origin of rhythm and number, to pay much attention to either. Not endowed with the perception and love of music, he feels no need of it, and generally does not aim at it. He never sings as the wild bird sings, for the

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mere delight of singing, but always because he has something to communicate. The meaning and not the melody is what he thinks of. Accordingly he attempts no experiments in versification, and makes no effort for variety. The metre he most employs is monotonous to the eye, but the monotony ceases when the ear and mind are called in. Out of this hackneyed measure, Mr. Emerson makes something piquant and various. To this effect, the rough irregularities which he delights in, but which nevertheless are often no better than gross blemishes, perhaps contribute something. These irregularities are at first offensive, but the thought, which is the all-in-all, is often so keen and piercing, and the imagination which illustrates it so new, unworn and fertile, that though you begin by blaming the faults of the poet, you end by yielding to the fascinations of the writer. There is a magic in what first strikes you as rude and uncouth, that somehow compels your admiration, where your ears could scarcely conceive of tolerance, and you are vexed with yourself for consenting to what your unbiassed judgment must condemn. So genius has its own will; no matter what the metal, the royal imprint gives it currency.

But a large portion of this volume stands in need of no apology or illusion in respect of poetic structure. There are passages in every piece which approach perfection. The sculptures of the Parthenon were not chiseled into more exquisite proportions than Mr. Emerson's creations from time to time assume. It seems that his thought has now and then a proper vitality which renders language fluid to his purpose, and takes on such harmony as its natural expression. In this regard, we have been especially delighted with *Each and All*, *The Problem*, *The World-Soul*, *Guy*, *Good-Bye*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble Bee*, and the *Ode to Beauty*. Not to speak of more positive qualities, in form these poems come little short of being faultless. Occasional strains, scattered through other pieces, are equally beautiful.

Though the substance of Mr. Emerson's poems is thought, we are not to look in them for any system of thought. The building of such systems is not an office to which their author has been appointed. He has not the constructive logical faculty necessary for such service. His sight dwells on the aspect of truth, which, at the time, presents itself to him with wonderful, sometimes with startling power. Nothing seems hidden before him; under his eye nature makes haste to lay off her disguises to the innermost. We hope that we are now to be instructed in the arcana of gods and men. But we are disappointed. We get only hints concerning them. To-morrow we shall receive other hints; it may be in apparent contradiction to those of to-day, urged likewise as if they were the sole and central truth. This makes it impossible for any but a Philistine to criticise Mr. Emerson's philosophy except in the most general manner. Like all men in whom the poetic element is active, you will often find him insisting with exaggerated emphasis on views of truth, which he knows or supposes to be neglected by persons around him. He feels that such persons are overbalanced in one direction, and by a natural love of equilibrium, goes off himself in another. Thus, there is hardly a proposition in his poems, or his prose either for that matter, which you cannot find the opposite of in some other place. This may seem a misfortune to some, and a fault to others. It may, perhaps, be wished that our poet were free from every imperfection. But the Divine Providence is not so prodigal of men of genius that the world can well afford to do injustice to one of them. As a seer of the True, and an artist of the Beautiful, what we are ready to call his deficiencies, may in some sort be to our advantage. Were he gifted with a more comprehensive, philosophic insight, we might never have had from him the immortal among these poems. Were he a man of warmer and more spontaneous nature, and more thoroughly a poet, he could hardly have opened for us so many avenues to transcen-

dental and spiritual laws. Let us receive him, then, gratefully and friendly for what he is, and thank God, as if we are wise we shall, that we live in the age and country which have produced such a man! For ourselves, personally, we are free to confess that we owe him a debt not easy to be estimated; and we know many who have ceased to follow him as a leader, who will make the same confession.

We are not anxious to deny the errors, philosophical, theological, or human, which can be charged upon this volume, in common with every other that Mr. Emerson has put forth. We are ready to surrender them to those critics who have a special vocation for discovering such sins, and punishing the sinners. Only let them be careful that they discover the deficiencies of the poet and not their own! Some of these deficiencies we have already at least hinted at. For the rest there are truths, to us of the very highest importance, which apparently lie without the scope of Mr. Emerson's perceptions. We have a conviction that he would lose nothing could he but recognize the law of Solidarity in its extent and fulness, and the omnipresent order of ascending and descending degrees, world above world, life within life, from nature up to the infinite, or come to understand the significance of the words Divine Humanity, and see that love, and not intellect, is the vital principle of the universe. We would that he were more a Realist, and that his poems were imbued with some higher spirit than the transcendental naturalism which pervades them. But what he is, he is; a man of most original, penetrating and beautiful genius. We cannot say that he is a great poet; that title will somehow not apply. The whole tenor of our criticism must, we think, show that such distinction cannot be claimed for him. But this can be said: the whole range of our literature does not furnish his peer in depth of thought, or exhibit such ideals of beauty as can be found in this volume.

There is one other point in Mr. Emerson's writings on which we have not dwelt expressly, but which is, perhaps, sufficiently indicated by what we have said or hinted. We mean their position, and the position of their author—two inseparable things—toward the present age. Mr. Emerson is, in no sense, an actor in any branch of the great movement of the times. He is a critic, standing aloof alike from the church, the state, and society. Neither religion, politics, nor reform, counts him in its ranks, but obedient to the impulses of his own moral and intellectual constitution, he works singly at his own business. For ourselves, we do not presume to find fault with this. Every man to his post, is our motto. Still we cannot look upon a book like the one in our hands, without a regret that such talents are not enlisted more in behalf of actual interests. We would that the poet stood very near to the throbbing heart of humanity, and were wholly inspired by the high hopes with which the race is stirred. There is deep sadness in seeing a man of genius thus cold and lonely, amidst the momentous issues of an epoch like the present. Goethe has been blamed because he was silent while the whole land was rousing itself to drive forth its invaders; but what shall be said of a man, who here in America, is a cool spectator of greater struggles than the world ever saw before? We have already answered this question. We must take him and his words for what they are, and above all, beware not to measure them by our standard but by his own. In so far as he is thus isolated he is not to be envied. The icy mountain peak may glitter in the sunbeams, and be first to catch the starlight, but the hermit who climbs up to dwell in its caverns, purchases the joys of that solitude at an irreparable cost.

But we must stay our hand and yield our pages to themes less refined than poetry, leaving the other favors of our hyperborean friends till next month shall bring with it another number of our Review.

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BOABDIL'S DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA.

A BALLAD.

"As they arrived at this eminence, the Moors paused involuntarily to take a last farewell gaze of their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut out to them *forever*. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could contain itself no longer:—"Allah Acbar!—God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana, Ayxa la Hona, was indignant at his weakness:—"You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman, for that which you failed to defend like a *man*."—IRVING'S CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

KING FERD'NAND'S royal camp begirt
  Granada's lofty domes;
And Spanish hearts throbbed high with pride—
  Nor pined for distant homes.

They mused on those their arms had won
  On fair Granada's hills;
Of grand Alhambra's tracery rare—
  Of "Court of Lions'" rills.

From grave Hidalgo's vesture rich
  Flashed gems of orient ray;
And every fair and gorgeous string
  Shone there—to grace the day.

King Ferd'nand sat with princely pomp
  Beside Queen Isabel,
Who'd tender tears for Moorish griefs,
  Yet loved that conquest well.

Could Grandees *dream*, in *humble garb*
  Behind that brilliant ring,
Stood one whose fame could *far* outshine
  The fame of Spain's great King?

E'en there stood *he*—a stately form—
  His full lip slightly curled—
His dark eye flashing, half in scorn—
  The Donor of—a World!!!*

* * * * * * *

From old Granada's lordly gates,
  There filed a mournful crowd,
Of dark, stern warriors—lovely dames,
  With each her fair head bowed.

The Moorish banner streamed aloft
  Upon the fragrant air,
And bright, above its silken folds,
  The Crescent glimmered there.

A kingly form passed out—he reined
  A white Arabian steed;
His pow'rless hand could scarce restrain
  The fiery courser's speed.

* "A man obscure and but little known followed the Court; he was melancholy and dejected in the midst of general rejoicings, and beheld with indifference—almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all hearts with jubilee. That man was Christopher Columbus."—*Irving's Life of Columbus.*

He paced between two royal dames*—
  One young—and heavenly fair!
Who little recked of aught behind,
  But watched his saddened air.

Zozayma shone as child of light!
  Oh! fair her cheek, though fled
The brilliant col'ring, which, erewhile,
  Had flushed it rosy red.

The other dame had look of eld—
  An aspect stern and high;
Her proud soul spoke in lofty post,
  And keen, black Moorish eye.

* * * * * * *

The cavalcade had gained the mount—
  Boabdil halted—vain
Long—last—and lingering look—to cast
  To blest—lost home in Spain.

Oh! glorious was the sight that burst
  On those strained Moorish eyes,
Of old Nevada's snow-capped heights,
  Commingling with the skies.

And screening fair Granada's hills—
  Her Vega's orange trees—
Her blue-waved Darro's silv'ry stream
  Curled then by morning's breeze.

He wrung his hands—his tears burst forth
  With many a sob and moan;
Stern Ayxa marked her mourning son,
  And said, in haughty tone:

"It well becomes you tears to shed—
  As weeps a woman fair,
For realm you could not hold like *man*—
  Pass on—the *future* dare!"

* * * * * * *

Again he manned himself—again
  He steeled his soul to bear;
Again the Moorish banners streamed
  On that bland, fragrant air.

Again, along those vine-clad hills,
  Filed down that mournful crowd;
Some beat their breasts in wild despair,
  And some wept out aloud:

While some on Ferd'nand curses heaped—
  With mutt'ring lips *they* went;
And ever still, their eyes of fire
  Revengeful glances sent.

* I have taken poet's license in making Boabdil depart from Granada at the same moment as his family, instead of joining them as he really did, at a short distance from the city, after having surrendered its keys to King Ferdinand.

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And on—and on—that sad band passed,
  To Purch'na's Valley o'er;
And seen in old Granada's halls
  Was *turban*—never more!!!

* * * * * * *

Within Granada's lordly gates
  There filed, mid joyous crowd,
A princely pair, with banners fair,
  And Grandees high and proud.

Blythe bells peeled out—melodious sounds
  Thrilled forth on ev'ry hand;
And ev'ry heart, save one, was gay,
  In all that radiant band.

So follows mirth on sorrow's track!
  Of sad Boabdil's loss
None thought—as on "*La Valla's*" height
  Their Prelate reared the Cross!!!

Then next, from that high *Watch-Tow'r* streamed
  The royal flag of Spain;
But *never* Moorish pennon waved
  From that high place again.

Then rose the *Te Deum* grand to God!
  Then burst the cannon's peal!
Whilst all th' assembled voices cried—
  Ferd'nand! Isabel! Castile!!!

ADA.

TIMES AND LIFE OF MACHIAVELLI.

BYRON was wont to say that a world might be created with four of the greatest men of Italy. Dante and Galileo for the Sciences, Michel Angelo for the Arts, and Machiavelli for the Government. From the earliest period of her existence, Italy has been the birth-place of gigantic intellects. In every age she has possessed the privilege of engendering some mighty genius, that seemed destined to continue that glorious galaxy of noble minds, which from Cicero to Dante, from Dante to Galileo, have rendered her so celebrated, and have spread so much light in every department of the intellectual world. No land on the face of the earth has more greatness to boast, than Italy; none has engendered so many noble spirits; but at the same time, none has so many misfortunes to deplore, as many calamities to go through. Her children, animated by the most ardent love of liberty, appeared on the stage of the world like bright planets in the darkness of night, to call the oppressed to break the fetters of tyrants, and form themselves into one, and an independent family. The petty tyrants of that unhappy country thought nothing of throwing those noble spirits into a dungeon, or condemning them to a long exile, in order to hold up their ill-gotten power; the Church, through the fear of her thunders, so dreaded in those times, forced them to silence; the inquisition put them to the torture; and thus, instead of praise and rewards, they met with fetters and persecution, and not only their bodies, but their minds also were made to suffer the most horrible tortures.

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Niccolo Machiavelli, the greatest political genius the world ever produced, began life as a citizen and a politician in a time of wars and internal dissensions, while Italy was divided and torn to pieces by national and foreign princes, and the Italian republics had almost reached the last hour of their existence. The independence of the fair peninsula was about to depart to make room for an era of bondage and slavery. Spain, France and Germany, combined together to prevent the union of the Italian States, while jealous at the same time of each other, they divided and ravaged unhappy Italy, and constituted themselves the Protectors of her petty tyrants. The Church in Machiavelli's times was ruled by those monsters in human shape, Alexander VI. and the parricide Clement VII.

Niccolo Machiavelli, generally called the Florentine Secretary, and the historian, was born in Florence in the year of our Lord 1469. His parentage was poor at the time of his birth, though it had once been wealthy and distinguished. Machiavelli may be regarded as the noblest specimen of the Italian republican of the sixteenth century; the champion of republicanism and democratic principles; the unforgiving enemy of all kinds of tyranny, and the true friend of the people's rights. In his early youth took place the conspiracy, called in history the *conspiracy of the Pazzi*, and the descent of Charles VIII. into Italy, and his expedition against the city of Florence. This last event awoke in his youthful mind an unconquerable hatred which accompanied him to his grave, against all kind of foreign domination. French rule was particularly abhorrent to his patriotic soul.

Machiavelli's mother was a woman of high intellectual powers, and well constituted mind; an ornament to her family, her sex, and the age in which she lived. This worthy mother, like the Roman Cornelia, early instilled in the young mind of her son those sacred principles of liberty and patriotism which so distinguished his future life. She instructed him in the condition of his country, and her vivid description of the iniquities which the tyrants of Italy practiced, in order to dominate upon her, produced in his mind a fruitful indignation. Thus this mother, worthy of such a son, by her wholesome education paved the way to the future greatness of the illustrious statesman.

Machiavelli's preceptor was Marcellus Virgilius, a man of profound learning; who, by the faithful discharge of this important duty, developed that mighty genius which was destined to shine with such splendor through the world, and entitled himself to the gratitude of all civilized nations. At the age of twenty-nine, Machiavelli was elected Secretary of State of the republic of Florence, in preference to numerous candidates, and for fifteen years filled that office with great credit to himself and his country. During this period, he was also entrusted with many other important places. To him was confided the Home and Foreign correspondence, the records of the proceedings and deliberations of the Councils, the registers of public treaties with foreign States and Princes, and the important and manifold duties were always discharged with faithfulness and ability. Entrusted several times with diplomatic missions, he constantly succeeded in securing the interests of his country; and the letters which he has left us bear witness to the truth of this assertion. Twice was he sent as Ambassador to the Court of Austria; four times to that of France, while Louis XII. then the reigning king, was the only powerful ally of the republic of Florence; twice to the Court of Rome under the Pontificate of Alexander the VI. and to the conclave which elected Julius II.; besides visiting the Courts of several of the petty Italian sovereigns, and various republics. These diplomatic missions were very useful to Machiavelli in progress of time; for he was thus enabled to study the policy and cunning of those governments, the infamy and

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mysteries of those monsters who, to maintain their power, did not scruple to sacrifice not only individuals, but entire populations to their unholy ambition. In these Courts, where prisons, poisons and daggers formed the only policy, Machiavelli drew his first ideas of his celebrated book, *The Principe.*

While acting as Ambassador of the Republic, Machiavelli was so poorly compensated, that we often find in his letters complaints to his government, and demands for a larger supply of money to be enabled to defray indispensable expenses. In these times, as in our days, Ambassadors of Republics were scantily compensated; thus forming a striking contrast with those of crowned heads, who receive immense salaries, and are allowed to revel in luxury and pleasure, while the poor people are starving for the want of the necessaries of life!

Machiavelli joined to capacities of the highest order the most ardent attachment to his country, and a pliant, practical mind, such as was required in those troublesome times. His labors were unlimited; now acting as Secretary of State; then Ambassador to different Courts; now called to advise on most important affairs; then dispatched against the enemy, or to visit the country in order to enlist troops, and superintend the means of defence. He introduced many reforms in the state, among which was the formation of the national militia,* and the dismissal of the mercenary troops. He saw with pain the power into the hands of the weak Soderini, and the passive neutrality adopted by the Republic in times which were growing every day more calamitous, and a fatal crisis seemed to threaten the existence of Florence. Machiavelli made use of all his influence to prevent or retard at least the ruin of the Republic.

The celebrated league of Cambray, originated with, and directed by Pope Julius II. had drawn into Italy foreign armies of every description and color. Under pretence of waging war against the Turk, the real object was to weaken the power of the Republic of Venice, while that of the Pope was to destroy the whole of the Italian Republics.

A terrible calamity seemed to hang on the destinies of Florence. Machiavelli exerted himself with all his might to save the liberty of his country, and though unsuccessful, it must be attributed, not to his want of capacity and energy, but to the turbulent spirit of his fellow-citizens, and to the troublesome, disastrous circumstances in which he was placed. Already a conspiracy existed in the very city, intended to overthrow the popular Government, and substitute in its place that of the Medici family; and this was also the work of the Pope, who was bitterly incensed at the Gonfaloniere Soderini, for having espoused the French cause.† The Cardinal Medicis, having secured the assistance of Spain, through the payment of 40,000 ducats, took possession of the Government of Florence, and exiled the Gonfaloniere Soderini, who, by his incapacity, had brought about the ruin of the Republic. Some say that Machiavelli become converted to the new order of things; but admitting this to be true, we may justly suppose that he considered the revolution inevitable, and necessary. In it he had likely placed every hope of a more glorious future for the city of Florence. However, one fact alone is sufficient to refute his detractor's imputations; it is well known that after Soderini fell, Machiavelli was removed from his place as Secretary of State, exiled from the territory of the Republic, and

* The militia was altogether national, according to the new ordinance, advised by Machiavelli.—*Sismondi*, p. 403.

† Independent of this reason, Julio II. was incensed against Soderini for having given refuge to five Cardinals who, alarmed at the sudden death of one of their companions, had refused to follow the Pope to Bologna.—*Sismondi*, i., p. 127.

expressly forbidden to put his foot into the palace of the Government.—These facts ought to satisfy every unprejudiced man that Machiavelli did all in his power to save his country's independence.

The Florentine Republic was no longer what it had been. The race of its great men was laying cold in the grave; Jerome Savonarola, the people's tribune—the reformer of morals and religion, had a short time before been placed among the martyrs whom *Young Italy* will one day place in the national Pantheon, for he suffered for the cause of liberty and justice, and died for truth. The Medicis, with the help of foreign armies, had triumphed; liberty was lost; tyranny was in the height of its power. Machiavelli, in his exile, mourned over the misfortunes of his beloved country, and abandoned himself altogether to the muses and graver studies. The great man floored for an instant, rises again, stronger than ever; he is himself once more; he gathers his forces, and finds in his studies consolation worthy of his great soul. It was in the rural retirement of San Casciano that he composed his most celebrated works. *The Principe*, his *Discourses on Livius*, the *Treatise on the Art of War*, and the *Florentine Historics*, were all produced in those days of leisure and solitude. Unable to render himself useful to his country by deeds, he endeavored to illustrate her by his writings, and through these, he imparted to his countrymen important lessons, intended to make them good and useful citizens.

Under the new Government, every person respectable for talents or character was subject to persecution. Machiavelli had, of course, to share the fate common to all the great men of the unhappy peninsula; and if he did not actually suffer martyrdom, many and cruel sufferings he had to encounter. While he was quietly living in the retirement of his exile, with his wife Maria Corsini, and his five children, a conspiracy was discovered against the Medicean Government. Pietro Paolo Boscoli, one of the conspirators, happened to lose a list containing the names of certain individuals well known for their devotion to the ancient state of things; and this accident led to the presumption of the existence of a conspiracy against the life of John de Medici, who was the head of that powerful family, and the only one that was to be dreaded. The conspiracy, whether real or imaginary, was supposed to intend to do away with him while on his way to the conclave, which elected him Pope, under the name of Leo X. Boscoli, Agostino Capponi, (a name dear to Italy,) Nicolo Machiavelli and many other eminent citizens, were arrested and confined in the *Stinche's* prisons. Boscolo and Capponi were, after, decapitated, and Machiavelli was made to suffer the torture. And thus were, and are now, treated the zealous and eminent patriots of unhappy Italy, by the infamous agents of the most monstrous tyranny! Tortures, dungeons, and the gibbet, are the laurels which are allotted by despotic governments to superior merit.

When released, Machiavelli, too poor to live in Florence, retired again to the country. These sad events, which can only be borne by an uncommon fortitude, give better evidence than his former fortune of the high moral character of this extraordinary man.

Poor—unable to support a numerous family, Machiavelli had several times supplicated to be reinstated in his former office; or, at least, to be granted some occupation which might enable him to earn his bread unpurchased with shame and remorse. But his repeated applications met with no favor. One consolation, however, in the midst of so many sorrows, was left him—a consolation so dear to the poor and prostrated—that of true friendship. The high respect which his talents, and frank, affectionate disposition commanded from everybody, secured to him, even in adversity, some true friends, through whose exertions he finally succeeded in conquer-

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ing the animosity of his enemies. Francesco Guicciardini, the celebrated historian, and Francesco Vettori, always kept an intimate correspondence with him—even in the most dangerous times. In a letter to Vettori, Machiavelli describes, in very touching words, his state of destitution—the tenor of his life, his occupations, his sorrows and hopes, and his endeavors to better his condition, and come again into active life.—"And for this reason," says he, "I worry myself, and much longer I cannot remain in such a situation without becoming, for poverty, a destitute; and my faith should not be doubted, for having always preserved it inviolate, it is not likely I should at this time of life learn to contaminate it; and one, who like me, has been for forty-three years faithful and good, should not be supposed as capable of changing nature, and of my faith and goodness, my present destitution is the best proof."*

Such complaints of the great man are painful to record, particularly when we take into consideration the great number of obscure and imbecile intriguers, who fattened on the throne of Medicis; selling to the largest bidder the interests of the country, while the true statesman, the pilaster of the Republic, was allowed to drag out a miserable existence in exile and want! But unfortunately, such is ordinarily the fate of those countries which are ruled by despotism; they always fall a prey to the greediness of low, vile and flattering courtiers. Removed for eight years from the public business, thoroughly engaged in his literary works, the moment had now arrived when Machiavelli was once more to be called to lend his powerful aid in carrying on the Government of Florence, by the very persons who, a short time before, had put him to the rack, and condemned him to exile. The Medicis themselves, although they might justly regard him as the greatest impediment to their schemes on the Republic, availed themselves of his talents on many important occasions. Machiavelli advised Leo X., in the year 1520, to re-establish the Republic, as the only means and the only government that could preserve Florence from foreign invasion and imminent ruin. Men, always unanimous, when they have to fight for their homes and firesides, are not so when they have to expose their lives for the interest and glory of their rulers. Unfortunately, his advice was disregarded. In the following year, Clement VII. dispatched him as Legate to the Chapter of the Minor Friars, a mission not very agreeable to him. The object of this journey was to persuade the friars to make a distinct province of the Florentine Republic, and to send a good preacher to the Metropolitan Church of Florence. It is amusing to peruse his writings concerning this journey, and to see how he ridiculed these monks; calling them liars, idle, useless to society, and only fit for the *dolce far niente*. It was repugnant to his feelings, after having treated in the capacity of an Ambassador, with Kings and Emperors, to descend to treat with a chapter of idle and vicious friars. On this subject, an amusing correspondence took place between him and Guicciardini, then Governor of Modena.

Machiavelli was, after this, sent to Venice on a commercial mission, and the credentials he took with him show the unbounded confidence that was placed in his character and great intellectual capacities.

Charles the Fifth had crossed the Alps to invade Italy, and wage a war of conquest on the Papal states. The Pope, the Florentines, the Venetians, and the French, joined their arms to oppose his progress; but the ill success of the campaign increased the difficulties of the peninsula. Italy was now in a most critical situation. Foreign despotism threatened her from every part of Europe. Florence stood on the brink of the precipice, and

* Letter of Nic. Machiavelli to T. Vettori, in Rome, Die 10, Decembris 1513.

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thus was accelerated her fate. Machiavelli had strenuously opposed the war on the ground of expediency; for he foresaw that should the allies be unsuccessful, the ruin of the Republic would immediately follow. But he was no longer at the head of the Government; his ungrateful country had given to traitors the place, that for her good he should have always occupied; and he had the grief to live long enough to see the Republic changed into a monarchy.

In these different circumstances, Clement VII. consulted Machiavelli and Guicciardini, on the means of fortifying and defending Florence; but all these preparations were superfluous, all these precautions were useless. Machiavelli, a man of practical experience, and not of illusions, gave such advice as suited those ruinous times, proposed the only measures that might have diverted the storm, sound, energetic measures. He advised that the popular Government should be restored; but in vain; the ambition of the Medicis was greater than their sense of danger, and they would not give up. Florence was destined to fall. Savonarola had predicted it; Machiavelli had clearly forseen it. Her ruin was inevitable; her last hour had sounded. The noble spirit of her former citizens, so ardent for their liberties, so jealous of their independence, was no more; and the dying eyes of the few patriots that still remained, could only shed tears on the calamitous future of their beloved country, on the ruins of that old and once prosperous Republic.

Machiavelli's last days were sad indeed. He saw the imperial arms conquer the last efforts of Italian independence; he saw the pillage of Rome, and the plague ravage through unhappy Florence. He died poor, as he lived.

"Avaro dell'onor, largo dell'oro."
Greedy of his honor, liberal of his gold.

But if he could not leave to his children an inheritance of wealth, he left them one far superior, that of an eternal name and immortal glory.

His son, Pietro Machiavelli, announcing to a friend his father's decease, thus expresses himself:—"Our father has left us in great destitution, as you are aware." He died the 22d July, 1527, wishing for his country *tempora meliora.*

Thus died Niccolo Machiavelli, *Democratiæ laudator, tyrannidis summæ inimicus,** the friend of the people,† the champion of Republicanism, and of the Italian independence.‡ He was buried in the Florentine Pantheon, in the Church of St. Croce, in the vault of his family, where he remained for two centuries, forgotten by his ungrateful country. Machiavelli loved Italy always in his heart, and for her was his last sigh. He was the first to preach and to try to carry into effect the doctrine of the Italian unity, which sooner or later must join the dispersed tribes of the Italian nation.

* Alberico Gentile, Book III. De legationibus, Chap. 9.
† Bacon De Augumstian, Book 7. Chap. 2.
‡ Rousseau. Contract Social, Book III., Chap 6.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND EMPIRE.*

The appearance of an English life of the great French Emperor, written in a candid and truthful vein, is an epoch in historical lore. It is an evidence of a great advance in popular sentiment, in the right direction; "that English literature is becoming emancipated from the trammels of party;" that eminent writers look to the suffrage of the people, and the opinion of the great reading public for their reward, both in honor and profit, rather than to the patronage of government or the smiles of the aristocracy of the British Islands. From the rapid growth of the population on this continent, it has come to be true that the number of intelligent readers of English literature is as large here as in Great Britain itself. Fifty years back, the standing of a writer depended upon the patronage of the English aristocracy, and his views must necessarily have been such as would obtain their endorsement. The English form of government and social structure was such as to make the fame of a writer dependant upon those privileged classes, which composed the majority of readers. The government and its dependants gave the tone to the press. The case is now far different; more than two-thirds of the readers of English books are republicans, with republican sympathies. The reading and thinking men on this side of the Atlantic were, but a few years since, not regarded as a portion of that great tribunal of the Public, to which writers acknowledged a responsibility. An almost insurmountable reluctance to consider the United States other than as dependant colonies, was manifest. America, its laws and literature, were not only regarded with contempt by the English press, but the feeling was sedulously encouraged by the court and aristocracy, through fear of the influence which republican literature might exercise upon the remaining privileges of the nobles. To corrupt the press at home was an easy matter, and measurably so of American productions; a servile courting of English patronage, has vitiated the writings of some of our most eminent men. No pains has ever been spared to denounce any emanation from the United States, which might exercise an influence in favor of free institutions. The English boast that the press is free;—but is it so? On the other hand, has not the severe censorship of aristocratic jealousy more effectually chained it to the car of despotism, than the most rigid laws could have done? The progress of reform in England, and the fact that English literature is to be transmitted to posterity, through millions of pure republicans upon this continent, have done much to emancipate the minds of historians. The servile flatterers of the aristocrats of the day, the eulogists of despotic institutions, fast fading into oblivion, cannot hope to retain a hold on posterity after those abuses are exploded, and the equality of man, with principles of self-government, have become the rule instead of the exception. The work of Hazlitt is almost the first English history which has emerged from the thick cloud of English prejudice and aristocratic misrepresentation, to treat of the events of the French revolution in a truthful manner. The false position which England occupied through the wars of Napoleon, is an anomaly in history. It was the struggle of her court and aristocracy against the advancement of liberal opinions throughout the world; and it presented the singular spec-

* Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Hazlitt. Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

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tacle of a mighty people, while boasting of the freedom of their institutions, making the most superhuman exertions to stifle the growth of popular freedom generally, and to force France to retain the old feudal despotism, under which she had groaned for centuries. They were endeavoring to prevent France from doing that, which they themselves had done more than a century before; and what is more singular, the people who were doing this, being duped by the court and aristocracy, supposed that they were "delivering Europe." Military glory and naval triumphs dazzled their eyes, and attracted their attention from the fact, that every dollar the government borrowed was to support despotism, and that every blow struck was on behalf of hereditary tyranny. Twenty-five years of peace, and of patient submission to the debt created for those purposes, have given them cause and leisure to reflect upon the matter, and Mr. Hazlitt's book is an evidence that the scales have fallen from their eyes; that they see the miserable manner in which they were duped by the greatest quack in statesmanship the world ever knew. In 1640, the people of England, groaning under despotic sway, deposed and beheaded the first Charles, as they had a perfect right to do. In a few years after the death of the able monarch that succeeded him, legitimacy was restored. In 1688 it was set aside by the people, and the House of Hanover substituted. From that time, down to the close of the 18th century, more liberty was, perhaps, enjoyed in England, than in any country of Europe. France, in all that time, labored under a despotism, to which the horrors of Hindoo servitude were comparative freedom. Without trial by jury, without means of justice, subjected to the most atrocious oppressions, in person and property, by the grand seigneurs, the position of a French subject was far less enviable than that of an Egyptian fellah of the present day. The life of a peasant was less valued than that of a wild boar, and long centuries of tyranny had left him but little else of humanity than its form. A volume would scarcely suffice to define all the oppressions to which the French subject was exposed; and how great soever were his wrongs, the semblance of justice was to be had only through the influence of the beauty of a female relation, or bribes in money, that were openly and shamelessly administered. The Bastile was crowded with the victims of private animosity, consigned to loathsome dungeons by *lettres-de-cachet*, obtained from a corrupt executive through favor or money. These victims, Blackstone states, numbered 15,000, in the *mild* reign of Louis XV. The number of men, women, and children, sent annually to the galleys and dungeons for smuggling salt, was near 4,000. Safety for persons and property there was none; and the social relations of the lower classes were exposed to the debaucheries of the seigneurs; among the long catalogue of whose infamous "*rights*," the "*baiser de mariées*," and the "*silence de grenouilles*," were at once the most odious and the most ridiculous. The nature of the latter, was a requirement on the peasants to beat constantly the waters of the marshy districts, in order to keep silent the frogs, lest their croakings should disturb the lady of the seigneur during her confinement. This duty might be commuted for a sum of money, or the delinquent caught, and hung up without ceremony at the door of the grand seigneur. Is it to be wondered at, that a people who had suffered for centuries under such aristocratic teachings, should exhibit energy, not always guided by moderation, when liberty first burst upon them? Yet, down to the present time, the writers of England have sought to impute crime to that people for setting aside that government. The gold of England, that gold, to collect which, her people are now groaning in poverty, was paid by the English court to combined Europe, for the only object of forcing

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back upon France those Bourbons, who had been the authors of those atrocities.

The English revolution of 1688 had been the glory of her people and the boast of her statesmen, who had held up their constitution as a model to all nations. It is to be remarked that the liberties of the English people did not advance, from the accession of the House of Hanover, up to the time of the American revolution. Great corruption prevailed in the government, and the aristocracy enjoyed by far the larger half of the national wealth. So long, however, as no country exceeded England in constitutional freedom, aristocratical privileges were in but little danger. The attempted oppression upon the American colonies resulted in their emancipation; and nobly did many of the British statesmen espouse the cause of justice. Among these, the name of Edmund Burke stands pre-eminent. No sooner, however, was American independence recognized, than the revolutionary spirit made its appearance in Europe. The people of England, having a just sense of the successful exercise of their own rights at the date of their revolution, sympathized heartily with the French. Not so, however, with the aristocracy; they saw, in the progressive movement of French liberty, danger to their own unholy prerogatives; and it was decided to aid the legitimate sovereign against the will of the people, with the whole force of the British empire. It is no doubt true, that the aid in men and money afforded by France to the United States, resulted in stimulating popular feeling there, and precipitating the revolution. The crowd of young officers, who, with Lafayette at their head, had fought for freedom here, and learned wisdom and studied democracy in the school of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, were a dangerous leaven to pour into the midst of suffering France. The Bourbon tyrants were blinded to their own interests when they permitted it; and English statesmen, taking warning by their mistake, did not intend to repeat the error, by aiding revolutions in France. They declared for legitimacy against liberty. How to make the British public renounce their principles and lend their aid to the putting down of a people struggling to be free, was the problem. The press presented the means, and Edmund Burke condescended to become the hired instrument, in the hands of a corrupt government, to delude the people, and to cajole them into the belief, that forcing back a "legitimate" tyrant upon the French, was "delivering Europe." The defender of American independence became the calumniator of French freedom, the eulogist of their oppressors, and the whining sentimentalist over the "age of chivalry." The birth of freedom, the advancement of the race, the emancipation of a great people, or the progress of human liberty, ceased to be of importance, as compared with the "age of chivalry."

"He strewed the flowers of his rhetoric over the rotten carcase of corruption; by his tropes and figures so dazzled both the ignorant and the learned, that they could not distinguish the shades between liberty and licentiousness, between anarchy and despotism; gave a romantic and novel air to the whole question; proved that slavery was a very chivalrous sentiment; that reason and prejudice were at bottom very much alike; that the Queen of France was a very beautiful vision; and that there was nothing so vile and sordid as useful knowledge and practical improvement; a crazy, obsolete government was metamorphosed into an object of fancied awe and veneration, like a mouldering Gothic ruin, which, however delightful to look at or read of, is not at all pleasant to live under."

This book, written for this object, was, we are told, bound in red morocco, presented by the king to his friends, as "a book which every gentleman ought to read." There were not wanting able writers on the side of

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popular rights, and the flowery fictions of Burke were severely tried in the crucible of "common sense." Thomas Paine was, doubtless, one of the ablest opponents of Burke; and the proof that that was the case, was furnished in the fact that he alone was prosecuted by the government. The freedom of the press, at that time, meant the privilege of praising the government only. The demand for Mr. Paine's pamphlet was such, that no way was left for the government to check its circulation, but by a prosecution of the author, and enjoining the publication for an alleged libel on the Parliament, in asserting that it was obedient to the minister.

We find the king in person turned colporteur to disseminate Mr. Burke's book; and the attorney-general prosecuting Mr. Paine for a successful refutation of its principles. This is a type of what has ever since prevailed, viz. the court circles patronize, and the daily press praise, all the works of a servile tendency, and denounce unceasingly all that advocate the rights of the people. From the message of the President, down to the vaporings of the daily press, nothing that emanates from the United States finds favor in England, but that which gives evidence against the successful working of democratic institutions. It is true Mr. Burke's book obtained for him a great reputation for statesmanship; and for two reasons—one was because that aristocracy, for whom it was written, formed at that time the English reading public, and they *gave* it a reputation; and secondly, the events he predicted were brought about by the same gold that caused the production of his book. When the English revolution took place, there was no coalition of assembled Europe, combining with the emigrant nobles, to threaten counter-revolution and its horrors, while paid emissaries spread panic among the people, and promoted discord in the national councils. In France, this was the case. The gold of England produced and paid coalition after coalition; supported myriads of spies and emissaries, and bought up thousands of traitors. The massacres in the French prisons never would have taken place but for the panic engendered through the machinations of England. It was the system of corruption and fraud, practiced by the English government, working upon the fears of a people emancipated for the moment, that produced those deplorable scenes, which were held up by her writers as the inevitable consequences of democratic institutions. Every spasmodic action of the Parisian populace was the reflex of the movements of England: the influence of vague fears upon the minds of a people unused to freedom. It was England that gave birth to the "Reign of Terror" in France. The "terror" of the politicians was the fear of Robespierre; the "terror" of the people, was that of a counter-revolution by English influence; on this latter alone was based the power of the committees. England furnished the platform on which Robespierre stood with his axe. Her writers then failed not to hold up these events as unparalleled in history, and her historians have since continued the clamor against those occurrences, as inseparable from democratic institutions; when, in fact, they were the direct results of monarchical manœuvres. After all, if we look calmly back at those times, and compare them with the condition of the people, under the Bourbon tyrants, we shall be struck with the fact, that the people of France were never so well off before the revolution, nor have they been since 1815, as they were precisely at that time of the Reign of Terror. It is true, that there was a scarcity of food, but that resulted partially from the operations of English agents. The people were, however, entirely free in their persons and property. They were disenthralled from the debasing servitude and physical oppression that they had endured from the seigneur. Agriculture was released from game laws, which forbade weeding, hoeing, manuring, mowing hay at certain seasons, &c. &c., lest birds should be injured, or

their flavor impaired; and the farmers were released from forced labor in a thousand shapes, that had left them but little time to labor on their own account. The salt tax, which had required every person to buy seven lbs. per annum, at a high rate, was abolished. Personal liberty of all kinds was enjoyed to a greater extent than ever before; and moreover, justice in law courts was to be had by all. It is true, that some 4,000 turbulent politicians lost their heads, through mutual strife for the newly acquired power, but that was not equal to the number of lives forfeited, in a single year, under the Bourbons, for violation of the salt tax alone. The Bastile swallowed up annually a still greater number for no offence whatever, under those princes whom England was spending her strength to force back upon France, in order to relieve it from that reign of terror which it had itself produced. England being thus placed in a false position, exerted herself to justify her conduct through the press. Her immense wealth enabled her, after twenty years' struggle, aided by the snows of Russia, to succeed, and legitimacy was restored to France. How sedulously have English writers since labored to hide the foul conduct of that government. The people of England, for thirty years, have groaned under a debt of £800,000,000; incurred for what? To prevent the progress of freedom on the continent of Europe. Mr. Alison in his work, called a history of Europe, but which is actually a special pleading for aristocrats and aristocratic institutions—a work written to flatter the evanescent institutions of the day, and to perish with them, states the truth of the causes of the first coalition against France. After describing the manner in which old difficulties had been settled between England and other powers, he states:

"This general and rapid pacification of Europe, this stilling of so many passions, and allaying of so many jealousies, was not the result of accident. It arose from the general consternation which the rapid progress of the French Revolution occasioned, *and the clear perception which all the cabinets now began to have of the imminent danger to every settled institution, from the contagion of its principles.*"

The subversions of the monstrous atrocities to which we have alluded in France, would, it was feared, produce reforms in Europe. The petty tyrants of Germany, who sold their subjects to England at so much per head, to fight in America, might be deprived of that right, through the operation of public opinion. The inquisition of Spain, and the blood-cemented dungeons of Venice, were all in danger. To save these, among a thousand other "venerable institutions," England went to war, affording a melancholy picture of the influence of aristocratic prejudices upon the passions of a people. The genius of Napoleon, and the strength of a holy cause, baffled the assembled tyrants of Europe, held together by the gold of England. The mission of Napoleon was, armed with the democratic energy of revolutionary France, to emancipate the people of Europe from the feudal oppression of ages, and the work was perfected, notwithstanding the opposition of Great Britain. Her writers have had before them the hard task of seeking to justify her iniquitous conduct, and soothing the people, restive under the debt which grew out of it. To do so, it has been necessary to malign the French emperor in every possible way. His character, public and private, has been unscrupulously assailed; the worst motives ascribed to the most justifiable actions; even his personal courage has been doubted, and his great military genius attempted to be undervalued. The manifest injustice which he has received at the hands of all English writers, including the romance of Alison, was the cause of the undertaking of Mr. Hazlitt, which has been so ably perfected. Identified, as the book is, with truth, and the progress of just principles, it will outlive the more elaborate so-called histo-

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ries, which have sought rather to delude the present age, than to inform posterity.

The early career of Bonaparte was identified with the movement of the people. He was called into action to defend the rights of the French people from the interference of Europe, under the dictation of England. The masterly genius displayed in the Italian campaigns, fixed the attention of the world, and established the French republic. After the deliverance of Italy, in dictating terms to Austria, the negotiator of the latter power inserted a clause acknowledging the republic. "Strike that out," said Bonaparte, "the republic is like the sun above the heavens; none but the blind refuse to see it!" It was the surpassing genius and vigor of that extraordinary man that cleared away the clouds, and allowed the sun of human rights to shine with full effulgence upon benighted Europe. That which had been a chaotic struggle assumed form and order, and the independence of republican France became a "great fact." Such results could never be forgiven by those legitimates, who poured forth their blood and treasure to enslave Europe.

The English historians have taken occasion to condemn, with great energy, what they call the "robberies of the French," in levying works of art from the conquered countries. On the occasion of the capitulation of the Duke of Parma, the surrender of the celebrated picture of St. Jerome was required by the conqueror. The Duke offered £80,000 for it, but it was refused. On this subject, Alison indulges in the following lachrymose strain:

"Certainly it is impossible to condemn too strongly a use of the powers of conquest, which extends the ravages of war into the peaceful domain of the fine arts; which transplants the monuments of genius from the regions where they have arisen, and where they can be rightly appreciated, to those where they are exotics, and where they cannot be understood," &c.

This species of sentimentality is very properly denounced by Mr. Hazlitt, as follows:

"Once more as to the charge of robbery and plunder; all the collections of Europe answer it, for they are composed of works by the same masters. If these works were heir looms, and sacred to the soil where they grew, they could not be removed. What is subject of barter and sale in time of peace, may be reckoned among the spoils of war. The *Cartoons and Elgin* marbles answer it. That these pictures were received in lieu of other contributions, is proved by this, that £80,000 were offered for the restoration of the St. Jerome, and refused. If the army agents had had their way, we should have heard nothing of the robbery, because we ourselves should have liked to have pocketed the same sum. We, who transfer whole people, and bombard peaceful towns, talk at our ease about rapine and sacrilege committed on statues and pictures, because they offer no temptation to our cupidity."

This is a common-sense view of the matter, however much aristocratic spite may be indulged, by declaiming against the morality of the transaction. Perhaps, however, no part of Napoleon's operations received a greater measure of abuse from English writers, than the war contributions levied upon conquered countries. Alison lets slip no opportunity of sentimentalising over his own exaggerated statements in relation to them, as follows:

"At the same time, enormous contributions, amounting to the stupendous, and if not proved by authentic documents, incredible sum of *six hundred millions of francs*, or twenty-four millions sterling, were imposed on the countries which had been the seat of war, between the Rhine and the Nieman: a sum at least *equal to a hundred million* sterling in Great Britain, when the difference in the value of money, and the wealth of the two states, are taken into consideration."

The work is filled with statements of this nature, with the absurd and silly estimate of the value of money, according to the wealth of England as compared with Germany. The greatest falsehood of the statements consists, however, in the *suppressio veri.* What was the case? Napoleon, at the head of the French government, was sincerely desirous of peace. All the countries of Europe were unable to carry on war; England alone being exempt from the ravages of actual war, would not make peace on any terms, because she was determined to maintain possession of Malta, and other colonies that she had seized, and which she had stipulated, by signed treaties, to relinquish. The English minister exerted his whole talent at intrigue—and that was not small—to keep the armies of Europe afoot by subsidies. For that object Britain poured out money and munitions of war with a lavish hand. The quantity of war materials given by England to the various powers of the continent, Mr. Porter, in the "Progress of the Nation," informs us, can never be ascertained, "owing to the complicated form in which the public accounts were then rendered to Parliament." In one year, the value of those arms and stores were £1,582,045, of which Germany received one-half. The public accounts show the sums, in actual money, given by Great Britain, to be as follows:—Germany, £39,394,000; Spain, £5,101,000; Portugal, £9,331,000; Russia, £5,309,000; total, 59,135,000. Now if, according to the veracious Mr. Alison, the £24,000,000 extracted by Bonaparte from the countries between the Rhine and the Nieman, were equal to £100,000,000 sterling in England, then, in round numbers, the forty millions that those countries received from Great Britain, must have been equal to £160,000,000 in England; consequently, those countries were gainers to the extent of £60,000,000, independently of the munitions of war furnished by England, and which, seized by Bonaparte, were considered as losses to Germany! This certainly is a most singular passage of history. England safe from, as it were, personal injury, employed her time in organising armies to attack France. She sent over large quantities of the munitions of war, and inordinate sums of money to keep the troops afoot. The resistless blows of Napoleon dispersed the armies, broke up the coalition, and he then levied upon the conquered states sums far less than those which they had receive from England as a bribe to make war on him. English historians then fill the world with their cries about the severity and injustice of the tyrant

The system of falsification and calumny runs through nearly all the English histories of the events on the continent; and to American dependence on English versions of the occurrences of the early part of the present century, must be ascribed the false views generally entertained here of European politics. As the English government sided with tyranny against popular rights, so have her writers defended the rulers and maligned the people. The currency of those writings on this continent have led a republican people to regard with complacency, if not with favor, the most objectionable governments of Europe, and to place a very false estimate upon the agency of England in the progress of events. The true position of Great Britain in relation to the affairs of the continent is coming rapidly to be understood. The delusive mists which were thrown around her conduct are passing away, and she will stand exposed in her deformity. Equally short-lived must be the meretricious reputation which a combination of chances and a lavish expenditure of gold produced for Wellington. Had her parasite writers been content to claim for him the character of a good soldier merely,—one successful by the result of chances over which he had no control, and which counteracted his own blunders, posterity would per-

haps not dispute the claim; but when, in the weakness of a silly vanity, they attempt to place a narrow-minded martinet of "one-idea," whose only principles are servility to his sovereign, contempt and hatred for the people, and a most rancourous envy of superior reputation, beside the Emperor of the French, they awaken alike the indignation and rigorous judgment of the thinking public. Of the great power of mind requisite for those stupendous combinations which distinguished the campaigns of Napoleon and some of his marshals, the operations of Wellington afford no evidence; and the attempt of English writers to make a great man of material so meagre is illustrative of a German fable: To the effect that a highly respectable goose was observed ostentatiously quacking over one of its goslings, which was stretching its neck with a peculiarly pompous and awkward grimace. To an inquiry as to the cause of such remarkable conduct, the goose replied, that she thought her young, in length of neck and grace of carriage, was equal to any of the swans in a neighboring pond. This drew forth the laughter and reproof of the bystander, who remarked, that she made a very ugly goose of herself, and was no swan after all. To one who impartially weighs the operations of Wellington in the Peninsula with the movements of his adversaries, it becomes evident that, beyond the immediate detail of the army, the man was without capacity; and under a deceptive appearance of stern integrity, was concealed talents for intrigue and bribery that bring him much nearer the level of Santa Anna than that of Napoleon. That the passage of Douro, for which his "boldness" has been celebrated, was the result of pre-concerted arrangement with treacherous French officers, no one can presume to doubt. Napier, in the History of the Peninsular War, gives the details of the conspiracy commenced in the middle of April, 1809, on the part of the French malcontents in Oporto, to seize Soult and deliver him up to the English. D'Argenton, the French traitor, was in almost daily communication with Wellington up to the 9th of May, when he was arrested, and Soult discovered that the conspiracy existed, but was ignorant of its extent. Soult, struggling in the midst of the greatest difficulties, and surrounded by traitors, had his attention turned by false representations from the real point of passage. The English general, through treachery, had greater command of the river than Soult. Napier states: "The conspirators were, however, busy. His (Soult's) orders were neglected, or only half-obeyed; and false reports of their execution reached him." That the river was not watched or guarded, Wellington knew perfectly well. Hence, when boats were collected, he gave orders to commence the passage. On that and similar acts rests Wellington's reputation for boldness of enterprise.

The Waterloo compaign is no exception to the system of treachery and the corruption of British gold, on which he depended to supply his own want of capacity. The French Emperor, dependant only on his own great genius, had, by a masterly movement, invaded the Netherlands in a manner to separate the allies and force them upon separate lines of retreat. Wellington was surprised amid his fiddlers, where he was waiting advice from Fouché by which to govern his actions. As a General he was utterly and shamefully defeated. The steadiness and bravery of those English whom he has since spent 30 years in trying to oppress, sustained the encounter until the Germans gave him the victory. Yet he alone, of all others, has had the credit of the affair; or, in the words of Byron,

> "If you have acted *once* a generous part,
> The *world—not the world's master*, will decide;
> And I shall be delighted to learn who,
> Save you and yours, have gained by Waterloo."

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* * * * * *

"And swallowing eulogy much more than satire, he
May like being praised for every lucky blunder;
Called 'Saviour of the Nations' not yet saved,
And Europe's liberator still enslaved."

For the rest, every enterprise undertaken by him was marked by the grossest blunders, which his historians undertake to excuse by pleading the difficulty of his situation. According to his apologists the Spaniards were more hostile to the English than the French. The campaign of Talavera is an instance. At the time Wellington was on the Douro, in the latter part of May, Napoleon was at Ratisbon, in the heart of Germany. On the 30th of June, Soult received from him a despatch, stating,

"Wellesley will probably advance by the Tagus, against Madrid; in that case, pass the mountains, fall on his flank and rear, and crush him."

"Even at that distance," says Napier, "and without other information than what his own sagacity supplied, this *all-knowing soldier foresaw the leading operation as soon, and as certainly as those who projected them.*"

Before Madrid, at the head of the Tagus, stood King Joseph, with Marshals Victor and Jourdan; at Salamanca was Soult, supported by Ney. Utterly ignorant of all this, Wellington ran right into the trap set for him by Napoleon, who was busy with his own great operations in Germany. Wellington and the English army marched blundering up the country, with the Tagus on his right and the mountains on his left, leaving on his flank Soult with an overwhelming force, until he forced the French under Joseph at Talavera. But for the disobedience of Ney, growing out of jealousy of Soult, and the silly vanity of Joseph, nothing could have saved Wellington and his force from utter destruction. The mistakes of Victor allowed the inherent bravery of the English troops to triumph in the battle of Talavera, in spite of their general, and enabled him to escape across the Tagus from the torrent that was about to overwhelm him. The English army was composed of the same materiel that triumphed at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The perverse stupidity of an aristocratic officer could not deprive them of that, notwithstanding that no private might hope for promotion under the unjust laws of England. Nevertheless, the valor of the troops at Talavera served to gild the fame of the general, notwithstanding his own blunders, which are ascribed to the bad conduct of the Spaniards, in not keeping him informed of the position of the French. The latter, however, did not depend upon the Spaniards to be informed of the whereabouts of the English. Napier states, "That Sir Arthur Wellesley's error was not fatal, is to be attributed to three causes: 1st. The reluctance of Marshal Ney to quit Astorga; 2d. The march of the 5th corps upon Villa Costin instead of Salamanca; and 3d. The vehemence with which Victor urged the battle of Talavera;—in short, the jealousy among the Marshals, and the undecided temper of the king."

In all his projects, fortuitous circumstances saved him from the destruction that his incapacity invited. Yet the valor of the troops has imparted to him a glory by no means his own. Napier, who is, perhaps, the most candid of English military writers, records an anecdote, which betrays the contempt for himself with which Wellington ever inspired those about him, as follows:

"In a former part of this work it has been observed, that even the confirmed reputation of Wellington could not protect him from the vanity and presumption

of subordinate officers. The allusion fixes here, knowing that the most direct road was impassable, he had directed the divisions by another road, longer, and apparently, more difficult; this seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers, that, after consulting together they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops, by what appeared to them, the fittest line of retreat."—*Peninsular Wars*, page 403, vol. 4.

These persons were wrong, and Wellington appeared to be right in that instance. But the anecdote speaks volumes. He had been *three years in command* of that army; and so far had he failed to acquire that ascendency over others, which is characteristic of *great men*, that a council of officers voted him unfit to command the army! Contrast this with the perfect moral ascendency which Napoleon and his chiefs exerted over their men, and the unswerving confidence which they commanded from subordinates by force of character, and the hollowness of the pretensions of the British general to *greatness* becomes apparent. Had he been in the service of Bonaparte, he would have been appreciated for his dogged obstinacy and unintelligent perseverance, but would never have been entrusted with important operations. Thirty years of peace has served to convince his most ardent admirers that he has lived too long for his own good. Perhaps the most contemptible member of the House of Lords, as far as talents goes, he has served but as the fugle-man of the high tories. When it is necessary to show a stubborn resistance to the rights of the people, the man, Wellington, is there, with proxies in his pocket, to resist all concession to the last. Every movement towards reform, every effort to benefit the condition of the people, particularly those of Ireland, has been met by that ingrained tyrant with the most strenuous resistance; and down to the moment of absolute starvation last year, he resisted the opening of the ports for the importation of grain.

While enjoying his own vast revenues, plundered from the people, he denied to his suffering countrymen the poor boon of a mitigated tax upon bread. Again, to quote Byron, how prophetic were the following lines:

> "I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
> Presented by the Prince of Brazils,
> And send the sentinel before your gate,*
> A slice or two from your luxurious meals;
> He fought, but has not fed so well of late;
> Some hunger, too, they say the people feels;
> There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
> But pray give back a little to the nation."

The time is now approaching when he, and such as he, must "give back to the nation." In Europe, "legitimacy's-crutch," which was "repaired" at such enormous cost by England, is fast giving way, and public opinion will purge the press of its errors. The noble work of Mr. Hazlitt is the first English production which seeks to test the events of that stirring period, and the acts of the leading men, by the great principles of human rights, and in so doing he does justice alike to England's chiefs and the French people. His judgment is that which will be ratified by posterity, and will stand the test of time; and the book will, doubtless, meet that extensive sale which it merits.

* "We were sent to break biscuit, and *make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds*. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at the time, as we got our own fill while we broke the biscuit—a thing I had not got for some days."—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regt., in the War in Spain.*

THOUGHTS OF A PENSIVE HOUR.

How intimately do our common wants,
And simple household acts of every day,
Connect us each with each! We scarce can turn,
Within the little circle of our home,
But something bids us send our hearts abroad
With world-embracing love. The very food
With which we satisfy our appetites,
Cries to us of the sweat and toil endured
By poorer, yet not less our fellow-men.
And how the graceful superfluities,
Which elevate our senses into tastes,
And make a palace of four whitewashed walls,
Turn to us from their love-appointed nooks,
As if elate in their high genius birth,
And ask of us triumphant questioning;—
"Could'st *thou* have chiselled this divinest bust,
Or this immortal picture have designed?
Could thy brain have achieved these living thoughts,
Or, into characters of harmony,
Thy soul have breathed?"

Thus, by a subtle chain,
Whose links are Taste and Beauty, are we bound;
And by the luxuries of tasteful life,
No less than by our daily wants, are we
Constrained to honor the divine command,
"Love one another!" Words in love enjoined—
How lightly heeded, when the proud, rich man,
Thinks his poor brother for his slavish toil,
O'erpaid by little of his darling gold!
While *he* avenges his long-garnered wrongs,
By gloomy hatred of the great rich man.

Shall the Prince scorn the Loomsman?—or but deem
Him level with the humble worm, who yields
Its silken treasure to his menial hands—
Yet, feel himself but half a king, devoid
Of the piled velvet, which enrobes his limbs—
The gorgeous hangings of the palace walls—
The faultless hose, of lacquey, page, and lord—
The courtly rustlings of the silken trains,
Which make to vulgar eyes each dame a queen—
The perfect cushion of the regal chair—
The graceful banners of the festal show—
The splendid trappings of the martial steed—
The curtained canopy—the couch—the throne—
In truth, small homage do the crowd bestow,
Save to the glittering show, the silken pomp,
Joint work of artificer and of worm!

* * * * * *

A little love is better than much gold;
And sympathy—would we but hear her voice,—
Would call from heart to heart, and bid us make
Of earth a heaven, and harmony, where now
Reigns strife, and fear, and deadly enmity.

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A little sterling sympathy would melt
The poor man's heart to kind humility,
Far easier than heaps of sterling gold.

The *great* desire sympathetic hearts
To beat with theirs in gentle unison;
But the *poor, lowly* ones of earth, demand
The hearts of others, as their daily bread,
And for them bend in gratitude to God.

E. T.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.*

The great central valley of the northern continent of America, has for centuries been, not only an object of attention to the civilized world, but, directly and indirectly, it has exerted the profoundest influence upon the destinies of European nations, the three most powerful of which have successively contended for its mastery, and with equal success. Their claims, colonies, and possessions have, one after the other, been swallowed up in the great American nation, which is even now completing the expulsion of the Spanish power from this continent. This great valley, in favor of the value of which, each nation that has penetrated into it, has entertained the most sanguine ideas, forms, as it were, a great amphitheatre, walled on the east by the Alleghany, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. It contains 1,500,000 square miles of area, and is traversed in its whole length by the Mississippi, which, with its tributary streams, drains the mighty surface into the Gulf of Mexico. The exterior of this great basin on the east is occupied by the Atlantic States of the Union, spread over a strip averaging 100 miles breadth, from the ocean to the Alleghany ridge, and 1200 miles in length, comprising 120,000 square miles of Atlantic coast. On the Pacific, the average breadth, from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean, is 750 miles, and the length 2,700 miles, embracing 2,025,000 square miles; but a large portion of its surface is unavailable for agriculture. The vast valley of the Mississippi is everywhere teeming with natural wealth, and inviting the industry of the hardy immigrants.

From the first discovery of this continent, all the nations of Europe seemed deeply impressed with the idea that great wealth and power were one day to be connected with the fertile soil drained by the "father of waters." In the early part of the 16th century the Spaniards, stimulated by their success in Mexico, used great and repeated exertions to penetrate the gloomy wilderness from the South, in search of the precious metals; and ages after those hopes had proved delusive, they clung with tenacity to the provinces they had overrun. From the North, the adventurous French, led by those Catholic missionaries to whom the world has been much indebted for explorations on this continent, discovered the head waters of the Missis-

* History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi by the three great European Powers, Spain, France and Great Britain, and the subsequent occupation, settlement and extension of civil government by the United States, until the year 1846. By John W. Monette, M. D. 2 vols. Harper Brothers.

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sippi and its tributaries, and followed them southward, until they encountered the posts of the Spaniards. Following these religious pioneers, who pointed the way, the French formed settlements through the Illinois country, laying the foundation of that St. Louis, which one day is to be, perhaps, the capital of an empire of two hundred millions of souls. The hardy enterprize and steady industry of the French settlers first drew from the virgin soil of the Wabash and Illinois the real wealth of the new continent. It is curious that, while the colonies of the French and Spanish were formed by the most hardy enterprize and self-sacrificing devotion, the domains of the British in the great valley, were, for the most part, the result of the knavery, fraud and violence of the British government. The progress of these settlements, the heroism, sufferings and adventures of the early settlers, are faithfully and well delineated in the volumes mentioned at the head of this article. Mr. Monette has, in a true spirit of American nationality, described in a clear and interesting manner, the military colonies of the Spaniards, the peaceful and industrious settlements of the French, and the mixed character of the British progress. That grasping and venal government, from the earliest times down to the settlement of the Oregon, pursued a uniform system of buying up the reports of foreign discoverers, and making them the basis for unjust claims on the rights of others, which she failed not to back up with bullying and violence. It is remarkable that the pretensions of all three of these nations have been swallowed up in the astonishing progress of the great American people. The British claims in the valley were extinguished by the indomitable spirit of our fathers; and the operation of free institutions, in giving play to Anglo-Saxon energies, is signally made apparent in the fact that the Spanish settlements on the South, and the French settlements on the Ohio and Mississippi, remained stationary for more than one hundred years, until the population of the old Atlantic States crowning the Alleghanies, poured down into the valley in torrents, overrunning the countries and swarming around settlements of centuries duration, overwhelmed them in the general progress, and wrested from France and Spain the fair territory that they had so long neglected to improve, and the value of which had been so misunderstood.

The great valley is remarkable for having been the basis and theatre of the most stupendous and disastrous paper schemes known to history. The first was that of John Law, being the celebrated "Mississippi scheme" of the early part of the eighteenth century. It is remarkable as not only having drawn out the whole science of paper money, and practically developed its operation, but as having been through the effects of the revulsion on French finance, one of the leading causes of the revolution of 1789. When the idea of obtaining the precious metals from the new country had in some degree subsided, it became evident that the fur trade with the Indians, and the agricultural industry of a dense population, were alone the means of realizing wealth; Mr. Monette remarks—

"To accomplish this object, large grants of land were made to influential and enterprising men for the purpose of establishing new colonies upon the Mississippi. The largest grants were located upon the banks of the river, within 300 miles above New-Orleans; others were located upon Red River, upon the Washita, upon the Yazoo, and upon the Arkansas. The grant upon the Arkansas was made to the noted John Law himself, the Scotch financier, who was now at the head of the Bank of France. Law stipulated to colonize Arkansas with 1500 German emigrants from Provence, in France, and to keep a sufficient military force for their protection."

On this foundation grew up that famous paper bubble which turned

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France into a great gambling-house. It drew in all the resources of the government as well as absorbed the means of Louisiana. The whole French world was paper mad, and the ruinous end was not avoided by the rigorous measures adopted by the government at the instigation of Law. To prevent individuals from keeping specie, an enactment, forbidding persons to keep more than $100 in specie under heavy penalties, sent $9,000,000 into the treasury. The end, however, came, and the wide-spread ruin in France terminated ultimately in the overthrow of the monarchy. In that revulsion the colony of Louisiana suffered consequences more disastrous than arose from any other source. The substance of the people had been drawn from them by the paper circulation, and extreme destitution and starvation overtook them when that paper became valueless. The lesson was, however, measurably lost upon the public; and similar attempts on the part of speculators to possess themselves of the wealth of the valley by obtaining it for promises, have frequently been made since. From the time of Law to the present day, no new light has been thrown upon the paper system. His writings carried it to its zenith, and his practice exposed its fallacies. The world has, however, been slow to believe in its folly. M. Thiers, when Minister of France, in speaking upon the subject of the recharter of the Bank of France in 1840, remarked—

"A very celebrated man, Law, who was the author of that famous system which overthrew the finances of our country rather more than a century ago, has written on the subject a pamphlet which may be called classical. It contains all that we have been able to say since; and I affirm that Law, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, understood quite as much of the question as any of those who have since discussed the subject of banking."

Notwithstanding that the early settlers of Louisiana were *blessed* with the genius of this man, and with what results, the volumes under notice show too clearly, the same paper speculations have constantly recurred. But a few years after the explosion of Law's scheme, renewed disasters overtook the infant settlements, in consequence of the issues of paper by the government to provide means of resisting the aborigines. The colonists suffered as much from the paper of the bankers as from the knives of the Indians. Since the annexation of all that territory to the United States, the "paper pestilence" has repeatedly devastated it. In the years 1820-21, the influence of the organization of the National Bank spread bankruptcy among the institutions of that region, and a lapse of ten years again found them in the midst of the wildest speculations, on the eve of another revulsion. The large sums borrowed in Europe during the ten years, 1830-40, reaching over $50,000,000, in the establishment of banking institutions to favor the planting interests, gave an immense impulse to the settlement of the valley, and the revulsion of the system and the repudiation of the debts was a necessary consequence. The scheme of lending money to persons who were to go into a new country to draw from the soil not only their own support, but the money and its interest to be returned, was certainly no more reasonable than the scheme of Law a century previous on the same basis. The result of Law's scheme in 1720 was to bankrupt France and ultimately overturn the throne. The result of the loans by London bankers in 1836-37, to colonists in the same region, resulted in general bankruptcy, and the insolvency of six sovereign states of the valley, and its remote effect may yet be the repudiation of the British debt. We have thus but slightly alluded to the leading paper plagues that have from time to time retarded the progress of that vast section, because they have been among the greatest evils that the people have had to contend with.

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The political progress of the settlements, Mr. Monette follows with sound judgment, and a clear understanding; and we know no more interesting study at this juncture, when events have so rapidly followed each, and wars and rumors have hung upon the various claims set up by British and Spanish, and depending upon the original claims of the three nations. The detail of the history is much enlivened by graphic sketches of the manners, habits and customs of the early settlers: the quiet industrious contentment of the early Illinois French, the bold heroism and savage cruelty of the Spanish, the vigorous enterprise, bravery and sufferings of those bold frontier men who, as the vanguard of the advancing civilization from the Atlantic States, subdued both the savage and the wilderness, and prepared the way for the more peaceful settler.

In establishing its empire in the great valley, the United States have had to contend with many enemies; the chief of these were briefly the Spaniards, the French, the British, the natives, and lastly, that remnant of the old tory party among ourselves, the theory of which was anti-progressive, which saw in every square mile added to the "area of freedom" some new combination of evils of unknown and mysterious horror, threatening the safety of our institutions; a party too distrustful of the people to trust them without watching—which supposed the people virtuous and capable of self-government in an area ten miles square, but liable to ruin themselves if allowed 100 square miles to roam in. In the face of all these obstacles the people of the United States have advanced and occupied not only the wilderness, but the settlements of other nations—have reformed and regenerated the whole, and extended the domain of the federal Union. The people who have achieved this, belong to no particular nation, nor to any distinct class; they are described by Mr. Monette, as follows:—

"The people of the Mississippi Valley are constituted from all nations, characters, languages and conditions of men. Not a nation of Europe, not a class in all those nations, except royalty, which has not its full representation here; not a State in the Union which has not sent out its colonies to people more western regions; not a sect or denomination of Christians who had not their churches and their ministers here. The subjects of despotic monarchies, and the citizens of the freest republics in the world, all commingle here, and unite to form one people, unique in feeling, character and genius. The Puritan of the North, the Planter of the South, the German and the Iberian, the Briton and the Gaul, and even the sable sons of Africa and the Northern Swede, all are here, each bringing with him his peculiar prejudices, local attachments and predilections, and side by side they have set down together, and have gradually become assimilated in language, feelings, manners and usages."

Such being the people who compose the population of the great valley, the question naturally arises, why is it that such an apparently ill-assorted mass should, under the most trying circumstances, evince unshaken fidelity to the Union, and display so strong an attachment to the older states, that when thrown off from its bosom they come voluntarily back for admission into it? No coldness can repulse their advances; no intrigues defeat their purpose; not even great and pecuniary suffering and inconvenience shake their persevering determination to become members of the great Republic. Surely those who talk idly of a separation of the Union, overlook this great centripetal force, which has so often brought back into the bosom of the federation, as states, those communities that left it as colonies. The influence which induces so many different grades, colors, conditions, and races of men to agree in the desire to adhere to the Union, can be found only in those admirable institutions which approximate so nearly "the greatest good to the

greatest number." This determination and virtuous patriotism is well portrayed by Mr. Monette, in treating of that trying time which preceded the acquisition of Louisiana. Spain, then in possession of Louisiana, standing astride of the Mississippi, forbade the passage to the sea of those products of western industry which then had no other outlet. For many years the action of the Federal Government was inefficient to their relief. It was in vain contended that the law of nations conferred upon the inhabitants of a river's banks the use of its channel to the sea. Spain denied the right, partly to derive a profit from exorbitant transit duties, and partly to irritate the western states into a separation from the Union, and submission to Spanish rule. So well were intrigues carried on to this effect, through the well applied use of money, at the west; the slow action of the Federal Government, and the desire of a large party at the North that the separation should take place, that the danger became imminent. Spain openly offered the free use of the river, and other privileges to the West, if she would separate from the Union, that could not or would not help them. The virtue of the people triumphed, and Louisiana passing into the hands of Bonaparte, was by him sold to the United States, and finally admitted into the Union in spite of the same kind of opposition that of late has been displayed against Texas. In order to observe the progress of that section, and to form some idea of the country which was sought to be sacrificed to the virulent party intrigues, we will compare from official sources the value of the receipts of produce at New-Orleans from the Western States. In 1802 the value was $2,821,350; in 1846, it was $77,193,464. In 42 years that trade increased thirty-eight hundred per cent! The single item of pork, in bbls. was in 1846 more than the whole business in 1802. The defence of that city from the grasp of Great Britain, who sent the choice troops of Wellington from the Peninsula to perish before Western valor, immortalized the name of Jackson. The acquisition of that vast territory was followed by the cession of Florida, on the part of Spain, in 1819, and the late venerable Andrew Jackson, to whom the country was indebted for the occupancy of Florida, became its first Governor. Which of those who opposed the admission of Louisiana, will now vote for its separation and the establishment of custom houses on the Mississippi? The systematic opposition to the progress of the country became immediately manifest, and Mr. Monette remarks—

"The course of Gen. Jackson in the occupancy of Florida, was severely attacked in Congress, by a party of great zeal and activity, at the head of which was Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House; but the General was fully sustained by the President and Cabinet, and by an overwhelming majority in Congress. The people from one end of the United States to the other spoke out, and through the State Legislatures and public meetings, vindicated the decisive and prompt measures adopted by the defender of the South."

The treaty for the purchase of Florida, met, however, with the most strenuous opposition from the North.

"From the earliest period of the Western settlements," we quote from Mr. Monette, "after the adoption of the federal constitution in 1789, the jealousy of New-England, and especially of Massachusetts, was awakened to the danger of losing her ascendency in the nation's government, and in the commercial importance of the country. With this view predominant, they have never failed, when opportunity offered, to embarrass the West in the national councils, and by all means to retard and restrict the extension of its settlements. The same narrow, interested policy induced them to throw every obstacle in the way, to prevent the acquisition of the free navigation of the Mississippi, previous to the treaty of Madrid and subsequently. The same interested policy prompted them to oppose, with

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great violence, the purchase of Louisiana, 'lest,' as was unblushingly said, 'our New-England lands become a desert from the contagion of emigration,' and because 'the politicians of the North-eastern States were anxious to give such shape to the Union, as would secure the dominion over it to its Eastern section.'"—*Boston Sentinel, Nov.* 20, 1803.

Massachusetts threatened to dissolve the Union when Louisiana was admitted in 1803—advocated the surrender of the Mississippi river to Great Britain in 1814—she was reconciled to the purchase of Florida in 1819, only by the dismemberment of Louisiana, and the abandonment of Texas to Spain. In 1845 she again threatened dissolution, declaring, through her Legislature, "that the re-annexation of Texas was a virtual dissolution of the Union." The conduct of Massachusetts in this matter of territory, has been the guide to that of a large party, and with singular infatuation. The people of the United States have spread over this continent in a resistless torrent. No obstacles, natural or artificial, can stay them, and war only hastens their progress; nor can any intrigues of sectional politicians separate the states on any pretence. The people adhere together by the strong bond of free trade and mutual interests, and as they accumulate weight, they roll forward with only more irresistible force.

The progress of the states formed in the great valley is brought down to the present time, in the volumes before us; and of Texas, up to the moment of the occupation of the left bank of the Rio Grande by Gen. Taylor, on the 28th of March, completing the occupation of "the valley." The political history of Texas is concisely given, fully and fairly setting forth the events which led to her independence, and the acknowledgment, on the part of the Mexican government, of the Rio Grande as the Northern boundary of Mexico. In 1836, Santa Anna was acting President of Mexico, and Military Dictator, and commander-in-chief of the armies. In the latter capacity he met the Texan army at San Jacinto, where he was overthrown, and himself and army made captives. This resulted in a treaty, of which the preamble and 4th article ran as follows:—

"Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, general-in-chief of the army of operations, *President of the Republic of Mexico*, before the government established in Texas solemnly pledges himself to fulfil the stipulations contained in the following articles, as far as concerns himself. * * * * * * * *

"ART. 4. A treaty of commerce, amity and limits will be established between Mexico and Texas, the *territory of the latter not to extend beyond the Rio Bravo del Norte.*"

In consequence of this stipulation, Santa Anna and his army were transported back to their country, only to pledge themselves to re-conquer Texas, and to plunge their country in a war by attacking the United States' forces on the north of that river, which they stipulated should be the northern boundary of Mexico. Strange to say, this faithless villainy has been countenanced, not only in a partizan press, but on the floor of Congress; but *quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

The mad folly of the Mexicans has hastened, by at least thirty years, the occupation of their country; and the infatuation which could induce any party or set of men to oppose the march of population in this country in any direction whatsoever that inclination or intent should dictate, results only in more rapid colonization, and more extended annexation. In view of the present state of affairs, present and prospective, the volumes of Mr. Monette are peculiarly acceptable. They possess extraordinary interest, inasmuch as that, in a condensed and interesting manner, they bring under view the resistless progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the extraordinary adhesiveness which apparently strengthens the Union the more its area expands.

IRELAND AND ITS CONDITION.*

For many years, those who have observed the progress of affairs in Ireland, have looked for some great and terrible calamity as the inevitable result of the course of events. The state of Ireland has long been a subject of extreme anxiety to the English government; and the reports of poor-law commissioners were, many years since, filled with warnings upon the existing and continually increasing misery, and many and various have been the schemes proposed for its relief. But an established church, which draws its revenues from the labor of the many; an impracticable aristocracy, and the inveterate prejudices of the English people against everything Irish, are powerful reasons why the government, if so disposed, could take no step in advance. And even when the accumulated evils result in famine, and a rapid depopulation by starvation, awakens the sympathy and elicits the aid of the civilized world, the movements of the British government are slow and inefficient—tending rather to aggravate than to alleviate. Much has been said and written on the causes of Irish distress; and every individual who discusses the question, ascribes it, according to his particular bias, to some one of the many evils that have borne upon that unhappy country. The English government and influential press are very desirous of inducing the belief that it is the indolence of the people alone that has produced the disaster. Since the independence of these United States, Ireland has annually sent forth numbers of her people to avail themselves of the plenty and freedom, political and religious, that our country and institutions offer. From the commencement of the present century, the number of Irish, with their increase, who have settled among us, cannot be less than 2,000,000, or one-fourth the present population of Ireland itself. In no case does this large population display that indolence and poverty for which that of Ireland is so conspicuous. If indolence is so inherent in the Irish character, as English statesmen would have us believe, in justification of their own agency in producing the present state of affairs, why is it that a few years' residence of the same people on our shores converts them into an active, energetic, industrious and frugal race? What becomes of that "dogged indolence," which is said to prefer starvation to industry? Where is that turbulent love of anarchy, which makes the presence of an armed force always necessary in Ireland? By what process is it that the most desperate, indolent and poverty-stricken Irishman, becomes, on American soil, the frugal, industrious and thriving citizen? Why is it that those Irish, whose physical distress in Ireland induced them to exile themselves, have been enabled, from the state of New-York alone, to spare $2,000,000 from their earnings in a single year, to relieve miseries that are constantly increasing under British misrule? These are facts which should induce the English statesmen to pause and reflect, whether it is indeed the "improvidence" of the Irish people or the injustice of England that has produced the present fearful calamity.

Meetings in favor of Ireland have been held throughout the United States, and all sects of religion have cheerfully worked together in most perfect harmony in aid of the common object. Under the auspices of the general committee for the relief of Ireland, the Catholic Bishop of New-York de-

* Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine of 1847, at the Tabernacle, New-York, March 20, 1847. By the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Bishop of New-York.

livered an address on the antecedent causes of the famine, before an immense concourse assembled at the Tabernacle in New-York—a place set apart for Presbyterian worship. The Right Rev. lecturer described Ireland as follows :

"Ireland, as you know, is not larger in its geographical extent than two-thirds of the State of New-York. An island on the western borders of Europe, its bold coast is indented with capacious bays and safe harbors. For its size, it has many large and navigable rivers; and it is said that no part of the island is more than fifty miles from tide-water. Its climate is salubrious, although humid with the healthy vapors of the Atlantic; its hills, (like its history,) are canopied, for the most part, with clouds; its sunshine is more rare, but for that very reason, if for no other, far more smiling and beautiful than ever beamed from Italian skies. Its mountains are numerous and lofty; its green valleys fertile as the plains of Egypt, enriched by the overflowings of the Nile. There is no country on the globe that yields a larger average of the substantial things which God has provided for the support and sustenance of human life. And yet there it is, that man has found himself for generations in squalid misery, in tattered garments—often, as at present, haggard and emaciated with hunger; his social state a contrast and an eyesore in the midst of the beauty and riches of nature that smile upon him, as if in cruel mockery of his unfortunate and exceptional condition."

In discussing the causes that have produced this great difference between the natural wealth of the country and the miseries of its people, the learned Bishop ascribes it to three leading causes: 1st, incompleteness of conquest; 2d, bad government; 3d, a defective and vicious system of social economy. We apprehend that these three heads will ultimately merge themselves in one, viz., intolerance in religious and political matters—chiefly the former. That the conquest was incomplete was a matter of course;—no conquest is complete when hostilities first close, however completely the military force of the conquered may be broken. It is only through amalgamation of the interests of the people that it ultimately can become perfected. When, however, the conquerors seek, through long centuries, to create and perpetuate the most unjust distinctions between the subject many and the ruling few, the result must always be what has occurred in Ireland, viz., a nation of people without a market for their labor, or a hold upon their native soil. When Henry II. obtained from Nicholas Breakspear—the only Englishman who ever occupied the chair of Saint Peter—a bull authorizing him to assume sovereignty over Ireland, the barons of England refused to act under it; and the mission as well as the invasion was laid aside, until intestine broils induced an Irish chief to call in successfully the aid of the English. Under the previous laws of Ireland, no permanent right in landed property appears to have been recognized, and, as a consequence, industry could not thrive. From that time, down to 1691, the history of Ireland is merely that of a struggle between the holders of grants of land from the king and the people of the country. Under James I., 2,800,000 acres were escheated to the crown, chiefly in Ulster, under pretence of the rebellion of the Earls Tyrone and Tyrconnel. Under Cromwell, the forfeitures reached 7,800,000 acres; and under William III., 1,000,000—making in three confiscations, 11,600,000 acres, out of a total surface of 12,000,000 Irish acres; or, as Lord Clare remarked, in a speech on the Union—

"The whole of Ireland was confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six families of Irish blood, some of whom had been attainted in the reign of Henry VIII., but recovered their possessions before Tyrone's rebellion, and had the good fortune to escape the pillage of the English republic, inflicted by Crom-

well; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. The situation of the Irish nation, at the revolution, stands unparalleled in this respect, in the history of the civilized world."

In 1691, the "Treaty of Limerick," made by William III., guaranteed to the Catholics the same religious privileges that they enjoyed under Charles II. The treaty was, however, no sooner signed, than the penal code was promulgated. The object of the code was to extirpate the Catholic religion. This code and the efforts under it were rigorously carried out through a long century, down to 1768. The principal provisions of the code were passed during the reigns of Ann, George I. and George II., and provided that Popish fathers should be prohibited from being guardians to their own children, who were Protestants. No Protestant could marry a Papist having an estate in Ireland. Papists could not purchase real estate, nor lease it for more than thirty-one years; and if a lease produced more profit than one-third the rent, the right under it should cease in favor of an informing Protestant. The estate of a Papist was required to be divided among his children or collateral relatives at his death. Papists were excluded from residence in Galway and Limerick. Voters at elections were obliged to take an oath of abjuration and allegiance. Papists were *prohibited from teaching*, either publicly or privately. The following rewards were offered for discovering Popish clergymen and schoolmasters: for a bishop or archbishop, £50; regular priest, £20; schoolmaster, £10. No Papist to take more than two apprentices, except in the linen trade. Papists were not to sit as grand jurors. Papists must find Protestant substitutes for militia, and pay double. Popish priests celebrating marriage between Protestants and Catholics, were to be *capitally punished*. These and a host of other provisions sufficiently attest the warfare carried on against the people. When this penal code, substituted for the treaty signed by the British king, in violation of all faith and justice, was published, emigration took place to a great extent. The records in the military offices of Paris show that, from 1691 to 1745, 450,000 Irishmen died in the service of France. The Catholic clergy, clinging to their creeds and congregations, held their assemblages in the caves and glens throughout the country. Let us see what effect these barbarities had in extirpating the Catholic religion. The following are the returns of the numbers of each, made to Parliament, in 1731, and in 1834:

	1731.	1834.	Increase.
Protestants	700,451	1,516,228	815,777
Catholics	1,309,768	6,427,712	5,117,944!

One would suppose that, with such results, laws so atrocious would be modified. Of these laws, Edmund Burke writes:

"The laws made in Ireland against Papists were as bloody as any of those enacted by the Popish princes and states; and when these laws were not bloody, they were worse;—they were slow, cruel, outrageous in their nature, and kept men alive only to insult in their persons every one of their rights and feelings of humanity. * * * You abhorred this code as I did, for its vicious perfection. For I must do it justice. It was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency; well digested, and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

The effect of these laws, although they did not win to Protestantism any considerable portion of the people, had a lasting and terrible effect upon

Irish character. Those Catholics who could not, or would not emigrate, finding themselves cut off from any chance of profit or prosperity in industrial pursuits, turned their fields from tillage to pasturage, and sought a frugal living among the animals they raised. The adherents of the conquerors becoming possessed of the land, soon found themselves compelled to employ the Catholic population about them; and under such circumstances they could expect no better tenantry than a lazy, because reluctant—an ignorant and intractable people. This abandonment of tillage soon began to be felt, and an act of Parliament sought to compel all land-holders to keep five acres out of every hundred under tillage. The woollen trade was suppressed by the government in order that it might not compete with that of England, and the emigration of the wealthy Catholics abstracted much of the nation's property and industry. During the lapse of a century it was prohibited to teach Catholic schools—to take Catholic apprentices in trades; and it was requisite that Catholic estates should be divided among children or collateral kindred. And the government that enforced these laws on a subject nation, now complains that the people are lazy and ignorant, and that the land is too much subdivided. This is certainly the excess of impudence. Even as the United States now hold out to famishing Ireland almost its only means of relief, so did our revolutionary struggle first give her the means of breaking her thraldom. Ireland was, in 1770, drained of troops for America, and the government compelled to arm volunteers, headed by large landed proprietors in the interests of the government; and those volunteers succeeded in obtaining some modification of the brutal laws that had so long oppressed the country. Mischief, of the growth of a century, was not, however, to be rooted out in a day.

From the leading events to which we have slightly alluded, it has, of necessity, resulted, that while Ireland has been annually taxed £900,000, or $4,500,000, for the support of the Protestant church, and over £5,000,000, or $25,000,000 for the imperial government, making $30,000,000, in addition to £5,000,000 or $25,000,000, the estimated amount drawn by absentee landlords, making an annual drain of $56,000,000, there has been no means by which industry could be exercised to produce such a sum. We may imagine what would be the case with the United States if the whole cotton crop were annually paid to England in tribute, in one form or another, without a shilling equivalent returning into the country. The last degree of poverty and destitution would overwhelm the whole people. The continual drain of capital from the country into England whence none returns, not only diminishes the capital of the agriculturists, but prevents any accumulation with which to employ the poor. The consequence is, that four-fifths of the whole population depend solely upon a patch of land as the means of subsistence. More than 6,000,000 people in Ireland close each year as they began it, viz: without having added a dollar to the nation's wealth. Each year has found Ireland drained of more than it has produced, and constantly increasing distress has resulted. Such a state of things could not be beneficial to the landlords, and consequently, according to a recent parliamentary statement, the land of Ireland is indebted £100,000,000, and realises but little profit to the owners, notwithstanding the exorbitant rents they charge for it.

Lord Clements drew up, from evidence before the poor commissioners, a table, showing that the highest average of farms in the best counties of Ireland, were twenty to fifty acres. In the province of Connaught, the average was four acres; in Ulster, eight to ten. The chief system of culture seems to be what is called "conacre," by which a holder of a large farm divides up his old grass-land into slips, varying from a perch to half an acre, and lets them out to cottiers at rates varying

from $35 to $85 per acre. The tenant pares and burns off the grass, invariably planting potatoes, as that which will yield the greatest nutriment from a given space. But little attention is paid to the culture; and when harvest arrives, the tenant must pay the rent before he can remove the crop. To raise this rent is the great struggle, and the sale of pigs in England to effect it, is taken as an evidence of prosperity, when it is but the sign of distress. On the yield of the potatoe patch depends the cottier and his family for food the year round. When that fails, the only resort is to live on roots and weeds, beggary or desperation. No year passes in which this failure does not take place in some part of the island. This year it is only more extensive than usual, and panic and the mismanagement of the government have greatly augmented the evil. These miserable cottiers, who have been so oppressed, have to pay tithes, church rates, taxes "rent," &c., and that which they receive for the money so paid, is the presence of 20,000 soldiers, to prevent those who starve from helping themselves when they can find it. The rents paid by these people go too frequently to feed the riotous living of an absentee owner in London or Paris. Their connection with the patch they hold, is only for the year; when the rent is paid, and the potatoes dug, the transaction is done, and another patch will be taken for the succeeding year. When we reflect that *four-fifths* of the Irish people depend in this manner for food, and become aware that all those potatoe crops have failed, we may gather a faint idea of the extremity of the existing misery. In other countries, the people have all many resources. The potatoe is only part of their laborer's diet. They have manufactures, and commerce, and capital, to procure foreign supplies equal to their deficiency at home. They have large accumulations, both of money, and of stock, and food, which enable them to draw on their neighbors, and on the future. The vast population of Ireland is only provisioned for one year. Of a food which no human ingenuity can preserve longer than one year, it raises just enough to last one year. That is the one string to its bow. Reduce it by an inch or two, and the bow is useless. There are tribes which live on the fish that visit their shores; the shoal changes its route, and they perish. There are tribes which live by the chase; the deer are exterminated, and so are their pursuers. The peasant reckons not quite from day to day, but, what is not much better, from year to year. He puts into the ground as much as on a narrow calculation will serve for a twelve-month. It falls short, and he must starve for a month or two. He may be helped by his neighbors, but all being in the same situation, how are all to be helped?

When this great calamity threatened, the British aristocracy, led by the Duke of Wellington, refused to modify the duties on foreign food. The wailing cry of starving millions rousing the public mind, forced the heartless oligarchy to relax their hold upon the supplies of bread, and a weak and shiftless administration undertook, in a tardy and inefficient manner, to remedy the distress they had created. In a trial of their scheme for a few months, they found that they had fearfully augmented the evil, and they have been forced to abandon it for another half-measure—a reluctant, grudging loan of a few millions, say £8,000,000, to feed 8,000,000 people, or $5 per head to feed human beings for a year. Oh! wonderful exhibition of British munificence!

When the utter destitution of Ireland became apparent last year, the government, utterly at a loss how to meet the evil, projected a scheme by which it would be the monopolising employer in Ireland. Under this plan, it was proposed to improve roads and construct public works, on which to employ the destitute, and pay them out of the public purse. The mode of proceeding was for local "presentment sessions" to pass upon proposed works, which, when so endorsed, were referred to a board of public works, and if

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adopted by it, labor was immediately commenced, and those recommended by relief committees were employed. The number so employed had reached, at the close of February, 680,000, who, with their dependants, comprised over 3,000,000 of the population. The effect of this plan has been to paralyze all individual industry—to draw from the production of food not only those who were destitute, but well-conditioned farmers. Near twelve thousand responsible men were made overseers and officers to the army of laborers. Perhaps the worst effect of the government movement, has been to promote that proneness of the Irish to depend upon some one other than themselves, or that indisposition to "put their own shoulder to the wheel." It induced the idea that government was to support them all, and by a very natural operation, has vastly augmented the deficiency of food. As thus, we have described what is called conacre. In 1845, the potatoes were diseased to some extent, and after the cottier had paid his rent, and dug his crop, he found it, in many cases, less than sufficient. This year, when harvest approached, a man who had held perhaps an acre on conacre, and having, perhaps, fifty dollars rent to pay, would walk over the field and calculate the probable extent of the rot, and during his hesitation as to the prudence of paying the money for the crop, and run the risk of the injury it might have sustained, the government project of employing him upon public works, decided him against paying the rent, and in favor of keeping the money, and obtaining public employ. The report of the Board of Public Works states:

"The fact is, that when the disease in the potatoe was generally proclaimed, persons holding conacre threw it up, refusing to pay the rent; the potatoes remained undug; those that were sound continued so up to the frost, and the people have by degrees been taking them up. I expect, when the land shall be ploughed up in the spring, *that there will be found a considerable quantity that will be serviceable as food.*"

The effect of this non-payment of rent, and being fed with imported food from the earnings on the public works, was a great increase in the deposits in savings banks. The reports of the Commissariat and of the Board of Public Works state, that in Belfast, Cork, Clonmel, Tipperary and Clare, the abundance of cash and the amount of deposits is altogether unprecedented. A portion of these deposits arise, doubtless, from the insecurity of property, and the indisposition to make the usual investments. The evils that have grown directly out of this public works system, have been shown to be so great that it has been abandoned, and a new system of half-way measures been adopted, which has involved a loan of £8,000,000, or, say, $40,000,000, to be expended in food, one-half of which is to be a loan on Irish property, and the other to be paid by the people of England. As, however, in the case of the public works scheme, $10,000,000 of the public expenditure was advanced on security of Irish property, and one-half of that sum was remitted by the new measure, so will probably the new loan be all charged upon the British people. The loan was taken by the London capitalists at a rate of £89 in money for £100 3 per cent. stock.—When we reflect on the emergency of the case, its causes and consequences, the vast resources of the British empire, and the energies it has put forth on former occasions, we are struck with the trifling nature of her plans to relieve 6,000,000 of destitute persons, forming an integral portion of Great Britain. During the French wars—1800 to 1815—England expended $2,500,000,000 to check the growth of human liberty upon the continent of Europe. In order to promote quarrels, with which the people of England had no concern whatever, the government gave, in money and munitions, $500,000,000, as gratuities to the European governments, to enable them to keep armies afoot. The only result to the British people has been a severe

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struggle of thirty years' duration to pay the interest on those sums. In 1835, to liberate 780,993 negroes in the West Indies, England gave $100,000,000. That is, she contracted, as now, a loan for £20,000,000, which was taken in London at £86 9s. 5d. for £100 of 3 per cent. stock, and was all paid in six months. In 1847, she offers $40,000,000 to *feed* 5,000,000 Irish. If the freedom of 780,993 negroes was worth £20,000,000, surely the lives of 5,000,000 Irish are worth at least as much! English philanthropy does not, however, run in favor of the Irish. What few favors she grants them are accompanied by the foulest abuse. The results of her black sympathy are thus bewailed by the London Times of December 21st, 1846:

"No one, even superficially acquainted with our sugar colonies, pretends to deny, that, since the year 1838, labor always has been, and still is, most seriously deficient. It is quite idle to say that the hands, which were numerous enough and strong enough when working with the shackles of a slave, must and ought to be amply sufficient under the invigorating influence of freedom.—These are mere theories. The unhappy colonists have been forced to sound, and have found them hollow. The liberated negro in the West Indies does not work. He shows an occasional and imperfect industry when the pressure of some particular want or desire impels him to seek the means of gratification. But as for regular and continuous labor, it is not to be expected from him. In course of time, perhaps, when the slave generation is departed and others are sprung up in their room, 'who have not known bondage,' the case may be different. We do not say that it will not be difficult; but meanwhile, and pending the great experiment, the planter is ruined. Whilst humanitarians at home are prating of the horrors of slavery, the free subject of Great Britain is losing his land, his money, his every means. Africa is guarded as if it were holy ground, and Jamaica is left to waste. Such are the effects of humanity that has not its foundation in justice."

It is no doubt the case, that the great cause for the parsimony of Great Britain to Ireland is the struggle which has already commenced between capital and labor—between affluence and industry. Hitherto the former has been comparatively exempt from the burdens of government and state expenses. While the nobles and gentry made and persevered in unjust wars, the people alone have been compelled to bear the expense. Property has accumulated and increased in value, while the value of labor has been diminished by onerous taxation. Enormous wealth on one hand, and extreme poverty on the other, has resulted in disaster. In the words of Bishop Hughes—

"It is an appalling reflection, that out of the active and productive industry of Great Britain and Ireland, provision must be made for the support of between four and five millions of paupers. This number will be increased by every depressing crisis in commerce and in trade; by every blight of sterility which Providence permits to fall on the fields of the husbandman; and the experiment of Sir Robert Peel, in imposing on the wealthy an *income* tax, may be regarded as a premonitory warning that, although the time may not yet have arrived, it is approaching, and, perhaps, at no very remote distance, when the mountains of individual wealth in England shall be made comparatively low, and the valleys of pauperism will be partially filled up."

In this transition from indirect to direct taxes, which is now in rapid progress throughout the world, we find the wealthy law-makers of England chary of their loans. Twenty million pounds, merely to change the condition of a few thousand blacks, who were in no state of physical suffering, was readily granted when labor was to pay it; but when property and vast estates are to be taxed for state expenses, eight millions, to feed and sustain life in 8,000,000 British subjects, or less than $4 per head for a year, is much!

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FAME AND ITS ACCESSORIES.

"Though Fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought."

THE love of human applause, and a desire for present or posthumous fame, seem to constitute an inherent essential in our composition. So strongly are these passions implanted in the breast, that they become more universal than any other. The struggle for the "bubble reputation," is ever being incessantly carried onward, at whatever cost, and with the most unwearied assiduity. There seems to be a species of Agrarianism in this master passion, for the poor, no less than the rich, vie with their compeers for the brief celebrity that is tardily awarded to excellence. The latter class, however, sometimes may be seen to acquire a factitious importance and advantage from their position in society; and although the enjoyment of popularity and distinction may not always be acquired by the severe conditions of deserving it, yet this will generally be the case; for the popular judgment is becoming better informed and better guided than in days of yore; and in "the good time a-coming" this will form the rule without exceptions, when—

"Chained to her shining car, shall Fame along
With equal whirl the great, and vulgar throng."

Ayton, in one of his admirable essays, says—"the love of life may in strictness be defensible only like the love of Fame, as it is combined with the feeling of being useful: and it would be an act of gross injustice to put all those to death, simply because they themselves would wish to be alive."

All men, says D'Israeli, are fond of glory; and even those philosophers who write against that noble passion, prefix their *names* to their own works. It is worthy of observation that the authors of two religious books, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The "Imitation of Christ" is *attributed*, without authority, to Thomas à Kempis: and the author of the "Whole Duty of Man" still remains undiscovered. Millions of these books have been dispersed in the Christian world. To have revealed their *names* would have given them as much worldly fame as any moralist has obtained—but they contemned it; or rather their indifference to popular applause was the growth of their religious faith and sentiment. We all have these "longings after immortality" to a certain extent, in some direction or other; and albeit our aspirations may but too frequently prove as abortive in their issue as is reported of the "Letter Addressed to Posterity," by a friend of Voltaire—namely, that it never attained its destination—yet who will question the verity of the fact. Says the author of "Proverbial Philosophy:"

"In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust of fame;
The savage and the sage, alike regard their labors proudly:—
For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to the idol,
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food for mind;
Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate;
The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality—
The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation—
The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a man's own kin,
And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have been told of their existence."

Napoleon, leading his victorious legions over the almost impassable barriers of the Alps, scarcely experienced more intense delight and self-satisfaction in the applause of an admiring world, than did the jumping hero, Sam Patch, when poising himself over the seething waters of the Passaic; for whatever the disparity of their ambition, his ear no less greedily drank in the loud acclaim of the wondering multitude. Both *bounded* into notoriety by wondrous *leaps*—one by overturning

kingdoms, the other, enacting a similar feat with himself; and both were endowed with kindred renown.

Writing on the futility of posthumous fame, we meet with the following in Melmoth's *Fitz-Osborne's Letters*—"The object of any one who is inspired with this passion, is to be remembered by posterity with admiration and delight, as having been possessed of certain powers and excellencies which distinguished him above his contemporaries. But posterity, it is said, can know nothing of the individual, but from the memory of those qualities which he has left behind him. All we know of Julius Cæsar, for instance, is, that he was the person who performed certain actions, and wrote a book called his "Commentaries," &c. Few practically follow the reasoning of the Irishman, who urged as an excuse for living to please himself, in preference to seeking the applause of those who were to succeed him, the very rational plea—"what has posterity ever done for me?"

The desire to obtain a name,—something that will survive our "earthly tabernacle—a sensation of some kind to enwrap this vesture of decay, to engrave our initials upon the tablets of other generations, is what we all pant after. The author of "The Religion of Nature" treats the passion as absurd and futile, and insists that all earthly fame is a fiction perfectly unsubstantial and ridiculous: a remark sufficiently sweeping; but were it even true, a sound philosophy would not expunge it, although the object sought for might, in reality, be very different from what it appears to our imaginations. Many of our most refined and exquisite pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes. The Greeks and Romans afford indisputable evidence in their histories, of the beneficial influence of cherishing this high regard for the opinion of posterity—this noble desire of an after "life in the breath of others." It was indeed through these means that virtue became so elevated among them, forming a model of purity almost immaculate.

> "Wearied, we should lie down in death,
> This cheat of life would take no more
> If you thought fame an empty breath."

"Some," says Young, "are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others for the sake of her expected dowry;" so enthusiasm, by adding an imaginary value to our pursuits, lures us, (like an enchantress, with ideal sights and sounds,) onward; and should we fail after all our application, still, "the light that led us astray, was light from heaven," for our delusions have doubtless solaced and cheered many weary hours of "malignant fortune."

This passion, which inspires to virtuous deeds the modest and unknown, is the same with that which glowed in the heart of a Washington, urging him on, in the face of surrounding and almost insuperable discouragements, to the rescue of his country—that instigated the youth in classic times to thrust his arm into the burning crucible,—actuated the wretch who precipitated Horace into the Tiber,—and impelled Curtius to cast himself into the yawning chasm. Leading, as it does, to deeds of heroism, and eliciting the dormant energies and excellencies of our nature, it nevertheless will occasionally reveal itself in manner very outrè, and no less annoying. The instance we are about to cite, will explain our meaning; it properly refers, however, to a love of notoriety, not fame. On a certain occasion, the Emperor Charles V. was on a visit to the "eternal city,' and inspecting the magnificent monuments of its early glory, he was induced to ascend to the top of the Rotunda. A citizen accompanied him, for the purpose of pointing out its numerous beauties. On retiring from the summit, the guide remarked, that he had felt a strange desire to seize his majesty in his arms, and by dashing both to atoms on the pavement below, win for himself an imperishable name. The Emperor, of course, appreciated the man's intentions so much, that he had him removed to a place where his temptations and longings might be subjected to proper limitations. The destruction of so beautiful a work of art as the Temple of Diana, was considered a national calamity, and to show the horror and detestation of the people towards the incendiary, it was enacted that his name should never more be heard; yet so subtle is fame, that the execrations of posterity are unsparingly bestowed upon the simple peasant Erastus, who furnishes the moral to many a story, of the sad effects of insane and misguided ambition. Napoleon was talkative when tra-

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velling, says his biographer, Count Bourienne,—"When passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, after the battle of Marengo, he said exultingly, 'Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity.' 'I think,' replied I, 'that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame.' 'Yes,' replied he, 'I have done enough, that is true; in less that two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die tomorrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history.' He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading, and the duration of a reign of life is but the affair of a moment. In a historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and all the devastations of Timour and Ghenghis Khan. We are indeed acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

In an old volume of Essays by Jeremy Collier, published nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, the following quaint dialogue occurs; there is so much solid good sense in the reasonings of the author, that we present them to the reader. He says—

"After all your magnifying of Fame, I am afraid 'twill not hold up to your standard. 'Tis a rich soil, I grant you; but oftener covered with weeds than grain. You say it produces heroes; so much the worse. 'Twas well if there were fewer of them; for I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules, but did more mischief than good. Those overgrown mortals commonly use their *will* with their *right hand*, and their *reason* with their *left*. Their Pride is their title, and their Power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from Rapine, and their scarlet dyed with human blood. To drive justice, and peace, and plenty before them, is a noble victory; and the progress of violence goes for extent of empire.

"And as for Alexander, what extent of country did he ravage, and how many thousands were sacrificed to his caprice? What famine, what inundations, what plague could keep pace with him? Did he not burn the Capital of an Empire in a frolic? If his power had been equal to his ambition, Providence could scarcely have made the world faster than he would have destroyed it. If wrecks, and ruins, and desolations of kingdoms, are marks of greatness, why do not we worship a Tempest, and erect a statue for the Plague?"

It will be remembered the master-poet has a line eloquent to this point,—

"He lives in Fame, that dies in Virtue's cause."

We ought to distinguish between mere idle vanity, and the earnest aspirations of high ambition, because they are as little akin in reality, as are the spurious and the real, in every thing else. The former may be compared to the noxious weed, the latter to the cultured fruit; the one is allied to great and noble deeds, the other to inglorious indolence and sloth. True Fame has been beautifully pictured by our great Epic poet, in his "Lycidas,"—

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears."

Many weak mortals have made it a point of ambition to indite their own epitaphs; and the too convincing evidence upon the numerous monuments and tombs, bears witness to the painful fact that some men are never weaned from folly, even at the closing hour. In other instances we find the same illusive absurdity kept up in the inscriptions, being worded as though indited by the incumbents of the graves themselves. It is a singular idea to cling with such pertinacity to so frail a memento, especially when it is remembered there is such improbability against these monumental inscriptions being read, or if seen, believed; and the still greater uncertainty of their surviving long, the corrosions of decay.

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The builders of the Pyramids have fallen into the other extreme,—the monument has swallowed up the individual, instead of the individual the monument. It was a good idea of the architect who erected a light-house for one of the Ptolemies, when he inscribed his own name, and afterwards covered it with the name of the monarch, trusting that the corroding influence of time would lay bare the deceit, and posterity award him the meed he deserved. The dread of oblivion is never more clearly shown than in those social transmutations of the affections, wherein we endeavor to extend by canvass and color the ordinary allotments of life. We summon up one of our blandest and most insinuating smiles, and the arrangements of the hair, the wonderful adjustment of the neckerchief, the best coat, and all the little paraphernalia that goes to distinguish one man from another, are suddenly awakened and brought out with a bold and prominent relief. We are soothed by leaving behind us something so exclusively personal, with a vigorous dash of the ideal delivered by ourselves. Although these transcripts of humanity are still found in such profusion, that delicacy instinctively shrinks from their adaptations and their often very equivocal situations, yet, nevertheless, these silent trustees are ever multiplying, and starting fresh enigmas for future generations to speculate upon. In fact, the road to fame presents twists and sinuosities so manifold, that it would be next to impossible to prescribe the boundary limits. Some, indeed, affect to find a short cut to her temple, but many more miss their way, lured aside by some *ignis fatuus*, or vagrant sprite from dream-land. The idle scrawl, it may be, of the Roman soldiery, still visible on the ruins of Pompeii, have outlived many a high aspiration of genius. We have little sympathy, we must confess, for the adulation that pride offers at the shrine of ancestry. What is it, indeed, but robbing the grave of its spoils? a kind of retrospect of life—a walking backwards: it is, moreover, in itself of so little credit, that one would imagine its very absurdity would ensure its annihilation. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, ridiculed very happily doubtful pedigrees, by placing two old heads among the portraits of his ancestors, inscribed—Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope. All that a man can lay rightfully claim to, is his own name; the embellishing should be his own, also, not that of his defunct predecessor. The pursuits of literature, science and art, present the great highways to eminence and distinction. The painter wields a power,—and the enthusiastic lover of art in all times acknowledges it, equal in its enduring influence to that of the author, or the man of science. We may undoubtedly have our several preferences, but comparatively all are agreed as to the respective merits of the great masters—Rembrandt, Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, or Murillo. Raphael is almost idolized; and who that has feasted his ravished gaze on his magnificent productions, has not felt his sense of honesty brought to a severe test, or in contemplating some of the truthful and sunny scenes depicted by Cuyp, or the carefully elaborated pictures of Gerrard Dow? The amusing story respecting the great artist, Leonardo da Vinci, and his obtuse monkish friends, will recur to most of our readers; it bears upon our subject, however, and we therefore, refer to it:—

Da Vinci was engaged upon his celebrated picture of the Last Supper. The Superior of the Brotherhood for whose church it was intended, complained to the Grand Duke of the dilatory manner in which the work was progressing. The painter, feeling justly indignant at the officious meddling of one who had no conception of the silent labor of the mind required for this elaborate performance, threatened to confer a favor upon the holy father, by painting his visage for the portrait of Judas; a hint quite sufficient to stop all further proceedings in that quarter, for, however oblivious a man might be to the good or evil report of those immediately in juxtaposition with him, this kind of notoriety was of a character so outrageous, that no ecclesiastic could possibly be found to give the least sanction to it.

The literati have fewer advantages, perhaps, than any other class, for ensuring an unclouded fame. It is but recently that some of our best poets, such as Shelley, Wordsworth and Hood, have begun to be appreciated; the latter being long regarded as the mere writer of a few comicalities, overlooking altogether the wonderful beauty of his earnest and exquisite appeals in behalf of suffering humanity. Other like instances might also be quoted. Fame is often swayed by fashion, and her edicts are not less arbitrary or absolute in the award of merit, than in other matters. The character of the great lexicographer, affords an instance in support

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of this assertion: who would think of tolerating such an amount of arrogant rudeness and conceit now a-days? There are no Boswell's to chronicle, or Thrall's to indulge such indelicacies; and yet, Johnson's fame has survived with the greater portion of the public at the present time. But even the great master-poet scarcely enjoys an universal fame. A few years prior to the Christian era, Cæsar and Cicero entered into a paper war respecting the character of Cato; the controversy is not yet decided, and, judging from the aspect of the affair, it is never likely to be adjusted. The author, however, as well as the artist, may prefer not unfrequently to enjoy his awards of fame during his life-time; but this very rational desire is but seldom gratified. This is like prompt payment, to attain which, many a thirsty aspirant after renown, has felt inclined to propose a compromise in the amount, for the sake of pre-payment; like the impatient heir, who, to obtain in *advance* his portion of the inheritance, offered to deduct a discount for cash. How many an unfortunate literary adventurer sports himself, and vaunts with the air of a hero—the lion of a day—and passes into his native oblivion as speedily again. Hazlitt writes about an instance of a man of genius and eloquence, to whom, from a habit of excessive talking, the certainty of seeing what he wrote in print the next day was too remote a stimulus for his imagination, and who uniformly laid aside his pen in the middle of an article, if a friend dropped in, to finish the subject more effectually aloud, so that the approbation of his hearer, and the sound of his own voice, might be co-instantaneous. The author of *Junius's Letters* is, on the contrary, as remarkable an instance of a writer, who has arrived at all the public honors of literature, without being known by name to a single individual, and who may be said to have realized all the pleasures of a posthumous fame, while living, without the smallest gratification of personal vanity. An author in such circumstances, if successful, may enjoy in secret the eulogy of the public, with the same acute relish that any person may overhear a commendation of himself; the more valued, because it may be deemed the more sincere than if it were personally addressed. Cervantes was once riding in company, when he was overtaken by a poor Spanish student; he accosted him and inquired his name—

"Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes, than throwing himself off his ass, whilst his cloak lay tumbled on one side, and his portmanteau on the other, and his bands covered his face, he sprang towards me and seizing me by the left hand, he exclaimed—'This, then, is the famous and honored author of Don Quixotte, the merriest of writers, the favorite of the Muses!' As for me, when I heard him pouring forth all these praises, I thought myself obliged in politeness to answer him; so embracing his neck, whereby I contrived to pull off his bands altogether, I said, 'I am indeed Cervantes, Senor, but not the favorite of the Muses, nor any other of those fine things which you have said of me. Pray sir, mount your ass again, and let us converse together for the small remainder of our journey.' The good student did as I desired. We then drew bit and proceeded at a more moderate pace. As we rode on, we talked of my sickness, but the student gave little hope, saying, 'it is an hydropsy, which all the water in the ocean, if you could drink it, could not cure; you must drink less, Senor Cervantes, and not neglect to eat, for this alone can cure you.' 'Many other people,' said I, 'have told me the same thing, but it is as impossible for me not to drink, as if I had been born for nothing but drinking. My life is pretty nearly ended, and to judge by the quickness of my pulse, I cannot live longer than next Sunday. You have made acquaintance with me at a very unfortunate time, as I fear I shall not live to show my gratitude to you for your obliging conduct.' Such was our conversation when we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, over which I was to pass, while he followed another route by the bridge of Segovia. As to my future history, I leave that to the care of Fame. My friends will no doubt be very anxious to narrate it, and I should have great pleasure in hearing it."

We cannot refrain from citing an incident given by a contributor in the *London New Monthly Magazine*, referring to the once "*Great Unknown*." Says the writer,—

"Scott had tasted at our house the Yarmouth bloaters, then an article of less savory notoriety than at present; allowed their superiority to the 'Finnan haddies,' and inquired where they were to be got. My mother, having undertaken the commission, applied to our fishmonger, Mr. B——, of Billingsgate, a most worthy and matter-of-fact Triton, whom no one would have suspected of an addiction to poetry or romance. Hearing that the half-hundred small fishes were to be sent as far as Sussex-place, he rather shook his head at the inconvenient distance.

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"Rather out of our beat, ma'am. There are plenty of places where they can be got good."

"I am sorry for that, for I am afraid Sir Walter Scott will be disappointed, having learned that yours are the best—"

"Sir Walter Scott, ma'am! God bless my soul, is Sir Walter in town? Tom, go and pick the very best half-hundred you can find in that fresh lot from Yarmouth. Well, ma'am, and how is he looking? Why, if you had told me they were for *him*, I would have sent them to Jerusalem or Johnny Groat's house. Now mind, Tom, that the boy starts *directly*—remember, 24 Sussex-place, and no mistake about it."

This circumstance being recounted to Scott, he cordially exclaimed—

"Well, now, this is something like real, tangible fame. I like this more than all the minauderies of the old French countesses, who used to bother me at Paris with their extravagant compliments, and were only thinking, I'll be sworn, of their own vanity all the while."

Few comparatively, however, ever live to enjoy the luxury of praise to such an extent; they have to work for credit, and take their pay in trust; the ungrateful public too, sometimes dishonor the acceptance, and refuse often the just claim of its best and most devoted servants, while empiricism and quackery obtain the laurels.

"Ah me—full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial Fame doth with the blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sorts and mischievous emprise.

The architect, however, can rest upon his skill, and estimate his chances accordingly. Brunell and Rennie may feel pretty comfortable and secure. So may the builder of the Trinity Church, provided the present authorities continue in office.

Sir Christopher Wren prided himself, not upon the stupendous Metropolitan Cathedral, but upon the comparatively unassuming edifice of St. Dunstan's in the East. It certainly is a charming specimen, with its spire springing upwards from the roof with so much buoyancy and grace, that it almost carries with it the appearance of insecurity. This feeling wrought upon the fancies of several of his associates, who suggested the probability of danger. Sir Christopher, whose soul was bound up in this fabric of his dotage, expressed his determination, should such be the case, that he would not survive what was so choice a relic of his fame. One dreadful night,—a night of which the "memory of the oldest inhabitant" could furnish no parallel—he was awoke by the fury of the storm, and jumping up he hastened to the church, and ascending to its steeple, he remained there all night long, mute with excitement, amidst the shouting and shrieking of the wild and angry elements. The Church of St. Dunstan's still remains, the endearing monument of hope and faith.

The statesman, filling so conspicuous a situation in the world's history, gains his object, but too often, at the expense of all that is dear or honorable. The handling he is subjected to, requires strong nerve. Whig or Tory, Whig or Democrat, all have their supporters and opponents; one class admire with the greatest rapture, while the detestations of the other are full of gall. Jackson and Adams are enrolled in the archives of their country, but who can reconcile their different policies; and it will be well, if, in the midst of such conflicting emotions, their integrity will be allowed to escape scatheless. Blessed by some, (under very happy auspices,) and cursed by all who cannot understand, forming material for ages yet unborn to carp and cavil at, is the expense of political greatness. "In it is an unweeded garden—things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." Richelieu, after humbling the monarchy of Austria, and curbing the power of the aristocracy in France, was, 200 years after that event, despoiled in his tomb, and the head (from which emanated such splendid combinations) borne aloft through the streets of Paris by a miserable and infuriate mob, as a traitor to the "Majesty of the People."

The struggle after fame has often been the very struggle of existence; and we peruse with bitter reflection the biographies of those whose march has been progressive. We are apt to overlook the days and nights of misery, privation and toil, which have been the sad allotment and inheritance of many a child of genius. In a brief, but beautiful biography of Campbell, the poet, published several years since, and attributed to Washington Irving, the following appropriate re-

marks occur, and we transcribe them, for their appositeness to our purpose, as well as on account of their affecting beauty. Says he:—

"It has long been deplored by authors as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. How many, who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion, and it may be said, 'they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' Here, likewise, many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detraction of the envious, the scoffing of the ignorant, are silenced, at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world, awaking to a sense of his value, when he is removed beyond its patronage forever, monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man, whose life passed unnoticed before their eyes. He is like some canonized saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished, and clouds of incense offered up; though, while living, the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries."

Byron, it will be recollected, sums it all up in a brief stanza:—

"What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour.
For this, men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill.
And bards burn, what they call, the 'midnight taper,'
To have, when the original is dust,
A name; a wretched picture, and worse bust."

Is it not, then, a strange phenomenon—an anomaly—that the love of fame should, in spite of all opposing obstacles and discouraging difficulties, still continue to fire the energies of the poverty-stricken and neglected sons of genius? How cold and profitless the oblution of the world to those who have adorned, delighted and illumed it! When the philosopher, Anaxagoras, lay expiring for want of sustenance, his pupil, Pericles, sent him a sum of money; "take it back," said the dying man, "if he had wished to keep the lamp alive, he ought to have administered the oil before." Our limits have expired; we close with an eloquent extract from one of the most gifted of our modern authorities. Referring to the hard conditions of the children of science and song, he says:—

"What could ever reconcile genius to its sufferings, its sacrifices, its fevered inquietudes, the intense labor which can alone procure what the shallow world deems the giant offspring of a momentary inspiration? what could ever reconcile it to these, but the haughty and unquenchable consciousness of internal power; the hope, which has the fullness of certainty, that in proportion to the toil is the reward; the sanguine and impetuous anticipations of glory, which burst the boundaries of time and space, and ranges with a prophet's rapture the immeasurable regions of immortality. It is too true a picture. Still, what does it prove, but that this earth is no home for the more spiritual part of our nature—that those destined to awaken our highest aspirations, and our tenderest sympathies, are victims rather than votaries of the divine light within them. They gather from sorrow its sweetest emotions; they repeat of hope but its noblest visions; they look on nature with an earnest love, which wins the power of making her hidden beauty visible, and they reduce the passionate, the true, and the beautiful. Alas! they themselves are not what they paint; the low want subdues the lofty will; the small and present vanity interferes with the far and glorious aim; but still, it is something to have looked beyond the common sphere, where they were fated to struggle. They paid in themselves the bitter penalty of not realizing their own ideal; but mankind have to be thankful for the generous legacy of thought and harmony, bequeathed by those who were among earth's proscribed and miserable beings. Fame is bought by happiness."

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STORMING OF MONTEREY.

THIRD DAY.

We had no share in the third day's perils—
Kept in the camp 'till near the hour of noon,
We then rode forth, and, midway 'tween the camp
And town, found the reserve, which on its arms
Was lying, just on the verge of danger,
Ready to throw in aid where'er requir'd.
The Mexican artillery thus far
Could come—no farther; there its fiercest balls
Roll'd to their rest, and all as harmless lay,
As they had never through the raptur'd air
Boom'd for some moments with the lightning's speed.
A child, uninjured, could have pick'd them up.
The plain before us, swept by these missiles,
Slop'd t'wards the town, which spread along the foot
Of mountains, rising, with a shelf or two,
Right upwards like a mighty wall, that seem'd
To hold the sky aloft, as it had been
The dome of this vast amphitheatre.
There was a rupture in this mighty wall,
Where hills were all confus'dly tumbled 'bout,
Like blocks that once had fill'd it up. On one,
The ruins of a palace stood. 'Twas there
A gorgeous prelate, in much earlier days,
Ere revolutionary throes shook down
Old Principalities and Powers, had built
A mansion suited to his pride; above
All others in position, as in style.
In troubled times high places are brought low.
This palace, better fitted for a tow'r,
Abandon'd by its mitred occupants,
Soon doff'd its priestly robes, and took the mail
Of war. Out of its deep-set windows look'd
The cannon's muzzle; while, pierc'd with loopholes,
Turret and wall a threat'ning aspect wore.
And, now, new armor it had girded on:
Ditch, parapet, a panoply of heavy strength,
In artful zigzag ran around its base.
And 'yond this palace-hill, another ridge
Was seen; its outer-guard; all fenc'd for war.

These heights had all been ta'en. The outer one
The first day's fight had won, when, turn'd around,
Its guns, like traitors, on the palace bore,
And help'd to beat down that they once sustain'd.
And now, while yet we look'd, the palace guns
Themselves were blazing on the town below,
And scatt'ring friendly ranks, and breaching walls
They were intended to protect. And while
We gaz'd on these strange changes, lo! a flash
And smoke, follow'd by loud report, led us
To lift our eyes up to the mountain shelf
Behind the town. Whose gun, we ask'd, was this?
We saw a pathway, which ran steeply up
To where this eagle had his eyry built.
It seem'd a goat's-path only; still, we knew
Our guns been wheel'd up a scarp like this.
Shot after shot came plunging down, and we,
We left in painful doubt whose blood they spilt,
The Mexicans or ours; for well we knew
Our troops already fought within the town.
It was a glorious spectacle! The plain—
The line of battlemented roofs beyond;
The everlasting hills o'erhanging all,
(Battling, so high and near, the sun did seem
To set 'mid afternoon,) each cannon's peal
Returning quick and sharp upon the ear,
As if the fight was not in open air.

Our troops a batt'ry held, won the first day
O'er heaps of those who fell beneath its fire.
Its precincts were all bath'd in gallant blood.
Like as a scythe, it mow'd the level plain
In front, and cut down ranks with fearful sweep.
Still, did our ranks, tho' thinn'd, press bravely on;
And, wheeling round its rear, pour'd thro' its gorge
A stream of fire, that swept its ramparts clean.
Here, as on vantage ground, thro' the first day
The fight was wag'd; the captur'd guns, revers'd,
Batt'ring the streets in rivalry with ours.
The second day, a tall Cathedral's spires
Had been their aim, whose vaulted aisles, 'twas said,
Were made the foeman's magazine. Not then
We knew the ammunition 'neath its roof,
Fir'd by a shell of ours, had thrown one half
The town, with its dense multitudes, in air.
The bell was struck by one, which gave a sound,
Telling how near destruction was at hand,
That made those multitudes with horror shrink.

On the third day, at noontide hour, our troops,
That held the captur'd battery, the town
Had enter'd, and street after street had ta'en,
Spite of the barricades that pent them up,
And like intrenchments made them all. Each house,
Too, made of stone, flat roof'd, with battlements,
A castle was.—Twas a strange sight to see
Our horse-artill'ry thrust into these streets,
To meet the fire from ev'ry crevice there.
How could the noble animals be sav'd
From certain death? A broad, unflinching mark.
The brazen pieces, too! Could any there
Be serving them, and live? The infantry
Could fire from covers,—from roof, and flanking walls;

But, with the bold, there's management. Detach'd,
At times, the team would shelter find in yards,
Or in some orange garden stamp and fret,
While, near some salient wall, the cannon mask'd
And charg'd, a moment forward would be wheel'd,
As foemen show'd themselves, belch forth their balls,
And then recoil. 'Tis true, some fell each round;
But, more the foe. Thus horizontal shot,
Our shells went battering on from house to house,
Until they burst; mayhap before some door,
Or window; breaking in upon a group,
Huddled away in some dark corner there,
Hoping for shelter from the novel storm.

While all intently on this scene did watch
Its progress mark'd by ev'ry smoke that rose;
Our ears alive to every deep and sharp report,
Marking the cannon's slow but sure advance,
And how the musketry around it hung—
That tidings came, saying the mountain gun
Was ours, tho' late the Mexicans'; the same
That had the previous day the palace shook
Now sending down, as from a thunder-cloud,
Its show'r of bolts upon the shrinking town.—
But, one suspense upon another crowds.
All hush'd the Bishop's Palace had become,
The Mountain Batt'ry, too, had ceas'd its fire.
Had Mexicans this eagle scar'd away?
And soon we saw new smoke in volumes rise
From out new quarters of the town, follow'd
By echoes loud, that spoke artill'ry there.
Whence came these guns? Again we ask'd ourselves.
Each smoke rose nearer t'wards the central point,
The spire-topp'd church, that on the Plaza stood,
'Yond which our columns, on the other side,
Were onwards pressing. Soon their shots might cross!
'Twas fearful to suppose they both were ours.
In anxious contemplation long we stood,
Watching each sulph'rous column as it rose,
Listing each echo in its sharp rebound;
When tidings came, that *these*, too, were our own.
The silence on the heights had only been
The stillness that oft ushers in the storm.
These heights had gather'd up their scatter'd strength,
And pour'd it down, like crested wave on wave,
Upon the town beneath. A double fight
Thus rag'd, and, with tremendous energy,
From each extremity was cutting off
House after house, square after square, until
The narrow'd remnant scarcely seem'd to leave
A space for arm'd and unarm'd hemm'd in there.
Its fall most certain we had deem'd, had not
The fort, whose embrasures swept all the plain;
Standing apart—strong in its loneliness;
Commanding all, by naught commanded; still,
Like him of Gath, stood in the front of all,
Bidding defiance to our armed hosts.

This citadel, this tow'r of strength, from first
Had been the cynosure of all our eyes.
'Twas low, scarce seen, crouch'd like a lion there;
And yet it had a most romantic look.
'Twas call'd the "Old Cathedral" fort, for there
The prelate, who the palace built, had laid
A broad foundation for a church, whose size
Should match his dwelling in magnificence.
Twelve massive columns, all of tow'r-like breadth,
Maphap some thirty feet in height, with coign
And buttress bold, still stand (and may still stand
For ages, if no earthquake shake them down,)
To show how little he achiev'd. Round these,
The dark memorials of an earlier day,
Were trac'd the rampart, (all hewn masonry,)
The ditch, with bastions looking right and left,
Each possible approach to guard, and meet
Intrusive boldness with a certain death.

We oft would fain have scann'd this citadel
More near, the better its resisting pow'r
To know; whether we might by fierce assault,
Tho' drenching ditch and embrasure with blood,
Carry its walls; but we would also know,
What were those giant sentinels within
Its belt, whose plumes (for tall, rank weeds and shrubs
Grew on each column,) nodded in the breeze.
But, more than Janus-like, all ways it look'd;
None could approach it with a hope to live.
It vomited its fires on every side.
The engineer, whose glass its length and breath
Would spy; the lover of romance, whose glance
O'erlook'd the walls, and fasten'd on the host
Of grey remains, that seem'd to have no part
Nor lot in the dread warfare round their base;
Alike were balk'd in their attempts to scan,
More near, this strong, this genii-guarded, place.

Thus stood the battle, when the sun went down,
And left night's shadow's o'er the slain to fall
Again; the third time, like a shroud, it thus
Had cover'd them; for war's stern work had left
No interval, for three long, weary days,
To dig for them a hasty sepulchre.

Monterey, Mexico, Nov. 1846.

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SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

IV.

ON THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

The distinction between philosophy and the sciences is essentially a transitory one; philosophy being merely a general science, and each special science a particular philosophy. The end and the procedure are manifestly the same in both. When, twenty-five centuries ago, Socrates severed philosophy from the sciences, which, as is evinced by the labors of the ancient sages, Anaxagoras, Xenophanes, Parmenides, &c., had been previously confounded, he was instinctively impelled by a necessity that became afterward still more urgent. His good sense was struck at observing that moral and social phenomena completely eluded the vain physical explications of the contemporaneous sciences, and, on the other hand, positive conceptions had already attained a degree of consistency that hardly allowed of their accepting the characteristic methods of theology and metaphysics. Thus the tendency to a schism was reciprocal, and the sciences would inevitably have been severed from the philosophical system, had not Socrates effected in advance an inverse disjunction. Is it not well known that Hippocrates was supposed to have separated medicine from philosophy, the former of which, as connected with biology, was enveloped in general speculations?

Thus, the two-fold impossibility of adapting the scientific method to the study of moral and social phenomena, and of subjecting the phenomena of physical nature to theological or metaphysical explications, was urgently felt in Greece about the time of Pericles. This fact was assuredly a most important one in the history of the human mind. Thenceforward, the positive sciences continued their slow and gradual elaboration, progressively casting off, according to their smaller degrees of complication, the philosophical swaddling-clothes which had protected their infancy, and establishing on firmer ground an independence originally precarious. On the other hand, the moral and social world was controlled by religious and metaphysical conceptions. At this important period, the ancient theological unity, of which Egypt has exhibited the best known type, was completely ruptured. Of the two fragments, the one pursued its course in the primitive orbit of absolute notions, whilst the other entered on a new career, that of observation and experiment; for though these had already furnished materials to art, they had never yet been ranked among scientific processes. Such were the respective characters then permanently impressed upon science and philosophy, and which have continued more and more to estrange them from each other.

The subsequent history of these two leading methods was then uncertain. In order to the maintenance of the mutual relations resulting from their separation, it was requisite either that metaphysics should succeed in establishing its own distinctive principles on a solid basis, or else that positive science should prove to be wholly inadequate to the solution of those questions which had been originally monopolized by its rival. Neither of these conditions has been realized. On the one hand,

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the metaphysical spirit was doomed to incessant fluctuations; on the other, experience exhibited a property never previously suspected, that of originating scientific notions through the process of induction and deduction, and thus of gradually conducting the human mind to those general views which had seemed to be the exclusive prerogative of the metaphysical philosophy. In this manner, a situation has at length been reached, the inverse of that which we remarked as characterizing the age of Socrates: then, through the progress of ideas, there occurred a necessary separation between philosophy and the sciences; now, through the same progress, their reunion has become inevitable.

Such has been the course of things. Hypotheses, originally theological, and afterward metaphysical, predominated in the early stages of humanity, sustained its steps and favored its development. Apart from these stood the investigation of real laws, a method slow, doubtful and vacillating at the outset, but rapidly gathering strength when the first difficulties had been fairly overcome. The collision was unavoidable, and being, moreover, spontaneous and successive, it gradually weakened the influence of those primitive hypotheses. Heretofore, the opposition has been merely partial; at the present day it is universal, embracing the whole field of human knowledge.

In the state of generality which the sciences have now attained, nothing further remains but to co-ordinate them into a system; at which point they will completely satisfy the conditions of a philosophy; that is, they will supply the first principles of all our notions ranged in a natural order. This last labor M. Comte has executed in his work.

But first, we must precisely ascertain the real extent of the speculative domain; in other words, we must determine the exact number of the pure sciences, or those corresponding to distinct general laws. For instance, both astronomy and chemistry are pure or speculative sciences, inasmuch as the former is relative to the geometrical and dynamical laws which govern our celestial system, and the latter to those which predominate in the composition and decomposition of bodies. Geology, however, is not a pure science, as it relates to a particular natural object, the terrestrial globe, and obtains the means of its difficult investigations entirely from the pure sciences, astronomy, physics, chemistry, &c.

Such is the important distinction between the abstract and concrete sciences. Philosophy,—itself eminently speculative,—can of course only embrace the speculative sciences. These, then, must be enumerated, that we may at once have before us the whole domain of the positive philosophy.

M. Comte distinguishes six pure sciences, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology and social science. The subjects of mathematics are the laws of space and of motion: Astronomy considers the distances, magnitudes, forms, orbits, and accelerating forces of the bodies of our solar system: Physics treats of the phenomena of gravity, electricity, magnetism, heat, light, and sonorous vibrations: Chemistry penetrates into the molecular constitution of substances, enumerates the undecomposable, or, at least, undecomposed elements, and determines the conditions regulating their definite combinations: Biology investigates the forms which life assumes from the lowest vegetable to man, institutes among these beings a hierarchy exactly conformed to their increasing complexity and elevation, aims to ascertain the constant relation existing between the anatomical structure and the function, establishes the ascendency of the higher faculties in the superior orders of animals, and, combining with the conside-

ration of these faculties that of their organ, contests the exclusive claim of metaphysics to the study of man's intellectual and moral nature: Finally, social science traces the evolution of society, distinguishes its necessary phases, and assigns the law of these mutations:—with greater generality and justness than the doctrines of Bossuet and Condorcet, it equally accounts for fetichism, polytheism, monotheism, and the era of revolution, demonstrates the necessary instability of these transitory states, and foresees the final advent of positive conceptions. In this brief summary is comprised the whole system of human knowledge. Nothing is omitted, except what is inaccessible to man's intelligence, the investigation of first and of final causes.

Here visibly appears the distinctive character of the positive philosophy. Every category of phenomena is exhibited in subjection to immutable laws. Now, as heretofore, Earth, with her sister planets, travels from West to East, perpetually augmenting the eternal series of yesterdays. Still does the electric meteor dart from its cloudy envelope and interrupt the calm of the atmosphere. Still does a secret effort direct the magnetized needle toward the poles of our globe. Still do intimate forces solicit the union of elements, and compound from two subtle gases those tumultuous seas that shake their barriers of rocks. Still does life, by a strange transformation, convert into muscles, and bones, and nerves, the gross materials scattered through the air, the earth and the waters. Here are the necessary conditions of things as we know them; they form the horizon of the human mind, beyond which it can see nothing but infinite vacuity. Thus, before our physical sight, are vainly displayed the vast spaces and the unbounded blue of the celestial depths; extent alone is an effectual obstacle, and the eye has no power to reach those immeasurable distances.

These laws which govern all things may be discovered by our intelligence; farther than these, it cannot proceed. Every attempt to pass beyond them inevitably leads to vagueness and obscurity, whilst all investigation restricted to their action and combinations is fixed, determinate, and, therefore, positive. When we discard all that should be discarded, nothing remains beside the six sciences enumerated. Exert our reason as we may, we shall finally either arrive at some one of them, or we shall pass, or rather, seem to pass beyond the limits of our faculties, and, instead of considering real questions, we shall but agitate fantasies and hypotheses, destined, as the history of religions and philosophies evinces, gradually to lose their hold on human convictions. All that we can possibly know is evidently relative to the mathematical notions of space and of motion, to our own solar system, to the action of those physical agents which govern all things around us, to the combinations of chemical elements, to the series of living beings at whose head stands man, and, finally, to the conditions under which society is developed. Beyond this circle we can only conceive of speculations touching essences and ultimate causes, questions lying wholly without the range of experience. The human mind, whatever device it may employ, can never subject them to its analysis, and, itself a product of those causes which produce all things, restricted in its researches to a mere corner of the universe, incapable of combining complex ideas except within very narrow limits,—even could it succeed in heaping Ossa upon Pelion it would be not one step nearer the inaccessible end toward which it has so long aspired.

The positive philosophy, then, is embraced in the system of the sci-

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ences. Still, however, these can be regarded only as materials, until the completion of a two-fold labor, namely, a systematic classification, and an exposition of the most general principles by which each science is characterized.

The six sciences are ranged by M. Comte thus: Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Social Science. The following are the reasons which justify this classification and preclude every other. The first place is due to mathematics from its eminent simplicity of character. By pure ratiocination, grounded on a very small number of principles directly suggested by experience, it has attained the most surprising development. Of all the sciences, it depends least on experimental data, and is most largely indebted to the internal action of the human mind. No one can fail to wonder that truths of such extreme simplicity should conduct to important results and comprehensive formulæ. As this science is independent of all the others, and is likewise more general than any, (for what more general than our notions of space and motion?) it merits the first position in the scientific hierarchy.

Astronomy, for a similar reason, occupies the second. Here, observation acquires an important and extended office. All the results Astronomy has attained, are originally due to a patient and careful study of the celestial phenomena, which circumstance renders it far more complex than mathematics. It directly depends, however, on the latter, inasmuch as the means it possesses of connecting its observations, of deducing the law of the planetary motions, and the forms of the orbits, are drawn entirely from geometry and mechanics.

Next after the consideration of space and motion, and the study of the celestial system, we come to the less general phenomena of physics. Here, also, the intervention of mathematics is indispensable; for without this guide, which conducts the human mind into the recesses of nature, which sometimes rectifies observation and sometimes precedes it, our theories would be far less certain and less comprehensive. With astronomy physics is manifestly connected, by means of the most perfect of all its branches, the theory of terrestrial gravity, a mere particular case of the celestial phenomenon. Notwithstanding the powerful aid it derived from mathematics, and the possibility of varying its experiments without limit, how far, nevertheless, is physics from having attained the regularity and perfection of the two anterior sciences! The fact is owing to this, that in the former, the necessary data of experience are much more numerous, and greatly complicate the investigation. It is but rarely, and only under peculiar circumstances, that the mathematical instrument can be applied to the real phenomenon as it is actually manifested. History, moreover, justifies this hierarchical subordination of physics relatively to mathematics and astronomy; for in these last the Greeks had made no small advances, whilst the existence of the former was yet barely begun.

Passing now to phenomena still more special, we arrive at the science which investigates the molecular actions of the elements of bodies. Chemistry must evidently be ranked after physics, for, on the one hand it is indebted to the latter for certain indispensable principles, and, on the other, heat, light and electricity are the producing or modifying causes of many chemical phenomena. This subordination, arising, as we see, out of the nature of things, is likewise manifested in history, where chemistry appears as a science of very recent origin. Prior to the admirable discoveries of the last century, there had been alchemists, men who were indefatigable in the labors of the furnace, and who, in their pursuit of an

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object purely visionary, had occasionally fallen on valuable truths. To them succeeded chemists, who collected numerous facts, which, however, they were still unable to coördinate into a scientific system. Here, it may be remarked, ends the influence of mathematics, an influence absolute in astronomy, important even in physics, but in chemistry hardly perceptible. Thus deprived of a powerful auxiliary, our theories become far more restricted in their extent and means of prevision, a defect which is still more strongly marked in the subsequent departments of knowledge.

Next in the series stands biology, the grand science of living beings. From chemistry alone it learns that the organized tissues are composed of those inorganic elements which are diffused throughout nature; that there is going on an incessant transformation of materials in the interior of animated bodies; and that nutrition, which, with reproduction, constitutes the entire life of the vegetable, and the basis of all animal life, is nothing more than a vast phenomenon of composition and decomposition. The connexion between biology and chemistry is so intimate as to have caused a certain confusion between the two, apparent in what is falsely styled organic-chemistry. An historical fact should be here noted, namely, that biology, notwithstanding its hierarchical subordination to chemistry, is of much older date; for the labors of Aristotle, Herophilus, Erasistratus and Galen, were of a truly positive character. As biology could be attacked immediately through anatomy, the earliest studies were directed to investigating the functions of the several organs. But the ancients were extremely ignorant on the subject of nutrition, the basis of all vitality; for, in the absence of a science connecting the inorganic with the organic world, little could be known touching the elaboration by which living tissues are produced from mere brute materials. Biology, therefore, could not have been, and was not, an organized department of knowledge, until after the creation of chemistry. Such is the true historical view and the philosophical explanation of a seeming anomaly.

Finally, in the sixth rank stands social science. It can scarcely be requisite to indicate its relative subordination to biology. The study of man in society is necessarily grounded on the consideration of man as an individual, and moreover, (in order to the consistence of our theories,) on a knowledge of the general conditions under which life is manifested. In a word, biology constitutes the basis of social science, as chemistry is the immediate foundation of biology. Nor can the fact require any elaborate proof that the place of social science, historically as well as hierarchically, is posterior to that of all the others. It has been precisely since these were extended and systematized, that the most frequent and well-grounded attempts have been made to organize the former.

The coördination which we have thus exhibited, is grounded on the independence of each anterior science with respect to its successor, and the dependence of this last with respect to the preceding; on the decreasing generality of the subjects of investigation as we ascend in the series, namely, space and motion, the celestial system, physical agents, chemical combinations, life, society; finally, on the historical development itself, through which the sciences have always appeared successively, and in the inverse order of their complication. This arrangement carries its own demonstration along with it, and it allows us to contemplate the several categories of natural phenomena, each subjected to invariable laws, producing by their combinations the spectacle of our world. We thus reach the highest point which man can attain—a point that

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overlooks the whole possible field of human knowledge; not a *cloud-capt* and dizzy height, but a true philosophical position, from which nothing escapes our view, and all things are seen in their real relations.

This systematic coördination throws a continual light upon the philosophy of each of the particular sciences, and, showing as it does, their manifold actions on each other, it well prepares the mind to estimate their methods and results. A single glance indicates the general character of the process employed in each, and, as we pass from one science to another, we see how this instinctive procedure becomes changed and modified, according to circumstances. It is here, that the elementary logic so well organized by Aristotle, becomes speculative logic, and constitutes, through a combination of particular methods, the general method of the human mind. In mathematics, the office of deduction is most extended and remarkable, an infinite multitude of connected propositions being here derived from a few axioms discovered almost intuitively. Induction, which, on the contrary, collects general laws from particular phenomena, acquires a special and increasing importance in the subsequent departments of knowledge. As only one sense, the sight, is made use of in astronomy, and as we are totally unable to modify the action of the celestial phenomena, it is clear that the single process cultivated in this science is observation, which can nowhere else be found so perfectly developed. In physics and chemistry, on the other hand, the agents are within our control; their number is limited, and we are able to modify any one of them, leaving the others to their natural course. In this consists experimentation, of which these two branches of knowledge exhibit the most admirable models. It is here only that we can learn properly to appreciate the results of this process in other sciences, where it is far less applicable and less pure. As chemistry is the link connecting the inorganic with the organic world, its character is necessarily determined by this intermediate position; whilst, therefore, with physics, it institutes experiments,—with biology it classifies. To form a true philosophical nomenclature, that is, to impose systematic denominations indicating the character of things, is one of the attributes of speculative logic, and though, indeed, appertaining to biology, it is still more perfectly manifested in chemistry. A good nomenclature is here a summary of the whole science, indicating the composition of each substance, and containing, as it were, an abridgment of its history. In proportion as chemistry advances, this two-fold property will necessarily receive increased development; and accordingly, an admirable, though now insufficient nomenclature, was constructed by the principal founders of it. In this respect, the same degree of perfection can never be attained in botany, zoology, anatomy or pathology: chemistry alone admits of a nomenclature at the same time sufficiently simple, and also directly relative to the grand feature of the science, the composition of substances.

Biology exhibits a different character, and gives rise to a distinct and peculiar general method. Here, all beings, from their conception in the vegetable grain or in the animal ovula, down to the period of their senile decline, manifest successive variations intimately linked together, whilst, moreover, the influences of the ambient medium, and of nutrition, produce radical modifications in the same being, suggesting perpetual connexions and similitudes. Thence arises the analogical method, so eminently adapted to biology, and nowhere else so constantly and usefully employed. Finally, a process imperfectly developed in biology, and of which the doctrine of ages is but the rudiment, acquires its complete

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importance in the theory of societies. Here, the investigation proceeds, not by simple comparison, but by gradual filiation. The brief evolution of the individual could never have given rise to the *historical method*, which, on the contrary, is directly suggested by the contemplation of the successive phases of humanity. Such are those particular processes of which the totality constitutes, according to M. Comte's felicitous expression, the general power of the human mind.

So much for method: let us now turn to the result. By thus embracing all phenomena whatsoever under a single common view, and tracing out their mutual co-relation, we are necessarily led to the conviction that these phenomena are subjected to fixed laws, that is, to determinate relations of co-existence and succession. The exploration of the mental domain instituted by the positive philosophy, may be likened to those voyages which first disclosed the dimensions of the terrestrial globe, dimensions which man might have well deemed unlimited, so long as he had not actually performed the circuit of this his habitation. It was natural that the mental domain, too, should be regarded as infinite, until a circumnavigation of it had been completed, and its boundaries discovered to be the laws that govern all the categories of known phenomena.

The immutability of natural laws, in contradiction to theology, which introduces supernatural interpositions; the limitation of the speculative world, in contradiction to metaphysics, which pursues the infinite and the absolute,—such is the two-fold basis of the positive philosophy. By referring every class of facts to a corresponding class of relations, and by unveiling the conditions of the existence of natural systems, it on the one hand eliminates religion, which, under the several forms of fetichism, polytheism and monotheism, proclaims the existence of superhuman agents, and, on the other, metaphysics, which always seeks a *point d'appui* in some hypothesis external to observed phenomena.

Armed with these methods and these general results, philosophy commands the whole domain of the sciences, a supremacy long since lost, although properly appertaining to it, and which it could never have regained by pursuing the old route of absolute speculations. The processes of science and of metaphysics are so radically different, that the last can never henceforth exercise any influence over the former, and, with minds well balanced and scientifically instituted, must continue to be, as hitherto, an object of aversion. Positive science can never become metaphysical: its whole series of efforts has been directed to rid itself of this foreign apparel, of which it is daily casting off the few remnants that still adhere to it. In this respect there can be no change. But this negative operation is, after all, dictated by the utter hopelessness of the case, for there is no one who would not covet a philosophy in some form, no one who would not wish to attain a comparative view of the general principles of his own science, and to form a just estimate of human knowledge in its coördination, its scope and its limits. Philosophy is the true remedy for the dispersive action of specialities, to which end, however, it is requisite that it be homogeneous with positive notions, these having now become an irresistible want with the human mind. Of this fact there is superabundant proof at the present time: never before has philosophy exercised so little influence over science, because there was never before so wide an interval between the two. Their fusion has now become equally necessary for both.

That fusion being accomplished, the whole course and character of philosophy will be changed. The modifications it must thereafter undergo,

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will, as in the case of the sciences, be no longer relative to its base, but to its summit. Every acquisition whatsoever, in the sciences, is necessarily advantageous to philosophy, which successively avails itself of their entire resources, and is consequently modified in its developments, conforming therein to the indications of history, which exhibits the inevitable and affiliated variations of human opinion, the constant relation between the mental and the social state of communities, and the ever relative character of philosophical ideas.

In fact, sociology necessarily reacts upon all the other departments of knowledge, a reaction historically attested, and of which philosophy is at length able to understand the character. If, in the hierarchy, the subsequent science always depends on the preceding, it is also true that each anterior science is usefully modified by all that follow it,—deriving from them a variety of lights, appropriating, so far as possible, their methods, and, under their influence, rectifying its own views, either by the extension of them or by the creation of new resources. We may conceive, then, the important action which sociology, standing last in the series, is destined to exercise on all its predecessors. With the creation of this ultimate term, ends all the distinction between science and philosophy, a consummation, however, only possible for the positive philosophy, with which is incorporated the methods and results of the particular sciences.

Since, then, the several branches of real knowledge all terminate in sociology, and since this in turn reacts upon them all, there exists in fact but one grand science, that of Humanity. Properly viewed, philosophy is this unique science, nor should any distinction be made between the philosopher and the *savant*. We see here the reason of a fact witnessed in every age, namely, the directing predominance always accorded to philosophy, whatever form this may have assumed, religious or metaphysical. It has obtained this preponderance in virtue of its superior generality, and in its transformation to the positive state, it must still preserve this character, which is essential to it. At the outset, and in the entire absence of just conceptions, an instinctive hypothesis concerning the causes of phenomena placed it in the eminent position it was destined to occupy, enabling it to direct the whole course of education in the great theocracies of antiquity, and to maintain a control over man and society after the separation effected by Socrates; during all which interval that hypothesis was subjected to the judgment of successive generations, as well as of the particular sciences in their gradual extension. Indeed, the fact is worthy of note, that there has been no progress in real knowledge which has not sooner or later influenced men's ideas, modifying in no small degree both religious and metaphysical doctrines. This circumstance is at once explained, when we consider that philosophy being the science of Humanity, the particular sciences are the streams that feed it.

The whole mechanism of history, if I may be allowed the expression, at least so far as concerns its speculative portion, is thus laid open before our eyes. We see the process by which human opinions are gradually transformed; this successive change, otherwise termed history, being due to the mutual action of the whole, and the parts upon each other, inasmuch as there can be no advance in social science, without a corresponding development in the particular sciences, nor any progress in these without a correlative modification of social philosophy. It is interesting thus to detect amidst the complication of the phenomena of society, amidst the action of so many independent individuals, amidst the conflict of national masses so diverse in their character, amidst this succession of

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generations so much isolated from their ancestors, even after a brief interval of time, to detect, I say, the secret condition which determines the general movement of the system.

The primitive and necessary office of imagination and hypothesis is perpetually losing its importance, and must eventually disappear. Henceforth, one thing only will be capable of producing a mental convergence, namely, demonstration, of which the type is to be sought in the sciences; for the number of those whose convictions are formed upon no other ground, is continually increasing. The human mind, from its very constitution, is not free in its assent, but having once fairly comprehended a chain of proof, is compelled to accept it. Hence, in all the departments of real knowledge, we remark a uniform and constant agreement touching notions definitively established, an accordance manifested among men the most different in character, and most distant in time or space. Here, no heresy can arise: assent, more efficacious than authority, and necessary, because it is involuntary, maintains a continued intellectual convergence. Such is the character which philosophy must now assume. Like the sciences, it must so construct its principles that they shall be always demonstrable and therefore always accepted.

Whatever be the criticisms to which the work of M. Comte is liable, whether with respect to its details or its form, we may here set them wholly aside; our only object being to exhibit the fundamental principles of this great production. All else is secondary. Those essential points may be thus enumerated; the determination of the law which governs society in its passage to the positive state, through the theological and metaphysical transitions,—the purely relative character attributed to all questions which admit of solution,—the method, which proceeds from the external world to man, not from man to the world,—the hierarchical coördination of the sciences, which indicates their relations and reciprocal influences,—the incorporation of the sciences into philosophy, and, thereby, the establishment of a perfect homogeneousness among all our conceptions. Such are the leading principles of the new philosophic elaboration; these determine its character, and should therefore be first submitted to the reader's judgment. In the continued advance of humanity, the mass of civilized men is at length prepared to claim a participation in philosophical ideas. History shows, through its whole development, the direction and the long course of theological and metaphysical conceptions; but already another tendency is manifested, and the source of positive ideas is in its turn flowing abroad, to pursue henceforth the channel which it forms, and the declivity which solicits its progress.

CORRECTION.—In the first article of this series, Democratic Review for February, p. 152, line 32, for "abandoned to empiricism," read "devoted to a régime of expedients;" also, line 41, for "the developments of societies nearest our own," read "the approaching phase of European society."

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NINETEEN HUNDRED.

A SMALL party of friends, six in number, was assembled at a genteel and old fashioned mansion, in Walnut-street, in the city of Philadelphia, on the night of the 31st of December, 1846. They had passed a happy evening together, and had helped along the flying hours with many a playful remark and innocent jest. It was the eve of the new year, and as the bell solemnly announced the departure of the greybeard, and the coming in of the young heir, there was a momentary suspension of their mirth. Memory rapidly ran over the past—the hopes, the fears, the joys, and perhaps the sorrows that had agitated their hearts. But the feeling was as transient, as the amount of recollection compressed in that moment of time was great. Black care had no permanent abiding place with them. The cup from which they had quaffed at the banquet of life, had been sweet to their taste, and if a flavor of bitterness was occasionally mingled in it, it almost served to impart piquancy and relish to the draught. They wisely looked on the sunshine face of the world, rather preferring to cull the aromatic flower, and breathe the warm gale, than inhale the odor of the poisonous weed, or cower, shivering, before the angry blast. Life was all *couleur de rose* with them; the lights were bright, and the shades were transient, and if an occasional thorn appeared in their path, there were many roses to compensate for it. Hardly had the tones of the last stroke of the bell ceased to vibrate on the ear, when one of the gentlemen proposed that they should all meet together on the same evening, and on the first morning of the next century. The proposition was received with a merry assent, and all agreed to do the best in their power to join the party. Shortly afterwards they separated, and time's ceaseless current still passed on—days rolled away, and years disappeared.

On the evening of December 31st, 1899, that party, the same in number, the same in appearance, was collected together. They were altered in nothing. Their brows were unfurrowed by time, and their alert movements indicated the absence of age. And yet they had spent their days among the sons of men, and had not, like Rip Van Winkle, or the Seven Sleepers, dozed away their existence in oblivion. They had not tasted of the Elixir of Life, nor inhaled the Lethean gas, nor drank from the fountain that Prince de Leon sought in vain. They had neither called upon Hygeia for health, nor offered to Apollo, the god of medicine. They had not swallowed the pills of Moffat, nor taken the manufactures of Brandreth. They had not observed the prescriptions of Cornaro, nor perspired themselves into long life, like Macklin. They never imbibed Sands' Sarsaparilla, nor cried for Sherman's Lozenges. They had not been chilled in the baths of Priesnitz, nor decorated themselves with magnetic rings; nor been depleted by the lancet of Allopathy, nor steamed by the pepper sudorifics of Thompson, nor trifled with the infinitismal dilutions of the Homæopathists. They had neglected the physician, and they lived. We intend no satire by this remark. We merely state a fact, and if the problem seems inexplicable, the solution is easy.

In 18—, in passing through B——, I was delayed by business for a short time in that town. * * * * * *

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It was beneath the Broad Mountain, at Pottsville, that I discovered the secret of perpetuating life. Like most great discoveries, it was the result of accident. In exploring a gallery that had recently been opened, I accidentally rubbed my hand across my mouth, and found that a slightly bitter taste remained on my lip. Astonished at this, and believing that I had touched nothing but the seam of coal that composed the wall of the shaft, I determined, if possible, to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon. Raising my torch, and carefully examining the seam, I discovered, to my astonishment, that a large tuft of the fern, the leaf of which is visibly impressed in the anthracite coal, and is supposed by geologists to enter into its constitution, was growing from the solid mass, virid and perfect. It was uninjured by time, or unaffected by the lapse of ages. You may imagine with what avidity I seized this relic of the antediluvian times. Ah! I exclaimed with rapture,—remnant of countless ages, thou art flourishing in perpetual youth, while thy parent trunk has long since been resolved into its original elements! Thy paternal branches may have sheltered some happy preadamite lovers from the noon-day sun; thy tall trunk may have formed the bowsprit of Noah's adventurous craft; Eve may have donned thy verdant leaves, and Abel been slaughtered by one of thy hardy limbs! The ravens that fed the prophet may have perched upon thy boughs, and the shaft of Goliath's spear been constructed of thy wood! It is unnecessary, however, to dilate upon my raptures, or rehearse all my heart-felt ejaculations. Carefully removing the treasure, I wrapped it in a cotton handkerchief, fabricated on the banks of the smiling Merrimac, and after some lapse of time, returned to my humble residence in this village. For several days, my mind dwelt with wonder upon this strange acquisition, but other objects gradually engaging my attention, I imperceptibly forgot it. * * * * * * * *

It so happened, however, that some months later the same party of friends was assembled together. They had passed several hours in an agreeable and pleasant manner, having retired to the billiard table, which was in an apartment adjoining the dining-room. The conversation in reference to the re-union in 1900, recurring to the memory of the narrator, he laughingly told his adventure in B———, and declared his belief, that if the principle of perpetual youth did indeed reside in anything earthly, it was there in that primeval fern. "There," he cried, rising at once into faith and poetry, and speaking, as the result showed, under the influence of some happy inspiration—"there it lies before you, use it as you think fit. If the world has no charms for you, and you have no desire for prolonged existence, destroy it; but if you want life, unaccompanied by the sufferings of disease or the decrepitude of age, 'put that in your pipe and smoke it,' and your wish will be gratified; one puff will be sufficient." Here he produced a dark, metallic box, of an oval form, with a cover elegantly illustrated by the representation of drinking vessels and smoking implements, with the accompaniment of two lines of a high order of poetry, and again proposed, that the party should test the virtues of the arid and now embrowned leaves. A merry assent hailed the proposition, and one of the friends produced a splendid merschaum, with its cherry-stick tube and amber mouth-piece. The bowl being filled to the brim, was lighted, and after the ladies had inhaled a puff or two, sanctifying the amber by the touch of their lips, it was passed on to the gentlemen, who followed their example, laughing heartily at their own folly; and, in the heartfelt mirth of the moment, one of the party declared, that he would bottle a pipe of wine, to be drank at the contem-

plated assemblage. The evening was a happy one, and the only painful moment that of parting.

Strange! but true! at the hour, and on the evening named, we met again, but in the neighboring city of New-York, to which we had removed, during the long interval that had elapsed. And what changes had occurred in that period! The doors of the sepulchre had closed upon many whom we had dearly loved. Friends whom we had cherished, had disappeared forever. Colossal fortunes had wasted away, and pauperism had cast off her rags, and placed herself on the pedestal of wealth. Old states had disappeared, and new empires flourished. England and France had sunk into secondary powers; while the great American Republic, and the powerful kingdom of Australia, swayed the destinies of the world. Japan and China had enacted the most liberal naturalization laws, and the city of Timbuctoo was visited by people of all nations. The circle of invention still continued its eternal revolutions. The loaded dray, the "slow coach," the sea-tost ship, and the steam-impelled barge, had given place to newer and more sublime conceptions. The herbarium of the botanist had been enriched by new specimens; the labors of the horticulturist rewarded by new fruits and flowers; and the nomenclature of science was increased to gigantic proportions. New plants, unknown minerals, and rare animals, had become of frequent occurrence. The Bhue-Champac, of India, was a common garden production; while the fin of the Kraken *a la Matelote*, and the tail of the sea serpent, *Consommé a la Cape Cod*, were favorite dishes at civic feasts. The megatherum had been introduced from the Caucassian mountains; the roc from terra incognita; the phœnix, from the deserts of Arabia, and salamanders from the interior of Africa. Names most distinguished in the arts and sciences, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, popular authors, acute lawyers, princely merchants, learned divines, celebrated physicians, accomplished architects, ingenious mechanics, poets and painters, politicians and paupers, the high and the humble, presidents of life and trust companies and subterraneans, were alike forgotten; even the oldest inhabitant had disappeared. A new race of men, with new views, new tastes and new feelings, had succeeded to them. The works of art; the investigations of science; the creations of fancy, and the elaborations of intellect, had passed into oblivion. Of all the creations of the pictorial art, Peale's Court of Death alone remained. Renwick's fountain in the Bowling Green, that *chef d'œuvre* of architectural taste, still spouted forth his fame, and its waters together. The only effort of fiction that was now read, was the Monikins: the solitary political work that was admired, the Letters of Mr. Downing: and the poetry that continued to please, were those sublime epics, Barlow's Columbiad, and Pop Emmons's Fredoniad, while Gen. Morris's exquisite lyrics were found in every boudoir and reposed on every centre table. Of all the public men who flourished in the middle of the century, two only were remembered—that stern and inflexible patriot and finished gentleman, Cato Brutus Multicaulis, and that learned and self-denying divine, the Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese of Dusty Mount. The names of the other thousands, whose praises had filled the trump of fame, had been buried in the waters of oblivion. Even the time renowned names of Walsh and Rynders were remembered no longer. We had indeed witnessed strange changes. The prejudices that had existed against our fellow citizens from Europe, had disappeared, and while John McCormick held the office of President, and Heinrich Duffledorf the second office in the government, Sawney McGrowl was Lieutenant-General of the forces of the confederated

United States of all America. The federative system had extended over the whole continent, and the Ranchero of Mexico, and the Peon of the South, were represented in the general Congress, triennially assembled in the capital at the city of Victoria. Mormonism, and the Church of Humanity, were favorite religions: Shakerism was fashionable among ladies of an indefinite age, and other sects and creeds had increased almost beyond belief. Whitney's railroad was in full operation from Halifax to San Francisco, and a leaden statue of the intellectual projector was erected at each terminus of the road. From the head waters of the Missouri, to the shores of the Pacific, it passed through beautiful and highly cultivated farms, which had been voted to themselves by the enterprising proprietors. Cities, and towns, and villages, studded the country in every direction. Boston had overstepped Bunker's and Breed's hills: Philadelphia had gone into the country: Washington contained houses that adjoined: the river at Albany was bridged: Schenectady and Amsterdam had united their hands, and New-York, like some great monster, had swallowed up Brooklyn, Weehawken and Communipaw.

We were assembled in a sexagon room of white marble, having arrived punctually at the hour of 8 P. M., each person in his ærial car, horses and carriages having been long superseded by this delicate invention. Although the weather was cold, there were neither flue nor fireplace in the apartment, those clumsy contrivances having given place to the Calicrophene, which hung suspended from the ceiling, diffusing a cheerful light and agreeable warmth throughout the chamber. Around the room were suspended cages of silver filagree work, containing various birds and insects, such as the nightingale, the canary, the gelasanus vocans or fidler crab, the septennial locust, and the household cricket, who had been educated to perform the softest Italian music in sweet concert. Baskets of golden net-work, filled with odorous flowers, the new weekly rose, the untainted lily, and the modest violet, were scattered about the room; blue dahlias and black roses, which so long puzzled the ancient horticulturalists, were studiously excluded, as being too common, and too sombre for a festive meeting. A light beaufet of carved ivory stood near the table, on which were placed the requisite changes for our symposium, as we always dispensed with the attendance of servants at our annual meetings. We were seated at a circular table, on which were silver vases filled with the light and nectarious wines, which are now expressed from the more delicate flowers, instead of the heady productions of the grape, to which our ancestors were addicted. Our viands, like our wines, were of the most etherial character. Instead of the huge sirloins, crude entremets, greasy fricandeaus, and indigestible pastes, which formerly obtained among a grosser race, every dish was gossamery in appearance, racy in taste and fragile in structure. We were attired in the quaint costume of 1846, having religiously preserved the dresses worn at our first meeting, and laughed loudly and often at the grotesque appearance we made.

"It is strange," said Amelia, "that we should all meet here, after the lapse of so many years, and witnessing so many changes." "Strange, indeed," replied Louis, "but truth is always strange." "I am satisfied of that," said Evelyn, laughing, while she petted a most beautiful and diminutive dog, "for who would ever believe that Judge Doolittle would have been so gallant, as to send so pretty a present as my dear little Diamond to a lady. Do look at his eyes, they shine like gems; and feel his silken hair! how glossy! how soft! Dear Di! you are a perfect little treasure." "He is certainly beautiful," said Philomath, "but who in the name of all that is wonderful is Judge Doolittle! I am sure that I never

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heard of him before." "I am not surprised at that," said Evelyn; "he is not much known in this place. I met him last summer at the city of Surfside, and found him an intelligent, although somewhat brusque and eccentric gentleman. He is from the ancient town of Weathersfield, and has resided for several years in the state of Peru, and I read a paragraph in the Lunar Narcotic of last evening, stating, that he had recently been elected Chief Justice of the Court of Arbitration in that State." "It is so long since we met," interposed Amelia, "that I am really anxious to know what you have all been doing this summer." "I," said Philomath," have been very quietly rusticating on my estate, and experimenting on the new galvanic process of farming." "And how does it answer?" asked Edward. "Its success is only partial. I have succeeded in producing but six good crops, but have no doubt of eventually harvesting nine, at least, in the year;—and what have you been doing, friend Sidney?" "As usual, wandering about. I visited the celebrated Fourierite Establishments, at Sing Sing and Auburn; danced a new waltz at the Shaker Cathedral at Coeymans; and bowed down at the Shrine of Joe Smith, in the great city of Nauvoo. On my return, I stopped at one of the Anti-Rent Settlements, and saw a strange animal, which had been caught in a steel-trap in a neighbouring wood. It is called a Patroon, and is really a *lusus naturæ*." "How would you classify it?" asked Louis. "That I can hardly do. The creature is certainly a nondescript. It is evidently gramniverous, as it feeds principally on wheat—although it is said to be fond of chickens. You will all be able to see it, however, as the proprietor of the Fredonian Institute purchased it at one of the last quarter sales, and intends to exhibit it with the Caraboo Indian, who was recently found on the shores of the great Slave Lake." "We must make a party to go and see it," said Amelia; "and now, Mr. Edward, what account can you give of yourself? What have you to say?"

(To be Continued.)

THE IRISH MOTHER.*

A woman in the throes of death
  Lies on her cabin floor—
A wife and mother yesterday,
  But such, alas! no more!
Her husband—yet in manhood's prime—
  Her children, young and fair—
Before her eyes have perished all,
  And she alone is there.

No—not *alone*. The priest of God
  Is kneeling at her side;
One blessing hath she still, e'en though
  All others are denied.
The hand that on her infant brow
  The cleansing waters poured,
Now offers to her dying lips
  The Body of her Lord.

[* These touching and spirited lines were suggested by a recent incident of the famine in Ireland. The poet has so well told the story that we need not repeat it here in prose.—Ed.]

"Father," she says, with feeble breath,
"God will reward the care
With which you've watched o'er me and mine,
Through hours of black despair.
Yet one more favor would I beg—
To her beyond the sea,
When I am laid beneath the mould,
A blessing send from me.

"And tell her, father, we are dead,
But say not how we died:—
Why should her gentle heart be wrung
To know how ours were tried?
Why should she know the bitter pangs
Her parents' hearts that tore,
When vain they found their toils to keep
Gaunt Famine from their door?

"Then tell her not how, day by day,
Her father's strength did fail—
Nor how her darling sister's cheek
Hollow became, and pale.
Though I beheld her father yield
Himself to hopeless woe—
Her sister die in lingering pain;—
All this she need not know.

"Nor how her little brother looked
Into my face, and cried
For food which I had not to give,
Till in my arms he died!
No, father, no—for Heaven's sweet sake,
Send not across the sea
That all she loved have perished thus,
Or she would frenzid be.

"Say we ne'er wronged her by the thought
That we had been forgot,
E'en when the aid we well might hope
From her did reach us not.
But tell her, father, in the scroll
My dying words that bears—
She still can help us, if she will
But name us in her prayers."

She ceases, as a haggard form
Darkens the cabin door,
That to the holy man extends
The letter which he bore.
It brings from a far land, though long
By adverse winds delayed,
The earnings of a pious child,
Her parents dear to aid.

The glazing eyes a moment ope,
But soon are closed again;
And murmuring softly to herself,
She says, "It comes in vain!
But strengthen, God, the hand that gives
Thus freely of its store;
And on the kind and loving heart
Thy richest blessings pour!

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

As the business of the year 1847 progresses, new and marked evidence of the great prosperity and increasing wealth of the country becomes everywhere apparent. The war, which unfortunately exists through the anarchy of Mexico, has not retarded the general progress, but has only served as a means of testing the resources of the country; and these, for the first time in its history, have been found vastly to exceed the emergency. That we are at war with Mexico is, in some sort, our own fault, inasmuch that, in our disposition, according to the spirit of our institutions, to attend only to our own affairs, we have too much neglected what may be called the social duties of nations. Belonging, as we do, to the great family of the civilized nations, we have duties to perform towards them similar to those which a good citizen owes towards the other members of the community in which he lives. Hence, when a nation keeps a "disorderly house," it is the duty of neighbors to interfere. For a quarter of a century Mexico has been torn by contending factions, destructive to her own interests and dangerous to her neighbors. Military chiefs have, in turn, used all pretexts to overthrow the existing government and obtain power. The first pretence of quarrel with the United States was seized upon with this view, and the country plunged in a war, having no government sufficiently responsible to make peace. Vattel, and all writers upon international law, urge the necessity of the mediation of foreign powers to put an end to civil war in any nation; and if their mediation is fruitless, the right accrues to them of lending their aid to one party in establishing its power and restoring peace. Had the United States performed this duty, years ago, we should not now have been exposed to the evils of war, with but little chance of a solid peace. If the Mexican government of to-day makes peace, that of to-morrow may repudiate the whole and re-commence the war. In August, 1845, Herrera was regularly chosen President, and being disposed to peace, he invited negotiations, and agreed to receive a minister. This produced the revolt of Paredes, who, to obtain a chance of plundering the treasury, overturned, at the head of the war party, Herrera's government, repudiated the negotiation, insulted the American minister, and attacked the United States troops on their own territory. The moment Santa Anna talks of, or concludes a peace, similar events may occur. No faith can be reposed in such people. A twenty years occupation of the chief cities at their expense, as hostages for peace, seems to be the only alternative. However desirable peace may be, there is no safety in trusting a divided nation, the reasonable part of which has no power to fulfil its negotiations, and the remainder no disposition to recognize the engagements of those in power. Under such circumstances, the admirable revenue system projected for the Mexican ports should, it would seem, be persevered in.

Thus far, the war has not checked the progress of business, and has interfered with commerce in no other way than that the purchases of vessels by the government have, in some degree, enhanced the exorbitant freights that the active export of produce induced.

The wants of the government, in the way of loans, developed the fact, that under a low tariff, and with the Independent Treasury three months in operation, the amount of capital offering for investment is much greater than ever before, and vastly exceeds the wants of the government. The debt of the Federal Government is now as follows:

UNITED STATES DEBT.

Date of Act.	Redeemable.	Rate of Int.	Amount.
April, 1842	January, 1863	6	$8,343,886 03
March, 1843	July, 1843	5	6,604,231 35
July, 1846	November, 1856—stock	6	5,000,000 00
August, 1846	August, 1851—Mexican indem.	6	320,000 00
January, 1847	January, 1868—Notes or Stock	6	23,000.000 00
July, 1846	" " Treas. Notes convertible		5,367,930 00
Total			$48,636,047 38

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In addition to this debt, the act of February, 1847, authorizes the issue of a six per cent. stock instead of land, as a bounty to volunteers engaged in the war. The quantity of this stock that will be issued is very uncertain, but will doubtless amount to several millions. By the law of July, 1846, a loan of $10,000,000 was authorized in either stock or treasury notes. These latter were issued to the extent of one-half the loan; and in November, proposals were issued for $5,000,000 on ten years stock. Great efforts were made at that time to coerce the government into a change of the Tariff law, or a modification of the Independent Treasury law; and threats were distinctly held out, that unless the "specie clause" was abandoned no loan would be taken. This notion was based upon the supposed influence of the banks of New-York, and the idea that New-York capitalists controlled the market. Nevertheless the loan was taken on favorable terms, and very soon a new loan of $22,000,000 was proposed to and authorized by Congress, to be issued in treasury notes or a twenty years 6 per cent. stock. Of this, $5,000,000 was taken in treasury notes at par, payable in specie. Proposals for the remaining $18,000,000 were advertised to be opened April 10th. The bids for this loan were therefore to be made after eleven months of actual war, without prospect of peace; after eight months of the operation of the Warehouse law; after four months of a low tariff, and more than three months of the Independent Treasury law. All these were circumstances, each of which was asserted to be fatal to the government credit—more particularly when the tea and coffee tax was rejected by Congress. In view of this loan, however, the capitalists of New-York attempted a combination to obtain it at par, although the stock negotiated in November was selling at three and three and a half per cent. premium in the first week of April, 1847. When the bids were offered, however, it was ascertained that offers to the extent of $55,000,000 had been made above par, and a sum near the amount of the loan at one-eighth premium, and some small sums as high as three-eighths premium. All the bids amounted to $58,000,000, or more than three times the amount asked for. Thus, the government, under a line of policy which, it was asserted, would ruin its credit, commands the resources of the country in a more ample manner than ever before. The low tariff had not, though in the midst of war, injured its credit; nor had a hard money policy deprived it of resources. The fact that the calls of the government were so liberally and promptly responded to from the internal resources of the country is matter of great gratification, when we reflect upon the unfortunate position of American credit, growing out of the defalcation of many of the states, which pushed a false system of credit to an undue length. In 1841 an agent of the United States government hawked a United States six per cent. stock all over Europe, and was not only unable to obtain a dollar, but was derided for the attempt to renew loans among a mass of dishonored promises. It was then intimated that future wars would find the United States without the necessary credit to conduct it. The results we have recounted show that the federal government is independent of foreign aid. This great fact is owing as well to the enhanced wealth of the country as to the high credit of the government; and perhaps no nation ever evinced a greater degree of general prosperity than does the United States now. Every branch of business is paying a good profit; and even the banks, which pretended to date their ruin from the operation of the specie clause of the Independent Treasury law, are declaring better dividends in the last few months than in any previous years. The following are the January and February dividends of certain New-York banks, and the April dividends of those of Boston:

SEMI-ANNUAL BANK DIVIDENDS.—NEW-YORK AND BOSTON.

			1845.		1846.		1847.	
	No. Banks.	Capital.	Div.	Am't.	Div.	Am't	Div.	Am't.
New York	9	10,050,700	3 25	324,536	3 35	327,036	3 50	346,792
Boston	24	18,180,000	3 25	593,000	3 31	603,000	3 40	620,000
Total	33	$28,230,700		$917,536		$930,036		$966,792

This shows a regular increase of profits; and those of the Boston banks were earned, one-half, during the operation of the specie feature of the Independent

Treasury law. This one fact evinces, more than anything else, the absurdity of the bank opposition to a sound currency. The operation of the low tariff has been no less successful; and so far, the revenue derived from it exceeds not only the estimates, but the business of last year. The indications of this fact are found in the import and duties received at the port of New-York, from December 1st down to April 23d, being the period of the operation of the new tariff:

IMPORTS AND DUTIES AT THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

	Specie.	Free.	Dutiable.	Total. 1846.	Total. 1847.	Duties. 1846.	Duties. 1847.
Dec.	61,346	537,496	4,279,813	4,076,672	4,878,655	1,056,896	1,143,327
Jan.	90 847	478,443	5,499,682	5,263,010	6,068,972	1,471,845	1,434,836
Feb.	1,235,122	285,128	5,889,387	4,749,091	7,409,637	1,255,651	1,496,716
March	1,329,458	786,937	6,060,746	9,812,484	8,177,141	2,603,734	1,652,092
Ap 1-16	1,894,067	1,707,341	7,130,559	5,563,973	10,731,967	1,070,270	1,783,250
Tot. '47	$4,610,867	3,795,345	28,860,167	29,445,229	37,267,372	7,463,396	7,510,221
" '46	373,482	4,464,321	24,607,436	.....	.....	.....	.....
Incr.	$4,237,385	.....	4,252 731	.....	7,822,143	.....	46,825
Decr.	.....	668,976	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

The increased imports, for four months and a half of the operation of the new tariff, have been, it appears, $7,822,143, of which amount $4,610,867 has been received in specie. The amount of dutiable goods imported has increased $4,252,731, while the free goods have diminished $668,976. That the aggregate imports have increased is the natural result of large demand. There can be no considerable *sales* of produce made abroad without a return of the proceeds into the country in some shape. Under the high tariff, there was a continued effort to avoid the high taxes. The returns for farm produce sold abroad were made in such shape as would be the least oppressed on their arrival here. Hence the large import of free goods and of those bearing the lowest duties. The following table shows this disposition:

GOODS IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED STATES FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

	Ad valorem Duties. Am't imp.	Duties.	Rate pr. ct.	Specific Duties. Am't imp.	Duties.	Rate.
1844	$52,315,291	14,449,348	27 62	31,352,863	14,531,208	46 34
1845	60,191,862	16,278,117	27 04	34,914,862	14,540,737	41 64
1846	60,660,453	16,521,117	27 23	36,263,605	13,859,582	38 21

The average rate of specific duties declined more than 8 per cent., which might partly be owing to the advanced invoice prices of the articles; but the amount of revenue actually declined $700,000 on an advanced import value of $5,000,000, showing the prohibitive effect of the highest class of duties. The average rate of ad valorem duties also declined. It appears that the average rate of duties for the first four months of the present tariff was 26 30 per cent. against 30 25 per cent. in the same period last year. The large exports of produce have impelled the return of proceeds; and a large portion of the excess has been, as we have seen, in specie, and that the duties are actually but little in excess of last year. A new element has, however, been in operation, which, while it has tended vastly to facilitate commerce, has deprived the government of the immediate receipt of a considerable sum for duties. We allude to the warehouse system, which has become admirably organized in New-York, and to which we have alluded on a previous occasion. This system has been a great desideratum, since the enforcement of cash duties deprived merchants of that facility for the re-export of goods which they enjoyed under the long credits formerly granted, and by which they could re-export and realize upon goods before the bonds came due here, and without the payment of the 2½ deduction from drawback. During the quarter, the amount of goods warehoused at this port has been as follows:

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LEADING ARTICLES ENTERED IN WAREHOUSE IN NEW-YORK AND WITHDRAWN, DURING THE QUARTER ENDING APRIL 1, 1847.

	Warehoused.	Withdrawn.	Remaining in Bond April 1.
Woollen Cloths	$121,000	$75,000	$46,000
Wine	26,000	10,000	16,000
Worsted goods	107,000	64,000	43,000
Straw plaits	32,500	16,500	16,000
Silks	185,000	95,000	90,000
Cotton goods	300,000	193,300	106,700
Iron	87,000	15,200	71,800
Brandy	80,000	52,000	28,000
All other	561,500	311,000	150,500
Total	$1,400,000	$832,000	$568,000
Duties	$532,000	345,000	187,000

From this table it results that, of the $17,000,000 of dutiable goods imported from January 1st to April 1st, $1,400,000, charged with average duties of 40 per cent., went into warehouse; and there remained unpaid $187,000 of duties on those importations but to be paid,—showing, that the duties accruing to the government, so far from being less than last year, are actually $233,000 *more* than in the same period under the old tariff. While the average of the duties paid in the period referred to is but 26 per cent., that on the goods warehoused is 40 per cent.,—showing that the effect of the warehouse is to relieve the merchants from the immediate payment of the highest taxes.

The first quarter of the year, being that in which the goods arrive mostly to meet the spring trade, is that in which the least advantage is derived from warehousing facilities. It also appears, that the average time in which the goods remain in bond without the payment of duties is four months. Hence, it appears that commercial capital has been saved an advance of $500,000 in one quarter, which is equal to an actual saving of $70,000 to importers, if we consider that that capital has been employed at ordinary profits instead of remaining idle. The process of warehousing is yet in its infancy, and results so great, so early in its existence, indicate that its complete success is certain. Many difficulties that arise in detail require time to overcome. These grow mostly out of the proverbial opposition of merchants to innovation. Those who have been accustomed to inconvenience choose rather to adhere to it than to change their habits, even for the better. The greatest difficulty now experienced in the New-York warehouse arises from the indisposition of offices to insure goods in it. In one large building, which contains at times more than $1,000,000 worth of goods, the single risk is too great. Most offices refuse more than ten to fifteen thousand dollars on a single risk. This would require, at times, more than one hundred offices to cover the stock. This difficulty very much retards the progress of the system. The risk is really not great, and with proper precaution might altogether be obviated. Congress might pass a law authorizing the Secretary to charge an extra 1-16 or 1-4 per cent., and assume the risk of all goods warehoused. This would obviate the difficulty and make the warehouse attractive. The benefits which commerce will derive from this system are immense. The whole commerce of the two American continents may be insured to American vessels, not by absurd navigation laws, but by so facilitating trade that foreign vessels cannot compete with United States enterprize. The perfection of the warehouse system is that which, more than all other plans, will tend to this object.

The advices from England, down to the 3d ult., were of a contradictory nature; but on the whole, indicate returning health in money affairs. The principal apprehension that existed was on account of the large exports of bullion to the United States. The exchange at the latest dates continued adverse to England; but the money markets on the continent being evidently more easy, the rate of discount at Frankfort-on-the-Maine was 4 per cent., and at Berlin 4½ per cent.; a change for the better was perceptible. The purchases of corn, by France, at the north and east, were very extensive, and caused a drain of specie; but the Emperor of Russia having purchased of the Bank of France, by convention, an amount of 50,000,000 francs of French rents, a credit in favor of the Bank of France, to the extent of near $8,000,000, was thus created in St. Petersburg, and the bills drawn against

it were placed in the London market, aiding the repayment of the sums borrowed by the Bank of France. The following were the comparative exchanges in London and the continent at the latest dates:

COMPARATIVE EXCHANGES AT LONDON AND PARIS.

	London. Mint price of gold.	Paris. Gold pr. mille.	Resulting exchange.	Actual price of bills in Paris on London.	Gold dearer at London.	Gold dearer at Paris.	Gold dearer at Hamb.
Oct 9	77.10½	16	25.55	25.77½	0 87½	.....	....
Dec. 3	77.10½	16	25.55	25.57½	par.	.....	....
" 11	77.10½	15	25 52	25.55	0.12½		0.17
Jan. 8	77.10½	14	25.50	25.45		0.20	1.17
" 15	77.10½	10	25.40	25.50	0.39		1.05
" 22	77.10½	11	25.42	25.35		0.28	1.50
" 29	77.10½	10	25.40	25.27½		0.49	1.76
Mar. 14	77.10½	9½	25 39	25.27½		0.45	0.70
" 26	77.10½	10	25.40	25.35		0.20	1.05
Apl. 2	77.10½	10	25 40	25.35		0.20	0.85

The rates of bills on Paris, it would seem, is about the same, now that the repayment of the loan is making, that it was when the loan was made. The operations of the bank under this fluctuation appears to have been as follows:

BANK OF ENGLAND.

	Securities. Public.	Securities. Private.	Deposits. Public.	Deposits. Private.	Nett circulation.	Notes on hand.	Bullion.
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
Dec. 5	12,807,417	13,853,212	8,612,488	8,303,523	19,866,805	8,402,300	15,002,873
Jan. 2	12,826,362	15,071,820	9,990,624	7,903,959	20,031,185	8,227,085	14,951,572
" 9	12,757,326	14,464,948	5,860,631	9,784,767	20,836 845	6,715,255	14,308,022
" 16	12,757,326	14,450,711	5,034,189	10,339,726	20,679,370	6,545,965	13,948,681
" 23	12,757,326	14,489,657	4,668,489	10,335,835	20,608,090	6,167,170	13,442,880
Mar. 6	11,990,079	16,905,705	6,571,731	9,288,661	19,279,145	5,714,740	11,595,535
" 13	11,990,079	17,358,712	6,716,162	9,536,137	19,232,200	5,554,140	11,449,461
" 20	11,990,079	17,650,874	6,471,623	9,962,436	19,069,465	5,418,475	11,231,630
" 27	11,990,079	17,824,355	6,616,287	9,403,132	19,444,426	4,876,015	11,015,583

This table presents curious results, and contains the germ of the uneasiness that exists publicly, but shows confidence on the part of the bank; as thus: the public see that the bullion has diminished £4,000,000 since December, and that the amounts engaged for the United States are at least £1,000,000 more than appears in the return. The cause of the large drain is the corn trade. The harvest is yet distant, and great quantities must yet be imported. Hence the questions arise—When will the drain cease? To what extent will it be carried? The reserve of notes in the bank is continually falling—keeping pace with the decline in bullion. A loss of £2,000,000 more of bullion will leave the bank with too few notes to pay the quarterly interest on the national debt, and private deposits are declining. In the face of this state of affairs the bank remains inert. It has sold, of the public securities it holds, only £1,000,000, and it has increased private discounts £3,600,000, or nearly 25 per cent.—keeping the rate of interest low. This shows great confidence, and we think the result will justify that confidence. We think that a further loss of £4,000,000 bullion would not give cause for serious uneasiness.—The amount in hand would, even then, be higher than in 1835 and 1836. But the indications are, on all sides, that so large a demand will not be made upon it. Already, from Odessa and the leading points of Europe, orders new and large have appeared in England for goods,—being the legitimate result of the prosperous state of the agricultural interests. That this is the case in the United States, to some extent, we have already remarked; and the leading houses in the trade look forward to an American business more extensive in the fall than for many years.—This will doubtless be the case. The proceeds of our unexampled sales will be returned in dutiable goods instead of so large a proportion of specie.

A great reaction had, it appears, taken place in the grain markets, by reason of the fine planting weather which had prevailed, and the extensive arrivals of supplies. This fall in produce, which was still high, had favorably affected cotton,

which had advanced, as well under the improved appearance of the export trade as of that of the home markets.

The news of the decline in prices abroad did not, however, affect prices here, by reason of the short supplies of produce on the seaboard, and the enhanced supply of vessels, which caused a decline in freight equal to the decline in the value of the articles abroad, leaving the shipper where he was before. The canals of New-York were not opened until May 1st, in consequence of the continued frost—a circumstance which greatly retarded supplies. The multiplication of the means of transportation will, by cheapening freights, ensure a continuance of the export trade in farm produce much more profitably to the producers than has hitherto been the case.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

Professor Cellarius having published a Treatise on the Terpsichorean Art, the Tract Society, of New-York, offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best Essay against Dancing; the which prize was awarded to the Rev. Mr. Carey, of Sunderland, Massachusetts—Heaven help his competitors, if the learned Divine's paper deserved the reward! Accuse us of Atheism, if you will, but we must confess that we see no connexion between dancing and deviltry; nor have we ever been able to discern, that theatricals and third-tiers are inseparable; in fact, we do not even believe, that Thomas Crehore manufactures tickets of admission to the Infernal regions. The Tract Society object to dancing! why not to singing? Loose fellows sing loose songs. Why not to violins? the fiddle-bow is the sceptre of the Goddess of Dancing. Church members ought not to read; for all editions of the classics are not expurgated. Why not take Iconoclastic ground, and write down pictures and statues, because ladies and gentlemen are often represented scantily clad? A sanctimonious paper in this city, whose singular mixture of commerce and divinity always reminds us of the money changers in the temple, once preached a crusade against the vignette on a bank-bill, a miniature woman, naked to the waist, as likely to undermine the moral foundations of society, and make money doubly the root of all evil. How hopeless must be the depravity of mankind, if their morality cannot withstand such trifling temptations! and how very hopeless the narrow-minded, we might almost say, prurient illiberality, which insults society by supposing them dangerous. We shall be read out of meeting, we know it; we shall be classed with the goats, and no longer with

> "Young Obadias,
> Davids, Josias,
> Who all were pious,"

as the primer tells us; but, nevertheless, in the face of this exclusion, we maintain, that this Sunderland Treatise has the same claims to usefulness, as the "Bill for the better observance of Easter Monday," which C. Brooke Dringwall, Esq., M. P., prepared for Parliament. Discourses on doctrinal and ethical points are apt to assume the high prerogative of exemption from criticism. *Noli me tangere* is the motto of the saints. Every "professor" who wields the pen, claims a share of the Papal infallibility; but when a man takes to type and paper, his readers have at least the right to judge, whether he makes a strong argument, or succeeds in proving the reverse of his case. The Reverend Mr. Carey writes against a natural, universal and innocent amusement. We have read him from cover to cover, and laid him down more impressed than ever with the harmlessness of dancing, since fifty dollars could not purchase one reason against it, even in Massachusetts: Still more, no anti-saltatory texts can be found, though "the Devil can quote Scripture" at a pinch. Christians must not dance, because dancing consumes time and money,

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and their time and money belong to the Lord. Sinners must not dance, for "*there is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner.*" The daughter of Herodias danced before Herod, after which Herod cut off the head of John the Baptist—consequently, young ladies ought to beware of Cellarius and Charruaud—Q. E. D. The chief objection to publications like this tract, is the injury they do to religion. A man cannot pass all his time in devotional exercise; all prayer, and no play, would ruin the best of us. Our New-England ancestors, Bancroft informs us, beguiled the weariness of a long summer voyage by three sermons a day: but the spirit of 1620 exists no longer. Draw the rein too tight and the steed will plunge;—a fever of profligacy is the inevitable successor of a chill of Puritanism. It is better to let "O, be joyful, be the Christian's Psalm, and leave the sad Indian to incant the devil with tears and screeches." But this is not all. The minor religious pen-work, such as Tracts, and Bible Society Reports, falls almost entirely into the hands of a class of men, who are aptly termed by the "profession" "pious indigents;"—pious applies to their intentions, indigent, to their intelligence and to their finances. These persons, in their anxiety to do good, allow their zeal to froth over in ranting, and constantly employing the most theological words to express their trivial ideas:—

"Hide the sacred in the silly."

In fact, they have built up a kind of devotional *slang*. This sounds hard; but let any man, not a "professor," read and judge for himself. The Sunderland divine relates the following stories, to illustrate the dangers of the "light fantastic toe:"—

"I was once called, 'says an aged pastor,' to visit a young lady who was said to be in despair. She had, at some time previous, been serious, and had, it was hoped, resolutely set her face Zionward. In an evil hour, some of her former associates called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade and gayety, were all utterly dissonant from her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they employed persuasion and ridicule; and finally so far prevailed, that, with a desperate effort to shake off her convictions and regain her former security, she exclaimed, '*Well, I will go, if I am damned for it!*' *God took her at her word!* Instead of the bloom and freshness of health, there came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly, glaring eye, the emaciated limb, the sure precursors of approaching dissolution, were there!"——Despair! Death! Damnation, &c., &c.

The case of a young man, a leader in the ball-room:—

"To shield himself from the influence of a revival, at the time in progress, he sought to multiply dancing assemblies, and to draw others into them. But he could not escape God's *judgments*, if he could his *mercies*. He was suddenly laid upon a bed of sickness. Death seemed near. In awful distress he begged for the mercy he had before despised. When thus borne down, hopeless of recovery, he seemed penitent, became exceedingly joyful, earnestly and solemnly warned his associates, and it was thought by pious friends, a most remarkable case of death-bed conversion."

The old story, "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be," &c. What happened to this young man? Let us hear the sequel!—

"Unexpectedly he recovered. With returning health, his religion so rapidly disappeared, that the first thing he did was to persuade his associates to make arrangements for another ball. Godless as they were, they were shocked at the proposal. But his persuasion overcame their scruples. The evening came, and in the midst of the glare and revelry of its scenes, he fell to the floor as if touched by the finger of an offended God: was borne a raving maniac to his home, which he had scarcely reached, when death sealed up his history for the final judgment."

Charruaud! Patriarch of dancing! how happens it that you have escaped the Bloomingdale Asylum for so many years? And you, O, Angelina and Sarrau! Have you no fears, lest the corner of Canal-street and Broadway should become a miniature Sodom, and burn you and bury you in its ashes! In Franklin County the righteous object to tales and stories. A reporter of the Franklin County Bible Society meets with an aged man who was fond of novel reading. He inveighs against the atrocious old wretch, as follows:—"What will he do with his passion

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beyond the grave? Can he throw aside God's truth, and have fiction in heaven? *Can he have it in hell? though more fitting there than in any other department of Eternity!*" Are these gentlemen insane, or is it only methodism in their madness? Anna, the prophetess, and Joanna Southcote, never ranted or canted more painfully than they do. As in poetry there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so in religious compositions there is but one from the sacred to the blasphemous; and this step the "pious indigent" constantly takes, with a blindness and a boldness which excites the sneer of the scoffer, and the regret of the sincere well-wisher of morality and faith.

THE ARTS.

The present Exhibition of the *National Academy of Design*, seems to us, on the whole, decidedly better than that of the last or any previous year. This is not the opinion generally entertained, nor did we become convinced of the superiority of the pictures of this year, until after a second or third careful examination of their merits. There are fewer pictures which strike the eye forcibly at the first glance, and fewer pleasing female portraits than usual; and this is probably the reason why so many leave the rooms, after a short first visit, with a feeling of disappointment. But if there be fewer pictures which obtrude themselves upon the notice, there are also fewer which offend the taste, and many more which are above mediocrity. With one or two exceptions, our best known painters, in each department of the art, have better pictures on the walls this year than last; and many of the younger members of the profession have made great and solid improvement since they last appeared in public.

A great deal is said, and with seeming reason, as to the number of bad pictures exhibited, and it is asked, why do the managing committee of the first School of Design in the country, admit so many wretched daubs to appear upon the walls? But those who speak thus, forget that the annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design are not prize exhibitions, nor exhibitions of pictures which come up to a certain fixed standard, high or low, nor exhibitions of the works of members of the Academy, but of all pictures sent by living artists, and which have not before been exhibited in the Academy's rooms. These exacting critics reason without their host, seemingly ignorant that the object of this annual display, is not merely to please the public and the successful artist by an exhibition of the best works, but to give the public some idea of the yearly progress of the art, and both the artist and the public the opportunity of comparing the works of one painter with those of another. So long as the present abilities of the mass of our painters are fairly exhibited, the object of the Academy would be attained, if no picture exhibited were better than a swinging sign-board.

Obviously nothing can be easier than to go through the rooms of such an exhibition, and come out talking about superficiality and extravagance. It would be strange to a miracle, were there not a large proportion of the pictures which would afford excellent opportunity for the common-place mongers of criticism to utter an infinity of platitudes and truisms about low standards of art, lack of sufficient study of nature, want of high and noble purpose, lack of character and tone, and the like. But to such we are always inclined to say, with Beatrice: "Why will you be ever talking, Signor Benedick? Nobody marks you." He who can visit such pictures, as a great number of those now on the Academy's walls, and talk of nothing but faults, has little of the honest judgment and quick perception of a trustworthy critic, and less of the true feeling of an artist. We are sorry that there are some such, as well as others who can find excellence, but who threaten beforehand remorseless dissection of any unfortunate works which do not please their high mightinesses, at the same time charging all who come under their bloodthirsty scalpels, not to wince, for wincing will not mend the matter; and finally, uttering the fearful warning to those who heed not their advice, that the consequences of their stubborn folly will ever after worry them like a nightmare. What need of all this? It does no good, either to the artist or the public. If heeded, it discourages the one and disgusts the other, and if unheeded, it brings the critic, and, in so far as he is concerned, criticism, into contempt. For our-

selves, we are glad to own that the present exhibition is one which the Academy and the nation may be proud of.

In figure compositions, the names of LEUTZE, HUNTINGTON, GRAY, and MOUNT, are pre-eminent; CHAPMAN is much better than last year, and GLASS has a picture of much excellence. LEUTZE's "Court of Henry the Eighth," compares well with his powerful picture "The Iconoclasts," which was exhibited at the Art Union rooms some months since, and contrasts most favorably with his extravagant and ill-drawn "Landing of the Northmen," exhibited by the Academy last year. The admirable composition and rich, low tone of the Henry VIII., the excellence of the individual heads, the impressive manner in which the story is told, the aptness and ease with which the accessories are introduced, and the high finish of the whole picture, make it a truly admirable work of art, and worthy of the reputation of the painter. The position and expression of the King and Anne Bullen are worthy of all praise, and the management of the figure and drapery of the Queen is an adroit and beautiful combination of delicacy and truth. HUNTINGTON is not equal to himself this year, save in his portraits; they are as full of real character and ideal truth as ever; but the "Lady Jane Grey interrupted at her devotions," "Mercy at the Wicket-Gate," and "Piety and Folly," will not compare well with the "Italy" and the "Sacred Lesson," of last year, to go no farther back. Still he stands head and shoulders above all his fellows. His pictures have a loftiness and simplicity, a purity of tone and directness of expression, which would give them a high place, even were they not so remarkable for their charming color and exquisite drawing. His hands and female heads are unequalled by those of any American painter. "Lady Jane Grey interrupted at her devotions," seems to us not a well composed picture. The four figures are disposed as well, perhaps, as the subject admitted, but their position is not effective; and it would be exceedingly difficult to tell the shape of the room in which the scene is laid; this gives the picture a very uncomfortable, unsatisfactory appearance. The heads of Lady Jane and the uncowled monk, are each admirable in their way. In "Piety and Folly," we again have HUNTINGTON's favorite combination of an old male, with two young female heads. It may well be so, so admirably does he handle the subject, so beautiful does he make the contrast. In this picture the head of the female figure representing Piety, would alone make a reputation for an obscure painter. The purity of the soul which gives life to the face, the intent expression of that face, with its gently-compressed lips, its slightly-gathered brow, and the welling eye, which yet does not run over, are each beautiful and delicate touches of expression which show the nicety and completeness of HUNTINGTON's study of nature.

Mr. GRAY's pictures are much, very much better than those of last year; and indeed, than those of some years past. He has "come out of that fog," in which he had been lost to himself and the public for so long. His pictures look no longer like the "undoubted originals of the old masters," made to order for the picture auctioneer; though we must say, at the same time, they still show quite enough of an attempt to reproduce TINTORETTO and RAPHAEL, and of a study of the works of the masters rather than of nature herself. We wonder that Mr. GRAY will do this. Years ago he had got far beyond such necessities, if indeed they ever existed for him or for any other. His "Teaching the Immortality of the Soul," is a lovely picture in composition and color. The upturned face of the infant is sweet and well-drawn, and the intertwining of the arms of the mother and child is one of the most gracefully-done things we have seen on canvass for many a day. The mother, however, is not a real nor an ideal woman, but a picture figure.

Mr. GLASS's "Cromwell exhorting his Captains before the battle of Naseby" is a vigorous picture; so good, that we feel assured the artist could do more justice to his admirable subject, which he evidently thoroughly feels and comprehends. The drawing and action of the horses is very truthful,—a refreshing thing, while so many equine monstrosities are daily perpetrated,—and the accuracy of detail in costume is worthy of great commendation. Mr. MOUNT has painted one negro head in his "Force of Music" which claims unqualified admiration, and wins a smile from all. Surely no one ever listened harder than does that embodiment of the Long Island darkie, to the vile scrapings on that viler fiddle. Mr. ROTHER-

MEL has a red picture, for which ground and lofty tumblers must have sat as models,—that is, if he had any models at all, which we very much doubt. There is a gentleman in a most extraordinary costume, and with thighs of astonishing brevity, who is evidently much excited about something; but it is plainly a private affair, for he has nothing to do with the rest of the figures, who are piled up in the middle of the picture, standing on nothing, upon which they have climbed very high, while an Indian girl and a white lady occupy the fore-ground for a *siesta;* a little in the back-ground are some heads, and a good deal of smoke. This picture is called CORTES, and is useful in calling attention to half a page of PRESCOTT's admirable History of the Conquest of Mexico, which follows it in the catalogue. Mr. RANNEY's "WASHINGTON on his mission to the Indians" is a very successful accomplishment of a very difficult task. The snow-storm is so well represented that it appears to be the subject of the picture, and the figures the accessories. Mr. ROSSITER is very unequal. One of his three pictures—the "Florentine Girl," is very good; another, "Puritans reading the Bible," has much that is bad, both in color and drawing; while the last, "Twilight Hours," is an absurd collocation of gaudy patches of color. Mr. DEAS seems determined to see, or at least to paint everything *couleur de rose.* His skies, his mountains, his water, his men and his horses, all appear to have dipped into some maiden lady's carmine saucer, so roseate are they. 'Tis a pity that he thus spoils good pictures. Mr. BEARD has one picture, "The Last of the Red Men," and if this be a specimen of the Red men, we are glad to hear that this is the last of them. There are huddled upon a rock over the (supposed) Pacific Ocean, four rude figures, of such proportions, and in such positions, that the only emotion they awaken is a strong desire to see them all pitched into the sea. The subject is one altogether painful in itself, and requires the handling of a great master to make it tolerable. Why will young artists choose such? Mr. EDMONDS has committed a fault of like nature in his "Orphan's Funeral," in which he gives us a poor, stout, round-faced, unhappy woman, trudging over a hill, with her dead babe in a coffin under her arm, carried like a bundle of clothes; the only other mourner being a little child which she leads by the hand. Such a subject must be repulsive, unless treated in a very different manner from that which Mr. EDMONDS has chosen; and in the merely mechanical part of the picture he has not done himself justice. MATTESON's "First Sabbath of the Pilgrims" pleases us more in its design and composition than by its tone and color; though, perhaps, the coldness of the subject, Puritan worship on a snow-covered sea-shore, must inevitably have made it an ungenial picture. It is a well-painted picture, many think his best; but we prefer his "Burning of Schenectady," exhibited last year. Mr. MATTESON is a rapidly-rising artist. We notice that he and Mr. DARLEY are occasional contributors to *Yankee Doodle.* Mr. DARLEY's outline drawing in the present exhibition, "A Glimpse at the World," is an admirable effort in this severe style in which he so excels, and without that stiffness so common in outline drawings. In every way, this is one of Mr. DARLEY's best efforts, and that is giving it high praise.

We have not space for detailed nor extended criticism, and must postpone, until next month, further remarks upon this exhibition.

Mr. WALLACK has played a short engagement at the Park Theatre; but, after the first evening, to houses unworthy of his talents and his reputation. The round of characters in which he appeared was small, being confined to Don Cæsar de Bazan, Charles in Ernestine, Dick Dashall, and Pizarro, which last he gave but once, and for his benefit. In characters of a certain description, such as gentlemen in difficulties, witty rakes of the old school, *spirituel* scamps of the new, and dashing heroes in high comedy, Mr. WALLACK is eminently successful; chiefly so on account of his peculiar mental constitution and physical advantages, for he is evidently an actor of impulse, not of study. Although not familiar with his acting till of late, we can easily understand why it was that fifteen years ago, and particularly with the young men of that time, he was the supreme favorite. His Don Cæsar, however, although a character in which he has won great reputation, does not satisfy our requirements. It is the dashing young blood of twenty or thirty years ago, put into Don Cæsar's suits and situations, and is as thoroughly English as his Dick Dashall. He is deliberately making fun all the time, instead of causing greater fun by his own deliberate seriousness. His "Lady, to you I devote the rest of my existence," spoken to Maritana, when he

is about to marry her, and "If you be Don Cæsar de Bazan, I am Charles, King of Spain," spoken to the king, whom he finds in his own house, are marked instances of this. They were given with an exaggeration, a shrug and a wink at the audience; and the consequence was, that both points were marred. Simple earnestness in the first place, and simple dignity in the second, is all that is required; the humor of the point is in the incongruity of the expressions, *when uttered seriously*, with the situation of the speaker. This sort of fault is that which Mr. WALLACK is most liable to commit. It savors more of the fault of a school than of an individual, and is probably the manner contracted by him upon his first entrance on the stage; when he probably, also, learned his *drunk*, which is decidedly the drunkest, and, at the same time, the most gentlemanly drunk, we ever saw. His spasmodic thickness of utterance and continual relaxation of limb are inimitable.

Much was expected from Mrs. MASON, upon her return to the stage; too much, if we consider the long term of her retirement, and her youth when retiring. But she has amply fulfilled all the expectations of her most sanguine friends and admirers. She has evidently gone into the work with her whole heart, and with the determination to reach a commanding position, if possible. Such a position her talent and energy must give her in a few years. She was expected to copy FANNY KEMBLE, but we believe it is very generally admitted that she avoids the doing so as much as possible, and that although it is her evident intent to make for herself a style of her own, a study of Mrs. KEAN is quite as evident in her performances as any remains of the teachings of FANNY KEMBLE. This is as it should be; for whatever be the comparative talent of the two, there can be no doubt that Mrs. KEAN offers the far better model for study and imitation. In Juliet, Mariana, Bianca, Julia, and Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. MASON has shown her greatest powers, and in each of them her acting has been of a very high order. It is, however, evident that she has not yet formed a determined style, and that her performances are far less satisfactory to herself than to the mass of her audiences. In this we find ground for reasonable expectation of great things from her in future.

In music we have fared richly during the last month. The Philharmonic Society, at their last concert of the season, performed the *Sinfonia Eroica*, of BEETHOVEN, instead of SPOHR's Double Symphony, as we were led to expect. We have only space to say that the *Eroica* was never better, as a whole never so well performed in New-York. The *Scherzo* and *Finale* gave evidence of particular care and faithfulness on the part of the conductor. The overture to *Oberon* was also a very creditable performance. Cannot the Philharmonic give us MOZART and MENDELSSOHN more frequently? They have scrupulously eschewed BEETHOVEN's No. 4, in B flat, one of his finest works, while they have repeated the C minor, the A major, the *Eroica* and the D major, time after time. Why is this? The American Musical Institute, which has done so much during the past year for the cause of music of the highest order, increases its laudable exertions. It has lately performed the Judas Maccabeus of HANDEL, in a style which elicited warm approbation from those most competent to speak. We regret that we are unable to add our own praise, not having been fortunate enough to hear the performance.

The Havana Opera Company, which appeared here for three successive nights, twice in VERDI's Opera of *Ernani*, at the Park Theatre, and once at a Concert at the Tabernacle, has deservedly created a great sensation in the musical world. Its ample choral and orchestral resources, the beauty, charming voice, and talent of its *prima donna*, Signorina TEDESCO, and the perfectly artistic performance of Signors VERELLI and VITA, the tenor and baritone, make it the most satisfactory *troupe* which New-York has seen for a long time. The voice of the beautiful TEDESCO is a *mezzo soprano*, of great compass, ample power, and of pure and sympathetic quality, and is delivered with an excellence of method, which, although falling somewhat short of the unimpeachable, shows thorough training in the best Italian school, in fewer words, the best school. Her style is dramatic and impressive, and her whole performance full of strong feeling. She has the rare excellence of equal power in both the upper and lower register of her voice, and both, together with her middle voice, are full, clear, and reedy; but she lacks somewhat that perfect identity in the quality of the different portions of her voice, so necessary to perfection. She has flexibility sufficient for all desirable purposes,

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and her intonation seems to be unimpeachable. But the gushing fulness of her tones, their rich and delicate quality, and her impassioned utterance and action, would bribe the most inexorable critic to overlook greater faults than we could find in her singing. As an actress, she is sufficiently graceful and impassioned to be admired for her acting alone. Her reading of *Una voce* at the Concert, was the finest it has ever been our good fortune to hear. She seemed to be completely imbued with the spirit of the *cavatina*, and the effect she produced was electric. At this Concert, Signor BOTESINI, a *contra basso* player, made his first appearance. We were led to expect much from his orchestral performance, but we looked for nothing such as he gave us. He plays this ungainly instrument as a master plays the violincello. He makes it sing like a beautiful bass voice. The difficulties which he performs are almost incredible, but it would be doing him injustice to allow our wonder at them to attract attention from the artistic merits of his playing. His purity of tone, accuracy of intonation, the alternate pathos and brilliance of his style, are worthy of the highest praise which can be bestowed upon such performances. To the command of the huge strings of this huge instrument he sacrifices none of its power, his tone being equal to that of any three contrabassists we ever heard, except CAROLANI, far above whom, however, we must place him. He is a great artist, and to our surprise we found him a very young and slender man. To grapple with and so conquer this gigantic instrument, seems the task of a life and a giant. His ability as a composer is more than respectable, to judge from the piece performed by himself, and the excellent director of the company, Signor ARDITI, a violinist of no ordinary attainments.

The company at PALMO's have produced *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Signorina BARILI as *Lucrezia*, Madame PICO as *Orsini*, BENEVENTANO as the Duke, and BENEDETTI as *Genaro*. It has had a varied success, owing to the indisposition of Signor BENEDETTI, who is the feature of the opera. Signorina BARILI is not at all able to give even a passable personation of *Lucrezia*. In *Lucia* she is nothing, and in *Lucrezia* she is *Lucia* in another dress. BENEVENTANO is equally unequal to the part of the Duke. He seems not to have the first idea of the character; and to consider it written merely to give him an opportunity to bellow and gesticulate. Twice, on occasion of the performance of this opera, BENEDETTI has been in excellent voice, and has performed with singular success. His singing in the trio and duett of the second act is powerfully dramatic. In his reading of *Ah madre mia*, he displays the instincts of a great artist by violating a rule of strict method, which requires him to sustain and carry the voice; but he breaks the continuity of the passage, and breathes between the exclamation and the *madre*, thus gaining a great point in dramatic expression. Just such a one the great baritone, SALVATORI, makes in the *allegro* of the duett for soprano and bass, in *Belisario*. The effect produced is almost that of a sob.

The Havana Company will return from Boston in about a month, and will give us *I Lombardi*, *I due Foscari*, and the *Safo* of PACINI. In the character of *Safo*, Signorina TEDESCO has achieved her greatest triumphs in Havana.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Elementary Astronomy. Accompanied by sixteen colored Maps, each 3 by 3½ feet, designed to illustrate the Mechanism of the Heavens, and for the use of Public Lecturers, Private Learners, Academies and Schools. By H. MATTISON. Huntington & Savage, Pearl-street, New-York.

THE study of astronomy is one of great importance and exceeding interest, and is, moreover, a science of modern times. It is only within three hundred years that true ideas of the planet on which we live, with its relation to other worlds, have been entertained. Down to the year 1510, the crude ideas of the ancients in relation to the solar system were generally received. A dark night hung over astronomy, through which hardly a ray of light might penetrate. That the earth was a stationary, flat surface, upheld by no explainable means, and that the sun and stars revolved over it, were held as indisputable facts.

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In 1473, Nicholas Copernicus, a native of Thorn, in Prussia, was born, and he became eminent at the University of Cracow. Forty years of his life he spent at Frauenberg, in observing the heavens; and although he did not enrich science by new discoveries, his profound mind penetrated the mystery of the universe, and established the true theory of the system, viz., that the sun is the centre, and that the worlds revolve about it. It is, however, singular, that his theory was not credited. The greatest astronomers, including Tycho Brahe, rejected it; and perhaps it would altogether have fallen into oblivion but for the discoveries and observations of Galileo with his newly-invented telescope, in 1616, nearly a century afterwards. The system was, however, considered as an heresy fatal to Christianity; or, as expressed in the words of the sentence of the Inquisition, "because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture;" and Galileo was, at the age of 70, condemned to perpetual imprisonment for his pertinacity in adhering to the truth. When we consider that these transactions were perfected within 200 years, and subsequent to the settlement of Massachusetts, we are struck with the advancement of science. Since that time, new discoveries by eminent men, with improved instruments, have, step by step, confirmed the truth of the Copernican system, and added vastly to the store of knowledge. This great science has become necessary to the education of every person; and the best means of conveying to the youthful mind correct ideas of the mechanism of the universe, is a great desideratum. These, we think, are presented in the work before us. It consists of a well-printed volume of 168 pages, divided into 128 short lessons, very clearly and concisely stated, and are illustrated by 16 maps, peculiarly well adapted to give an idea of the practical effects, or phenomena, of the various motions of the planets around the sun. By these means the wisdom accumulated by the life-long labors of the greatest sages are, in a few lessons, instilled into the mind of the learner.

The History of the World, from the Earliest Period, to the year of our Lord 1783, *with particular reference to the Affairs of Europe and her Colonies.* Translated from the German of the Baron John Von Müller, with a Life of the Author. By ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. Harper Brothers. New York.

A work by Von Müller, is of itself an acquisition to the literature of any country, and the volumes before us, revised and illustrated by the Hon. A. H. Everett, are peculiarly so. Madame de Stael remarks of this celebrated writer—"Müller, the most learned of historians, is truly poetical in his manner of describing both character and events. In order to appreciate his merits, we must distinguish in his works the man of profound learning, and the able writer. The six thousand years of history were perfectly arranged in his memory, and his studies had been so accurate, that his impressions were as vivid as if he had been himself a witness of the events." This work, he himself informs us, was written before the commencement of the "great revolutions," at the request of a number of young men, and it forcibly elucidates his views of the general outlines of history, from the date of its termination, twenty-six years of the most wonderful events elapsed to the time of his death. The face of the political world was changed, and it was not to be expected that his view of the American revolution should be altogether accurate, but in such a work, those events are less important. The whole is a work of vast utility and importance.

American in England. By A. SLIDELL MACKENZIE, author of "A Year in Spain." Harper Brothers.

Mr. Mackenzie describes, in a clear manner, the scenes that presented themselves in a journey over England, in 1835; and the volumes afford some notions in relation to the manners and habits of "John Bull at home." His self-sufficient braggadocia, his pompous mode of pretending to relieve miseries that are only enhanced by the operation—in short, all the absurdities of a people boasting of their freedom while ground to death by an oligarchy—of an oppressed race proud of the "glory of their rulers."

The String of Pearls; a novel. By J. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

This is an interesting story, from the well known pen of Mr. James, and forms No. 21, of Harper's pocket edition of select novels.

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Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—Westminster Review. Republication. Leonard Scott & Co. 112 Fulton street, New-York.

The January number of Blackwood commences the year, and is a fine number. The leading article on the Court of Louis Philippe is exceedingly laudatory of the members of the Royal Family, and boasts of the small means given to persons beggared by the political revolution which brought the Orleans House to the throne. The Westminster has an interesting article on the "Revelations of the Telescope." There is also a good article on the late Spanish marriage. The succeeding numbers sustain the high interest of the work.

The Farmer's Companion; or Essays on the Principles and Practice of American Husbandry. By the late Hon. JESSE BUEL, conductor of the Cultivator. Harper Brothers.

Perhaps to the late Judge Buel, the two great interests of agriculture and education are indebted for their advancement, as much as to any other person, and the present volume contains a selection of the most valuable of his writings upon the subject of farming, in relation to which so much has yet to be learned in a scientific way in this country.

The Manual of Chess, containing the Elementary Principles of the Game, illustrated with numerous diagrams, recent games, and original problems. By CHARLES KENNY. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New-York.

This is a valuable little work, in the series of Appleton's "Manuals of Utility." It contains clearly and distinctly the rules and philosophy of the "great game," evidently by an able hand. The progress of chess among us, has hitherto been by no means so rapid as desirable, from its intellectual and interesting nature. The present work is calculated to impart a stimulus to it, inasmuch as that it places in the power of all to become initiated in the game.

Spain Revisited. By A. SLIDELL MACKENZIE, author of "A Year in Spain." Harper Brothers.

Much has been written upon Spain, its country, and people, and that nation perhaps commands still as much interest in the public mind, as any of those of Europe. The peculiar nature of the country, being but an agglomeration of mountains, divided into ranges, the valleys of which are the beds of mighty rivers, produces a great variety of character among the inhabitants, who form rather many distinct nations, than one people. To the tourist, a broad field for remark is always open, and Mr. Mackenzie, who visited that region in 1834, is an able and sprightly writer, well appreciated by the public.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties. Illustrated by Anecdotes and Portraits, with Preface and Notes. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D., President of Brown University. Harper Brothers, New-York.

The design of these volumes is to illustrate the eminent success which, in a great variety of instances, has crowned the efforts of those who, under the most adverse circumstances, have striven to distinguish themselves. It is not to be supposed that every one can win his "page of history," even by exertion; but, when in such cases as that of Cæsar and Bonaparte, profound knowledge was acquired amidst adverse fortune, dreadful disease, and the alarm of camps, genius, far less brilliant, may hope for reasonable success under ordinary circumstances. It is true, many acquire a meretricious eminence, who, though surrounded by every advantage of fortune, and have ways and means of greatness "thrust upon them," utterly neglect their advantages, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington, remaining content with the false light shed upon him by fortuitous circumstances, without himself doing any thing for his reputation. Such instances result from faction, and are not lasting. The code Napoleon, and the Commentaries of Cæsar, will live long after the name of Wellington is lost. The biographies of great men are a most interesting and useful study.

The Home Treasury. No. 1. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

This is a beautiful little nursery book, containing the world-wide popular stories of "Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," "Grumble and Cheery," "The Eagle's Verdict," and "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

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The Juvenile Budget Re-opened. By Doctor John Aikin. Harper Brothers.

The attractive character, to the young, of the writings of Dr. John Aiken, perpetuates a demand for his works in whatever shape they may be presented to the reader; and the present volume consists of selections from his contributions to "Evenings at Home," and "Letters from a Father to his Son," as well as miscellaneous pieces.

Great Events described by Distinguished Historians. By Francis Lieber. Harper Brothers.

Mr. Lieber has presented in this volume, a group of the great passages of history by the best historians, of each event, from the battle of Thermopylæ, by Heroditus, down to the siege of Saragoza, by Napier; a brilliant succession of events is laid before the reader, related in the best manner, and the whole is accompanied by a comprehensive glossary of the terms of art, and names of persons and places, as also a copious general index.

The Fairy Bower; or the History of a Month. A Tale. From the 3rd English edition. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

That this is a very interesting and popular work, is evidenced in the fact of its having passed rapidly through three English editions. It forms No. 26 of the Messrs. Appleton's Literary Miscellany. It professes to portray characters as they are to be found in life, rather than to draw such as might be wished for, or to exaggerate crime, with a view to its avoidance. This being the aim of the author, the actors in the present history are in early life, and their mature career is promised pending the success of this first part, which has been good.

Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager. By F. C. Wemys. Burgess, Stringer & Co.

This is an agreeable gossiping history of the American Stage for the last twenty-six years, showing the behind the scenes movements, and the vicissitudes, trials and vexations of those whose vocation it is to please the "many headed monster."

Library of American Biography. By Jared Sparks, Charles C. Little and James Brown, Boston.

Volume No. 12, of this admirable series of American heroes, contains the biographies of Edward Preble and of William Penn; the former by Lorenzo Saline, and the latter by Geo. C. Ellis. The history and greatness of America are best delineated in the lives of her distinguished sons. It is the first duty of every citizen to become acquainted with the eminent characters that his country has produced, and greater facility cannot be afforded than in the noble series before us.

Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History. 3 vols. Harper Brothers.

These volumes contain most interesting biographies of fifteen celebrated Americans, selected from the "American Biography," of which Jared Sparks, Esq. is the editor. They are from the pens of Sparks, Edward Everett, Renwick, A. H. Everett, Wheaton, Ed. T. Chauncey, &c., and are most valuable acquisitions to every library.

Past and Present, and Chartism. By Thomas Carlyle. Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

These two volumes form Nos. 96 and 97 of the "Library of Choice Reading." The peculiar style of Carlyle, which, in his own hands, is strong, exceedingly graphic and clear, when once the reader has become familiar with it, is inviting to the many, chiefly by reason of the miserable attempts at imitation that have been palmed upon the public. In accordance with the spirit of the age, he seeks the "great fact" of history, and disentangling them from the false doctrines that surround them, presents them clearly and forcibly to the reader, who, led from fact to fact, suddenly finds before him a picture of great truth and effect.

Tancred; or the New Crusade. By B. D'Israeli, M. P., author of "Coningsby," &c. Burgess & Stringer, New-York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

To that large class with which Mr. D'Israeli's works are popular, the mere announcement of this new publication will suffice to attract attention.

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A New Law Dictionary. Containing explanations of such technical terms and phrases as occur in the works of legal authors, in the practice of the courts, and in the parliamentary proceedings of the houses of Lords and Commons: To which is added, an outline of an action at law and suit in equity. By HENRY JAMES STOTTHOUSE, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader. Edited, with numerous additions, by HENRY PENNINGTON, of the Philadelphia bar. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

A comprehensive law dictionary has long been much needed, both to aid the general student as well as the legal inquirer, and the present volume seems well calculated to supply that want. It affords a vast fund of information desirable and indispensable to all classes of society.

Aunt Kitty's Tales. By MARIA J. MCINTOSH, author of "Two Lives." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This forms No. 27 of "Appleton's Literary Miscellany." It contains a collection of the admirable tales of Miss McIntosh, well suited to the instruction and amusement of youth, as well as more advanced persons. They afford as well moral precepts as literary guides to the young.

Dogs; their origin and varieties. Directions as to their general management; with numerous original anecdotes. Also, simple instructions as to their treatment under disease. By H. D. RICHARDSON, author of the "Domestic Fowl," &c. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This is a very interesting natural history of the several species of Dogs, their habits and uses; illustrated by wood-cuts, and will doubtless command great attention from the "dog-fanciers."

The Rose of Persia; or Giafer Al Barmeki. A Tale of the East. By SAMUEL SPRING. Harper Brothers, New-York.

This is a very interesting tale, founded on historical events of Eastern history, and does credit to the publications in that line of the Messrs. Harpers.

Streaks of Squatter Life. A series of humorous sketches, descriptive of incidents and character in the wild West. By SOLITAIRE. Burgess & Stringer, New-York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

To the lover of the quaint humor, hardy adventure and reckless enterprise of the pioneers of the Anglo-Saxon race, the advance guard of civilization on this continent, these tales, by Mr. J. S. Robb, of St. Louis, afford a rich treat.

New Work on the History of the Revolution.

We have been shown the sheets of a work now coming forth in Philadelphia, under the title of Life and Correspondence of General Joseph Reed, by William B. Reed, Esq. General Reed was one of Washington's Military Secretaries at the outset of the Revolutionary War, and was, throughout, one of its most ardent and efficient supporters. This correspondence, as might be expected, is replete with interest,—containing numerous letters from Generals Washington, Charles Lee, and others. The "getting up" of the book reflects no little credit upon the publishers. We hope to present our readers with a full review of it at a more leisure time.

New Music.—Messrs. VAN SELDER & RILEY, No. 268 Bowery, have issued some new pieces for the piano. "The Ravel Walk" is a very agreeable little production, and among others, we observe "Governor Young's New March." This may mean his march out of office, as it is a lively air; or it may be designed for the anti-rent procession, or a Fourierite gathering, or a vote-yourself-a-farm parade, or an Abolition onslaught, or a no marriage monopoly lecture, or a general re-union of "all the elements" under "the Galvanized Squash." It is to be regretted that good music is devoted to such purposes; but then it may be replied, "let the music be good, since there is nothing else commendable in the medley composing the "Young" party.

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W. L. Marcy

EX MAYOR & POST MASTER of NEW YORK

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UNIV. OF MICH.

level everywhere. It does not follow the attraction of patriotism; it seeks a profitable investment; and the Mexican bankers are more willing to ad-

* The specific information contained in this article, touching the intentions of the Administration towards Mexico, may be relied on as strictly correct; having reached us at the latest moment from a source at Washington entitled to our most *complete* confidence.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XX. JUNE, 1847. No. CVIII.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—PEACE OR WAR?*

AT no period in the history of our country have we had occasion to congratulate ourselves more on our national prosperity, than the present. In the midst of war, we have increased in wealth; with diminished taxes our revenue has augmented. War, that great calamity of nations, scarcely touches us with its withering effects. It seems to be but another sphere of enterprize to our daring population, and a means of distinction to our gallant soldiers. It is a war, not of our seeking, and in which the administration has engaged with great reluctance. It is a war, produced by the vanity of our enemy, and his utter depreciation of our character and resources.

The Mexicans, but a few months ago looked upon us with the same supercilious pride with which the people of the continent of Europe were once in a habit of looking on the English:—as a nation of shop-keepers, more fit for tape and bobbin than for military enterprise. We had to show the Mexicans that a people, without being military, may be *warlike;* that martial bearing does not consist in the marching and counter-marching of liveried martinets.

The Mexicans are now undeceived in regard to our national qualities; but they hate us in consequence, with the hatred of wounded self-love; they would try to avenge their battle of Leipsic at Buena Vista, and their Waterloo defeat at Cerro Gordo, and the military adventurers of Mexico would play patriots; but they cannot rouse the better part of the population to any respectable show of resistance. The Mexican patriot who takes up arms in defence of his country must be paid, and the government has no money; the purveyors of provisions, the armorers, the manufacturers of gunpowder want to be paid, and the government has no money. The President of the Republic, Santa Anna, is himself a fugitive, surrounded only by a military mob, without discipline or organization, and he, too, entreats the government to send him money; but there is none to be had in Mexico. The mere mention of forced loans has buried private capital; all kinds of business is brought to a stand, labor itself has become worthless, and the means of supplying the empty national coffers with the property of the clergy, have proved utterly inadequate to the emergency. Money, like water, finds its level everywhere. It does not follow the attraction of patriotism; it seeks a profitable investment; and the Mexican bankers are more willing to ad-

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vance loans at 6 per cent., to the officers and commanders of our army and navy, than to their own government.

The last resort of the men now in power in Mexico, is to lash the fanaticism of the Indians into frenzy; and where are the men to lead them? and by what means are they to be supported and armed? A guerrilla warfare has been proclaimed, and partially commenced; but what does it amount to, and how is it to be maintained? The Mexicans can only organize, or rather gather together hordes of highway robbers and midnight assassins, who are quite as dangerous, (if not more so,) to the well disposed people of their own country, as they are to our troops, or rather, mules and baggage-wagons. They will infest the public highways, and in default of American booty, prey on their own countrymen. They will prove to the good people of Mexico, what privateers prove to the trade of their own merchants,—a school for pirates, who will continue to harrass their ventures, and tax their navigation, long after the cause which has called them into existence has been removed.

And what have the clergy to expect from thus introducing anarchy into the state? Will they afterwards be able to master the wild passion for murder and plunder which they now invoke in the name of the Divine Mediator? Will they strengthen the church by the blood which they cause to be shed to no purpose, but to render the humiliation of their country more complete, and to perpetuate the military despotism, that is the cause of all the misfortunes which have befallen Mexico? The priesthood must necessarily comprehend the magnitude of the principles here at stake; and if the priesthood were to overlook them, the hierarchy—that perpetuator of church discipline—would understand the true interests of religion and morality too well, to plunge into so fatal a delusion.

But the Mexican clergy has no cause to dread the presence of our troops. Their places of worship have been held sacred by our commanders and soldiers; their priests have been respected, and Gen. Scott, now Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Invasion, has himself had a favorite daughter, who finished her earthly career in a Catholic convent. The Catholics are a large and prosperous sect in the United States, and the Catholic citizens of any part of Mexico that may come under the dominion of the United States, would, in every respect, receive the same treatment as those of other States of the Union. The Mexican hierarchy will be made to understand this by every possible means at the disposition of this government, and receive every reasonable pledge of the religious fulfilment of our solemn engagement to that effect.

Another reason why the organization of guerrillas will be attended with insurmountable obstacles, is to be found in the prosperous condition of that portion of the Mexican territory which is now under the military dominion of the United States. Wherever our victorious arms have been carried, the arts of peace have followed them. Instead of destroying, we have built up commerce; instead of impoverishing, we have enriched the country with our enterprize and our wealth. The pitching of our tents proclaimed the reign of law and order; and the watchword of our sentinels was "protection to life and property." In vain may the annals of history be searched for a similar war. It was not the Goths and Vandals invading the fertile plains of an educated people; but the pioneers of civilization exploring a country of boundless wealth, teaching and persuading as they went on.—This, the more enlightened of the Mexicans already feel and understand, though their pride may prevent them from publicly acknowledging it; and hence the little response, on their part, to the impassioned call "to arms!"

But while it has been, and still is, the steady policy of our government

to avoid whatever might unnecessarily displease or exasperate the Mexicans,—while we have subsisted our army and navy from our own states—while we have respected the lives, property, and religion, of the inhabitants of the conquered country, and thereby made it the interest of the invaded people to treat us rather as friends and deliverers from their own military despots, than as enemies to their country and religion, we are not lacking the means of the most powerful coercion, and possess, in our volunteers, a guerrilla force, far superior to any that Mexico, or any other country on earth, can bring in the field.

Our Texan Rangers and Mississippi riflemen are all marksmen. They deal out certain death at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and palsy the arm of the poor Ranchero long before he has a chance to poise his lance. From their habits of life and early training, they are inured to every fatigue; and, though craving much more food than the Mexicans, care but little of what it consists. But, above all things, they are superior to the Mexicans in intelligence, quickness of perception, and firmness of purpose. Here it is where the qualities of the race weigh fearfully in the balance. The Anglo-Saxon tree has, on this continent, struck its roots deep in the north, while its branches are overhung with the most luxurious southern foliage. We combine the iron of the Scythian with the temper of the Castilian—strength and chivalry—Nimrod and *el Cid Campeador.*

The two parties, opposed to each other in this war, are too unequal for the contest to be a long one. A mere military occupation of the country might exhaust the resources of our government; but such is not contemplated by the President and his cabinet. Our people are eminently a colonizing people, and the territory which we now hold, and especially that which we mean to retain, will be explored, settled and improved, with scarcely more inconvenience to our troops than is caused by the Indian depredations occasionally committed on our border settlers.

We are already in possession of nearly every Mexican seaport on the Atlantic, and command the great arteries of her commerce. Her principal means of raising revenue are in our hands, and we may, if we insist on it, make ourselves paid for every dollar of the cost of this war. But is it wise and generous for us to do so? Shall the whole Mexican people suffer for the delusion of its leaders? We believe that this is not the intention of the administration, and that the latter, in view of the necessity of living hereafter in peace and amity with our sister republics, and for the purpose of setting the world an example of republican moderation, is now willing to conclude a peace with Mexico on the same terms as those proposed after the battle of Monterey. We have reason to believe that this moderation on the part of the administration is principally owing to the mild and statesmanlike counsel of Mr. Buchanan, who has succeeded in making his views prevail in the Cabinet of the President.

That there is a party, and a strong and growing one, which is for retaining the *whole* of the conquered territory, and that if the war continues, a party may spring up in favor of subjugating the whole of Mexico, can hardly be called in question. But the administration is straining every nerve to oppose it; and it will doubtless succeed in its efforts, if success attends its present offers of peace. There *is*, nevertheless, danger in delay. A moving party in a republic is always a growing one, and is sure to acquire in the end, a momentum sufficient to overcome the inertia of government. The administration seems to feel this, and hence its anxiety to stem the torrent, and to make peace on the most moderate terms.

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We believe, in the first place, that the administration is willing to make to

Mexico every possible concession in point of form, and to allow the defeated party in the war to prescribe its own rule of diplomatic etiquette in settling the preliminaries of peace. It has for this purpose, clothed General Scott, the commander-in-chief of the American army, with power to treat with the authorities he may find in Mexico, and sent Mr. Trist, the second officer in the State Department, down to aid and instruct him in carrying out the views of the President. Nay, should the Mexicans desire or consider it a special mark of attention, Mr. Buchanan, the distinguished Secretary of State, will himself go down and negotiate in the city of the Aztecs.

As to the cession of territory demanded of the Mexicans, the administration will not claim it as a forfeit, but offer to pay for it, so as to acquire it by purchase. We want a clear title of it; and the administration considers purchase the very best of all titles.

The expenses of the war we will not claim from the Mexicans; and the indemnity which she owes our citizens will be assumed by the government of the United States. We shall then claim no money of Mexico in any shape, and are willing to accept land in payment of our just demands.

As to the territory to be ceded or sold to us by Mexico, we are of opinion that it will not comprise more than Upper California and New Mexico, and that our government will not insist, as a condition of peace, on the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepic; but rather make this a subject for subsequent friendly negotiations between the two sister republics.

The carrying out of these measures may require a new United States loan, but with the *certainty* of peace, the improved credit of all the states (Pennsylvania taking the lead) the eradication of the absurd and wicked doctrine of repudiation, and the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial condition of the country being fully equal to the most sanguine expectations of the friends and supporters of the present low tariff of duties, one or two hundred millions of dollars may easily be borrowed without rendering the government dependent either on domestic or foreign capitalists.

COMMERCIAL TREATIES.*

The subject of commercial treaties has been, perhaps, one of the most vexed of all questions appertaining to commercial legislation. The influence of international privileges upon the commerce of respective nations has been apparently but very little understood. As long as there were no means of testing the efficiency of free intercourse, it was but natural that governments of maritime nations should feel apprehensive of a rivalry which might lessen the strength of their own navies and build up those of other nations, and that in permitting ships to come and buy the produce of their citizens, they were granting a boon to those ships rather than promoting their own interest. In pursuance of this view, it was that the famous navigation act of Britain was enacted, which, in effect, restricted English commerce to the

* 1st. Treaty with the Two Sicilies, dated Dec., 1845, signed W. H. Polk, Giustino Fortunato, ratified July 24, 1846.

2d. Treaty with Bavaria, dated Jan. 21, 1845, signed H. Wheaton, Graf. V. Lerchenfeld, ratified August 15, 1846.

3d. Treaty with Hanover, dated June 10, 1846, signed A. Dudley Mann, Geo. Fred. Baron de Falcke, ratified March 5, 1847.

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capacity of British shipping. England is peculiarly situated in respect to commercial advantages. The islands of Great Britain are, on every side, indented with the best descriptions of harbors, and commanding the whole Atlantic coast of Europe. There can blow no wind from any quarter of the compass, but that it is favorable for some of her shipping to leave her ports, and for others to arrive, while the harbors of France and Holland may be wind-bound for weeks. From the earliest times, when the Norse kings and Danes, who ruled the northern seas, overrun and settled her maritime countries, her people have had nautical predilections, and a combination of circumstances have conspired to make her great as a commercial nation. Notwithstanding all these advantages, various attempts were made in ancient times to secure, by law, the largest share of the carrying trade. All the schemes tending to this end were finally, under Charles II., embodied in the navigation act, which was considered as a master-piece of human wisdom, and continued in force down to 1815, a period of one hundred and fifty years. The principal of the law was, in brief, that there should be imported into Great Britain no goods the produce of Asia, Africa or America, except in British vessels; and goods imported from Europe in vessels of the continent were subjected to higher additional rates of duties than were laid on those imported in British vessels. It is evident that down to the independence of the United States, these provisions of the navigation act were a dead letter, because in the three quarters of the world, whence foreign shipping was interdicted, there was no shipping owned except by British subjects. Those built within the colonies had all the privileges of vessels built in England; and as the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, and the nations of India, had no vessels, those of England would have met no competition had there been no navigation act. This act came first practically into operation when the independence of the United States was acknowledged, and as soon as it produced an influence upon trade its fate was sealed. The moment that it became applicable to the ships of the independent colonies, there could be no produce carried to Great Britain except in British vessels; and as the government refused to relax that restriction, the United States allowed no British goods to be imported except in United States vessels. By these mutual absurdities, British and American vessels were crossing each other on the ocean in ballast, each going out empty to bring home cargoes. The vessels of each country made two voyages for one freight. So ridiculous and wasteful an arrangement could not last long, and England was compelled in 1815 to enter into a reciprocal commercial treaty, placing the vessels of the two nations on an equal footing, and thenceforth, both American and English vessels had cargoes both ways out and home, which was equal to doubling the supply of tonnage in the international trade, and consequently freights fell off one-half. What must have been England's condition had that absurd law been now in operation, when the whole commercial navy of England and the United States has been found inadequate to carry food sufficient to England! The moment that England had been forced to abandon her old navigation act in respect to the United States, the commercial nations of Europe pursued a similar course, and Prussia forced her into a treaty of reciprocity in 1823, since when she has formed twenty-nine treaties of reciprocity. The result has been, a vast extension of the commerce of the world, and of the shipping of all countries; with the increased facilities for transportation, more goods and produce were interchanged. In every instance where American ships have been put on an equal footing with those of other countries, they have obtained the largest share of the trade; but that, as we shall presently see, is owing to causes which no law can effect; but it is also true, that the navigation of other countries has been

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larger than it otherwise would have been, notwithstanding the superior increase of American vessels. The United States have entered into some twelve to thirteen treaties, besides the three which have been ratified during the last year, and referred to at the head of this article.

It is obvious from the sketch we had made of the progress of these treaties among commercial nations, that they grew out of a misunderstanding among nations of their true interests; and they are in fact but the means of removing gradually the obstacles and restriction that were imposed, through wrong impressions as to the nature of commerce. In former ages, when time was a matter of far less importance than now, to the success of a voyage; when profits on imported goods were large and prices steady; a slow-sailing, monopoly-supported ship was not so great an evil as at present, when a delay of a few days may not only disappoint profits, but involve in ruin the merchant. Closeness of calculation and promptness of execution are important elements in the success of mercantile operations. In such a state of affairs the qualities of the vessel, and the skill of the master, are elements of prosperity beyond what can be conferred by process of law; and this fact has become deeply impressed upon commercial men. It is obvious that the trade of a country, or international commerce, consists in the exchange of the products of labor; that the exchange does not take place in order to support ships, but that ships and rail-roads are but the means by which the exchange is effected. To compel goods to come and go in arbitrary channels and under onerous restrictions, in order to accommodate the means of transportation, is not to encourage the latter, but to smother the former.—The more abundant are the things to be exchanged, the greater is the demand for means of transportation. If a country, having large quantities to sell or to purchase for its own advantage, has inadequate means of transportation, it is clearly to its interest that, so far from imposing restrictions upon shipping, it should invite it from abroad, that its produce may be sold. The events of 1846, by bringing famine home to each nation, has compelled many of them to suspend their navigation laws altogether. In such a state of things, that nation best qualified for the business of navigation, will undoubtedly take the business. What is here set forth may be powerfully illustrated in the condition of the shipping business between the United States and the British West Indies. This trade, which had previously been restricted, is regulated under the authority of a proclamation issued by President Jackson in 1830, allowing British vessels to enter the United States from the Colonies, pursuant to a law of Congress which authorised him to do so, whenever he should receive satisfactory evidence that Great Britain would open her ports to the vessels of the United States. The British Government did this in relation to a number of enumerated ports called "free," to which United States ships were allowed to enter, and the United States ports were accordingly opened to British vessels. This arrangement has met with unmeasured abuse since its adoption. In 1842, a report of Daniel Webster's, then Secretary of State, contains the following passage:—

"The *gradual extinction of our direct trade* with the British West Indies, *at least in our own vessels*, seems an inevitable result, from the present arrangement," &c. &c.

As a comment upon this paragraph, as well as upon the whole arrangement, it is worth while to take a table of the actual state of trade between the United States and the British West Indies, as it has progressed under the law:

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IMPORTS AND EXPORTS, AND TONNAGE EMPLOYED BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH WEST INDIES.

	1830.		1842.		1846.	
	Amer. Ves.	For. Ves.	Amer. Ves.	For. Ves.	Amer. Ves.	For. Ves
Domestic Exports	140	—	2,669,568	534,778	4,221,598	693,185
Foreign "	1,761	—	8,370	14,997	13.147	19.327
Imports	162,335	6,194	545,657	280,824	555,953	277,725
Total trade	164,286	6,194	3,223,595	830,599	4,790,698	990,537
Tonnage cleared	2,395	—	86,691	18,670	124,135	23,342
" arrived	22,428	275	64,363	37,466	90,484	33,724

When the report referred to was made, the figures for 1842 were in possession of the department, showing the *facts* to be the reverse from the statement which the report thought proper to make. Since then, the increase has been almost altogether on the side of American vessels; fully justifying that dependence on the *people*, which ever marked the policy of the late venerable Jackson. It was contended that British vessels, through the privileges they enjoyed, of visiting any port of the British Colonies, would inevitably drive out Americans, who were confined to certain ports. This was illustrated in and out of Congress, in the article of plaster of Paris.—It was asserted that this article was to be obtained by American vessels only at a port of entry nearest the place of its product while British vessels could ship it direct from the quarries; and that in consequence, the latter only can bring it. This was supposed to be unjust to American vessels; it has proved, however, only the ruin of the quarries; the owners of which, having the plaster to sell, were deprived of the competition of American vessels and new sources of supply, have stopped the importation altogether. The total tonnage of American vessels cleared to foreign countries, in 1830, was, it appears, 947,267 tons, of which 520,561 was to countries with which there are treaties.* In 1846, the tonnage cleared was 2,218,701, of which 1,598,102 was to the treaty countries, showing an increase of more than 200 per cent under treaties, while it was but 50 per cent to those nations with which there were no treaties. In the same time foreign tonnage entered increased from 138,890 tons to 959,739, or 868,000 tons; of this increase 511,000 tons was from British North American Colonies, leaving but 337,000 tons increase in the foreign tonnage of all other trades—that is to say, exclusive of the trade

* TABLE SHOWING THE QUANTITY OF AMERICAN TONNAGEC LEARED FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES IN THE YEARS 1846 AND 1830; ALSO THE FOREIGN TONNAGE ARRIVED IN CORRESPONDING YEARS, AND THE DATES OF EXISTING TREATIES.

	1830.		1846.	
	American. cl'd for.	Foreign. entered.	American. cl'd for.	Foreign. arr. from.
Britain, 1815	204,221	80,766	388,445	204,534
Colonies, 1830	139,078	4,187	1,031,524	601,285
France, 1822	101,488	3,459	134,679	12.116
Colonies, 1828	47,235	5,945	33,609	1,761
Hanse Towns, 1829	14,728	8,201	8,143	58,807
Sweden, 1827	3,502	3,900	993	9,938
Denmark, 1836	1,923	—	666	281
Russia, 1832	3,492	264	5,451	687
Prussia, 1828	232	—	1,176	1,375
Austria, 1831	4,662	—	13,852	592
Sardinia, 1839	—	—	3,695	1,464
	520,561	106,722	1,598,102	805,854
Neutral	426,706	25,178	620,597	156.885
Total	947,267	131,890	2,218,701	959,739
Exports in Amer. vessels	$39,034,397		$61,544,040	
" Foreign do.	8,194,043		23,410,393	

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with the British North American Colonies, American tonnage increased 900,000 tons, and foreign tonnage 337,000 tons. The exports of U. S. produce to treaty countries, in 1830, were $47,228,440, of which $39,034,397 went in American bottoms; and in 1846, the exports were $84,954,433, of which $61,544,040 went in American vessels. The foreign tonnage engaged in the British North American trade, has apparently increased immensely, but the returns are deceptive. The quantity of tonnage entered is greatly multiplied by the frequent passages of small vessels or boats on short voyages. The real state of the trade is indicated in the fact that the largest portion of the produce is shipped in United States vessels, which are a class superior to the British.*

The convention of 1822 with France is the next oldest treaty. By it each country supposed that it secured to its own flag certain advantages in their own ports, by imposing discriminating duties and higher tonnage charges on cargoes brought in the vessels of the other. By the terms of the treaty the discriminating duty was gradually done away with, but the tonnage duty levied on American vessels, 94 cents per ton measurement, is more than that imposed upon the vessels of other nations. In consequence of this the theory was that north of Europe vessels, which paid in France a lesser tonnage duty than American vessels, would take all the trade and deprive the United States vessels of the carrying. The report of Hon. Daniel Webster before alluded to states:

"All these vessels, having a similar advantage in the ports of the United States over French vessels, which pay 94 cents per ton, have monopolized a great share of the carrying trade from France to the United States."

As usual, however, the facts have not sustained the theory. The foreign tonnage arrived from France in 1846, was 12,116 tons, bringing $1,050,691 of goods; the United States tonnage arrived, was 134,679 bringing $22,860,701. Of the foreign tonnage arrived, 7,101 was French, leaving but 5000 tons of north of Europe shipping out of a total of 146,000, as the very inadequate results of what Mr. Webster stated, would be the consequence of the treaty. The trade between the United States and the French colonies is, under the royal ordinance of 1826, and the act of Congress of 1828, nearly all in American vessels. With the northern powers of Europe, the trade has not greatly increased, either in American or foreign vessels. The most important being with the Hanse towns. The treaty with the Hanse atic cities, concluded by Mr. Clay in 1829, is perhaps one of the most liberal of the whole. The limited territories of the free Hanse towns afford no material for the building of vessels. It is true, that some vessels are built there from material purchased elsewhere, but the majority of the vessels owned in Hamburg and Bremen, are built in more advantageous localities. The treaty entered into, however, allowed all vessels *owned* in the Hanse towns, the privileges of American ships. The English convention with those cities specifies vessels *built* within their dominions. This circumstance has, connected with other privileges, given apparent advantage to German vessels.

What we have said in relation to the English navigation laws and their

* TONNAGE AND EXPORTS CLEARED FROM UNITED STATES TO BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

Vessels.	No.	Tons.	Av. Ton'ge.	Goods Exported. Domes.	Foreign.	Total 1846.
American	3,257	863,563	262	$3,536,462	795,951	4,332,413
Foreign	4,630	573,673	123	2,506,204	567,816	3,074,020

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adverse influence upon British shipping interests, notwithstanding the strong prejudice in favor of government enactments, seems gradually to have forced itself upon the public mind in England, in spite of the natural anxiety of ship-owners to have their individual property made more secure through the action of government. At each successive relaxation of the ancient restrictions, the ship-owners did not fail to raise an outcry against what they supposed, would assuredly prove their ruin. The natural depreciation which ships, particularly old ones, has undergone in common with all other descriptions of property, was perseveringly attributed to the want of protection. Yet, in face of this alledged ruin, the British tonnage increased fifty per cent. in the last twenty years, and more rapidly with those countries with which reciprocal treaties existed, than with others. These truths have become so apparent as to lead to the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the navigation laws. In moving for the appointment of this committee in Parliament, February 9, Mr. Ricardo remarked:

* * * "Was there, then, any adequate motive of political expediency to justify this mischief and oppression? *Why at the present time was our commercial marine* INFERIOR TO THAT OF THE UNITED STATES? Some one would reply, because timber was dearer here. Was that a fact? He very much doubted whether, before a committee, the contrary could not be proved—at least as regarded oak and teak. Some one else would probably exclaim 'wages.' In our reports, however, shipbuilders were paid only 4s. 6d. 5s. per day; in London, where there was a combination against masters, they were paid only 6s. a day, whilst in the United States the average was two dollars, or nearly nine shillings a day."

This is a great admission on the part of a British statesman, as well as a high compliment to American seamen. The evidence since taken before the committee then appointed, tends to the same result, and answers Mr. Ricardo's question in a manner that, perhaps, even he did not anticipate. One of the witnesses, Mr. Berger, of the firm of McClean & Co., an eminent house engaged in the United States trade, stated as follows:

"He was frequently ordered by his correspondents not to ship goods in British vessels on any account, but to avoid them by all means, and to ship in American vessels. The principal reason which induced his correspondence to ship in American vessels, was, that the passage was made more quickly. There was a difference in the rate of insurance. American vessels paid 1 per cent., while British paid 2 a 2½. The *men employed on board the American ships are a very active, superior sort of men.* He did not wish to say anything disparaging, but the American ships made their passage shorter, *on account of the better seamanship of the masters and mates.* They had on more than one occasion been directed to send goods to the United States, but not by an English ship, because the English ship was always such a time discharging her cargo, although the British vessels had an advantage over the Americans in the number of hands employed."

These are features in the trade which were never contemplated by the law for protection of British shipping. It resolves itself into this—the law must either compel the commerce of the world to be satisfied with slow ships and unskilful seamen, or it must make people active and sagacious, by legislative enactment. It may make them noble, and confer special privileges, but men cannot be endowed with talents by act of Parliament. Mr. W. H. Goeschen, of the house of Fruehling & Goeschen, gave evidence as follows:

"It frequently happened that vessels were not to be had in Bremen, and his correspondents wrote to him to charter vessels here for the purpose. The num-

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ber of emigrants in the last year amounted to 30,000, which required shipping to the amount of 70,000 tons. He had orders at this moment to charter vessels.—*He chartered United States vessels and not British. The British captains did not make their calculations so nicely as the Americans*, who were willing, as they had to go home, to take A CARGO OF EMIGRANTS at the low freight of 20 a 22s. per ton, if they did not thereby delay so long as to lose the chance of another return cargo to G. B. during the season. First class American captains, as well as their vessels, were equal to any in the world, and so were first rate British ships, but the *greater number of second rate English captains were not equal to Americans.* He considered that the *activity and superiority of management on the part of the American*, enabled him successfully to compete with the Englishman. British vessels delivered their cargoes in a state much inferior to the American or Bremen vessels. The English ships were not so well attended to."

Here is a state of things clearly beyond the reach of law, and yet, the fact that British seamen are not so active and "calculating" as the Americans may be directly attributed to the navigation laws. It has ever resulted in all nations, and all ages, from protective legislation, that those protected are less active, and less able to take care of themselves, than those who have depended only on their own resources. The fishing interest of the United States is an instance of this. They are the only class of citizens that have directly received bounties from the federal government, and they form the only branch of navigation that has not materially advanced in the last few years. Their own recent petition to Congress, and the showing of their advocates, demonstrate that they cannot exist without a continuance of bounty. Why? Because they have, like British shipmasters, not depended on themselves, and they lose their business because others are more active, and make better calculations.

The evidence of our own official returns, and that of the practical merchants before Parliament, show conclusively that the shipping interest of the United States wants only a fair field, and no favor.

All these treaties with the north of Europe are, however, immediately connected with one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age; we allude to the organization and progress of the German Customs Union. The Union itself is one of the greatest blessings, both to Germany and the commercial world; but the principles on which its external commerce is, or is sought to be, conducted, are disgraceful to the statesmen of Germany.

Confederated Germany consists of thirty-eight States or sovereignties, including Austria. These cover an area of 11,613 square geographical miles, and in 1838 had 37,770,434 inhabitants, or 20,000,000 more than the United States. The smallest of the German States has an area of 2¼ square miles; and the largest is Austria, 3,575 square miles. Each of these sovereignties was surrounded by custom houses, and each little potentate had his troop of custom house officers, whose business it was to interfere with all trade, and impose taxes on all traffic. In an area of 11,000 square miles the trader encountered 38 different sets of custom houses, with each its peculiar tariff and mode of levying it. The great avenues from the ocean up into the interior of Germany are the rivers Weser and Elbe. The former rising in the highlands of Southern Germany, flowing northerly 200 miles, through several States, is discharged into the North Sea. The Elbe rises in the Bohemian mountains, runs N. W. 720 miles to the sea, into which it falls at nearly the same point as the Weser. As these two rivers approach the ocean, they form an angle occupied by the Kingdom of Hanover, which has a population of near 2,000,000, and for near 200 years, down to Victoria, was an appendage of the English Crown. The Salic law operating in Hanover, caused the crown, at the death of William IV., to pass to his brother

Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, and Hanover became forever separated from the English throne. The trade of Hanover *per se* has never been large; but from the commanding situation it has occupied in respect to the two great avenues into Germany, it has exercised a great influence over the commerce of the interior countries. The most vexatious of these impositions has been the so-called Stade duties, being an arbitrary tax imposed by Hanover on all vessels passing its northern boundary on their way to Hamburg. The two free cities of Hamburg and Bremen, the one on the Weser and the other on the Elbe, are the chief commercial points of Germany; and have acquired great wealth in times past, as a kind of brokers to the trade of Germany.—Goods coming from sea for consumption in Germany, in passing up the Elbe, to Hamburg, were first subjected to the imposition of Hanover, and were obliged to pay Hanover duties before discharging at Hamburg. The customs levied by Hamburg itself are small, but the goods in leaving its territory, encounter new sets of customs, imposed either for consumption or transit, if their destination is beyond the little state laying in their road. Tax after tax and delay following delay, made it an arduous task to send goods into the interior of Germany, and as a consequence, the exports of the products of German industry could not be great. In such a state of affairs the King of Prussia conceived the idea of extending the political influence of Prussia, and placing it at the head of the German States, by effecting a commercial union, and by creating a unity of interests; in some sort restoring the ancient empire. To effect this, it was proposed that one system of customs duties should be adopted by all the States; that all internal organization should be abolished, and the receipts of the exterior circle of custom houses should be divided *pro rata* among the members of the confederacy. This was adopted, and the result was absolute internal free trade, the effect of which was, to give a great impulse to German industry, accelerated by the construction of rail-roads. The consumption of goods increased, and the revenues of the princes were enhanced while their expenses were diminished. This arrangement, so far, was one of vast benefit to Germany. Unfortunately, however, when this unity of commercial interest was established, and all the States were reaping the benefit of internal free trade, the most absurd protective principles gained ascendency, in relation to exterior commerce, and the prosperity resulting from internal free trade, was ascribed to the external restrictions. The Customs Union or *Zoll-Verein* became seized with the notion that England had acquired her commercial greatness by means of restrictive laws, rather than through the advantage of her geographical position; and they supposed that by restraining commerce, Germany could acquire colonies, commerce, and a navy. Hence the most strenuous efforts had been made to force the Hanse towns and Hanover into the union, in order that, by bringing down the anti-commercial and restrictive principles of the union to the regulation of Hamburg's trade, the marine of Germany may be encouraged. There is no doubt but that if the Customs Union, in receiving Hanover and the Hanse towns into the confederation, would adopt the liberal views of the latter, the interests of the whole would be advanced.—But Hamburg seems by no means disposed to abandon her own wise policy, under which they have ever been wealthy and prosperous, to become subject to the exploded dogma of the protective system.

The disposition which Germany has shown to treat with the United States is, however, indicative that she will ere long see her true interests. To the United States Minister to the Court of Berlin, Henry Wheaton, Esq., must be ascribed much of the increasing liberality of the German views. By a resolution of the House of Representatives, Jan. 11, 1838, he was instructed to procure a reduction of the duties on rice, which he effected.

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The result was, a large increase in the German consumption of rice, and a corresponding increase in the revenues of the Union, two important proofs of the advantages of a liberal system. This prepared the way for a treaty, embracing more extensive modifications, in 1845; that treaty stipulated for a reduction of the duties on tobacco, which are $3 96 per 111 lbs., and a continuance of cotton free; in consideration, no more than 20 per cent. was to be charged on German goods in the United States. This treaty was rejected by the United States Senate, chiefly on the ground that it arrogated to the treaty-making power that control over duties which belongs to Congress, and would involve, under the "most-favored nation" clause of the English treaty, a similar reduction on the goods of that nation. As an instance of the manner in which United States produce has been increased in consumption, we give the following table of the quantities entered in the Zoll-Verein for the average of five years, ending with 1841, and for the year 1845:

	Cotton. lbs.	Cot. Yarn. lbs.	Tobacco. lbs.	Rice. lbs.	Whale Oil. bbls.
Av'go 5 years....	20,010.010	38,817,240	21,570,200	13,269,740	26,969,590
1845.....	48,827,570	63,173,330	42,942,130	26,838,900	48,099,810
Increase, lbs.....	28,817,560	24,356,090	21,371,930	13,569,160	21,130,120

This is a most important improvement in the consumption. The population of these countries increased from 23,710,881 in 1838, to 28,548,553 in 1843. The northern part of Germany consume mostly Carolina rice, and the southern section that of Italy. The growth of tobacco in Germany was forced, under the protective system; but that system will not suffice to maintain an unnatural growth in competition with the United States. The influence of the body of the tobacco growers, duped into that culture by an absurd policy of the government, has opposed a modification of the duties on the American product. The consumption of raw cotton indicates the great increase in spinning, as does the import of English yarns evince the progress of the cloth manufacture. The largest proportion of these goods reach their destination through the Elbe and Hamburg; and, as we have stated, are subjected to a most onerous tax by Hanover. That most extraordinary tax is a remnant of feudal grants, and it may not be uninteresting to trace its origin.

About 25 English miles below Hamburg, the navigable channel of the Elbe becoming narrower, approaches the Hanoverian shore near a small river, called the Schwinge, on which the town of Stade is situated.

At this place a toll, under the name of the Brunshausen or Stade Duty, is levied on all vessels coming from the sea, and on their cargoes.

In the year 1038, Conrad II., Emperor of Germany, granted permission to the Archbishop of Hamburg, to establish a fair or market at Stade; and he appropriated the duties which were to be levied thereon, to the benefit of the church of Hamburg.

Nothing beyond a market toll—a duty to be levied on goods brought to the market of Stade—was here contemplated.

The Archbishops, particularly after the translation of the see to Bremen, were not slow in converting, by an arbitrary and unjust interpretation, the Stade market-privilege with the trifling duty attached to it, into a source of lucrative revenue for their treasury.

In place of the simple right of holding a market at Stade, they feigned a privilege of a compulsory market, viz. that no vessels sailing upwards from the sea had a right to pass, but should lay to and pay a sort of transit or rather passage duty, for the purpose of buying off the right of sale pretended

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to have been granted at Stade; a right which could easily be enforced from the circumstance that vessels, as already mentioned, had to sail close by the Stade River, the Schwinge.

On so groundless a fiction rests the origin of the Stade Elbe Duty, which, without even a shadow of right or equity, has sprung from the arbitrary usurpation of covetous prelates.

In the year 1189, Hamburg received from the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa the privilege which bears his name, "Privilegium Friedericianum." —Besides other immunities in favor of the trade of Hamburg, the emperor, by this privilege, granted to her citizens for their ships and merchandise, a free navigation from the sea to the city, with an entire exemption from the payment of any duties.

At the peace of Westphalia, the territories of the archbishopric of Bremen were ceded to the crown of Sweden, which in consequence claimed the right of levying the Stade Duty as customary.

In the year 1691, a convention respecting this duty was concluded by a treaty between Sweden, as possessor of the duchy of Bremen and the city of Hamburg, and in 1692, a rectified tariff, as an integral part of the treaty, was agreed to.

In the official publication, this treaty is styled a permanent arrangement, and a special provision therein expressly declares, that henceforth the parties renounce every claim to partial or one-sided innovations, or alterations of the agreement.—In this treaty the exemption of the property of Hamburg citizens from the duty, is recognized in the widest sense, whilst the tariff adopts the ancient rates then in use. Agreeably to it, most of the articles of commerce are rated at less than $\frac{1}{16}$ per ct. of the value, whilst in certain cases the maximum of $\frac{1}{16}$ per ct. of the value is chargeable; in others it is chargeable at the option of, and as a benefit to, the merchant.

Soon after the conclusion of this unquestionably valid treaty, Stade, with the duchies of Bremen and Verden, was occupied by the Danes, and finally ceded to the Electorate of Hanover in 1715, against payment of a sum of money.

A great change in the administration of the Stade duty was perceptible, from the moment that it passed into the hands of Hanover.

The treaty of 1691 was often violated in an arbitrary manner, and even the rates of the tariff, as established by treaty, were arbitrarily raised. In vain did Hamburg repeatedly protest against this injustice throughout the whole of the 18th century, whilst Hanover continued to levy the Stade duty in the way which appeared most advantageous to herself, without any regard to law or equity.

During the French occupation, from 1806 till 1814, the traffic of the Elbe was almost entirely at a stand. In 1814, when the Hanoverian authorities resumed the administration of the stade duty, they ungenerously took advantage of this deplorable interruption, by raising enormously the former rates of duty, whilst they aggravated the grievance by the introduction of many new vexations.

At the congress of Vienna, to which Great Britain was a party, it was stipulated, with regard to the navigation of great German River, art. 108, 116, that the burdensome duties thereon should be definitively regulated, with a view to the encouragement of trade.

A commission of the states whose territories are traversed by the Elbe, met for this purpose at Dresden in 1819. By this commission, all Elbe duties from Hamburg to Bohemia were regulated; but in regard to the Stade duty, the most important of all the Elbe duties, Hanover, after many other evasions, in a most extraord nary manner, disputed entirely the com-

petence of the commission, notwithstanding the treaty of Vienna distinctly declares, that *all* duties, from the point where the river becomes navigable to its embouchure, shall be regulated in common.

On this occasion, Hanover made use of the pretext that the Stade duty was not a *river* but a *sea-duty*, seeing it was levied only on sea vessels, and on goods arriving from the sea.

In spite of the strongest protest on the part of Denmark and Hamburg, the commission was weak enough to be satisfied for the time, with the promise of Hanover that she would arrange the matter with Hamburg, the state most deeply interested, by a special treaty. Nevertheless this promise has remained unfulfilled, in spite of many pressing remonstrances on the part of Hamburg.

This extortion would never have been submitted to by England, had not the revenue derived from it formed an important item in the Hanoverian incomes of the British king. The separation of the crowns at the accession of Victoria, has led to a change in the views of Hanover; more particularly, that the progress of events in Germany is such as to indicate the necessity of relinquishing such impositions.

In the new treaty with Hanover, it is mutually agreed to extend to vessels of each other the indirect carrying-trade; that is, a Hanoverian ship may export corn, or any other description of American produce, to England, France, or elsewhere, and carry back the products of those countries, if permitted by their respective governments, while American vessels are to enjoy the same privilege in their intercourse with Hanoverian ports.

As an equivalent for the inequality of the population, and products, and seaports of the two countries, Hanover has obligated herself that no higher or other toll shall be levied or collected at Brunshausen or Stade, on the river Elbe, upon the tonnage or cargoes of vessels of the United States, than is levied and collected upon the tonnage and cargoes of vessels of the Kingdom of Hanover; and that the vessels of the United States shall be subjected to no charges, detention, or other inconvenience, by the Hanoverian authorities in passing the above mentioned place, from which vessels of the Kingdom of Hanover shall be exempt, and, as stipulated in article 8:

"In order to augment the commercial relations between the United States and Germany, the Kingdom of Hanover hereby agrees to abolish the import duty on raw cotton, and also to abolish the existing transit duties (7½ per 100 lbs.,) upon leaves, stems, and strips of tobacco, in hogsheads or casks, raw cotton in bales or bags whale oil in casks or barrels, and rice in tierces or half tierces; and further, the Kingdom of Hanover obliges itself to levy no Weser tolls on the before-mentioned articles, which are destined for, or landed in, ports or other places within its territory on the Weser; and it moreover agrees that if the states bordering upon the said river, (Prussia, Hesse, Brunswick, and Lippe,) shall consent, at any time, however soon, to abolish the duties which they levy and collect upon the said articles destined for ports or other places within the Hanoverian territory, the Kingdom of Hanover will readily abolish the Weser tolls upon the same articles destined for ports or places in the said States."

The stipulation relating to transit duties removes a tax of about $10,000 per annum from the articles provided for, in their movement to the Zoll-Verein. It is believed that they will henceforth pass through Hamburg and Bremen to Austria and Switzerland, instead of passing through Trieste and Havre, as heretofore.

The Weser tolls will not long be sustained after so direct an appeal to the "Weser bordering states." The treaty opens the way for the success of the new line of ocean steamers between Bremen and New-York, of which the first boat, the Washington, takes her departure June 1. The in-

creasing commerce of the Customs-Union has thus had removed from it the odious river duties on those articles of United States produce that it most wants; and already the necessity of a new treaty with the United States, of a more liberal tendency, instead of the one rejected in 1845, is becoming apparent. The tariff of the United States, by reducing the duties on German goods, removes one of the objections to that treaty. The 12th article of the new treaty runs thus:

"The United States agree to extend all the advantages and privileges included in the stipulations of the present treaty, to one or more of the other states of the Germanic Confederation, which may wish to accede to them, by the means of an official exchange of declarations, provided that such state or states shall confer similar favors upon the United States to those conferred on the Kingdom of Hanover, and observe and be subject to the same conditions, stipulations, and obligations."

Oldenburg, situate on the south side of the Weser, with a population of 300,000, has signified its intention to avail herself of the privilege. It is not improbable that sooner or later the Hanstowns will be forced into the Customs Union; but it is possible that the principles by which that Union is now governed, will become materially modified. The success of Hamburg, through the practice of a free system in regard to commerce, should be a lesson for the guidance of the Union. The interior states of Germany have all shown a change for the better. Bavaria more particularly in respect to emigration. That government has heretofore levied a *droit de détraction*, or an export tax upon money carried out of the country. The number of emigrants in four years, ending with 1839, was twenty-four thousand five hundred and seven souls, of whom eighteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-one went to the United States, paying a duty of over $2,100,000 specie. By the new treaty, all these duties are abolished, and the citizens of the two countries placed upon an equality in many respects. The intercourse between Germany and the United States has but commenced. The millions of German hearts beating in these United States are but now about to respond to the aspirations of thirty-five millions of kindred souls in the bosom of Europe. The thraldom which for so many centuries has pressed down divided Germany, is about to be succeeded by the most unrestrained freedom. The Vistula, the Weser, the Elbe and the Rhine, will ere long bear the rich produce of the remote sections of Germany unrestricted, to the seas, and in return carry the untaxed goods and produce of the new world to districts whence the selfish policy of pompous potentates has hitherto excluded it.

The Steamer Washington is the first American commercial steamer that has crossed the ocean. Although Robert Fulton, on the banks of the Hudson, made the first successful application of steam to vessels, and the construction and use of boats thus propelled, has, in the domestic trade of the United States, been carried to greater perfection than in most countries, the English have taken the lead in ocean steamers, mostly in consequence of the great capital that was required to be risked in an untried experiment. These English lines have for some years been in operation, between Great Britain and the United States; and one, that of Cunard's, has been eminently successful. It was supposed, when they commenced running regularly, that they would affect the number of passengers in the noble New-York lines of packet ships; but the result has been, so far to promote intercourse as to increase the number of passengers for all; and, at each succeeding season, the travel is apparently greater. These steamers have, however, connected the United States with Europe only through England, leaving, except through the Havre packet ships, only an indirect communi-

cation between the United States and her vast connections on the continent. Year by year, through the increase of immigration, the growing trade of Germany, and the commercial disposition of the several European governments, those interests are swelling in magnitude. In view of this state of things, certain sagacious gentlemen saw that the time had arrived when a direct communication to a leading German port was become necessary. The English steamers well supplied the travel and mail facilities between the United States and Great Britain; but a large portion of that travel and mail was on European account. Hence a direct and regular line to Bremen was become a want. In our enterprising country no want long exists without being supplied. The cost of the English boats was near $500,000, and it was generally supposed that they could not be built for less. Hence, to establish a line would require some $2,000,000. After maturely considering the subject, a gentleman of New-York, Mr. Edward Mills, estimated that a ship could be built and furnished complete at an expense of $250,000, or less than half the cost of the British boats. With indefatigable zeal he exerted himself in getting up a company, and procured a charter from the state of New-York, authorising a capital of $1,000,000, and a loan to the amount of the capital paid in. The importance of the line for the organization of foreign mail facilities, which had hitherto been totally neglected by the government, was then laid before the department; and its sagacious head entered into a contract, authorized by Congress, for five years with the company, to carry the mail for $100,000 each boat per annum. Having progressed so far, Mr. Mills was, by unremitting exertions, soon enabled to procure subscriptions to the extent of $550,000, and the Washington was put under contract. The engagements with the government required that the ships should be so constructed as to be turned into war steamers in case of necessity.

The hull of 2000 tons was contracted to be built by Messrs. Westervelt & M'Kay of New-York, and the engines, by Messrs. Stillman & Allen, of the Novelty Works. The specifications were all made by Mr. Mills,* and the work does credit to all engaged. When Mr. Mills first made his estimate, that a sea-going steamer of 2000 tons, all "a taunt oh!" furnished and victualed, could be placed "all clear" outside New-York harbor for $250,000, he obtained but little credit for the accuracy of his estimates. The result has more than sustained them, and the facts are now acknowledged, that the noble line of boats will contend at half cost, with the English lines. The vessel, as fitted, has accommodations for 140 first class passengers, 44 second class, and 500 tons of freight in addition to the mail room. Her machinery is of the most admirable construction, and has many points of difference with those of Cunard's line. The size of the cylinders is nearly the same, say 72 inches; but the length of the stroke is 10 feet in the Washington, against about 6 feet 7 inches in the English boat, and there is some variety of opinion in relation to the desirableness of so long a stroke. The enormous weight of the shafts are supposed disadvantageous, while the motion is undoubtedly more steady in a greater length. The supports are of wrought iron, while those in the Cunard's line are cast. The latter are, therefore, apparently much stouter, while possessed of less real strength. The greatest difference, and perhaps the most important, is in the boilers. The "regulations" in England require that the pressure

* The dimensions of the ship, government measure, 230 feet on deck, 39 feet beam, 30½ feet depth of hold; giving 1750 tons, equal to 2000 tons carpenters.

The KEEL is 16 inches square, exclusive of the shoe or false keel, which is five inches thick.

The middle kelson is 3 feet in depth amidships, by 16 inches side.

There are bed kelsons for the engine, each measuring 3 feet at the base, 3 feet in heighth, and 2½ feet on the upper sides; extending over the entire length of the ship's floor, as far as the shape of her bottom will allow. These kelsons are secured by 1¼ inch iron screw bolts, driven

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should be no more than 5lbs. per square inch, and an engineer that should increase his "weights" would be punishable, while the Washington had 11 lbs. on her first trip, and may use 20 lbs. The question naturally arises, is the latter safe, if the restriction in the other is sound? The answer is, that the Washington is probably as safe at 20 lbs., as the Cunard's line at 5 lbs., and it arises from the construction of the boiler, as thus the latter have four boilers of 225 horse capacity each, and they are of a *square* form with a circular top. At a pressure of 5 lbs., the sides of these boilers will "pant" like those of a running horse. The Washington has two boilers of 1000 horse each, of a *barrel* shape, and lined internally with strong wrought iron cross braces, riveted through the sides of the boiler. Every few inches these braces cross with a rivet. The difference in strength is then that between a wooden box and well hooped barrel. With this construction a hydraulic test of 30 pounds to the square inch would probably burst the former, while it would require 230 pounds to spring the latter. It is always the case with the observer of English as compared with American machinery, that he remarks an apparent want of strength in the latter. This arises mainly from the fact, that English machinery is overloaded with weight of material where it is not absolutely essential to security. In the American machines, the strength is applied precisely at the point of strain and pressure. Hence it is, that the latter are more *agile*, if that term may be applied to machines. In all description of machinery it requires superior power to move one of English construction than of American. It is for this reason that the latter are unjustly accused of "sacrificing strength to speed." It may be replied, that in England an injudicious expenditure of metal is made without gaining either in safety or utility. The superior speed and beauty of American ships has long since been acknowledged; and an enthusiastic sailor, although an English commander, exclaimed on seeing the Washington, "she is as beautiful a boat as I ever saw on the water." There is but little doubt that the line will be a permanent one, and that the pro-

through a plate from the outside of the timbers, and their position is such that every floor timber receives eight bolts, add every futtock four, besides the bolts in the centre kelson, which are 1¾ inches copper.

There is also a bilge kelson of 15 inches square, placed in such a manner as to secure the heads of the first and the heels of the third futtocks.

The frame is of white oak, excepting the apron, transoms, knight heads, fashion pieces and stanchions, which are of live oak and locust.

It is moulded 20 inches at the side of the keel, 16 inches at the floor timber heads, and it is gradually diminished thence to the top, where it is six inches; and being placed 30 inches apart, on the keel, leaves an average space between them of 3 inches, thus presenting a mass of solid timber, copper and iron. The length of the timbers composing each frame in the amidships section of the ship, is floors about 22 feet; first futtocks 17 feet; second futtocks 12 feet; third futtocks 16 feet; top timbers 20 feet; half top timbers 16 feet. She is framed in three lengths of timber. Her floor timbers sided ten inches; lower futtocks 11 inches; upper futtocks 10 in.

The ceiling of the ship is of southern pine, 8 inches thick in the bilges, and diminishes to 7, and 6 above that up to the upper deck.

The bottom plank 4, 4½, 5 and 5½ inches thick up to the bends, which are of 6 inches, all white oak.

Of the spars.—The *mainmast* measures 80 feet, diameter averaging 25 inches. *Foremast*, 78 feet, diameter 25 inches *Mizenmast*, 76 feet, diameter 21 inches. *Bowsprit*, outward 24 feet, (full length 45 feet,) diameter 26 by 24 inches. *Fore* and *main topmasts*, 50 feet, 14½ inches. *Fore* and *main yards*, 68 feet, 17 inches. *Fore* and *main topsail yards*, 58 feet, 14 inches. *Fore* and *main spencer gaffs*, 34 feet, 9 inches. *Mizen gaff*, 33 feet, (neck 5 feet,) 9 inches. *Jibboom*, 22 feet outside of the *cap*, 14 inches. These spars are of select wood, combining, with their *trusses* and mechanical action, every modern improvement.

The ship has two engines of 72 inch cylinder, 10 feet stroke; wrought iron frames, shafts, cranks and water wheels. Iron coal bunkers, enclosing the boilers and machinery. There are a pair of boilers, each 36 feet long and 15 feet wide, weighing 86,000 pounds each. The bed plates alone weigh 40,000 pounds each, and every point liable to fire is lined with cast-iron plates, fitted to the shape of the ship's bottom and sides. The cut off fixtures are of a new kind, and capable, as was proved on this trip, of being attended to at any part of the stroke, while the engine is in motion. All of the machinery is below deck. Only the smoke pipe and wheels indicate externally that she is a steamer. The wheels are 39 feet diameter and 7½ dip.

fits will exceed the estimates.* The company do not propose to extend the subscription beyond $800,000, which will complete three ships, and the fourth will be built from the earnings of the three. The Washington is also an instance of that remarkable despatch in ship building for which America acquired a name in the last war. On the 7th October, 1846, the first timber of her frame was moulded; on the 15th of the following month, her frame was raised complete. She was launched Jan. 30, 1847, and on the 1st of June she sails for Southampton and Bremen under the command of Capt. Frederick Hewitt, long and favorably known as a Havre "liner." The accommodations are such as combine all that experience has suggested as conducive to convenience, comfort and luxury on board the famed packet ships of America. The Cunard line ship, Britannia, under Capt. Harrison, one of the ablest and most gentlemanly of British seamen, leaves Boston on the same day, and will therefore have an opportunity of trying the power of his boat against the first American steamer. The Britannia is not the fastest boat, and will be full of freight and passengers, while the Washington will, although carrying over one hundred passengers, have but little freight; she has, however, some four hundred tons kentledge put in by the board of directors, under the supposition, which we think a mistaken one, that when the coal is diminished, the wheels would not have sufficient hold of the water. By contract with government, the Washington was not required to sail until August; but to the surprise of many here and abroad, she is ready June 1st. We have thus digressed into the details of a line of steamers, because we regard it, in a national point of view, as an event fraught with vast consequences to the commercial prosperity of the United States, as well as to the political and industrial condition of the great people with whom we thus become more intimately connected.

* ESTIMATED COST OF FOUR STEAMSHIPS.

Steamer Washington, complete	$235,000
2nd Steamer building, estimated at	275,000
Two, to be contracted for	565,000
	$1,075,000

ESTIMATE OF ONE YEAR'S EXPENSES, FOR STEAMER WASHINGTON, MAKING 12 TRIPS.

Insurance on $270,000, including policy, stamps, &c., at 5¼ per cent	$14,850
Coal for 15 days, per trip, at 2 tons per hour, 720 tons—12 trips, 8640 tons, at $4½ per ton	38,880
Pay Roll of Captain, Officers, Engineers, Firemen, and all hands	25,780
Provisions for 76 men, at 33⅓ cts. pr day	9,245
Harbor dues and Pilotage, $400 per trip	4,880
Oil for Engines, at $200 each trip	2,400
Repairs, say	10,000
	$105,955

ESTIMATE OF ONE YEAR'S EARNINGS, FOR 1 STEAMER.—*Outward Passage.*

50 First class Passengers, at $100 nett	$5000
25 Second do at $50	1250
300 Tons Freight	1000
Small parcels at $5 each	250
Homeward Passage.	
60 First Class Passengers, at $125 nett	$7500
30 Second do at 50	1500
Fr'ght, 300 tons meas'mt goods, sp'cie, &c.	3500
Per voyage,	$20,000
Per annum is	$120,000

Extending the estimate for four Steamers, the result will give—Earnings $480,000
Expenses 423,820
Surplus, $56,180

ESTIMATE OF THE COMPANY'S OPERATIONS, INCLUDING THE CONTRACT WITH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR MAIL SERVICE.

Earnings of four Steamers—Passengers and Freight		$480,000
Do. for Mail service		400,000
Total Earnings, Mails inclusive		$880,000
Expenses of 4 Steamers	$423,820	
Agents' commissions on receipts and disbursements abroad, $500,000, at 2½ per cent	12,500	
Office expenses at New-York—salaries, rent, advertising, &c.	15,000	$451,320
		$428,680
Sinking fund, 10 per cent. on capital	$107,500	
Contingent fund for extraordinary repairs	25,000	$132,500
		$296,180
Of which 5 per cent. payable to Mr. Mills, for sale of the Mail Contract		14,805
Nett profit,		$281,375

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THE BATTLE OF THE OPERAS;

WITH A MEMOIR OF JENNY LIND.

[We have received, from a friendly contributor to the Democratic Review who has just returned from Europe, a "Memoir of Jenny Lind," whose lyric genius is the daily topic of European comment. The biography comes fairly within the scope of our critical functions, but is of so light a nature that we should probably have overlooked it, but for the general interest attached to its heroine. Whatever has become—whether from intrinsic merit or accident, the world's talk may not in the pride of our position be entirely disregarded; and we therefore cheerfully give insertion to the article of our contributor, which, we are sure, from the curious details accompanying his review of the "Memoir," will not fail to enliven our readers.—Ed.]

The grand Italian Opera of London, known under the name of "Her Majesty's Theatre," and where the fair subject of our notice has, ere this, appeared, is, beyond doubt, one of the most splendid theatrical institutions of the world. As a prelude to our biographical intentions, we cannot do better than indulge in some remarks on the actual position and resources of "Her Majesty's Theatre," which are likely to interest, from their novelty, and which may possibly serve the friends of a similar enterprise here, as they will contain the history of the last five years, with its steady developement, of one of the leading musical establishments of Europe. The Italian Opera of London has existed for many years back; but, like its early career in other countries, the results were, for a long time, chequered and uncertain; sometimes profitable, but for the most part unsatisfactory and disastrous. Perhaps too often its direction has been confided to the inexperienced hands of theatrical amateurs, noblemen, or gentlemen of fortune, who have rather sought amusement from its agreeable distractions, than gain by its successful direction.* Its present manager, B. Lumley, Esq., is a person of superior ability, high character, and good position in society. His connection with the opera grew out of an accident quite curious enough to be related. But a few years since he was a leading solicitor in London, and on some occasion the late director, M. Laporte, required the immediate services of a professional man, and Mr. Lumley was called in. An acquaintance thus sudden, soon ripened into a close intimacy between the manager and his legal adviser, whose sound judgment and good habits of business were invaluable to the careless and irregular character of the French impressario.

Doubtless Mr. Lumley found his account in it, and his new *practice* afforded a zest and novelty, certainly not to be found in the dry details, laborious research, and wretched life of drudgery a London lawyer leads. Gradually, he was forced, by the dissipation of Laporte, into all the intricacies of the great lyric establishment whose important interests were so grossly neglected; and the grave, formal and reserved solicitor of Parliament-street not unfrequently found himself, on salary day, face to face with all that was fair, frail and fascinating in opera and ballet that, collected from all parts of Europe, annually revolve, star-like, within the magic circle of "Her Majesty's Theatre." This was the situation of things, when, suddenly, poor Laporte died. Mr. Lumley was travelling at the moment on the continent, when a letter reached him from the present Earl of Lonsdale, then Lord

* From the days of Horace Walpole, and of the management of Lord Middlesex, to the directorship of the present Lord Aylesbury, and, we may add, of the lesseeship of Lord Lowther, [now Earl of Lonsdale,] the Italian Opera of London has been a scene of irremediable confusion—the curse of chancellors, and the delight of lawyers. Neither a magnificent composer, like Handel, nor a cunning *intrigant*, like Laporte, could succeed in this difficult undertaking. The management of the Opera acquired a certain degree of brilliancy under the control of Mr. Gould, a man of splendid fortune; but he died ruined and broken-hearted. It has been, as is well-known, for thirty years in chancery, and in fact, till the present moment, it was the most ruinous and disastrous of speculations, and the worst conducted of theatrical establishments.

Lowther, who was the sole lessee of the theatre, stating the fact of the director's unexpected death, and suggesting to Mr. Lumley the immediate assumption of the managerial robe of office. There was no time for hesitation; and whether the charms of the position had already become indispensable, or the chances of gain promised more richly than the slender returns, even of successful legal practice in England, it is hard to say; but Mr. Lumley repaired instantly to London, and accepted the *baton* of command. This was in 1842. The first season began in April, and closed in August, and the result was anything but encouraging. Grisi, the she-Atlas of the opera, fell ill; and Mario, the lion-tenor of the day, refused from caprice to sing. Other mishaps, as the non-return of Fanny Elssler from the United States, occurred to mar the issue of his first year's enterprise, and, as had happened a hundred times before, "Her Majesty's Theatre" shut its doors with an ugly deficit in its exchequer. One anecdote alone may be related to show that Mr. Lumley began his difficult task like a thorough man of business—and it is specially worth notice, as it reveals the cause of his present troubles in the bold opposition organized against him. Mr. Lumley started on his theatrical career with the determination to conduct opera and ballet with the same cold, matter-of-fact spirit, that he would follow up a case in chancery, no more solicitous for the morbid sensibilities of his artists in the one case, than for the anxious hopes and fears of his clients in the other. In looking over the contracts bequeathed him, he found one made with Mlle. Elssler in 1840, just previous to her American adventure, which bound the volatile Fanny to return and dance in London the following year, 1841; but which, in the intoxication of her transatlantic triumphs, she totally forgot to do. Instead of writing importunate letters in mingled terms of entreaty and reproach, the lawyer-director sued out a judgment against the unconscious Fanny, who little dreamt that on stepping her pretty foot ashore in England, it would be instantly caught in the parchment trap of the law, and that instead of falling into the fond arms of her eager friends, she would be tightly grasped in the rough hands of the sheriff's officers. Accident alone prevented this profanation of the brilliant danseuse's dainty person, which would have made her the relentless enemy of the man-of-contracts for life. It was about this period, the end of 1842, that the writer made the acquaintance of Mr. Lumley. His fine person, courteous manner, and superior intellect were quite irresistible, and a cordial intimacy ensued. Over many a pleasant dinner in his beautiful apartments in the *Hotel des Princes* at Paris, the new director talked without reserve of his novel position, its annoyances, responsibilities, and possible losses. Too proud, perhaps, to repent of the step he had taken, in leaving a distinguished profession for the somewhat more equivocal one he had adopted, he spoke of his change of career something in the philosophical tone of the "black *Othello*:"

"No man can control his fate"—

but he displayed, at the same time a settled resolution to make the most of it; which has never faltered since under obstacles and reverses which would have utterly crushed a weaker man. Mr. Lumley was not slow to discern in me an enthusiastic lover of art, which at that time ran high, and a strong theatrical sympathy sprung up between us. He fancied my views in such matters were clever and practical, and my plans of combination greatly attracted him. He hinted frequently that "just such a person united with him would make his bold speculation sure." Silent association was easy enough, and really the temptation was enticing. The Italian Opera of London may be regarded almost as an Estate of the Realm. In the social world its influence is paramount; a box at the opera gives position in society, for the cost of it implies wealth and birth; while the privilege of in-

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viting persons of rank who have none, secures powerful friends. Noblemen of the best blood, ambassadors of the first class, seek eagerly the acquaintance of the director, and all are more pleased at a seat in his box than that of her Majesty's; for an intimacy with the former confers coveted privileges, as the *entreé* to the scenes, presentation to illustrious artists, &c., which royalty itself cannot command. This, and more, with a share in the management and profits were alluring enough, but would have led to, what is called in Ireland, absenteeism, and which I was not disposed to incur.

It was in the course of these agreeable *re-unions* that his future operatic campaigns were discussed by Mr. Lumley, and it was fully agreed between us that an immense deal of money, contrary to all past experience, might be made out of "Her Majesty's Theatre," conducted with proper spirit and close attention to business; the latter no difficult matter, in the face of Circean temptations, that none but a modern Ulysses could hope to resist. To accomplish this desirable end, it was farther concluded that sweeping measures of reform were necessary in this mammoth-administration—not merely in its *personnel;* in its excessive salaries; in its lyrical and chorographic attractions; but more than all, in its combination of these. It is the usage of London to unite in one theatre both opera and ballet, instead of erecting, as in Paris, different temples to these opposite divinities; and, in consequence, what was meant as an amusement, often became from the inordinate length of these London performances a tiresome exhibition, even when Grisi sang and Elssler danced. The theatrical *Mirabeau* at once declared war in round terms against these old standing abuses, and resolved to reform them altogether. He determined to lay his sacrilegious hands on Rossini, and by some new Procrustean method of his own clip a three act opera into two, *et hoc omne genus.* In this way time might be won for the blandishments of the ballet; and, like a sharp observer as he is Mr. Lumley knew his market, and decided to cater accordingly. In no continental city may it be said, *par parenthese*, do the voluptuous attractions of the ballet exert a tithe of their disturbing influence as in propriety-loving, church-established England; not even in naughty Paris itself do the nymphs of the "twinkling feet" venture upon *rondes-jambes* of such daring altitudes, or *pirouettes* of such petticoat-flying audacity, as in the chief diocese of the tolerant Bishop of London, who fears, perhaps, that the "ladies of the opposition" might by any inconsiderate act of clerical resistance on his part turn out "too much" for him. An American may be permitted to wonder at national peculiarities when he beholds English ladies of rank, mothers and daughters, sitting unmoved before displays that a Parisian coquette would seek refuge from behind her fan.* The indignant burst of Macbeth at apparitions far less real comes up to him,

> ——— "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder? It makes me strange
> Even to the disposition that I owe,
> When now I think you can behold *such sights,*
> And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks."

Far be it from a transatlantic traveller to sit himself up in pompous imitation of the Trollope's and Dickens's, as a grand national avenger of the stingless malice of that despicable class of itinerent scribes, "who write to live," but he cannot shut his eyes to the glaring fact that the whole aristocracy of England hasten in eager crowds to gaze on the grace and indecent agility of every Terpsichorean importation that ransacked Europe can

* The danseuses of the French opera often declare, they take liberties with the English public that they dare not at Paris. What is applauded by the London *roues*, would be hissed by the French *claque.*

furnish, and that, too, within a stone's throw of *Westminster Abbey*, still closed from motives of morality to the statue of Lord Byron, who condemned in sharper tones than those of the purists of the day, the comparatively harmless but "lascivious waltz."

To return. There were other customs, more "honored in the breach than the observance," whose fate was decreed by the revising policy of the new manager. Up to this time every subscriber to the opera was allowed the precious privilege of a pass into the charming mysteries "behind the scenes." How many took their "stalls" for the season for an occasional glimpse of all the wonders that are reserved elsewhere for the initiated only? This profanation Mr. Lumley denounced at once, and all the more, that the small stage of "Her Majesty's Theatre" hardly accommodates the immense army of artistes marshalled there, and which made the old abuse more insupportable. It may well be supposed that such a revolution as the English *Danton* contemplated was not likely to be accomplished without formidable opposition, and perhaps serious consequences to himself; but he, too, declared, *de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.* The season of '43 began under novel circumstances, for Mr. Lumley brought forward at once some of his best artistes in the term before Easter, which other less sagacious directors had always abandoned to mediocrities, in the supposition that the fashionable world could not be drawn to the opera till after Easter. This delusion was dispelled at a blow, for all the world crowded the opera the moment there was anything to be seen. Some mishaps occurred at the beginning, such as are incidental to managerial life. Mademoiselle Elssler, who was to open the campaign left the luckless manager a second time in the lurch, but her place was supplied with the graceful Dumilatre. Again, Perot, the inimitable master of ballet, in dancing on the first night a *pas de deux*, snapped a muscle of his foot, which cracked like a pistol shot through the theatre, and taking up the wounded limb in his arm, the poor fellow hopped off the stage to groan over the double misfortune. The chief *maitre de ballet* of the establishment was for the season *hors de combat*, but Mr. Lumley revealed at once that indomitable activity which in later events has been so signally and successfully displayed, and went on his way triumphant. The season beginning in March and ending in August, closed after a series of gratifying events, and amongst others was a visit in state by Her Majesty; and the pecuniary results, the least equivocal proof of good management, could hardly have fallen much below £10,000, ($50,000.)

The same good fortune attended the succeeding seasons of '44, '45,* and '46, but at the end of last year, dark clouds began to gather over the horizon of Her Majesty's Theatre, which suddenly broke, and spread desolation and wreck over the path of the stricken and dismayed manager. His repeated and persevering concessions to the exigencies of the Ballet deeply incensed the jealous sensibilities of the singers; and other grievances, arising from the coldness of his manner and the severity of his discipline gradually raised up against him a swelling tide of dislike on the part of his attaches and employeés, which displayed itself at the end of '46, as I have said in bold rebellion and abandonment. The whole of his operatic troupe, led on by Grisi, and the entire orchestra headed by their skillful conductor, Costa; and down even to the Chorus, supernumeraries and doorkeepers, in one united and determined mass, unfurled the banner of revolt, and marched indignantly out of the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre never to return.—Measures were immediately taken by the furious faction to give completeness to their revenge, and they set to work on the ways and means requisite

* In the autumn of 1845, Mr. Lumley, with the aid of several friends of rank, ventured on the purchase of the Opera-House of London, for £100,000, ($500,000.)

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to organise an opposition that would forever prostrate the weakened fortunes of their former and detested Director. Once recovered from his stupor at so unlooked for an event, Mr. Lumley turned to regard his remaining resources, and doubtless stood appalled at the void which met his gaze. One object, however, loomed broadly out which by its breadth and solidity must have greatly cheered him, for it was in itself a pillar upon which a new, if not a better operatic edifice, might be easily reared—it was the solitary person of the mighty Lablache; great in voice, great in bulk, and "great in mouths of wisest censure;" clinging faithfully and alone to his shattered fortunes; and deep, indeed, must have been the sense of obligation awakened in the director's heart at this single instance of devotion. With a courage equal to the emergency Mr. Lumley started up to repair his losses. He flew over to France, rattled into every town of Italy, and having rapidly made up every minor acquisition in the way of chorus and orchestra, he pushed on to collect, at no matter what sacrifice, a galaxy of talent by which he could hope to make head against the unheard-of combination gathering against him. It was at this moment he raised his eager eyes to one bright mark—a shining star of surpassing lustre in the theatrical firmament—the possession of which alone would save him from defeat, if it did not give him a complete triumph over the operatic legion which had pitched its hostile camp in Covent Garden. Away went the enterprising Director to Germany, and threw himself, purse and all, at the feet of the rising divinity of song—the famous Jenny Lind. This lengthy prelude has brought me to my more special task; and there is no doubt that every reader would be far better satisfied with copious extracts from the memoir itself than the most elaborate flourishes of the literary truncheon of a professed reviewer, to which we make no pretension. Let it speak, then, for itself:

"Of all the female vocalists that ever trod the lyrical stage, Jenny Lind may, more than any other, be entitled European. Such is the eagerness to behold—such is the contention for her possession, that every journal of Europe has been filled with her name for six months past; and yet, singular to relate—for the fact is, perhaps, beyond all precedent—not one of the myriad critics that have mooted the subject have uttered a syllable in disparagement, much less of sarcasm, as regards the estimate held of her surpassing talents. She appears to hold the supremacy of song by a totally different tenure from that of any other *prima donna*. * * * *

"Jenny Lind possesses friends of all ages, and the most exalted in rank are amongst her most devoted admirers. In Jenny Lind is typified the great improvement of the *morale* of the stage. There was a time when actors and actresses, in the eye of the law, were mere vagrants—Moliére himself was refused the rites of sepulture, and all that even the most absolute of monarchs could procure for him was a burial by stealth in the middle of the night. *Prime donne* were but a short period since characterised by eccentricity of habits and violence of tempers. Since the lyrical stage has demanded a rare combination of various talents—since true genius, possessing them, has found so readily its place and its reward on the operatic boards, the moral improvement of its interpreters has been constant. The profession may now boast of some few actors and actresses who, amidst temptations difficult to be withstood, may be deemed worthy models of conduct in domestic life, who preserve even there their dramatic superiority—they are the kings and queens by right of nature in private, as they are by costume on the boards of the theatre.

* * * * * * * * *

"When we first beheld Jenny Lind we were unconscious of her presence. She was seated in the angle of a projecting window, working at a tambour frame, and totally absorbed in her task. Her pale flaxen hair, her light greyish blue eyes, and placid features, seemed to point out some humble needlewoman. Impatient with waiting, we asked when Madlle. Lind would be visible. The needlewoman rose, and in the arch, although *naive* smile that lighted up her countenance—in the deep thought that beamed in her eyes, her identity was proclaimed ere she uttered

the name that announced it. In the conversation that followed we discovered at once the very romance of nature; for even when the features are concealed, her genius is proclaimed distinctly, powerfully.

"In *Norma*, when 'Adalgisa' imparts to her the name of the seducer who has won her affections, she buries her face in her hands; and through them may be seen the internal struggle—the red blood mantles on her brow—her bosom heaves with the throes of the suppressed anguish—her fingers are spasmodically pressed to her countenance, and when she reveals it, it has assumed the pallor of death through the terrible recoil. In *Norma*, as in all her impersonations, is seen the real supremacy of woman, which consists in the delicacy of its expression, in the fragility of the form in which the spirit has its dwelling.

"That such intense curiosity should attend every detail regarding an artist of so exalted a nature, is not extraordinary. Lyrical entertainments now possess the highest attractions throughout Europe. There is no city of any considerable area, in any part of the world, which does not possess an opera, even where it lacks all other places of recreation. Can we be, therefore, astonished that such curiosity should exist relative to prima donnas—women combining dramatic genius, with the finest natural vocal powers, and recondite musical science—three properties, even when separate, so valuable and so rare. Jenny Lind possesses not only these claims to admiration, but others, which will be more amply developed in the history of her artistic life, which we will now take up in a more orderly mode of narration.

"This most truly original artist was born in 1821, the 6th of October, at Stockholm, where her parents kept a school. There seems to have been nothing in the daily occurrences of her infancy to give an impulse to that love of music which was developed in her at a wonderfully early age. When she was yet only three years old song was her ruling passion—every melody that struck her ear was retained with an accuracy which caused general admiration; no work was done without accompanying it with her clear voice, and no pain, during frequent illness, prevented her from finding consolation in song. Thus Jenny reached her ninth year, precious in mind and feelings, but by no means in bodily strength or beauty, when it happened that Mrs. Lundberg, an actress, heard the child sing; and, struck with her pure voice and correct enunciation, strove to open the eyes of her parents to the treasure they possessed, and urged them to devote their child to the stage. Jenny's mother, feeling those prejudices against theatres common among the middle classes, was at first horrified by the idea; but Mrs. Lundberg ultimately conquered them, and the parents at last consented to leave the decision of the matter to their child. The quiet and retiring girl at once declared herself determined to devote herself to the stage. Jenny was conveyed by Mrs. Lundberg to Croelius, a music master, well known in Stockholm. The old man soon became enthusiastic on the abilities of his new pupil; he introduced her to Count Pücke, the manager of the Court Theatre, requested him to hear her, and to take her under his protection. The Count, measuring the gentle, pale little creature with astonished eyes, angrily asked Croelius what he meant to do with such a child, for she surely had nothing to fit her for the stage. Croelius, nothing daunted, insisted upon the Count hearing her, adding if he should then not deem her worthy of his favor, that he (Croelius) himself would undertake her education on his own account, for that he considered it a sin not to reach forth his hand to talent, where it was so manifestly revealing itself; and so the Count consented at last to listen. Already her voice possessed that heart-searching quality by which the now accomplished artist exercises so irresistible a spell; Count Pücke was overcome; or scarcely had he heard the infant singer when he generously decided that she should participate in all the advantages of the Ecole, or musical school attached to the Theatre Royal of Stockholm. Shortly after, Jenny appeared in children's parts, and excited an enthusiasm similar to that with which Leontine Fay, in her early career, moved all Paris. Vaudevilles were written for the clever little girl, and by her quaint humor, and the lively originality of her performances, she soon became a perfect prodigy. In the following year old Croelius confided his *protegée* to a younger teacher, Herr Berg, a profound musician, who conducted her instruction with an equal zeal, and to whom she is indebted for that solid musical science which forms so sure a basis to her lofty dramatic delineations.

"Pursuing her studies unremittingly, borne on by the impetus of applause—ever

welcome, from the shrinking modesty of her demeanour, to the most brilliant circles of society, Jenny Lind attained her twelfth year, and here the rosy morning dream of her life became suddenly obscured. Jenny Lind had grown out of her famed children parts, and her youthful form was unfit for higher tasks; her charming high notes had vanished; her voice became soundless, and vainly did her worthy master essay to re-awaken the silver tones of his favourite scholar. The hope of forming her for the Grand Opera was banished. Jenny had appeared but rarely in the parts of soubrettes in dramas, and as is usual with precocious prodigies, the former impression was soon obliterated.

"The child, whose greatest delight was music, bore her fate with resignation. Her musical studies, were, however, pursued with the same assiduity as hitherto. Weber's Agathe, in *Der Freischutz*, was the ideal of her lyrical ambition. Four years had now elapsed since she had ventured on any new attempt in public. It happened, however, that in a concert, in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was to be performed, a singer for Alice, who has a short solo in this act, was wanting. None could be found for 'the insignificant solo,' and Herr Berg, remembering his poor pupil, thought that so slight an attempt might be ventured upon. Jenny Lind received her solo with mingled joy and sadness, and commenced her task with a palpitating heart. But, as though by a miracle, on the evening of performance the long-missing voice re-appeared; the surprised public recognised at once the notes of their former favourite, and the most tumultuous and frenetic applause followed. It is impossible to describe the delight, not unmixed with terror, of the young girl, when Herr Berg, overjoyed, informed her that now she must, without delay, sing the entire part of Agathe. The goal was reached at last; in this character Jenny Lind made her *debût* in the theatre of Stockholm, and with this, her first step, the maiden of sixteen summers placed herself for ever on the pinnacles which she was henceforth to occupy without a rival.

"She had at this period never acted a tragic part, and had never received instructions for that purpose; at the rehearsals she appeared as though immovable —the actors trembled for the result. It came, and genius asserted its power and supremacy. Jenny Lind, by her fire, carried the lagging orchestra, which had taken the *allegro* too slow, to a quicker *tempo*, and the public, by her acting and singing, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Jenny Lind was at once engaged as prima donna. Yet, while singing opera after opera—and the public would listen to no other vocalist—Jenny Lind and her master were struggling hard to conquer the inflexibility of her voice. Who, while listening enraptured to her now pearly fioriture, would believe that at that period, she could scarcely, with the greatest exertions, achieve the slightest cadence? Her notes, though pure and full, were without elasticity, and failed altogether in the power of the *crescendo*; she was not to be intimidated, but exercised her voice with the patience of the sculptor shaping his marble. Whilst thus persevering in such arduous practice, she interpreted, during eighteen months, 'Euryanthe,' 'Alice,' the 'Vestal,' parts requiring exertions which were most violent for her youth. Still, the applause with which she was rewarded made but a deeper impression on her mind that she was not yet worthy of it; that her master had done for her everything in his power, but that the study of great examples and the finishing hand were required to conduct her to that elevation in art which she had ambitioned. Garcia was known to be the first vocal teacher in Europe; the wish of visiting him in Paris ripened to resolution. But how to accomplish it? Where were the means upon which to exist while giving up her engagement and passing one or two years in Paris? She had been accustomed to live in the first circles of society, beloved and honored by all who knew her; with the true pride of genius she shrunk from seeking assistance, and was resolved to trust to her own strength alone. During the vacation of the theatre she travelled with her father through the whole of Sweden and Norway, giving concerts at every town, everywhere creating a sensation; and she returned to Stockholm with abundant means to carry out her resolution. Declaring her intention to the directors of the theatre, and vindicating her act by unanswerable reasons, the courageous maiden obtained the wished-for leave of absence. Her parents attempted not to dissuade her—they knew their child; firm, decided, silent and earnest, she followed up her resolution steadfastly. Her parents knew her purity of mind, the futility of temptation; and so they left her to her fate. Occu-

pied in their avocation, they could not afford to accompany her during this long absence; and so the girl of eighteen, alone, protected only by her firmness, her innocence, and her sacred love for art, journeyed to that capital which had already produced so much greatness, and destroyed so much of the noble and virtuous.

"Arrived in Paris, her first visit was to Garcia, to whom she had been provided with introductory letters. It was with the most intense anxiety that she crossed his threshold. She stood now before the master on whose decision she had built her whole futurity. Garcia received her kindly; she sang—he listened to her without signs of approbation or disapprobation; and when she had concluded, he said calmly, 'My dear child, you have no voice.' A dreadful word for Jenny.—'Or,' added he, correcting himself, 'you have *had* a voice and are just going to lose it. Probably you have been singing too much or too early, for your organ is worn and rugged; I cannot give you any instruction at present. Do not sing a note for three months, and then give me another call.' Such was the comfortless answer of the man upon whom rested all her hopes.

"Three months were spent by Jenny Lind in profound solitude; in that entire loneliness one only learns to feel rightly in such large capitals. 'I was living on my tears and the agony of the *mal de pays*,' she said once, speaking of her Parisian residence. Nevertheless, nothing could induce her to return without procuring from Garcia another trial. After the lapse of the stipulated time Garcia found that her voice had improved, and that her instructions might commence. At this time Garcia was teaching a countrywoman of Lind's Madlle. Nissen, who possessed a very powerful, full-toned voice, but no mental abilities. Jenny Lind confesses that it often brought her to despair to hear Garcia hold up that lady to her as an example, whilst she felt that she understood more, and was pursuing loftier aims, than would ever be attained by her fellow student. Garcia was wont to say, 'If Jenny Lind had the voice of Nissen, or the latter Jenny's intelligence, one of them would become the greatest singer in Europe.' Although Jenny used to compose the *cadenzi* and *fioriturі* to the airs she was studying, and Garcia so much approved of them as to copy them, he could never believe that she would ever rise above mediocrity; and she often observes that, next to herself, nobody would be more astonished about her successes than her old master, Garcia. In the following year a Swedish composer was sent to Paris, in order to summon her home, she being painfully missed, both by the public and management at Stockholm. Through this gentleman she became acquainted with the celebrated Meyerbeer, and his well-practised eye soon recognised the pearl under the modest and unpretending shell. His single doubt was, whether the peculiar charm of the flute-like purity of her delicate voice would sufficiently tell in a large space. He therefore arranged a rehearsal with full orchestra in the *salon* of the Grand Opera, and Jenny Lind sang the three great scenes from *Robert le Diable*, *Norma* and the *Freischutz*, with such effect, that Meyerbeer made her at once offers for Berlin. Her love of home, however, and the word she had pledged, drew her back to Stockholm. Received with enthusiasm in her native town, the young girl gave proofs of her successful studies during her absence; she proved an excellent actress, a perfect mistress of delivery, and the possession of an organ which seemed when most exerted more pure and beautiful. As she had formerly been the favorite at Stockholm, she was now its pride—all participated in her triumphs. The subsequent spring brought Meyerbeer's invitation to assist at the opening of the Opera. It was with grief Jenny thought of again leaving her native place, but she was urged to obey the call of the great master. As deep as her loss was felt in Stockholm, it was, nevertheless, generally acknowledged that Jenny Lind had to attain a European reputation, and that it would be cruel to interrupt her in her glorious career. The invitation was accepted. In August, 1844, she went to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was then writing an opera, in order to arrive at a better understanding with the master, and to acquire the German language. At the request of the management at Stockholm she returned, however, after a month's absence, once more to Sweden, to assist at the coronation of the King. It being now decided at Stockholm that Jenny Lind was to pass the winter in Berlin, they began to fear her entire loss, and a number of the most wealthy bankers proposed to the young artiste to deposit annually a certain sum for ten years, so that at the expiration of that time she would be in possession of a considerable fortune, if she would consent to bind herself not to leave Stockholm.

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"Jenny Lind was touched to the heart by this generous proof of the deep interest of her countrymen; but she had given her word, which was sacred. The evening of Jenny's leave-taking was one of universal sorrow; the public wept more than they applauded; it was as though a beloved child was departing. The streets were crowded by thousands on the day of her departure.

"She knew then scarcely twenty words of the German language; but after two months' application, all admired the correctness of her pronunciation: such is her quickness of comprehension and facility of retention.

"Jenny Lind remained four months in Berlin, during which time the enthusiasm of the public was hourly increasing. Through all the districts of Germany, and far beyond its boundaries, her fame was extending, and soon the managers of London and Paris were outbidding each other to win the northern songstress; but she was obliged to return to Sweden by her previous engagement. She appeared at Berlin in *Norma*, *Somnambula*, *Camp of Silesia*, and *Fille du Regiment*. The night of her leave-taking was distinguished by marks of approbation, such as, perhaps, had never been shown to an artist on that stage. It was not that loud burst of tumultuous applause so frequently offered to musical talent; no, a deep silence evinced the intense interest. Scarcely had the curtain concealed her from the eyes of the excited public, than one rush was made upon the stage, to bring her forward amidst the most enthusiastic cheers.

"Previously to her return to Stockholm, she visited most of the other principal towns of northern Germany, gathering everywhere the same laurels. In Hamburgh, a silver laurel wreath was presented to her on her departure. Her entire journey was a constant triumph.

"During the following summer she was called to the festivals on the Rhine, which the King of Prussia was preparing for the sovereign of Great Britain. On this occasion she appeared in Frankfort and Cologne. The Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag), pronounced her the first singer of her time.

"From November, 1845, till the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled her engagements for five months at the Theatre Royal of Berlin; she then proceeded to Vienna, where she made her *debut* as Norma, on the 22nd of April, in the Theatre An Der Wien, before that public to whom in Germany belongs the final adjudication in matters musical. She appeared and conquered!

"Her appearance took place in the presence of a crowded house, containing, probably, the whole musical public of Vienna, as well as the Imperial Court. The reports which had preceded her, the exaggerations of the so-called "Lind-enthusiasts," the unprecedentedly high prices of admission, had raised to such a degree the anticipations of the public, that Jenny Lind expressed her doubts of success, and declared that, but for having given her word, she would not consent to appear. With visible nervousness—with the elevation and dignity of a priestess, but yet with an expression of humbleness—she ascended the Druid tree, and under a silence so hushed that we almost fancied we heard the many thousand hearts beating in anxiety while the public was awaiting the first sounds of her voice; but scarcely had they resounded, scarcely had the genius of her heart become alive within her, than the whole house burst into one cheer decisive of her fate in Vienna.

"And with this, her crowning success in the capital of musical Germany, we may fitly end this slight outline of a life affluent of artistic ovations. Her subsequent triumphs, which could add nothing further to her fame, have become matter of general note.

"Jenny Lind appears in private life as one of those simple, unpretending persons, whose greatest beauty consists in their mental elevation. On the stage she is surrounded with a higher grace; she appears there as the ideal of a grand artistic thought. Her blue eyes are resplendent with a beauty which we do not recognise in the simple girl in her domesticity. But there she is not wanting in attractive grace. She has the fair hair and blue eyes of the daughters of her native land; her figure is somewhat above the middle size.

"Her private character is not less beautiful and satisfactory than her artist life. Yet it is hardly necessary to dwell on this; her greatness in art and the susceptibility of her mind for all that is beautiful, noble, or good, are identical. For what elevates her to that height where art ceases, and becomes ideal nature, is the purity of her deep feelings, and her refined intellectuality These are the secrets

of the wonderful effect of her truthfulness in acting; a striking example of which is related of a singer in the south of Germany, who, while performing 'Elvino' to her 'Amina,' declared that he could not act with her, as he could not approach her with the wrath his part required, much less spurn her from him—the truthfulness of her delineation, the represented agony, having such an effect upon him as to draw forth involuntary tears.

"Jenny Lind's character is of the genuine Scandinavian cast—taciturn, earnest, meditative, firm, persevering, faithful, and withal, modest and retiring.

"Jenny Lind, as an actress, is quite a new phenomenon. She is entirely original; following her own ideal conceptions, she rises to regions whence, like Schiller's maid, she descends to refresh the heart and soul of her auditors with gifts beautiful and wondrous.

"Her individuality entirely disappears in her dramatic assumptions; her whole soul is melted into and vitalises the creations of the poet, while the highest art stamps perfection on her impersonations.

"And yet at the commencement of an opera she suffers from a nervousness, which she only masters in the course of performance. This seems to exhibit her truly artistic nature. She has first to give up her whole mind to the character; and how terrible the task thus to bring the deep feelings of her own mind before the public. Hence, ere the performance commences, a shudder passes through her frame; she steps tremblingly from the wings, and it is only after having timidly sung her first notes, the all-enlivening spirit is evoked.

"In conclusion, we may add the following passages of Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, selected from a letter to Professor Fischhof, in Vienna, which contain an excellent characterisation of our subject. 'I have not in my life met with such a noble, genuine, true artist as Jenny Lind; I have nowhere found natural capacity, study, and deep sensibility so perfectly united; and although here or there *one* of these qualities may have appeared much more prominent, I believe the combination of all these to such a degree has yet never occurred.' And in another letter to Dr. A. J. Becher, of Vienna, the same master writes:—'She is the best artiste with whom I have become acquainted in my life—the most genuine and noble. She is rather shy and retiring; but when you will have heard from her either a small song or an air, you will know more about her than I can tell you.'

"Continue, then, thou beautiful polar star of the lyrical drama to gladden the heart of man with thy divine gifts of song; and mayest thy intention of departing from the stage, give way before the deep interest which strews thy path."

There are few artistes who, in so brief a period, have acquired so wide a celebrity as Jenny Lind; but up to this moment it is rather notoriety than a settled reputation which German enthusiasm has bestowed on her. The formidable ordeal of appearing before the great tribunals of Paris and London is yet to be gone through, and on the result will depend her future rank in the artistic world.

Mr. Lumley made a lucky hit when he succeeded in engaging Jenny Lind, for the public curiosity had grown to the highest pitch of excitement to see her. To obtain his object he defied all obstacles, and encountered reckless outlay. He bound himself to pay the profits of previous engagements in Germany and London,* to the reported amount of several thousand, and he agreed to give the lovely singer £5000, or $25,000 for three months performances, and pay all the expenses of her residence in London. This is a serious venture, but Mr. Lumley has, it is said, any amount of capital to support his risks; and it is a vital point, doubtless, to resist if not conquer the opposition he has to contend with. Our transatlantic *dilettanti* will have to struggle a couple of weeks longer with their "stern impatience" to hear of Jenny's reception at London. Meanwhile, it may serve to soothe them to relate the impressions made on the writer by the syren Jenny at her last rehearsal, on the 3d of May last, the day before her debut,

* Jenny Lind was enticed into a formal engagement with the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who made a good speculation of it, by receiving as a forfeit from Mr. Lumley £2000 ($10,000.)

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and of our last dates from London. It was a privilege, indeed, for all London was crazy to hear her, and I followed the fashion, of course. The first nobleman in the land would have paid hundreds to get one peep only of a rehearsal, but Mr. Lumley was inexorable. My departure excepted me. Overwhelmed with engagements I set half an hour aside of my last day in London to see one act of the opera, Meyerbeer's Robert le diable, rehearsed, and I repaired to the house at 1 o'clock. I was amused at the opposition of a legion of doorkeepers to the prohibited ground, and my "authority" was called for oftener even than rail-road tickets on the Amboy line. I was shown into a box, where I sat in darkness. The vast surface of the interior of the opera—I mean the six tiers of boxes—was hung over with canvass cloth, and through a small aperture of which I looked out. A brilliant string of gas lights ran over the heads of the orchestra, throwing its strong glare on their music books and lighting up the stage. At the moment I took my place, the third act was on. Mademoiselle Rosati, a charming dancer, was rehearsing her part of the resuscitated nun, and executed delightfully. At any other time it would have been very diverting; but I had only half an hour—not a minute to lose. At last the curtain fell, but horror! a quarter of an hour's repose was announced by the leader. I paced up and down the dark corridor till I nearly broke my head against all the corners. The bell rung, and the 4th act began with a chorus. I shall never forgive Mr. Balfe, the leader, for making them repeat it the fourth time entire. This act lasted over an hour, and Jenny Lind never appeared in it. I waxed wroth at this outrageous delay, as if any body could help it—clapped on my hat with a—"hang Jenny Lind," and I groped my way out. But the idea of going to America to be tormented to death by people wondering *why* I didn't stay a day longer, which would have cost me two weeks by steamer-regulations, drove me back again, and the fifth act began. The tenor, Frascini, opened. He sang sweetly. The cathedral organ chimed in with the chorus. The music began to play its old tricks with me, and tears stood in my eyes. The wonderful *basso*, Staudigl, who enacted *Robert le Diable*, came on, and rivalled in richness and volume the deep-toned echoes of the organ. Deeply excited, I stretched forward for *Alice* who at last advanced. The light was too dim to distinguish features, but the well-shaped person of a young and finely-made woman occupied the middle of the stage. She was, as usual at rehearsal, in ordinary dress, and I could see wore a rich shawl, and a white 'kerchief in her hand. Could this be Jenny Lind? In a few minutes she joined in the trio, and with a thrill I felt yes, this was the enchantress. The voice rose clear, steady and strong, full in volume, immense in compass, and under perfect control. Its reverberations filled every corner of the theatre, and rang brightly out from the dome above. But what was there so peculiar in it, so unlike anything I ever heard before? I listened, till my ears ached with straining.

It is clear as a bell, I said unconsciously, completely puzzled; when lo! it struck me there was another resemblance—it was *metallic* in its sound, also like that of a bell; with the softness of the flute, it had the brassy echo of metal. Its effect on me through the whole act was strange and irresistible, but I shall not dwell on it now. *Jenny Lind* merely rehearsed her singing without pretending to act. She remained perfectly unmoved, and I was bitterly regretting that I should lose all chance of judging her dramatic powers, when in the closing scene *Robert* seizes his intended victim *Herold* by the arm and uses all his diabolic fascination to win him away. Staudigl sung and played with such inimitable skill as to extort a *bravo* from the orchestra. This no doubt inspired Jenny. She caught her lover by the other arm with an air of desperate earnestness, and I saw at once she was roused. She gave

way to her feelings, and in her fierce struggle to save her betrothed from the infernal arts of his tempter, she displayed in her splendid acting that consummate excellence which nothing but heaven-born genius may aspire to. I shall never forget her when dragging her lover up the stage, the fiend still clinging to his coveted prey; her acting was so natural, intense, and affecting, and her voice, in its fitful bursts of anguish, gave such electric effect to the agony of the struggle, that I rose unconsciously to my feet, and joined almost frantically in the enthusiastic applause of every soul present. I left the Opera-house immediately, and London that night, but all the waves of the broad Atlantic have not washed from my memory the impressions of that hour. The next steamer will bring the result. Can any one doubt it? Could Jenny Lind fail? In all probability, however, she did on the *first* night, for such, I understand, was her extreme terror at the tremendous excitement pervading all London from the palace to the gin-shop, that she said she was sure that her voice would utterly abandon her the moment she came before the house; and I heard the celebrated Lablache remark that, in attemping to sing for the first time before him, such was her keen apprehension of his judgment that she began no less than five times before she could summon resolution to go on.

But though she may fail on the first, the second, and the third trial, yet on the night that she sings and plays—as she only of all artistes living can do—will never be forgotten by those, *oh fortunati nimium*, who may be there to witness. That she will redeem the fortunes of Mr. Lumley is equally certain; but it is not the less true that, without her, he could not be overcome. He is one of those rare men whom no chance can destroy whilst the power is left to exercise his faculties. His abilities are of the first order; a clear and comprehensive judgment, undisturbed by passion and unwarped by prejudice; an inflexible will; unflagging perseverance; and an industry that mocks at labor. How can such a man in any walk of life fail to reach his goal, and to grasp his object, be it high or low, great or small?

It is a dangerous thing to prophesy, but we fear not to predict that, if Mr. Lumley lives two years longer the public will behold the great lyrical alliance, built up against him with so much zeal and cost and effort—and boasting even of the smiles of royalty,* but which is divided in interest—unaided by sympathy or *prestige;* above all, without any controlling direction.—Yes, we repeat, the public, in less time perhaps, will behold this operatic conspiracy utterly broken up and scattered; whilst *Her Majesty's Theatre*, "unhurt amid the wreck of operas and the crush of fortunes," will survive, with its treasury it may be seriously impaired, but yet strong enough to command, as ever, the theatrical attractions of the world, and capable of executing its great lyric mission—that of affording to the benefit and delight of every class of society the best interpretation of those mighty inspirations which the master-minds of Harmony have bequeathed to a grateful posterity. Our vaticination is not the effusion of prejudice or interest; nor do we seek to provoke disaster by sinister report—*ad calamitatem quilibet rumor valet;* but as it is evident that two great musical establishments, on the extraordinary scale of splendor and expense,† like those now struggling in London cannot both succeed, we are not likely to be far wrong in foretelling the downfall of that one where the seeds of dissolution are ripening with every hour.

* It is rumored that Majesty itself, through pique, secretly inclines to the opposition, and has ingeniously given a back-thrust or so to the penitent director of the institution which bears a royal name.

† The outlays of Her Majesty's Theatre, it is estimated, exceeds £1000 ($5000) per night.

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CURSORY REMARKS.*

The year which has just elapsed has been remarkable for the production, in the least metaphysical nation in the world, of two works of good ability on the history of metaphysical philosophy. An age and a race alien to the prosecution of these subtle speculations, is still not averse to see the marble monuments which briefly record their career, set up with due ceremonial in the literary Pantheon: nay, it even stands by the fresh sod, and listens with decent gravity for a few moments to their well pronounced eulogium.

Mr. Lewes, however, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*, although he informs the reader throughout that he is aware of the recent decease of philosophy, and is himself occupied in burying her, yet manifests such excellent spirits on the occasion, that it is plain he is merely the *undertaker* in the house of mourning, and has neither the manly sorrow of the friend, nor the more poignant grief of the kinsman. He does, indeed, profess a great interest in one of the legitimate children of the deceased, viz: Positive Science; but it is probable that he has an "eye to business" in this case also, and surmises and expects that the daughter herself "will not last forever;" on which account he is mainly interested in keeping up his connections with her. Otherwise, he would willingly allow her name and lineage to be blotted from the earth.

Mr. Morell is a writer of a very different temper, who still believes, or fancies that he believes, in the existence and living presence of philosophy. We cannot, however, but think that he too has been engaged in rendering last offices, but in this case to an aged and venerated parent. While Lewes stands with pick and shovel at the bottom of the grave, snuffing nothing but mortality, intoxicate with earthiness, his fellow-author, on the other hand, is chief mourner in the sad procession, and exhibits a grief too deep for tears, which ever and anon purifies him into a sublime confidence in the immortality of his beloved object. And immortal, philosophy surely must be, in all the truth that it has ever found, in all its compatibility with the spirit of human good; yea, though it die a thousand times, immortal upon this natural earth, so long as a spark of the love of truth lives among us, or so long as knowing wisely is presupposed in doing well.

The plan of the *Historical and Critical View* is exceedingly simple and convenient. It commences with a definition and defence of philosophy, which it subdivides under the four heads of Sensationalism, Idealism, Scepticism and Mysticism, to which may be added Eclecticism. The first two heads are traced as two streams from Bacon and Descartes respectively, through their various manifestations down to the present day; while scepticism and mysticism are shown to arise, by way of re-action, in their course. The author himself appears to be partly eclectic in his tendencies, but still more tentative. We recognize in him such a wholesome love of truth, such a clinging to the sounder utterances which have here and there been heard from philosophy—so humble a keeping and congruity with the common sense and general experience of mankind at large—so eloquent a bearing when the foundations of virtue seem to require advocacy; so great success

* An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By J. D. Morell, A. M. London: 1846.

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in disposing of all mean-thoughtedness; so little alliance with any conclusions but those which are better known to all honest men as a class, than to philosophers—that we have no hesitation in saying that he is still open to, and expectant of, other influences than any which the past supplies; in short, that he is still unsatisfied, and in search of a philosopher. Under these circumstances, to undertake the defence of philosophy, has shown a magnanimous spirit, a fixed belief in the eternal existence of truth, and a holding, under every difficulty, to the doctrine that abuse and falsehood are not in the souls, but in the human accidents and superinductions of things.

It is not our intention to follow the author's steps through any portion of the road he has travelled. His lines of journey run so directly from the five starting points we have mentioned, and their tendency to the corresponding spiritual quarters is so well indicated in their names, that it would be both superfluous and unsatisfying to take the reader along paths which ever diminish both in novelty and real freshness, as they recede from their beginnings. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few general remarks upon philosophy, and especially upon the tone and views adapted by Mr. Morell himself. At present, however, we intend only to speak of the first volume of his work, reserving the second for another opportunity.

And first we would say, that we always rise with renewed astonishment from the perusal of each successive exposition of the history of philosophy; with aggrandized astonishment at the meanness of the process and the poverty of the results. If Mr. Morell's classification of the genera of metaphysics be simple, the record of what it has attained may be simpler still. As, however, it has hitherto valued everything on its own account, and not for its fruits, it may, perhaps, repugn the latter standard of estimation when applied to itself. Nevertheless, we are bound to judge it by its contribution to human endowment and the general weal. Otherwise, if we take our stand from a point within itself, we shall be subject to its fluxion, or entangled in its maze.

Every adult man has certain principles of action, moral, intellectual and physical, which constitute his natural life, or his human existence in the world. These principles are common to our race, being instinctively possessed by all. They are the ground of all knowledge, and develope themselves through all thought and action. Talk of them to the most ordinary mortal in an ordinary way, and he converses about them as facts equivalent in point of reality to his daily bread, and the other objects of nature. They are, each and all, above proof, inasmuch as they constitute the man—the prover—and as such, they are a divine creation, designed to pour forth light and life upon our path of uses. Now, it is precisely in the proof of these given things, these created realities, that modern philosophy has busied itself. The most general grounds and manifestations of the race, those things in which the wisest and the most ignorant are the same—these are reduced to metaphysical formulas; and their complete reduction is esteemed to be the completion and apotheosis of philosophy. During the process the better and finer essences for the most part quite evaporate, and one class of metaphysicians imps itself with wings to hunt their scattered volume through the undistinguishable atmospheres. Another class, heavier in its build, and not fitted for aërial gambols, fixes upon the *caput mortuum*, which it regards as the quintessence, seed and cause of the whole distillation. The operation was began in order to teach what was most present to all sane men already; it ends in doubt and difficulty, and in discrediting things and our own existence. In short, although God has created us, we insist on making ourselves over again, thereby to prove the "validity" of his workmanship.

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Did we even succeed, after taking ourselves to pieces, in reconstructing our framework, it would then be doubly doubtful whether the machinery were "valid," or the contrary; it is at all events conceivable that our members and even our heads might be put on somewhat awry, inasmuch as if our eyes were of our own setting, there might be many reasons why the truth would not appear to us. In short, it is a thousand to one, if the metaphysician, however penitent, ever regains the heaven-given life, or the earth-born force of his original formation as a man.

Now, as philosophy has been thus versed upon, proving the given and unprovable, and yet has desired to explain nature and man to the human understanding, so from its present method and attainments, it may be defined to be the longest distance between any two intellectual points: between the premises and the true conclusion. In fact, it passes in wheels and circles about the premises alone, weaving a cunning mist about them; and if its sweep becomes large enough to take in the conclusion, it is only to involve it, by the same vertiginous process, in the extended web of the mist.

This has arisen in a great measure from the necessity, or the presumed necessity, under which philosophy has labored, of giving a very main attention to the objections of the skeptics; of those who consume their lives and powers in the barren inquiry of, whether things are, or are not, (*num sint*,) and therefore, as Swedenborg says, stop at the very first threshold to the Palace of Wisdom. The objects thus perpetually questioned are those, as we said above, of the greatest practical certainty and value. What, then, can be the result, if philosophy condescends to parley for centuries with those who are voluntarily standing outside of creation, but that she herself should either become skeptical, or at least devote her attention so purely to the skeptics that those who are of a different stamp can gain nothing from her instructions?

The new philosophy, then, which we require, is something which will primarily educate and promote the minds of the faithful, and accepting all the great data of man, nature, and revelation, attempt to interpret them aright, according to the marks and signatures impressed upon them by God in their creation. It will take for granted, or rather for given and certain, the being of God, and the inspiration of the Word, with the legitimate fulness, universal and singular, implied in the existence of Divine Inspiration; it will accept as equally certain, the freedom of the will, and the spirituality and immortality of man, in their most real and true sense; also, his responsibility and the sacredness of duty; it will also receive with full assent the reality of the world and the body, and their divine co-ordination, with all the other fundamental objects of belief. For these are the great kingdoms of the human world, of which the philosopher should be the seer and interpreter, and not the maker, as the physiologist is the seer and interpreter of the three kingdoms of nature.

And now is the time when this recognition of mere realities may, if ever, take place. For, although the skeptics are, of course, skeptics still, yet the busy press of human life, and the new warmth of human love, proclaim in voices of thunder that work and action can be delayed no longer. And as action and activity are impossible to those in whom "thought arrests its own trains," in order to inspect them; as those who are uncertain of the simplest truths, cannot be expected to act upon them, still less to discern those deeper and deepest principles which constitute a sphere altogether above our ordinary life, both in willing and understanding; so the honorable tasks of the world must devolve upon others who are sure of the great foundations, and who are so far qualified to build on them superstructures, which are very different from the small uniformities and tenements of our sensual nature.

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We assert, then, that philosophy, up to this date, where it has been successful, has been limited to the task of throwing the common sense of mankind into abstract formulas, less vital and satisfying than the same sense in its vulgar form; and that where it has been unsuccessful, (and its failures are tenfold more numerous than its gains,) it has undermined and destroyed that common sense, which is the most general organ we possess for perceiving the truths of religion, of nature, and of humanity; but that with the analysis of those truths themselves it has never grappled, but rather, in its best attempts, has but regarded them as simple and irresolvable verities, which are properly and necessarily occult, and the bare enunciation of which is sufficient.

Of avowed materialism we need hardly speak in discussing the fortunes of philosophy. Not, perhaps, that the materialist is one whit less respectable in his opinions than his metaphysical opposite, but that his opinions only tend to show that it is to physical science that he inclines, and not to the study of our invisible "consciousness." As such, he is probably much more profoundly engaged than the metaphysician, who is employed in mapping out the surface of the mind, as it is reflected in ordinary human language.

We say, advisedly, reflected in language, for of disembodied truths we can know nothing. Every subject, how abstruse soever, must come before the mind's eye in some appreciable form; every real principle must clothe itself in some garment or skin before it can be made the subject of conception, reasoning, or discourse. This may be taken as an axiom, which no clear-sighted and honest mind can deny. Furthermore, as truths and principles, like souls, either form or adopt their own investitures or expressions, so the latter become, to a great extent, a test of the nature and nobleness of the principles they contain or embody. They show a taste and a choice reigning in the principle. If words, whose concrete import is difficult to understand, be the general symbols of a philosophy, it is easy to know that that philosophy is a vague and vaporous thing; the steam of some middle, atmospherical organism in the man, which is, perhaps, on the road to the real world, but has reached no end as yet, and affords no resting-place for integral thought to dwell on. If the terms of purely material existence are the sole counters of a philosophy, we recognize in the philosophy a love of definiteness indeed, but it is a definiteness gained by the sacrifice of the rotundity and peculiar individuality of the subject; a Procrustean love of fitness, which goes to deny or to blink all the differences which exist between the higher and the lower series of the creation. On the other hand, where the terms or analogies are expressive of the real body of the subject, as where the mind or the soul are expressed by their correspondences in the man; there we know that we have a philosophy, whose aim and tastes are noble enough for its objects, whatever these may be, and whose achievements will be at least equally so, if its intellectual means and powers are equal to its aspirations.

Now we assert again, that the current philosophies have expended their force almost entirely upon the inner parts of man, *as projected into words;* that in truth they are not so much philosophies, as philologies and etymologies wrenched beyond their proper functions; and furthermore, that the cardinal words upon which their main investigations have proceeded, are the poorest and least pregnant elements of human discourse; those elements, in short, which bound its horizon, where the infinite or the vague, (in this sphere these two are one,) begins; or, in other words, where distinct knowledge ceases.

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Of this fact we are painfully reminded in the whole history of philosophy, and even Mr. Morell's mind is strangely infected with this love for second and third rate symbols in every case. One misses man with his quick flesh from all his pages. There is the Self, and the Me, and the Impersonal Reason; but ah! Facts, and poor Humanity, philosophy has not thought of them; and, to say the truth, though etymology is only a portion and a minister of universal philosophy, yet were she to interpret the central parts of language alone for each subject, she would attain to results more large and enlarging than the whole of metaphysics hitherto has grasped.

But is a philosophy of words sufficient for the present age? Are words the only and the best continents and symbols of human power and nature? We had thought that an effective protest against such a conclusion had gone forth centuries since. In the dawn of modern philosophy, there was at least one great voice heard to utter, that henceforth we should study forms, "not as totally abstracted from matter, but as determined by it;" in other words, that Creation, in its totality, as embracing the Word, Man, and Nature, should be regarded as the body of the truth.

Mr. Morell discourses, however, as if the outer world were no representation of the inner, as if his subject would be reduced and drowned if it came into contact with materiality. Yet, as the soul is united to its body, why not philosophy to its body? As the actions of the embodied soul are graceful enough, as its intellect is sufficiently flashing to captivate the race of man, when noble emotions are committed to deeds, or great truths are uttered, why should philosophy despair of living and shining, even through a body of language corresponding in gravity, density, and opacity, to that fearfully and wonderfully made instrument which the soul has chosen for its habitation. Is philosophy so much better than the soul, that it should seek to be disembodied upon earth, before its probationary uses are fulfilled; and does it well know, that if it slights that natural body of images and analogies with which God and nature are ready to clothe it, any spiritual body will be granted it, to determine its form, and allow to it a continued, distinct existence? At present it dwells in subtle films and skins of words, to the permanence of which a single pin-hole is fatal. It is invisible, and to touch it, is to break it. Nay, the pure-reason-men will have it, that it dwells in nothing, else it would not be "pure,"—that it is a fluid without parts or circumference. How then is the soul attached to the body, or the mind to the brain, or the muscles to the will? Nay, how, or on what pretext, are any words at all made use of to express transcendental operations or faculties; since such a theory of "purity" would prove them to be not merely inadequate, but repugnant, and naturally contradictory to the power they are used to express. And this power, again, in its repugnancy to an adequate vessel for containing and determining it, must be altogether unlike the soul, which is a conciliatory essence, and produces numberless intermediates, by which to flow down to the last links of matter; it must, on the contrary, be of an acrid and dissolvent force, like fluoric acid, which eats the very bottle of the luckless chemist, and in the end is spilt and lost by its own overwhelming virulence of properties. And, in truth, without a metaphor, we are inclined to think that these irreducible and occult ideas are but the virus of a totally corrupted theology, and an intense selfishness, which are destructive in exact proportion to their boasted "purity," or their freedom from absorbent and tempering accidents.

But man is projected into all nature, as well as into human language. Why should not the foundations of philosophy be furnished by the integral circle of the sciences? Man is the microcosm of the macrocosm, the an-

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alogon of the universe. God has made man in his own image, He has also made himself in the image of man. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. There is, then, at once a created and a confirmed fitness in nature to express man, and man only. Body is nowise heterogeneous with spirit, but in its human core is the body of the soul; in the infinite sense, the Divine Humanity. There is a Divine marriage of Being and Form, both in the infinite and the finite; and therefore, what God has joined together, let no man put asunder.

A philosophy, however, which is founded solely upon consciousness, as attested by language, can only deal with the existing state of mankind; it can only accept the human being as a created object in a certain condition, and can have no hold upon the same being as the subject of regeneration. What the race *now is:* this is its field, and a poorer field for philosophy can hardly be imagined. Philosophy, in seizing it, becomes the organon of conceit, and the express enemy of progress. It feeds upon the husks of *cause* and *effect*, *infinite* and *finite*, *liberty*, *understanding*, *reason*, and the like counters of discourse. Whereas if creation, and nothing less, were its object, the actions of man, and the influences of regeneration, and the ever unfolding truths of nature, would spontaneously suggest the means of analyzing to an indefinite extent, the realities of which these terms are the symbols; and thereby would enrich the terms with full and increasing life for every successive generation. In this case the philosopher would no more occupy his attention with these thin generalities, than the naturalist with the general formulas of the *animal kingdom*, or the *vegetable kingdom;* but he would enter deep into the variety and series which are a thousand-fold more distinct and abounding in the soul than in the body; and the multiplicity of the works of God would inform and fill his admiration of their unity.

Two things are manifest hitherto in all developments of philosophy, which are not merely critical or sceptical, viz.: the tendency to regard the senses and the material body as the real man, and the opposition to that tendency on the grounds of internal experience or feeling. The former tendency, which Mr. Morell denominates Sensationalism, philosophically speaking, is obviously the positive force in the movement, and has all the weight of matter on its side; while the latter, or Idealism, is merely re-active, and rests altogether upon words as the symbols of thought, without, however, having any very good right, on its own principles, to use words at all. Be this as it may, there is no counter fact in the pleading of the idealist, so strong as the presumed materialist experience, that the mind and the body are allied, and that the brain is the organ and instrument of will and intelligence. Thus, in the present state of philosophy, the external and the re-agent have invaded the inner spheres, and have become the agent, while the inward and really active spirit, destitute of corporeal instruments, has had no force to resist or expel the intrusion, or to maintain itself on its just throne of government.

Truly, as Swedenborg has observed, the career of philosophy presents a record of civil wars between the soul and the body. But is reconciliation impossible? Evidently not, from the fact, that in the nature of things the soul and the body are practically married in indissoluble union. That which is accomplished in act, may be, for us men at least, even still more easily accomplished in philosophy, which has only to follow creation and regeneration on re-creation, and is not required to produce any thing further than an intellect in man corresponding to given works in nature. Yet in order to the reconciliation being effected, we admit that there is need of deeper laws and causes than any that are to be found at present in the light

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of our ordinary consciousness. Of these laws, until the days of Swedenborg, there appears to have been hardly a glimmer in the philosophical mind. Certain it is, that even Bacon himself was unconscious of them, although in his new organon, there is much sentimental groping in a direction which might have led to these very principles, had his mind been nobler, purer, and more justly at leisure, than it was.

These doctrines are, in brief, that God is a man; that love is the life of man, and comprehends a kingdom of ends, which is represented, unfolded and analyzed by a corresponding exhibition of human actions; that the laws of order established by, and in, creation, and justly applied to, and by, the human mind, are the proper truth and intelligence of the individual and the community; these laws being co-extensive with all created objects or subjects. Thus the category of causation, which the metaphysicians trace no deeper than simple sequences of events with a string of power to range them, really implies all the laws of degrees and series, with their alternation and their combination, as employed in the construction of the universe. Our conception of *cause*, therefore, involves that the very conception itself should be subject to the law of series and degrees; that it should be first a point, then a line, then a surface, then a solid body; and consequently that there should be in it a moving principle, *i. e.*, in this case, a human love of order.

Furthermore, the doctrine of the series and of all organic life, is this; that they too are a portion of the kingdom of ends. They are not adventitious to the soul, neither are they its diseases and excrescences; but they are the just means whereby it informs itself through the understanding, which is its nearer organ, of whatever is transacted in the mechanical sphere of divinely natural truth. And the oneness of the soul with its senses, is the plainer from this, that the two do not differ in absolute finiteness, inasmuch as both are the recipient vessels of the divine life, and inasmuch as essential life can pertain to neither; but the difference is in the quality, perfection, sphere and use of each. Allow to the spiritual and immortal part of man all the individuality which any largeness of experimental and rational psychology can claim, and still, if we would not confound the creature with the Creator, all this individuality must come to be assigned to *a recipient vessel*, different indeed from natural body, but only in degree and form, not in radical finiteness. Where, then, is the great gulf between the soul and the body? Only in that imagination promised by the Tempter. "Ye shall be as Gods." But as the soul, like the senses, involves of necessity a passive surface to provide individuality and determination; as, though it is a person to itself and to other men, yet it is a thing among things, or, in other words, subject to the actions of the outer universes; so that sense, which it first receives, consciously through the five fold portals of the body, gradually clothes and invests all its faculties, until all intellect becomes sight, and even natural sight, intellect; and the presence of outward objects, and the play of the most multifarious analysis and synthesis thereupon, become coördinate with the whole man, from his head, which is love, to his feet, which are also love, namely, the seeing, hearing, touching, &c., of that ultimate sphere, which is the last end corresponding by the most direct ministrations to the first.

The Sensationalists, then, are as surely in the right, when they predicate a sensitivity connected with the outward senses, of all the elements of human nature, as are the Idealists, when they predicate life of all the organic and mechanical adaptations of the body. But why should life and nature not meet in one rational chamber, when "Life is what regards ends, and

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nature is what carries them into effect?" But ends require to generate ends, or spiritual children, as well as effects, or natural; and there can be no finite generation without some partition or division, no division without form, and no form without real matter, or some real analogon of matter. Hence there is that which corresponds to matter in the human spirit, viz., the analogue of a re-agent surface, on which the truths of the spiritual world can be represented, and in the convolutions and indefinite fibres of which they can be classified, and laid up, for all the exigencies and uses of human love and wisdom. In one word, there is necessarily a spiritual brain, supposed in the same conception with a spiritual mind, or a spiritual body, with a spiritual man.

And why, indeed, have we natural brains? Why, but because we have souls. The form of the body is the architecture of the soul. That form demonstrates the human form of the soul; for the soul has chosen that form, and by the phenomena of pain and pleasure, shows that it loves it as its own; that it veritably *is* its own. The soul, when planted in another world, can do no other than have all its form with it; and, aided by the plastic substances of that world, it becomes anew a real man. Nay, as all the arts of life, all the economic instruments of use, all the contrivances by which civil life is aggrandized, and the social estate concentrated and promoted, are also from the forms of the soul, so all these, too, are independent of matter, and must exist afresh spontaneously in that inner region of existence to which the soul is removed by death. But as the action of the soul is more continuous than the operation of the body, as the personal unity is consequently greater in the higher sphere, so the spiritual body and the substances of the spiritual world will be necessarily a thousand times more solid and concrete, although at the same time fluent and flexible as the soul itself, than are the most living objects upon earth. By consequence, that language which is now abstract and verbal, will be there hieroglyphical, and the mind will converse, not by words, but by things, and never speak to us without a parable.

What fear, then, need we entertain of *sensationalism*, so far as it merely supplies the body to those fundamental elements of human existence, of which all experience asserts the reality; so far as it merely gives a world and a body to the inner man? And why should we introduce permanent death into philosophy, by separating the soul from the body? Why should we not rather consider the two as "distinctly one," because capable of separation in thought, but by no means in act? And in this case why should not philosophy propose, as its object, MAN, as given in experience, and indefinitely unfolded in action, and leave the *self* and the *me*, and all other nude, indecorous entities, which are subject to no law, and essentially anti-social and anti-christian, totally out of the question?

And here we conclude this rambling paper. In our next we propose to present some other considerations, touching the respective characteristics of the Old and the New Philosophy.

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GIBBON.*

WHATEVER an author says of himself is justly regarded with suspicion. There are so many scenes in his life which he would willingly conceal from the public view; so many whimsical or criminal actions, that he often deceives us by a partial narrative, or excites our disgust by an ostentatious display of personal frailty. The ear is wearied with the loathsome Confessions of Rousseau, and the misanthropic musings of Byron; and the reader, tired of a tale of those crimes which men compassionately call the *infirmities* of genius, turns with delight to the brief biography of Hume—to any narrative that possesses the cardinal virtues of truthfulness and genuine modesty.

When we say that the auto-biography of Gibbon is marked by these qualities, we bestow upon it the highest praise. We value it, not merely as the life of a scholar and historian, who attained the highest place in literature; as a work to be perused for the gratification of eager curiosity; but we value it chiefly as the record of an individual mind—of its mistakes, its struggles, its failures and its triumphs. Such a work, when faithfully written, cannot be over-estimated. The well-bred farmer watches the beast of the pasture, and while he guards against injury and disease, he is enabled, by observing its structure and habits, to predict its future character and probable value. The *mind*—great and wonderful though it be—is governed by laws, less obvious, but not less uniform than those which regulate the brute creation; and the skilful educator, by studying its growth and tendencies as made known through the medium of biography, may not only foresee its future course, but may even arm himself with a creative and a formative power. Subtle indeed, and often unseen are those agents, whose plastic power moulds the mind of man, and gives character to its efforts and aspirations; but they are by no means beyond the reach of philosophical induction, and the science of education is destined to assume a form, approximating, at least, to the exactness of mathematical investigations.

Edward Gibbon was born on the 27th day of April, 1737, of a family whose lineage he traces for several generations. The careful inquirer may find, in his earlier years, some of those indications which are said to foretoken future greatness; but it is not until he enters Magdalen College, Oxford, that anything occurred to demand our special attention. The religious condition of the university at that time is but too well known. An ardent youth of fifteen, who had beheld the world only as pictured upon the pages of books, then saw young men of every rank subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, which numbers had never earnestly embraced, and some had never read. His religious education, to his own unaffected surprise, was entirely neglected, and all that was required of him was an outward conformity to certain rites, which were rendered distasteful by the heartlessness of their observance. His taste for controversial reasoning led him to peruse the "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine" by Bossuet, and the works of the learned Chillingworth; and soon Gibbon was an avowed Papist. A separation from the university was of course inevitable, and our young enthusiast found himself on his way to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he was placed by his father under the tuition of a Protestant clergyman. There, when the feverish enthusiasm of youth had

* Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. London: 1837.

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yielded to the calm reflection of manhood, he saw the absurdities and felt the insufficiency of the system he had embraced—but the zealous Catholic was transformed into the scornful sceptic! Saddened and soured by his mistakes, he began to regard *all* religious systems as fallen and delusive, their votaries as the dazzled followers of an *ignis fatuus*, or as the charlatans who impose upon the credulity and ignorance of mankind. He was free from superstition, but in the struggle the fire of faith upon the altar of the heart had been smothered forever.

We would not seem to be the apologists for the infidelity—much less for the ribaldry that stains the literary productions of Gibbon; but we do believe that if his early education were more minutely and candidly examined, reproach would often give place to pity.

The great work of Gibbon's life, was the composition of the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He seems at a very early age to have desired to perpetuate his name by linking it to some great work of history, that should continue as an imperishable monument to his memory. He commenced several works, but afterwards relinquished them, and at times his great design was well nigh forgotten; but as the "sage and serious" Spenser has sung:

> "The noble heart, that harbors virtuous thought,
> And is with child of glorious great intent,
> Can never rest until it forth have brought,
> The eternal brood of glory excellent!"

While at Lausanne, he diligently pursued the study of the Latin classics, and the extent of his attainments may well be a subject of wonder to the superficial scholars of our own time. He details, without boasting, his profound and varied acquisitions. Deterred by no discouragement, he found time in one year *to study* the writings of thirteen of the most voluminous of the Roman authors. Some of his favorites, as Virgil, Cicero, Tacitus and Terence, he perused a second and even a third time, and never suffered a difficult or corrupt passage to escape, till he had viewed it in every light of which it was capable. Of the influence of classical studies upon the mind of Gibbon, we shall hereafter speak.

At length, by the permission of his father, he directed his steps to Italy and visited the imperial city. On the 15th of October, 1764, at dusk, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, Gibbon rested upon the steps of the capitol, and contemplated the scene that was presented to his view. Around him were fallen columns and crumbling walls, and ivyed arches and all the sad relics of the mighty race, who had once thronged upon the banks of the Tiber and sported upon its golden waves. Silent were those streets which had once rung with the tramp of the war-horse and the tread of triumphant legions, returning with their train of captive princes from the distant lands that had bowed beneath the Roman sceptre. Hushed was the shrill clarion, and in its place, the low vespers of the friars in the neighboring temple of Jupiter came gently upon the ear, like the soft notes of the funeral hymn. Then it was that the idea of writing a history of the "eternal city" flashed upon the mind of Gibbon.

As he sat upon the very marble that had felt the feet of Cicero, and Virgil, and Tacitus, the sad memories of buried centuries must have bowed his spirit in solemn and sublime thought. He was in the city, where his youthful fancy had so often wandered; whose history had been the study of his maturer years. That history was now to be gathered only from the dusty tomes of obscure monks and the ponderous quartos of quarrelsome school-men, and was fast fading away from the remembrance of men. To

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rescue from oblivion the records of the Roman people, to throw some rays of light upon the dark pathway of human progress, was the noble design of Gibbon. Long years of intense study and toilsome research must elapse; but those years passed by, and the name of *Gibbon* was enrolled with the names of Robertson and Hume, in the triumvirate of British historians.

To speak at length of the merits and defects of this great work of Gibbon's life is not our present purpose. Its want of simplicity in style; its contempt for female character; its obscenity and irreligion, are its striking faults. These faults would be sufficient to crush any other historian; but they rise in the balance, when they are weighed against the profound philosophy, the wit, the imagery, the eloquence, the masterly criticism, all which are so conspicuous upon every page of the work. In its preparation, he was obliged to unclasp and decipher piles of volumes that had lain untouched for centuries in the monastery or the library; to read and interpret inscriptions upon coins and medals, upon columns and arches; to weigh testimony, various and oftentimes conflicting, and from a mass of undigested materials to form a connected and perspicuous narrative. The candid reader of Gibbon will probably agree with Professor Smyth, when he says, that "the History of the Decline and Fall must always be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that has appeared of the literary powers of a single mind; and its fame can only perish with the civilization of the world."

Men who are unaccustomed to the severest research, can form but a faint conception of the varied attainments of Gibbon. The Vindication of the XV. and XVI. chapters, admits us into a mere alcove of the vast library in which he toiled, and gives us an idea of the almost Herculean labors which he delighted to perform. The memoranda of his readings, scattered throughout his journals and letters, exhibit him in admirable contrast with Hume, whose beauties, careless and inimitable though they be, are furnished at the expense of industry and historic accuracy.

How far the classical studies of Gibbon contributed to the corruption of his moral sensibilities, we cannot, of course, determine. But we are unwilling that he should be taken as an example of their legitimate influence, and as constituting an argument against their general perusal. If a minute and long continued study of the manners and literature of the most depraved nations of Rome may have vitiated the heart of an avowed infidel, we ought not, for this reason, to pronounce upon the ancient authors a harsh and indiscriminate sentence. We should, at least, remember that the Greek orators and dramatists are quite as chaste as their *English* rivals; that Terence is no less modest than Ben Jonson, and that Horace and Virgil will not suffer in the comparison with Dryden and Pope. We would not defend or palliate—we would earnestly *condemn* impurity in any writer; but we are forced to allow that very many of our best *English* authors have stained their works with thoughts and images which every enlightened Christian man would fain blot out forever. Let students be guided in their classical studies by able and judicious instructors, and they may acquire invaluable discipline, without inhaling into their moral system the poisonous vapors of licentiousness.

Of the manner in which Gibbon acquired his unmeasured and wicked contempt for female character, we have not spoken. His early disappointment in love had a deleterious influence upon the more refined sensibilities of his heart; and his intimacy with the literary classes of the French metropolis for a long period of years, was not adapted to inspire respect for the more worthy, and, to a virtuous mind, the more *attractive* graces of woman.

But whatever may be the agencies which produced the fearful result, certain it is, that Gibbon was wanting in all those qualities of heart which dignify a moral and accountable being. In his *political* course, during the time in which he sat as a "silent member" of the House of Commons, he was the willing slave of a most injudicious and unfortunate ministry. Obedient to Lord North, the man who was familiar with the colonial history of the mightiest empire that had ever existed, violated the first and plainest principles of government, and contributed, by his private and public influence, to the dismemberment of the British dominions, and to the establishment of the independence of North America.

The whole course of this remarkable man is a melancholy illustration of the fact, that the most brilliant intellectual power cannot atone for the absence of high moral and religious affections. *Genius*, mysterious and all-pervading as is its power, cannot change the unalterable distinctions of right and wrong, or annihilate the everlasting relations of man to his maker. It may, in the frenzy of passion, dash its puny frame against the Rock of Ages, but it will perish by the suicidal blow; and the very men who admired its energy, may live to laugh, or to weep, over its unspeakable folly. Society has interests more vital, infinitely more important, than the gratification of *taste*, or the pleasures of imagination. It can dispense with these; but it can never afford to resign the faith in God—the hope of immortality—the reverence for truth and justice, for moral purity and manly integrity.

We have spoken of Gibbon as he deserves, now in terms of *praise*, and now of *censure;* and we leave him, with the exclamation of the poet Schiller upon our lips:

"Oh, that *greatness* always were *good*, that *goodness* always were *great!*"

SONNET.

PERIL OF DENIAL TO NATURAL POWERS.

The natural aim of a decided soul,
  Defrauded, is its death! The work denied
By a false judgment, by the world's control,
  Which had declared the genius in its pride,
The whole heart sickens—from the day departs
  Its star that moved to energy and strife!
This lost, the moving spirit in our hearts
  Pines still, and living, has no use in life.
One stood beside me in my school-boy days
  Decreed a noble conflict;—but in vain,—
  They bound him, a born eagle, with a chain,
Until he perish'd, shorn of pride and praise.
  Some few words when we parted, and they spoke
  A spirit too long denied, a heart too quickly broke.

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AN EXPERIENCE OF THE FUTURE.

"——As they
Whom we have left—we change."
Prometheus Unbound.

"Encore une heure de souffrance,
Encore un douloureux adieu!
Puis endors-toi dans l'espérance,
Pour te réveiller *dans ton Dieu!*"
LAMARTINE.—*Hymne de la Mort.*

* * THE struggle was at last ended. The sufferings that had so long known no relief, defying human aid, crushing each gleam of hope,—reached their climax and termination. The restless anguish, that day after day had consumed the energies of my frame, ceased suddenly to be felt; and, as in a moment, the dread obscuration wherewith the soul was clouded by the mortal languor of disease—a gloom, rayless and deepening—was swept away. The doom had gone forth. The spirit clung with feebler and feebler hold to its fast-failing support—till the extremity of utter weakness dissolved the bond. The conflict was over. I slept the sleep of death.

But consciousness survived. Nay; I experienced, in the act of dissolution, nothing of the shock and interruption of life I had always been taught to anticipate. It was a change, indeed, but a natural, regular, and progressive stage in the economy of existence. The grasp of death, which I had awaited with terror, was gentle and friendly as that of a brother.

Not only did I still know that I existed, but for a brief space I retained a vivid perception of what, at the moment I expired, had been present to my senses. The curtained and dimly-lighted room—the melancholy paraphernalia of a death-bed—the worn-out looks of attendants—the sorrow of friends—the agony of those who wept my loss—and, last lingered on—the form of *one* who knelt beside me in grief unspeakable, clasping my dying hand in hers, and fixing her eyes on mine, with their expression so wild, so imploring, so full of woe and despair—all were before me. I cannot tell how long these ideas remained; but only that they were not at once extinguished. I knew that my eyes had closed for ever on the things of earth. I knew, too, that the awed spectators of the last solemn scene had departed; that silence and darkness enwrapped the cold clay; that the voice of mourning was hushed; that the grave was opened to receive its new tenant; that dust returned to dust! All this I knew—not by the series of successive impressions, which had been formerly the means of acquiring knowledge. I was no more the subject of what is called sensation. Nor was it by a mental process of inference from what had been formerly within my cognizance; for the powers of reasoning were no longer in activity. It was as the trace or shadow of what I had known; an evanescent possession, grasped for one brief moment, remembered but as a dream—then passing swiftly away. I could hardly determine to which state it belonged, except by the certainty that the result or effect of former sensations was not effaced by new ones; expiring, like ripples in the still water, from inherent incapacity to abide or to expand. In this manner I knew that my body rested in the grave; that I was numbered with the departed. But how long had this been? Had the tomb but just closed over me—or had I mouldered for ages among the pale dead? I could not tell. All conception of time, save only the imperfect and shadowy recollection of its measured progress while

I lived on earth, had vanished. So far from being able to number moments as they flew, I had no longer the power even to apprehend duration.

I had, indisputably, entered upon a new state of being. That I existed —it was impossible to doubt; but in what part of God's infinite universe did I exist? Was I on earth, or in Hades, or in heaven? How far had I journeyed in passing from one world to another? The thought at first pressed upon me with force; and there seemed a struggle to solve the mystery. But this was only for an instant. No response was given. The idea of space, like that of time, faded as a fleeting vision. Both belonged to a physical organization—both pertained to the limited sphere I had quitted forever. I had passed the portal of eternity, and time was no more. The measureless being of the soul—like thought, its offspring—was no longer under the control of space. The prison walls had fallen; the chain was broken; the mortal had put on immortality.

It was not at once that the spirit, clogged with affections of earth, received this strange knowledge. It came like the first faint gleam of dawn, ripening gradually to the full flood of noonday light. In the loss or decease of many faculties which had pertained to a previous existence, there was, it is true, a bursting forth to new liberty—an expansion into a higher state—a birth into heaven. Yet a void was left, which even the enlarged apprehensions of the soul could not fill. I had a sense of imperfection; I was conscious of something wanting for the equilibrium of being. This consciousness was abiding; and then I felt that my new condition, glorious as it was, was but elementary and rudimental. It was merely the germ of a more elevated and perfect life, which would as surely arrive, as the present had overtaken the past. I was still "a prisoner of hope." In losing for a season the physical part of my nature, I had become disunited from all the powers dependent, either directly or remotely, on bodily organization. Not only had all instincts failed, but memory also was in quiescence; imagination no longer roved throughout the universe, or "bodied forth the forms of things unknown." No more did reason compare nor weigh in her intellectual balance, nor labor to work out her harmonious designs. I no longer desired or acted; I was no longer a creature of purpose and performance—of enterprise and achievement.

But if remembrances of things earthly—not at once utterly annihilated by arbitrary and supernal power, became extinct by their own transitory nature, like visions receding into the past—*not* thus gradual was the acquisition of the new faculty which especially marked the state of release from corporiety. This power, native to the soul—essential to its existence—suspended during the period of its habitation in the mortal tenement—sprang into instant activity at the stroke of death, and speedily absorbed all else. I mean the soul's intuitive perception of God. How can language express it? How can human understanding attain to it? Higher than heaven—deeper than hell—vast as eternity! At once, and in an instant, the soul to be plunged, as it were, in an ocean of Deity; surrounded, invaded, permeated —possessed! no form nor shape seen, no voice heard! a fathomless, illimitable abyss! a presence that compasseth infinity! What are the most intense perceptions of mortal sense—the unclouded sun bursting on the eyes of men —for but the faintest shadowing forth of this experience? What is the dull approximation or contact of matter with that which is kindred thereto—to this wondrous conjunction—the rush of mind to mind, when the wall intervening is removed?—to the up-springing of the gleam to the uncreated source of light—to the return of the spirit to Him who gave it?*

* It is unreasonable to suppose, that the highest archangel, clothed with a body, however etherial and glorious it may be, is further removed from the Supreme than the disembodied

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The soul beheld God; no longer through a glass, darkly, but face to face. I "knew, even as I was known." Yet, in this unutterable commingling, was not finite nature overwhelmed, nor absorbed, nor lost? And I saw not all,—if it be not blasphemous to speak here of limitation. With the decease, or suspension, of the percipient and reasoning powers, I had lost my apprehension of the eternity and omnipotence of the Supreme. Those attributes of the Divine nature were, for some mysterious purpose, in reserve. His greatness and power incomprehensible, were held in abeyance. The fruition of the knowledge of those was not yet. It was not yet permitted me to catch the echo of the praises of creation. But brighter than ten thousand thousand suns, shone on the opened eyes of the soul, the HOLINESS of the Lord! It was that to which I was sentient alone and wholly. It was that which enwrapped me, as in a world-encircling deluge of flame. I saw the LOVE, which is the essential being of God, shining——ever shining—in the zenith of eternity—and filling heaven and earth. I was immersed in its effulgence. And I knew, that as ages rolled on ages away, witnessing the rise and fall of material systems, the employment to which Divine Mercy and Wisdom had appointed earth-enfranchised-souls—yea, their very life—would still be the same—THE INEFFABLE CONTEMPLATION OF THE MORAL NATURE OF DEITY!

I knew also that a great multitude, which no man could number, of those called dead among the living on earth—stood, like me, before the throne. They as well as I—

"But by *to love*—did apprehend *to be*."

They also—conscious of that alone, separate from all things else—were enfolded and enshrouded in the light that beamed from the divine countenance. They lived unto God. There was no voice nor speech among them. In the calm of primeval silence—a silence that was the deepest utterance of inconceivable, incommunicable blessedness—they were ranged according to the rank of affinity around the everlasting centre—towards which they were forever tending. And over all, in solemn and eternal benediction, brooded the wings of infinite love; while "the promise of the kingdom," given by the lips of a Mediator, was waited for by the countless throng of the redeemed.

And I knew, that in the generations which were to come, that entire and ceaseless adoration would continue, and these souls would draw ever nearer to God; that by this vision of His moral perfection—this seven-fold blaze of His glory—the sustained were to be purged into purity; and the orphaned on earth, affiliated by faith to the Father of spirits, were to grow more and more into sympathy with Him, till the perfect union should be consummated. Then—when all taint or imperfection shall be removed, and the relation complete,—when the moral emotions and affections of the soul have found and clasped forever their lawful and ultimate object—when the sanctification began *by faith* in a world of trial and sorrow, is finished by the *sight* of the Invisible—in that serene region where the separated spirit exists without perception or knowledge, save of the purity and love into which it is to be transformed—then shall come the end of all things. Then shall the soul of man, invested once more with a material

soul, because he cannot enjoy the same immediate and intuitive perception of Deity, while receiving impressions through a material medium.

Or, might not the possession of men by evil spirits, permitted in former times, and their evident desire to animate some material form, be attributed to their wish to escape, by corporiety, from this consciousness of God, which must to them have been but a source of woe?

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but a glorified body,—and thereby recovering the completeness of human nature—receive its full fruition of happiness; inasmuch as its restored powers, its capacities for action, enjoyment and advancement, can then be instrumental only to its endless progress in the knowledge—which is the love—of God.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels, as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world!
And, day by day, the fresh, frank soul, that looked
Wistfully from those eyes, and smiling played,
'Mid the wild roses on that dimpled cheek,
And modulated all those eager tones,
And danced in those light footfalls, to a tune
Heart-heard by them—inaudible to us,
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the buds
They caught in Heaven, already pale, and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze!
And so the evil grows. The graceful *flower*
May have its own sweet way, in bud and bloom,
May drink and dare, with upturned gaze, the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to every rover-breeze,
Or wreathe, with blushing grace, the fragile spray,
In bashful loveliness;—the wildwood *bird*
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing;—
The *mountain-brook* may wind where'er it would—
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud—the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet, lulling words,
In broken tones. How like the faltering speech
Of early childhood! but our *human* flowers—
Our *soul-birds*, caged and pining, *they* must sing
And grow,—not as their own, but our caprice
Suggests,—and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half-bloom and music at the best;—
And if, perchance, some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught her first, disdain the rule—the bar—
And wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world—half-startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away
And leaves her, lonely, in her upward path!
Thank God! to such *His* smile is not denied.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF NUMERATION.

It is a curious fact that, while different nations have distinct languages—in some instances, altogether dissimilar—yet all agree in their mode of numbering, by never advancing beyond ten without beginning anew, and thus combining ten and ten, and tens with tens, in orderly steps to millions.—Why have nations been restricted to the number ten? This question may appear of no practical utility, either for intellectual amusement, or the acquisition of wealth; but I affirm that a correct answer will include a law of mind which governs our religious, moral and political doctrines, as well as our mode of calculating dollars. The popular and universal answer which philosophers have given, is expressed by Dr. Thompson, in his "Progress of Physical Science." He says:

"The decimal mode of numeration has been adopted by almost all nations—evidently because man has ten fingers, and because men were in the habit of reckoning on the fingers, and after coming to an end, they begin again. If the number of the fingers had been twelve instead of ten, the mode of numeration would certainly have been duodecimal instead of decimal; and this mode would have had its conveniences, which the decimal mode wants."

I dissent from the conclusion, totally, that the number of man's fingers suggested the decimal mode; and I will try to prove that, to number things, and to distinguish good actions from others, bad, require an identical mode of thinking. Numbers, when applied to things, as, 1 tree, 2 trees, are termed concrete; but when unapplied, as, 1, 2, 3, they are termed abstract. Logicians admit that numbers were and are acquired first in the concrete, before the abstract. Therefore, since numbers in the concrete stand first for analysis, and thus denote an adjunct meaning by which grammarians designate them adjectives, it follows that we should clearly ascertain whether we have one or several modes of comparison; for under some modes of comparison our method of numbering must be constructed.

A,	B,	C,
Long,	Longer,	Longest.
.Shortest	,Shorter	,Short

We will name those three lines successively, A, B, C, and consider each as possessing a property of extension. If we confine our attention to that property, we see that B is longer than A, and C is the longest of the three. If we reverse our comparisons, and consider C as short, we see that B is shorter than C, and A is the shortest of the three. A, B, C, thus denote the three degrees of comparison, (as they are named by grammarians, though they should say *three degrees of relation*;) and I must prove that those degrees are confined to three, and thus result from a law of mind which governs, accordingly, our mode of numbering.

It is evident, that all lines which differ from B in length, must be longer or shorter; hence, three degrees exhaust our consecutive comparisons, for B remains unchanged, whether we assume it to be long or short. This mode of comparison, which requires two reversed degrees of relation correlative to a condition assumed, includes the meaning of all such words as

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true, false, right, wrong, just, and unjust. For example: the following propositions require an identical mode of comparison:

All lines which differ from B in length must be longer or shorter.

Every assertion must be true or false.

In the first, we assume that the condition of B must be both long and short, according as we reverse our comparisons; and in the second, we assume that every assertion must agree or disagree with its application.—Grammarians say that such words as true, and infinite, "are always, literally, in the superlative degree; because, by expressing a quality in the highest degree, they carry in themselves a superlative signification." This may appear plausible, yet it is very unsound, and the sophistry lurks in the meaning of two words—"highest degree." The author saw that in using such words, we cannot say of a proposition, it is most true—hence he inferred that all such adjectives are always in the superlative degree. Whereas, our inability to advance to a degree of relation which increases from that which is already true, arises from this fact—that we cannot rationally apply such words as true, perfect, and infinite, unless restricted to that mode of comparison which requires two reversed degrees correlative to a first condition assumed. That such words as infinite are always in the comparative degree, and never in the superlative, may require a further illustration.

When we say long, longer, longest, our first degree, named the positive, is assumed; then the comparative and superlative consecutively follow.—But long and short denote degrees which are first apprehended by perceiving two reversed things correlative to a first condition assumed. Therefore, the fundamental mode of comparison—that mode which is the basis of all others—consists in two reversed degrees correlative to a first, and which first is analogous to that degree which grammarians name the positive.

In the aforesaid example, B can be affirmed the longer only on this condition—that A was admitted to be long before B was compared with A; then C is compared with B and A. Now, this principle should be clearly understood—that, in any number of consecutive comparisons, we first require two things, one of which is assumed, (*i. e.*, not compared,) and by which we determine the other's degree of relation. Then, if we annex another degree, we introduce a new element into our comparisons, which may be termed the correlative. When two things are compared, one is *relative* to the other; but when three things are compared consecutively, each is *correlative* with the others. This distinction between *relative* and *correlative*, as applied to numeration, has been totally disregarded by all authors whose works I have read, except Bishop Berkeley, and William Hazlitt, in his Essay on Locke, and from which I will quote in due time.

A,	B,	C,	D,	E.
Long,	Longer,	Longest.		

In the above example we are required to see B relative to A, then C correlative with B and A, before we advance to D; we then find that A, B, C are each perceived twice, and only twice—whence each becomes correlative, (*i. e.* reciprocally relative.) Now, if we annex D, it is clear that A, B, C, D must each be seen three times to become correlative throughout. And if we annex E, then each must be seen four times to become correlative as aforesaid,—and so we may continue annexing. But we first proved that a thing is only seen twice to become correlative; therefore, when a thing is seen three or more times, and still conceived to be only correlative, it is seen absurdly and in contradiction to a law of mind which universally go-

verns our comparisons, by confining them to three degrees of relations.—Thus much appeared necessary to elucidate the principles of the three modes of comparison, and to prove that all agree in having only three degrees of relation. Under that law, the mathematician's "celebrated problem of the three bodies" must be arranged, and a theologian's trinity—for the ancient Egyptians had their trinity,—and innumerable other triple parts of knowledge, including all the axioms of geometry.

Hazlitt very truly says:

"It is strange that Mr. Locke should rank among simple ideas that of number, which he defines to be the idea of unity repeated. But how this idea of successive or distinct units can ever give the idea of repetition, unless the former instances are borne in mind, I cannot conceive. There might be a transition from one unit to another, but no addition or aggregate formed. As well might we suppose that a body of an inch diameter, by shifting from place to place, might enlarge its dimensions to a foot or a mile, as that a succession of units, perceived separately, should produce the complex idea of number. The natural fool that Mr. Hobbes speaks of may be supposed to observe every stroke of the clock, and nod to it, or say one, one, one; but he could never know what hour it strikes, according to Mr. Hobbes, without the use of those names of order, one, two, three, &c., nor, according to my notion, without the help of that orderly understanding which first invented those names, and comprehends their meaning. On the material hypothesis, the mind can have but one idea at a time, and the idea of number could never enter into it."

Hazlitt might have added, that all mathematicians, without an exception, have written as erroneously about numeration as Mr. Locke himself.

Before we dispute about an effect we should first know what it is. What do 1, 2, 3 represent, when applied to 1 tree, 2 trees, 3 trees? They denote the place-properties of trees when perceived correlative, according to a mode of comparison wherein we consecutively advance from a place assumed.—And since all things possess a place-property, numbers can be applied to all. A single method of producing an effect must precede a compound method of producing like effects, because the last is composed of the first. Our mode of numbering is a compound; therefore every language includes a prior method to numbering, whereby things are seen correlative by means of their place-properties. In the English language, the following words comprise that prior mode:

This, That, Yon.

This man and *first* man are different phrases only so far as *this* and *first* belong to two methods of performing acts alike. This, that and yon comprise a mode of themselves, therefore it has an end; first, second and third belong to a method without end, nevertheless both methods have a like beginning; and the one which has an end, so far as it extends, agrees with the other which is endless. The mere practice of that simple mode, being included under a law of mind which governs all men's comparisons of all things, would direct nations to construct modes of numbering, necessarily identical in their fundamental principles. They could differ only in the symbols or characters used in notation, and in their extent of combination.

It is not requisite that I should present the various kinds of symbols which mankind have used in notation. I have proved that when things are seen correlative, three are seen in relation to each other; then, if we annex another three, we introduce a new element into our comparisons, which may be termed the element of *combination*. Consequently, every mode of numbering presupposes that a given collection of things must be seen cor-

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relatively, and thus consecutively combined into a whole, or aggregate.—Our mode of combining must accord with our prior mode of seeing things correlatively placed, because combination includes correlation. Accordingly, the number *nine* among all nations denotes the first combination of things when seen correlatively placed; one three relative to another, and both correlative to a third three. Hence all nations actually stop or inclose their numbers at 9; and they do so inevitably, in accordance with a law of mind which universally governs their comparisons. Ten (10) literally means one inclosure, and *town*, *tun*, and *ten* are all derived from one root. Town formerly signified a collection of houses surrounded by a wall. (*See Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley.*)

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

The above figures denote our numbering to the extent of nine. The first is named the *unit* by arithmeticians, but *unit* is a very vague term—being often confounded with unity, and oneness, and other relations. Still it conveys an important meaning when we arrive at it naturally in its proper place. All the above figures are first acquired by reading them from the left to the right, and the scale is constructed by simply seeing things correlative, and thus consecutively combining them so that each figure in succession shall denote its own degree of relation and all previously ascertained. Observe, that each successive figure from the beginning represents not merely its own, but also several other degrees of relation; and how could man's fingers have suggested the mode of combining those degrees? All arithmeticians answer, because man has *ten* fingers; but logicians might retort, that such an answer is merely begging the question. They may as truly say, that a man stops at *ten* because he had previously *ten* about him, and that previous *ten* was born in him or to him, like his legs, and not the result of any mode of comparison. But I have proved that ten must result from comparisons; therefore, to compare the conclusion of ten with the concluded number of man's fingers, we merely obtain the quality of two results or sums. Accordingly, all ignorant persons who use their fingers in relation to numbers are addicted to reckon with them—not merely to number.

The scale of numbers aforesaid clearly indicates that the man who first constructed it was a patient thinker. He was familiar with a state of mind and could thoroughly analyze it, and which is composed of several distinct perceptions appertaining almost simultaneously to one thing; yet we speak as though we have only one perception of such a complex thing. He had previously been familiar with seeing heaps or collections correlative to each other; his next step was to combine those collections as far as he could correlatively, without assuming a new beginning; and he thus naturally arrived at nine. To distinguish that 9 from his second 9, he quite as naturally reversed his former mode, and used two symbols to denote the first nine inclosed, thus 10, which means one combined collection. Having advanced thus far, all future progress was easy, for he had only to combine 9 again, and then say two tens, or 20, and so repeatedly to one hundred.

Now, *unit* denotes a degree of relation not comprehensible till seen correlative with *ten* and *hundred*. Unit, ten, hundred, denote degrees of relation, not merely of single things, but of single combinations seen correlatively.

999.

Those represent nine hundred and ninety-nine; and 9 thus occupies the unit's place as naturally as it stands in the ten's and the hundred's place.

111,111,111.

Those figures are read as one hundred and eleven millions one hundred and eleven thousands one hundred and eleven. Observe, that I thrice repeated one hundred and eleven; and as we continue to annex triple ones so we must continue to repeat one hundred and eleven, one hundred and eleven, and merely unite a new name to each successive one hundred and eleven. Thus all progress in all modes of notation, howsoever extensive, is in strict accordance with the first principles which govern our most simple comparisons. The very figures of notation are distributed into threes by arithmeticians, and thus afford a striking contradiction to their first principle assumed, that *ten* fingers suggested the combination of numbers. Whereas my first principles carry me onward without any end, and without a contradiction.

In the arithmetic of Lacroix we find the following pernicious instruction. The translator says: "In the number thirty-three, which is written 33, we see the figure 3 repeated—but each time with a different value. The value of the 3 on the left is *ten times* greater than the value of that on the right." The author alludes to the degrees of relation denoted by thirty and three in a consecutive progression from a first one assumed, and he thus confounds a compounded equality of relative things with a consecutive increase of the same. He first assumes that a 3 is *great*, then he says that thirty is ten times *greater* than 3, which is manifestly absurd. Thirty is only 9 times *greater* than three, though it is ten times *as great*. Assume any figure we please, and repeat it as often as we please, then each figure on the left will always be nine times greater than the next figure on the right, because the figure on the right is the measure (*i. e.* a relative part) of the figure on the left. It is surely clear that a gallon is not four times more than a quart, but only four times as much.

The error thus exposed, perhaps may be found in all arithmetics, and vitiates the instruction of arithmeticians. To speak of a compounded equality, as the aforesaid author evidently does, we confuse a pupil's mind with multiplication while we are falsely explaining numeration. Whereas, we should commence with things seen correlatively, then combined accordingly—being always explained in correlative progression.

Effects must have a cause, and the properties of 3 and 9 are more conspicuous than those of any of the numbers. If we multiply any number by 9, the product will be nine or nines by simply adding, thus: 9 times 3 are 27, then 2 and 7 are 9; 9 times 17 are 153, then 1 and 5 and 3 are 9. If we make a weight of 1 pound, another of 3, another of 9, another of 27, and another of 81, we shall have five weights with which we can weigh more various quantities than with any other five weights conceivable. These are truths, and they are such because products from 3 and 9 are the compounded combinations of correlative things, when each combination is correlatively unbroken, in conformity with a law of mind which universally governs our comparisons. To farther corroborate my analysis of numeration, I would refer to the well-known rule of proving a product of multiplication, by extracting all the nines and multiplying remainders.

Dr. Johnson says:

"The course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct. There are human beings whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number *four*; but I have read of none that have not names for day and night—for summer and winter."

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Surely such beings had fingers as we have; therefore he who builds his science of numbers on ten fingers, must confess that such tribes had each only one-third sufficient sense to comprehend all one's fingers.—Dean Swift's analysis of zeal, in his "Tale of a Tub," is strictly analogous to the solution of ten, as performed by arithmeticians. He declares that a notion became a word, and the word during a hot summer ripened into a substance.

A geographical view of the world declares:

"It is diverting to observe Kamtschadales when they reckon above ten; for, having counted the fingers of both hands, they clap them together, which signifies ten. Then they begin with their toes and count twenty; after which they are quite confounded, and cry '*metcha ?*'—that is, where shall I take more?"

Such historical extracts confound the meaning of a number with a sum. A man must learn to number before he can reckon, because reckoning includes addition, and often subtraction. Addition includes numeration, but numeration does not include addition; subtraction includes numeration and addition, but numeration and addition do not include subtraction. They are the three fundamental consecutive rules of all arithmetic, and closed in obedience to a universal law of mind.

In my analysis of numeration, I first used the *relative*, then the *correlative*, and thirdly and lastly, the element of *combination;* and he who acquires numbers without being conscious of those three elements, must be allowed to use them according to that rule by which a parrot learns to talk.

We speak of common things (for example, coal) as being each literally one, and not as several particles agglutinated; but the chemist analyzes them and finds each a compound. Accordingly we use common words, like numeration, as though each can denote only one perception; but a metaphysician analyzes them, and finds that the meaning of each is complex, yet acquired under such simple laws, and so consecutively, that the most careless mind will associate extensive combinations without being conscious of their complexity.

As an *experimentum crusis*, I would refer to the natural scale of music, for I contend that a musician's scale and an arithmetician's mode of numeration are results alike under one law. A writer says:

"We change the mode at every time when we moderate three notes in succession. It ought not, then, any longer to surprise us that we feel some difficulty while we ascend the scale in singing three tones in succession, because this is impracticable without changing the mode; and if we pause in the same mode, the fourth sound above the first note will never be higher than a semitone above that which immediately precedes it."

Dr. Rush, in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," says:

"Whether this triform nature of the cadence, and its exclusion from the current melody, proceed from the habit of the musical scale on the ear, similar to that which prevents a greater rise than of three tones, or whether these circumstances are resolvable into some hidden instinct of the voice, I will not determine."

He also says:

"We may perhaps prudently despair, that even the keenest inquiry will teach us the reason why the melody of speech is prone to the diatonic progression, and why the voice so accurately falls in with the definite intervals of the musical scale."

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These authors allude to diatonic melody, which is a term of music to de-

note degrees of relation consecutively, and I trust I have proved that all such degrees cannot be apprehended, except conformable to the same law that governs our mode of numeration. Dr. Lardner says:

"Sounds, in order to be musical, must be caused by a continued succession of equal and regular vibrations of the air produced by the sounding body."

If I understand the Doctor, he is certainly wrong. In singing a musical note, we begin gently to emit pulsations of air, then we increase, and gradually finish; hence a note is a kind of fluid *swell*, which contains within itself degrees of *intensity*. And all correlative combinations of notes must accord with the vanishing nature of a single note.

We may commence from any note we please as the sound first assumed, then, in ascending the scale, we can only produce two notes correlative to the first; but those three notes must have a vanishing effect agreeably with a single note, otherwise they would not be melodious in their ascension.—Therefore, the fourth note in the natural scale is necessarily a semitone, which gives the requisite vanishing effect to the three prior ones. A grammarian's three degrees differ from a musician's three only so far as their first assumptions are of a different nature.

When I listen to some tunes, I conceive that I hear a *rattling crowd* of notes, forming one combination, with a gradual rise and a vanishing fall, in accordance with music's loneliest note. Such tunes pass by me as a windy refinement, which makes me feel that simplicity is the garb of all truly useful, beautiful or sublime. Play a purely plaintive air to entrance me in bliss, till joy finds relief in tears, then you may pause till I call you again, and so tune my life for heaven.

SONNET.

THE STRUGGLE OF ENDOWMENT WITH FORTUNE.

When thou shalt put my name upon the tomb,
  Write under it, "here lies the weariest man
  That ever struggled with a wayward ban,
The victim from his birth-hour to a doom
That made all nature war against his will,
  Made profitless his toil, its fruits denied
To patient courage and ambition still,
  His tasks decreed, his industry decried,
And left him weary of the sun, whose flight.
Brought him the gloom without the peace of night.
His toilsome pathway ever was uphill,
  A hill forever growing,—still his draught
Was water in a sieve that could not fill,
And bitter was his cup, or drunk, or left unquaff'd."

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THE RED ROSE.

A TALE OF THE WAR IN LA VENDEE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DUMAS.

WHOEVER, on the evening of the 15th December, 1793, had walked from the town of Olisson, toward the village of Saint Crepin, and, on the way thither, from the ridge of the hill whose base is laved by the Maine, had looked down into the valley below, would have witnessed a singular spectacle.

There, along the dusky horizon, had he looked for the village, which lay half-concealed amid the trees, he would have seen three or four columns of smoke, which, isolated at the base, spreading and uniting as they ascended, formed a dark canopy, and, moved by the damp west wind, rolled slowly onward to mingle with the clouds, which hung low and threatening over the earth. He would have seen how the pillars of this fearful vault by degrees became tinged with red—how the smoke was scattered, while tongues of fire leaped from the roof, now winding spiral-formed, now stooping, and now towering aloft like burning columns.

From time to time, as a roof fell in, he would have heard a deadened crash; he would have seen a brighter glow, with a thousand crackling sparks; and by the blood-red light of the spreading fire, have beheld soldiers—have seen the flashing of their weapons—have heard their cries and laughter; then would he have shuddered and exclaimed, "God help us! an army has fired a village, to warm themselves by the flames."

It was, in fact, a Republican brigade of from twelve to fifteen thousand men, who, having found the village of Saint Crepin deserted, had set fire to it to satiate their vengeance. A single isolated hut had been spared from the flames; it seemed as if they even endeavored to protect it from the raging element. Two sentinels stood before the door, while orderly-officers and adjutants passed in and out, bringing and receiving orders.

He who gave these orders was a young man, apparently from twenty to twenty-two years of age; his hair, parted upon his forehead, fell in long, fair curls down his cheeks; his features and mien wore that impress of melancholy which is so often stamped upon those who are destined to an early death. His blue cloak but partially concealed his person, so that the symbols of his rank—the epaulettes of a general, were visible. Leaning over a table, upon which lay a map of the country, he was busied, by the light of a lamp, in tracing out the road to be pursued by his soldiers. It was General Marceau, who, three years later, met his death at Altenkirchen.

"Alexander!" he exclaimed, partly raising himself—"Alexander, everlasting sleeper! are you dreaming of St. Domingo, that you cannot wake?"

"What is the matter?" cried the individual thus accosted, as he sprang up in haste, almost striking his head against the roof of the chamber.—"What is the matter?—is the enemy approaching?"

"No—but an order from General Westerman has just reached us."

While his comrade read the order which he handed to him, Marceau gazed with child-like curiosity upon the powerful proportions of the gigantic mulatto who stood before him. He was a man of about twenty-eight

years of age, with short, curly hair, brown complexion, open brow, white teeth, and whose almost supernatural strength was the admiration of the whole army. They had seen him cleave in battle the head of a hostile cuirassier, through helmet and skull, down to his very cuirass; when his horse ran with him on parade, they had seen him press the headstrong animal to suffocation by the strength of his knees. It was General Alexander Dumas.*

"Who brought this order?" asked the latter.

"The representative of the people—Delmar."

"Well—and where are the poor devils assembling?"

"In a wood, a league and a half from here. Look at the map;—here is the place."

"Yes—but neither ravines, nor mountains, nor felled trees are marked out upon the map—nor a thousand other obstacles which bar the road; so that we can scarce find our way by day-light. Accursed country, where, besides this, it is always cold!"

"Look here," said Marceau, as he pushed open the door with his foot, and pointed to the blazing village—"go out and warm yourself. Halloo! what is the matter, citizens?"

These words were addressed to a group of soldiers, who, in searching for plunder, had ransacked a kind of stall which joined the hut, occupied by the generals, and had there discovered a Vendean peasant who appeared to be so drunk that, in all probability, he had not been able to accompany the inhabitants of the village in their retreat. Imagine a boor, whose face, covered by his long hair, bore the stamp of stupidity, dressed in his ordinary apparel, with a gray jacket and slouched hat, and apparently so intoxicated as to have lost all command of his senses. Marceau put a few questions to him, but the wine which he had swallowed, and his *patois*, rendered his replies almost unintelligible. He was about to hand him over to the soldiers for their amusement, when General Dumas suddenly directed every one to leave the chamber; then following them with his friend, he gave orders that the prisoner should be confined in the hut. The boor was standing at the threshold; they pushed him in; he stumbled against the wall, tottered for a moment on his bending knees, and then falling at his length, lay motionless. A sentinel was stationed without, but they did not think of securing the window.

"In an hour we shall be able to commence our march," said General Dumas to Marceau.—"We have a guide."

"Whom?"

"That fellow!"

"Yes; if we wait until to-morrow he might answer; for what he has drank contains at least four and twenty hours' sleep."

Dumas smiled. "Come with me," he said, and led his friend to the stall in which the peasant had been discovered. A thin partition separated the stall from the hut, through the chinks and crevices of which they could see and hear everything that passed in the chamber in which the boor was confined. "Here!" added Dumas, softly, "observe what passes."

Marceau obeyed. It was with difficulty that he could distinguish the prisoner, as the latter had accidentally fallen in the darkest corner of the chamber. Upon looking around for his colleague, he found that he had disappeared. As he turned his glance again to the interior of the hut, it seemed as if the prisoner made a slight movement.

In a few moments the boor opened his eyes, gaping like a man who has

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* Father of the Author.

just awakened from a profound sleep. A singular expression of satisfaction passed across his face when he saw that he was alone. Marceau was now sensible that he would have been outwitted by this man, but for the penetration of General Dumas. He redoubled his attention, therefore. The prisoner's face had resumed its former expression; his eyes were closed; his movements were like those of a man who is about to fall asleep again; with one hand he grasped, as if by accident, a leg of the table upon which lay the map and General Westerman's order, jostled it, and everything fell in confusion upon the floor. The sentinel opened the door and thrust in his head; but on seeing the cause of the disturbance, he called with a laugh to his companions, "It is the citizen;—he has been dreaming a little." The latter heard him; his eyes were unclosed, and a threatening glance followed the soldier. He then snatched up the paper which contained the order, and hastily concealed it in his bosom.

Marceau held his breath; his right hand reached toward the hilt of his sabre, and his left supported his brow as he leaned against the partition. The subject of his observations had turned upon his side. With his knees and elbows he slowly pushed himself towards the door; but, through the crevice between the threshold and the door, he beheld the feet of the sentinel who was stationed without, and he now crept carefully toward the window; when a few feet distant from this, he grasped after a weapon that he wore concealed in his bosom, crouched, and with a leap like that of the Jaguar, bounded through the casement and lighted on his feet without.

Marceau uttered a cry, for he had neither foreseen this way of escape nor could he now prevent it. Another cry answered to his own; but this sound was that of wrangling and cursing. The Vendean, to wit, as he leaped from the window, found himself face to face with General Dumas. He made a quick pass at him with his knife; but Dumas seized him by the wrist, and bent the prisoner's arm toward his breast. But a thrust, and the latter had fallen by his own weapon.

"I promised you a guide," said Dumas to Marceau, who came running toward him; "here he is; and in my opinion he is a very serviceable one. I might have you shot, knave," he continued, turning to the boor, "but it suits me better to let you live. You have overheard our conversation, but you shall not repeat it to those who have employed you. Citizens!" he cried to the soldiers, "two of you take him by the hand, and march with him at the head of the column. If he make the slightest movement to escape, or to lead us astray, send a bullet through his head, and toss him over the hedge."

The troops lay scattered around, here and there, warming themselves by the ashes, which, but an hour or two before, had composed a village. A few orders, uttered in a low tone, collected the dispersed soldiers, and the mass set itself in motion. It formed into a dark column as it trod the hollow way which separates Saint Crepin from Montfaucon; and when the moon broke through the clouds, and gleamed for a moment upon the gliding bayonets, a spectator would have thought that he beheld an enormous black serpent, whose glistening scales glanced through the gloom of night, asit wound along amid the hills.

The march had lasted for half an hour; the peasant who guided them, closely watched by his companions, listened to every sound. Soon a rustling was heard in the bushes at their side. The head of the column stopped at once. "Who is there?" cried several voices. No answer followed, and the boor said, laughing, "It is a hare starting from its form." At times, the two soldiers thought they saw something in advance of them—but what, they could not distinguish; and then the peasant would say, "it is your sha-

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dows; let us move on." On a sudden, at a bend in the path, two figures appear before them; the soldiers are about to call out, but one of them falls, struck by a bullet, without uttering a sound; the other staggers backward, and is able but to articulate the word "advance!" Twenty shots are fired at once, and by the flash they see three forms running at full speed; one falls wounded, and drags himself to the nearest hedge. They reach him; he is not their guide; they question him, he does not answer; a soldier pierces his arm with a bayonet to see if he is actually dead; he is.

Marceau was now obliged to lead the way himself. Tolerably well acquainted with the country, he had hopes that he would not lose his path,—and in fact, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, they beheld the dark outline of a wood. This was the spot, where, according to the information he had received, the inhabitants of several villages, together with the remnants of the Vendean armies—in all, perhaps, eighteen hundred men, had assembled for religious service.

The two generals divided their troops into several small columns, and commanded them to surround the wood, and then push forward by the various paths which led to its centre. The half hour before a battle passes quickly. Scarcely has the soldier time to see to his weapon, and to say to his comrade, "I have twenty or thirty francs in my knapsack—if I fall, send them to my mother," when the word "forward!" is heard, and each starts as if it were unexpected.

As the troops advanced, it became evident that the centre of the wood was lighted. They perceived burning torches; and soon a spectacle presented itself which none of them had anticipated.

Near an altar, formed of irregular stones, stood the priest of Sainte Marie de Rhé, reading mass. Old men with torches encircled him, and round about kneeled women and children. Between the troops of the republic and this group stood a rampart of men, ready for defence or for attack. It was evident that those assembled had been warned of their approach, and were prepared to meet them, and in their foremost rank stood their runaway guide. The drunken boor had been suddenly transformed into a Vendean soldier; the red heart, the symbol of their league, shone on his left breast, and upon his hat a white cloth was visible instead of a feather.

The Vendeans did not wait to be attacked; their tiralleurs, which were posted in the wood, commenced the assault. The Republicans, on the other hand, pressed forward, musket upon arm, without firing a shot.—"Close up!" was the only sound heard in their ranks, after every discharge of musketry. The priest calmly commenced reading mass; his hearers did not seem to notice what was passing around them, but remained motionless upon their knees. When the Republicans had approached to within thirty paces of the enemy, the foremost rank kneeled, and three rows of weapons fell levelled, like ears of corn bent by the wind. The discharge thinned the ranks of the Vendeans, and some of the bullets killed even women and children at the foot of the altar. Cries and loud tumult disordered the group; but when the priest elevated the host, all was still again, and the faithful devoutly bent their heads.

The Republicans had, by this time, advanced ten paces nearer, and delivered their fire with as much calmness as if they had been on parade, and with an accuracy which is only attained by constant practice. The Vendeans returned it, and now there was no time to re-load their muskets; the combat was continued with the bayonet. The advantage now inclined to the side of the better-armed and better-trained Republicans. The mass was not yet ended.

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The Vendeans wavered, and whole ranks fell amid frightful imprecations.

The priest observed it; he gave a sign; the torches were extinguished, and the combatants enveloped in complete darkness. Now succeeded a terrible scene of confusion and of murder; each combatant struck about him in wild rage, preferring to die rather than beg for mercy—mercy which is seldom granted when asked for in the language common to both victor and vanquished; and still the words, "Mercy! Mercy!" were uttered in a heart-rending tone at Marceau's feet, as he was on the point of dealing a deadly blow. It was a young Vendean—an unarmed boy, who seemed trying to make his escape from this frightful massacre. "Mercy! mercy!" he cried, —"save me, for God's sake; for your mother's sake, save me!"

The general led him a few paces from the scene of strife, in order to remove him from the eyes of his soldiers; but he soon found himself compelled to pause, for the youth had swooned. This excessive terror in a soldier excited his astonishment; yet, notwithstanding this, he prepared to assist him. He opened his coat to give him air, and behold!—it was a maiden! Not a moment was to be lost, for the orders of the convention were explicit. Every Vendean who was found with weapons in his hand, or present at any assemblage, must, without regard to age or sex, atone for it with his life. He laid the young girl at the foot of a tree, returned to the scene of combat, and found the body of a Republican officer, whose figure was similar to that of the unknown maiden. He hastily stripped him of his hat and uniform. During the interval the cool night air had restored the unhappy creature to consciousness. "My father! My father!" were her first words; she then arose and covered her face with her hands to collect her thoughts: "Oh, it is horrible! I was near him—I have deserted him! My father! my father! He is dead!—oh, he is dead!"

"Mademoiselle Blanche!" cried a voice, and a head was protruded from behind a tree; "the Marquis de Beaulieu lives and is safe! Long live the king and the good cause!" The one who had uttered these words immediately disappeared, but not before Marceau had recognized the peasant of Saint Crépin.

"Tinguy! Tinguy!" cried the young girl, stretching out her arms toward him.

"Hush!" said Marceau,—"a word might betray you, and then it would be impossible for me to save you. Dress yourself quickly in this uniform, and wait for me here."

He returned to his soldiers, directed them to retire to Chollet, and transferred the command of the brigade to his colleague; he himself returned to the Vendean. The latter was now ready to accompany him. They directed their steps toward a kind of highway, where Marceau's servant was waiting for them with horses. Here he was embarrassed anew; he was fearful that his companion could not ride, and still less, after the fatigue which she had endured, pursue her way on foot; his anxiety disappeared, however, as he beheld her swing herself lightly in the saddle, and govern the animal, with little strength indeed, but with as much skill as the best horseman could have done. She observed Marceau's astonishment, and smiled. "You would wonder less if you knew me better," she said sweetly; "but you shall learn the circumstances which have rendered me so familiar with manly exercises; you seem to be so kind that I will not hesitate to inform you of the events which have chequered my young, and yet so turbulent life."

"Well, well, by and by," said Marceau, "we shall have time enough for it, for you are my prisoner, and I cannot, for your own sake, give you your freedom. We must now hasten to reach Chollet as soon as possible."

They spurred their horses to a gallop, and in less than an hour entered the village. Marceau at once repaired to the commander-in-chief, reported

to him in a few words the result of the expedition, and then with his companion, entered an inn, where he ordered two apartments. He directed the young girl to take possession of one of the chambers, and seek that repose, which, after the fatigues of the night, she so greatly needed. He locked himself in the other apartment in order, undisturbed and calmly, to reflect upon his situation; for at this moment he was busied with but a single purpose, namely, to secure the life of his prisoner. Yet this was by no means an easy task, and but a single expedient occurred to him—this was, to place his protégé with his relatives in Nantes. Three years had elapsed since he had seen his mother and his sister, and now he was but a few leagues distant from them. Nothing was more natural, therefore, than that he should ask permission from the commander-in-chief to visit his family. It was now morning; he went to General Westerman, and presented his request. The latter did not hesitate for a moment to grant him leave of absence. But as the furlough needed also the signature of the representative Delmar, who had arrived in the night and was still asleep, the commander-in-chief promised to attend to the matter when the representative made his appearance, and then to send the papers to Marceau.

Upon returning to the inn, he met General Dumas, who was looking for him. The two friends had no secrets from one another, and the latter was soon made acquainted with the occurrences of the night. While breakfast was preparing, Marceau went to his prisoner, and announced a visit from his colleague, who in a few moments made his appearance. The first words which he spoke quieted Blanche's uneasiness, and soon she felt no other embarrassment than that which might be expected in a young maiden who finds herself alone in the society of two men, entirely unknown to her.

They were about taking their seats at table when the door opened, and the representative Delmar appeared upon the threshold. This gloomy visitor filled Blanche's bosom with alarm, even before she was aware of the character and office of the new-comer. "You wish to leave us then, citizen-general," said the latter to Marceau, "and as you conducted yourself so bravely last night, I can refuse you nothing, although I am somewhat vexed with you for having allowed the Marquis de Beaulieu to escape. I had promised the Convention his head."

Blanche turned pale at these words; but Marceau, who observed it, placed himself, as if accidentally, before her. "Yet a thing deferred is not abandoned," continued the other. "Our republican blood-hounds have good noses and sharp teeth, and we are upon his track. Here is the furlough in due form; you can set out when you please, but I will first breakfast with you; I could not let a brave fellow like you leave us without draining a glass to the welfare of the republic, and to the destruction of the banditti."

In the situation in which the two generals now found themselves, this mark of favor was any thing but agreeable. Blanche had taken her seat, and had somewhat recovered her courage again. In order not to be opposite Delmar, she was obliged to take her place next him; she was somewhat quieted, however, upon seeing that the representative was more busily occupied with the viands than with the guests. Yet, from time to time, words escaped him which chilled the maiden's blood to ice; still no immediate danger seemed to threaten her, and the generals were in hopes that Delmar would leave them without addressing Blanche. The breakfast was nearly ended, when suddenly the report of muskets was heard upon the square in front of the inn. The two generals sprang up and seized their weapons; but Delmar restrained them. "Excellent! my fine fellows!" he said, laughing so that his chair shook under him, "excellent! I am de-

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lighted to see you thus on the alert; but this time there is nothing for you to do, therefore take your seats again."

"What is the meaning of that noise?" asked Marceau.

"Nothing more," replied Delmar, "than that they are shooting last night's prisoners."

Blanche uttered a cry of terror. "Oh, the poor wretches!" she exclaimed.

Delmar placed the glass which he was just raising to his lips upon the table again, and turned toward the speaker. "Ah, that is fine! when soldiers tremble like women, we must dress the women in uniform. It is true, you are very young," he added, "but you will get accustomed to it."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Blanche, without thinking of the danger which she incurred by uttering her sentiments in the presence of such a witness; "I never shall become accustomed to such horrors!"

"Boy!" said Delmar, "beware how you utter such stuff again in my hearing, for you might repent it. Mark that!" With these words he took leave of the two generals, and left the chamber.

Deep silence prevailed for a while. Marceau laid his pistols, which he had taken up unperceived during this interview, upon the table. "Oh!" he exclaimed, pointing with outstretched finger toward the door, "never, perhaps, was a man so near to death without foreboding it, as yonder man; do you know, Blanche, had but a word, but a sign, escaped him, to show that he recognized you, I should have shot him dead on the spot!"

Blanche did not hear him. But a single thought occupied her—the thought that this man was empowered to pursue the remnant of the Vendean army, which was commanded by the Marquis de Beaulieu. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands, "Oh, heavens! when I reflect that my father may fall into the power of this tiger—that if he had been taken prisoner last night, he had perhaps been among those victims! It is frightful! is there no compassion left in the world? Oh, pardon me," she added, turning to Marceau, "who better than I knows the contrary?"

At this moment word was brought that their horses were ready. "Away, for heaven's sake," she cried, "there is blood in the air we breathe!"

"Come," said Marceau, and the three left the inn. They found thirty horsemen in front of the house, which, at the order of the commander-in-chief, were to serve Marceau as an escort. Dumas accompanied them about the distance of a league, but here his friend urged him to return, as the road was dangerous for single travellers; he parted from them, therefore, and was soon out of sight.

Marceau now desired to hear Blanche's history, and he reined his horse closer to her side. "Now," he said, "since we are more at ease, and have a long ride to take, let us discourse of yourself. I know indeed who you are, but this is all. How came you in that assemblage?—how is it that you are accustomed to wear man's apparel? Tell me all about yourself, I beg you, from your childhood up."

Blanche now told him that her mother had died long ago, leaving her when very young to the sole care of the Marquis de Beaulieu; that her education had rendered her familiar with those exercises which had been so useful to her at the breaking out of the insurrection, and which had permitted her to follow her father. She related all the events of this war—from the disturbance at Saint Florent down to the combat in which Marceau had saved her life. She spoke at length, as he had wished, for she saw that he listened with the greatest interest. As she ended her narration, they beheld the city of Nantes lying before them. The little band soon

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crossed the Loire, and in a few moments Marceau was in the arms of his mother. After their first embraces were over, he presented his young companion to his family. A few words sufficed to interest his mother and sisters warmly in her behalf. Scarcely had Blanche uttered a wish to resume the apparel of her sex, when the two young maidens at once offered her theirs, and took her with them to assist her in making the change.

At this time Nantes sighed under the proconsulate of Carrier, who, ingenious in cruelty, fertile in inventing new methods of torture and of execution, let blood flow freely, and knew no compassion. But the name of Marceau protected his family against this man,—so that not even the slightest suspicion could arise against his mother and sisters. One of these, a young maiden of sixteen years, a stranger to all that passed around her, loved, and was loved in return; and the mother, with all a mother's fear, hoping to find a second protector in her future son-in-law, was hastening the marriage when Marceau arrived in Nantes. His visit, therefore, was doubly welcome to them.

When Blanche re-entered the apartment in her new and well-chosen apparel, the young general advanced a few steps towards her, and then stood motionless from admiration. Until this moment, he had scarcely an idea of the perfect beauty which was now displayed before his eyes. He would have spoken, but he could not utter a word. Blanche smiled, and reached him her hand with an expression of joy, for she was sensible of the impression which she had made upon her preserver.

In the evening, the betrothed of Marceau's sister made his appearance, and there was now one house in Nantes—the only one perhaps in which joy and happiness had reared their throne, while all around was sunk in grief and wailing. At times, indeed, Blanche's heart felt heavy, and the tears came into her eyes; but it was only when she thought of her father. Marceau endeavored to cheer her; and hoping to banish her anxieties, told her of his early campaigns; how, at fifteen years of age, he became a soldier; at seventeen an officer; at nineteen a colonel, and at one-and-twenty had risen to the rank of general.

Blanche listened again and again to the history of his life, for he spoke of no early love.

And still Marceau had loved, and loved with all the passion of his years; at least he thought so. But soon he was deceived—betrayed; and contempt for the female sex had taken possession of his young heart. The blood which burned in his veins was cooled; a melancholy indifference took possession of him. Before he beheld Blanche he had not counted upon earthly happiness; he had resigned all love of woman.

All those dreams of happiness—those elements of new life, which Marceau had looked upon as lost forever, bloomed up for him anew, even though happiness itself lay at an uncertain distance. He himself wondered that a smile had come again to his lips: he breathed more freely, and felt nothing now of that weariness of life, which, but a short time before, had palsied his powers and centered all his hopes in an early death. Blanche, on her side, attracted toward Marceau by a feeling of gratitude, attributed to this sentiment the various emotions which disturbed her. Was it strange that she should always wish for the presence of a man to whom she owed her life? Must not the sadness which was portrayed in his features necessarily excite her compassion? And when she heard him sigh, what wonder was it that she felt ready to say to him, "What can I do for you, my friend—you who have done so much for me?"

(To be Continued.)

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POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.—No. 5.

SIGNS—FALSE SIGNS.

LET timid men, who fear that signs foretell
The coming downfall of fair freedom's dome,
Live undismayed; aristocratic pomp,
That hates the free, and waits in eager hope,
Exults in vain. What pregnant signs alarm?
—The good and wise unvenerated live,
And wrong presumes where legislation sits;
Old law down-trampled, by the mass aroused
To vindicate the justice they pollute;
And forceful marches onward to the shores
Laved by the broadest sea. Aspiring hearts
Intent on power, unscrupulous of means;
Fanatic ire—that boasts a holier name—
Intrudes on rights secured by reverent sires,
Which chafes the fiery spirits of the South
To dangerous thoughts. Yet, what avail these signs?
Fallacious signs, that ne'er will undermine
The firm foundations of the sacred pile.

Earthquakes affright the world, and whirlwinds howl,
Floods in their fury rise,—volcanoes blaze,
And terrify creation. Ignorant man,
Believing, trembles, that the Almighty wrath
Sends these for signs of the eternal doom.
O idle fear! far distant is the end;—
Still on its mighty axis rolls the earth
With marvellous precision, undisturbed.
Seed-time and harvest come, and day and night,
With steady pace, still travel through the years,
To gladden all the land. These threatening signs,
But throes of Nature, borne with wise intent,
Which, hearing for a time, subside to rest,
And earth is purer for the pain endured.
The violence of man, the unhallowed deeds
In the blind fury of bad passions done,
In which the superstitious mind foresees
Disastrous change, no more affect our weal,
Than earthquakes, whirlwinds, or volcanoes' fire
The rounded globe. Despite his pigmy rage,
The stream of human feeling still glides on
With not unequal flow;—these, moral throes,
Though threatening ill, yet, in the appointed time
Will turn to wise account. When they subside,
A purer faith and gentler virtue lives
In graceful beauty, blessing all the land.
Then, sweet content shall smile at every hearth,
And wise men, emulous of public good,
Preside in power, they never will betray;
Proud of our land, and of its charter proud,
All pulses beat as one, strong to maintain
The grandest compact nations e'er beheld.

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NINETEEN HUNDRED.

(Concluded.)

"Very little, indeed. I have dawdled away my time as usual—doing little good, if no harm. *Carpe Diem*, you know, is my motto. I met Miss Evelyn at Surfside, and had the pleasure of seeing you at Copperas City, on Lake Superior. By-the-bye, Miss Evelyn, do you recollect the hotel at Surfside, where we all met in 1846?" "Hardly," she replied. "I have a faint recollection of a long, rambling, wooden building, with tall pillars, and that is all. Was not that the place where we all used to dine, like the ancient Spartans, at a common table?" "It was," said Edward; "and I can tell you a strange story, that Professor Slideon, that learned Archæologist, told me in relation to it. The story is absurd enough, but he assured me that it was true. He said that the building was destroyed in a singular manner. One of the most eminent wits of the day was on the piazza, relating a very clever story, and facing one of the pillars that supported the roof, and was so long, and so strong-winded, that the column gave way before the continuous current of air, and toppled to the ground, bringing the edifice with it, burying the gentleman in the ruins, together with one poor devil whom he held fast by the button. They were the only persons destroyed—all the others having fled from the house some time before the catastrophe." "The story is too ridiculous, and I don't believe a word of it," said Aurelia. "Nor I," repeated every one present." "Nor I," said Edward. "But apropos, Sidney, have you lately visited the new School of Medicine?" "Not lately." "Well, Louis and myself dropped in this morning, and met Professor *Lie all*, who introduced us to his most intimate friend, the celebrated Doctor Munchausen, from Alta California, who has a perfect nosology in the press. He tells us that the practice of the present day is almost perfection; and mentioned several strange cures in proof of his assertion. He related how a modest lover, with a bronchial affection of the trachea, was promptly relieved by the quick-witted apprehension of his inamorata; how an apoplectic alderman was restored to health by Graham-Bread pills; a cataleptic politician, by some promptly-administered puffs; a controversial divine, by increased doses of *salary*, and a feverish editor by a bottle of *aqua aurea Thesaurii*. He says that the practice of surgery has been greatly aided by the improvements on the Lethic mode. A surgical operation, if we can believe him, is not only painless, but really pleasurable; and he was so eloquent on this subject, that I was strongly tempted to submit to the amputation of a thumb, or a finger, but Louis dissuaded me. He has a curious theory in relation to the seat of the soul, which he says is not confined to any particular locality; and he is borne out in this assertion by his various anatomical experiments. He has probably dissected more subjects than any man living. At least he says so; and he adds, that he has discovered the soul firmly seated in almost every part of the body. He has found it enthroned in the stomach of a bachelor; in the heel of a belle; in the fingers of a miser; in the eye of a lover; in the tongue of a lawyer; in the spleen of a critic; in the calf of a fop; in the lungs of an orator; in the heart of a philanthropist, and in the brain of a poet. He

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is certainly a very clever man. But I really have talked myself dry. I wish your health, Miss Cornelia. Will you take the daisy cordial, or violet nectar?" "I prefer the violet," she replied; "I think its fragrance surpasses that of the daisy." "Have you visited the theatre lately, Sidney? I dropped in last night, and saw the last act of the forlorn Aztec. The house was thin, and hardly paid expenses, although the part of Guentzanilla, the heroine, was admirably performed. But the theatre is not well patronized in these days. People are not partial to classical and intellectual performances, and decidedly prefer infantile salutations and costume dramas, to the highest efforts of the histrionic art. Ah! how different from the Saturnian days of 1846." "I hear," said Louis, "that the great cause of Tamean against Ursus has been decided at last. Does any one know anything about it?" "I do," said Philomath, "for I was present when the decision was given. It is at last decided in favor of the defendant, after having had thirty trials, and being argued in banco as often again. The case has been on for nearly sixty years, and as all parties have died off without leaving heirs, the property escheats to the state. Such dilatory proceedings would not have been countenanced in the better half of the century. But did I not see you, ladies, last evening at the Morphean Lyceum, in Guatamazlin-Place?" "Yes," said Evelyn, "we were there, and were delighted with the whole proceedings. The Hierological lecture of Mr. Blunder was excellent; particularly those parts where he commented on the Golden Bible, proving, conclusively, that Joe Smith wrote the Pentateuch, and Sidney Rigdon gave out the Deuteronomy. His account of the Exodus of the Mormons to Oregon was exceedingly graphic." "And I," said Amelia, "was delighted with the ingenuity of the Botanical luminary, who so conclusively proved that the flowering or centurial aloe belonged to the Smith, and not to the Cactus family. But apropos! Louis, what have you been doing this summer? Sporting, as usual, I suppose!" "Yes; I have been at it, as usual. I have travelled in my car across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and returned by the way of Cape Horn." "And what sport?" asked Sydney. "I netted a Sea-Serpent, bagged a few Salamanders, and speared a couple of Mastodons. I met with a flock of Dodos in the state of Chili; killed a Roc, in passing over Æsopus, the new capital of the state of Guatemala, and had good shooting at the Phœnixes, which have now become very abundant over the whole country." "Is the Phœnix a good bird?' asked Philomath; "I have often seen it in market, but have never tasted it. I saw a flock of them flying over one of my farms last summer." "The Phœnix," replied Louis, "is a coarse bird. It has a strong, fiery, spicy taste, which I do not like. I tried it once, and that was enough. It is a very beautiful bird, however; soars high, flies strong, and makes good sport. Their spicy odor produces a very strong taint, and is said to improve the dogs' noses. I never allow my dogs to hunt them, and always whistle them off when I use them, in following them on foot, as was the custom in former times." "What gun do you prefer," asked Edward; "the old-fashioned manton, the atmospheric pressure, or the Richards' cotton exploder?" "Neither; I prefer a Satanic Detonator, such as John Milton manufactured in the village of Paradise. A gun of this description, charged with Hygeian pills, is sure to kill. I seldom use a gun, however, and give a decided preference to the electric lance and areolitic darts, which are much approved of by all our best sportsmen. And now, Miss Aurelia, allow me to ask, where yon have whiled away the summer months? In mercy let us know where you have hidden

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yourself for so long a time?" "Nowhere long, and everywhere for a time," she replied; "I have danced at Saratoga, taken a dip in the ocean at Surfside, flirted at New-Harmony, crossed the Suspension *Pons asinorum* over the whirlpool at Niagara, and rusticated at Mr. Philip Quarles' on Lake Superior." "And how is Mr. Quarles?" asked Edward. "He appears to be an amiable, well-informed old gentleman. I was present at his christening, and knew his family well. His mother was a Crusoe, and after his father's death married a Mr. Gulliver. I think that Mr. Quarles was a partner in the great house of Sinbad and Company." "He was, but the house failed in the great commercial revulsion of 1783. He made a respectable fortune, however, by the new bankrupt act, and afterwards proceeded to Lake Superior and founded the city of Copperas. He is now wealthy, and expects to be more so, as he thinks that he has discovered the Philosopher's Stone embedded in a mass of virgin copper. I hope he may catch it, with all my heart. His youngest son, Jotham, is a clever lad, and has a decided turn for mechanics. He has shown some cleverness in squaring the circle." "That was the old mathematical enigma," said Sydney, "about which the addle-heads of former times used to puzzle their brains. They only exposed their stupidity." "Yes," interposed Edward, "all *exact* people are apt to be stupid. You all recollect that one of this fraternity, a fellow called Newton, once went on like an idiot, because an apple fell on his skull, and disturbed his *gravity*, as he said. But may I ask you, Aurelia, where this clever Master Jotham Quarles was educated? I have a friend, who finds his nine youngest sons so troublesome at home, that he wishes to put them at some clever Instructional Lyceum." "Jotham," she responded, "is really a clever boy. He commenced his studies at the Elementary *Refugii* of the Fourierites, and completed his education at the University of Sing-Sing, over which the venerable President Grisley has presided for so many years." "Talking of Sing-Sing," observed Evelyn, "I must call upon you, Mr. Philomath, for the song that you promised us." With a gentle tapping of glasses upon the table, there was a general demand for the song. Philomath was above affectation, and taking off his spectacles, observed, "that he could never refuse anything to friends with whom he had been so long associated, and to whom he was so much attached." "No speeches," said Louis, "but the song!" "The song! the song!" was repeated by all present. "Well," said Philomath, "here goes! But recollect that I composed it in a great hurry. It is a sporting song, written in compliment to Louis, for a brace of Capowaries that he lately sent me. I am not in very good tune, having contracted a slight catarrh, in a late visit I paid to a friend residing on Mount Putnam, on the North River." Philomath, without further preface, then sang the following words, in a deep, manly, bass voice, accompanied by the Crab-fiddler and Singing-locust:

SONG.

When morning light, so warm and bright,
The world illumes,
Each merry wight, so smart and tight,
His sport resumes.

Night's vapors fly along the sky,
Like sea-waves tost;
They move so high, that to the eye
They soon are lost.

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From chamber far, his airy car
The sportsman brings;
No sorrows far, his joys to mar,
As in he springs.

At break of day he takes his way
O'er Pampas wide,
Nor broad-spread bay, nor lake delay,
His course of pride.

The deserts bare and rivers fair
Behind are cast;
Through realms of air, his buoyant chair
Like lightning pass'd.

Anon he'll soar where rain-clouds pour
Their torrents down;
And thunders roar o'er mountains hoar
And frighted towns.

Surpris'd, aghast, the eagle fast
Can mount no higher;
The Mammoth vast to earth is cast,
In his fierce ire.

The giant Roc soon feels the shock
Of swift-sped dart;
His arrows mock the Phœnix flock
In their death-smart.

The Dodo rare, long sought with care,
With spear he sticks;
And down from air, on polar bear,
He comes like bricks.

"The song was rapturously encored by the whole company, and repeated with new spirit by the author. "It is a beautiful effusion," said Edward. "Admirable!" replied Aurelia; "particularly the last stanza." "Why," said Sydney, "I don't know which most to admire, the metre or the language. How elegantly he sticks his spear in the Salamander, and how he comes down upon the bear like a pile of bricks." "How expressive! how emphatic! Don't you think so, dear Di?" observed Evelyn, caressing her little pet. "That stanza, I must confess," said Philomath, "is my favorite; I am particularly proud of the bricks." "They must have astonished the bear. You must have been in a magnetic trance when you wrote it," said Edward; "and talking of magnetism, reminds me of a circumstance that you may not all be aware of. It is contemplated to establish a bureau of Clairvoyance at the seat of government. The suggestion comes from Senator Drowsy, and I have no doubt will be adopted, although strongly opposed by the metaphysical abstractionists, who contend that it will be a violation of the original compact, and subvert the independence of the states. But they are in too small a minority to defeat the law, and when it is fairly in operation, ours will be the best-informed government in the world." "I am surprised," said Louis, "that it has not been adopted before. Every judicial establishment has for many years had a clairvoyant judge, who habitually sleeps on the bench; and we all know how useful it has been to the police in ferreting out rogues and detecting crime." "Oh!" said Aurelia, "let us have done with the government and Senator Drowsy. I am tired of politics. Let us talk of something else. Were any of

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you at Mrs. Allspice's ball last night?" "I was," said Sydney, "and was bored for a good half hour by Engineer Muddy, who penned me up in a corner, and compelled me to listen to an account of his new mode of making water run up hill, thereby superseding the expense of canal locks. After which I made my escape with the loss of a button." "How I pity you," said Aurelia. "I then danced with a young Allspice, who has just come out." "What is she like?" said Evelyn. "Does she dress well? How does she dance? Is she handsome?" "Four questions in a breath," replied Sydney, laughing; "and very moderate, too! And now I will answer them, dogmatically and categorically, as Justice Dogberry says, in one of the obsolete plays. Firstly, she is like what she is, the raw daughter of a millionaire, fresh from school, and redolent of bread and butter. Secondly, she dresses well, so far as mere money, without taste, goes. Thirdly, she has more heels than head, and dances as if she had a strengthening-plaster on each ankle; and fourthly, and lastly, she is a plump little person, with red cheeks, a voluble tongue, and teeth that look as if they could do good dinner service. I danced with her at the request of her venerable sire, whom I have often dandled on my knee when an infant, and delights the heart of her worthy old mother." "Like yourself," said Edward, "always kind and considerate." "Well, for my part," said Aurelia, "I seldom go to these modern parties. I cannot endure the heated atmosphere and crowded rooms, which are too small for the accommodation of the guests. It was not so in the good old times!" "Nor," said Philomath, "the desperate rush to the supper-table, as if the people had not eaten in a fortnight. It was different in our day!" "And look at the grotesque tufts of hair," observed Edward; "and bushy beards, with which the men disfigure their faces!" "And the white cravats," said Louis, "by which the servants were distinguished in 1846. Ah! times have sadly changed." "All this is true," kindly interposed Sydney; "but we should not be harsh. It is unjust to institute a comparison between the present and the past. Society in 1846 was highly refined, and particularly intellectual. Then everything was of the highest and first order—the finest and best quality. The gentlemen were all refined, and the ladies accomplished. The vulgarities that now obtain, would not then have been tolerated. Every hostess then consulted the convenience and comfort of her guests, collecting together the most refined and intelligent; beauty and grace, intellect and wit, adorned her saloons. There were then no pitiful displays of wealth, no ostentatious exhibitions of vulgar taste. The language and the manners were equally refined. The tufted beard was peculiar to the Italian fiddlers of the day, and the white cravats the distinguishing badge of the attendant menials. The desperate rush of the modern Hungarians to the supper-table would not have been tolerated, and the indelicate dancers from the minor theatres at Paris would have been frowned down at once. In those bright days married ladies, distinguished for beauty and intellect, were not cast into the shade by sylphide misses; and foreign adventurers and commercial underlings, were unable to obtain admission into fashionable families. Society in 1846 was highly refined and exquisitely polished, and it may be termed the golden age of social intercourse. Then our houses and our clubs were not polluted by the scrapings of the broker's shop, nor disfigured by the sweepings of the warehouse." "Ah! how true it is," said Edward Langling, "that the past is always considered better than the present. The good old times are always the theme of panegyric, and the present day the subject of censure. When you condemn the social defects of these times, you forget, Sidney,

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all that science and learning have accomplished Let me direct your attention to the improvements in medicine, in literature, and in mechanics. The pathology of the present day elicits general admiration, and the clinical lectures of Doctor Moretalk are admired by all who read them. Endemial diseases are almost unknown, and the necrological almanacs are languishing for want of materials. Since the discovery of the perpetual motion, water privileges have become valueless, and windmills fallen into disuse." "Well," interrupted Aurelia, "notwithstanding these instances of scientific and mechanical improvement that you have cited, it cannot be denied that there has been a general and sad falling off in all the amenities and courtesies of life." "I agree with you," observed Philomath; "the manners and morals of the present day are essentially inferior to those of 1846. Look at the public press, and what is it? Immoral in conduct, and subservient in character. The Political Dolphin, which changes its colors every day, and the Democratic Centipede, which is slowly creeping into notice, are the mere representatives—the one of a vulgar, monied-aristocracy, and the other of an illiterate mob. They both pander to the worst passions of the human heart, while the Diurnal Vulture is a mere chronicle of scandal of the lowest order. Such presses would never have been tolerated by our virtuous contemporaries of 1846." "You are severe, Mr. Philomath," said Evelyn; "but I have always noticed that when you gentlemen once get upon the subject of politics, you invariably become dramatical and intolerant. Let us, then, talk of something else." "With all my heart," said Louis, "for I have the same dislike that you entertain for politics, and have as little penchant for struggling factions and hungry editors as any man living. It is a sad waste of time and conscience to interfere with them. Life has too many charms, and holds out too many employments to men of education and refinement to justify their interference with matters of this description. An hour in your society, ladies, is worth more than all the honors that mob popularity can confer." "Thank you for the compliment!" said Aurelia; "and now let me ask you whether you still continue your attendance at the gymnaseum in Pizarro-street? I was there this morning, and was much amused for an hour or two. I saw you there, Sidney; how do you like the antipodeal *feats?*" "They are admirable," said Sidney; "and I was also greatly pleased with the Polka gyrations." "Heavens!" exclaimed Aurelia, interrupting him, and looking at the watch in her finger-ring, "it is one o'clock; nineteen hundred is upon us, and I must be up bright and early to-morrow to receive my visitors. We must now separate, my friends." "It is, indeed, time," said Edward; "I have several hundred calls to make to-morrow, and the wings of my car want feathering." "Then we must part," said Louis; "but we will see our dear hostesses again in the morning, and in the evening, we gentlemen will meet at the Chinese Café, of Chop Meen Chong, and enjoy our usual feast. Au revoir, dear friends!

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

ROBERT H. MORRIS.

When the chivalrous Decatur had maintained the "stars and stripes" in triumph against the enemies of his country, humbled the "mistress of the ocean," and came into port with the national emblem flying above the flag that "for a thousand years had braved the battle and the breeze," he modestly disclaimed particular merit, but gave "opportunity" as a sentiment, at the festive meeting his fellow citizens had prepared in honor of his victories. When the gallant May, charging like a whirlwind at the head of his resistless squadron, carried the enemy's guns and captured a General, received the applause of his countrymen, he replied "opportunity." It is not alone amid charging squadrons in the field of blood that the rights of the people are to be maintained. The enemies of democracy are incessant in their encroachments upon popular rights, and persevering in their attempts to thwart the will of the people. When schemes are matured for these purposes, and the purity of the ballot-box endangered, the man who throws himself into the breach, defeats the plot, and exposes the contemplated frauds at the hazard of encountering the concentrated malevolence of a wealthy and numerous party, deserves well of his country, and his fellow citizens never fail to acknowledge the "opportunity." Such an one is the subject of this memoir, and he has received ample testimony that the people of the city of New-York appreciate the boldness, energy, and firmness which preserved the elective franchise from the deep laid frauds of 1840.

Robert H. Morris was born in the city of New-York, and soon after that event his father, Robert Morris, removed in 1815 to Claverack, Columbia County, New-York, about two miles from the city of Hudson, where the subject of this sketch received his education, at the "academy on the hill." His inclination leading him to the law as a profession, he studied with the Hon. J. D. Monell, and subsequently with the Hon. J. W. Edmonds.

By close application to his studies he attained such proficiency, as entitled him to the highest praises of his examiners in the law, and he was admitted to the bar before he had attained the age of 21 years. He commenced the practice of his profession in the small village of Johnstown, in the town of Livingston, Columbia County. The active mind of Mr. Morris induced him while yet in his clerkship to enter into the political contests, for which the county of Columbia has always been noted. He was early an ardent, and has ever continued an uniform supporter of Democratic principles, and of those who maintained them. His Democracy consists in a thorough respect for, and appreciation of, the rights and feelings of individuals: and his principles of government are, as gathered from his career, education of the masses, protection of individual rights, and non-interference with private enterprise and business.

While a resident of the town of Livingston, he received proofs of great personal popularity—at that time the Democratic party in the town of Livingston was very small in numbers, the opposition party having an average majority of about 300. Mr. Morris was nominated for the office of Justice of the Peace, and had for his opponent a gentleman of the dominant party,

also of the legal profession, of high attainments, of unexceptionable character, connected with the most influential families of the town, and of great promise, (which his subsequent life has realized.) With these advantages he was run upon party considerations, and yet Mr. Morris was elected over him by a very large majority. Thus Mr. Morris' first appearance as a candidate before the people gave earnest of his future successes.

Early in his profession he became distinguished as an advocate. In 1829, having previously been admitted to the degree of counsellor at law, he returned to the place of his birth, the city of New-York, and pursued the practice of his profession with extraordinary success—with his characteristic energy and popular manners he also engaged in politics. He was soon recognized as one of the leading members of his party, which sent him to the Legislature in 1833, and he was re-elected in 1834.

The year 1834 will be ever memorable as one of the wildest speculations in chartered privileges. The modified tariff of 1832 had stimulated general prosperity, and the action of the late National Bank, struggling for a recharter against the will of the people, had excited prosperity into the wildest gambling schemes. Stocks of all and any descriptions would command enormous premiums, and were therefore *manufactured to sell* at a profit. Albany, as the source of these means of wealth, was crowded with speculators seeking charters. Log-rolling was shamelessly carried on to an enormous extent. Throughout the state, localities were selected for banks, and the projectors of all combined in urging upon the Legislature the necessity of more bank capital at each and all of these points, and that they succeeded but too well, the subsequent distress of the people gave ample evidence. At that trying time Mr. Morris was chairman of the committee on banks and insurance companies, and as such held perhaps the most important position in the Assembly. Seeing the evil, and rightly estimating its disastrous consequences, his quick perception also divined its cause, viz. the premium at which the stock was put off by designing projectors upon the unwary public. He therefore made an able report, accompanied by a bill requiring that all new bank stocks should be put up at public auction, and all premiums obtained by the sale of the shares should be *paid into the school fund.* The public spirited projectors who were so anxious to supply the "wants of commerce," and develope the "resources of the country," had, however, no idea of exerting themselves without large profits, and their influence defeated a law which would have saved millions to the people of this state.

In 1838, Mr. Morris was appointed Recorder of the city of New-York, which office he held for about three years. At that time, the Court of Sessions, over which he was the presiding judge, set almost continually. The ability with which he performed the important duties of that office is evinced in the fact, that although there were many causes removed from his decisions, by writ of error, to the Supreme Court, and to the Court for the Correction of Errors, not one of Mr. Morris' decisions was reversed by either tribunal, a gratifying proof, not only of the extent of his legal knowledge, but of the accuracy and rapidity of his judgment, when, from the nature of the business of the court—trials by jury—his decisions were compelled to be made from the impression of the moment.

The elections of 1840 will ever be remembered as connected with a foul conspiracy to invade the right of suffrage, and to defraud the people, through nefarious combinations, of the true exposition of their wishes. An extensive conspiracy was deliberately formed by wealthy and hitherto respectable individuals, to procure the deposition of a number of votes, sufficient to elect to office men who were obnoxious to the body of the people. Mr. Morris, then Recorder of the city of New-York, discovered the extensive

election frauds which had been perpetrated by Glentworth and his associates, and with great energy and perseverance sought and found the evidence that proved these fraudulent transactions, and pointed out their authors. At this period, Wm. H. Seward was Governor, and the federal party had a majority in both branches of the Legislature. Many of the persons implicated by the evidence elicited in the investigation made by the Recorder, were among the most worthy and prominent of the dominant party, which sought, by attacking the judges, to turn public attention from the crime and its perpetrators. They proposed to save the influential culprits by destroying the judge, who, with signal ability and indomitable perseverance and courage, was conducting the investigation.

The party press, orators and counsel, feed by the implicated, filled the whole country with inflammatory denunciations of the judges, and with arguments to convince jurors that they should disregard entirely the evidence against the accused, and should indict and punish the judge. Under these circumstances, a grand jury was summoned by a whig sheriff. The Recorder, in a charge to the grand jury, simple in language, clear in legal positions, patriotic and eloquent, submitted the matter for their examination.

During the investigation before the grand jury, prominent whig presses called upon the grand jury expressly not to indict the culprits, but to indict the judge; and before the grand jury reported to the court their action upon the subject, the whig press announced that the jury had agreed *not* to indict *Glentworth*, and that they would *present the Recorder*. The report to the court of the jury proved the accuracy of the whig journals' information. Glentworth was not indicted! The Recorder was presented by a *majority* of the jury, every man of which majority was *a Whig*. At the next term of the court, the Recorder delivered a charge to the grand jury upon their powers, duties, privileges and responsibilities. This charge is unsurpassed for clearness of diction, legal statement, or its pure judicial eloquence. It resulted, finally, that Glentworth was indicted for the frauds.

The federal politicians, urged on by those who feared the law, and consequently abhorring those who would enforce it, determined to remove Mr. Morris from the office of Recorder. Some of the most simple-minded of the whig journals, such as had been duped, urged that the Recorder should be impeached: those of them who knew that to impeach, there must be a trial, and knowing that upon such trial, facts would be proved and law would be sustained, urged that the Recorder should be removed without trial. A clause in the constitution, which was intended to get rid of imbecile judges, who were not guilty of improper conduct, but incapable of performing their duty, was resorted to; and Mr. Morris was removed from office upon the recommendation of Governor Wm. H. Seward, and by the vote of the majority of the Senators of the state of New-York, *all whigs*. The correspondence between Governor Seward and Recorder Morris upon this subject, appeared at the time. The letter of Mr. Morris to Governor Seward will long be remembered for its ability.

Mr. Morris was removed from the office of Recorder in February. In March, 1841, his political friends immediately nominated him for the office of mayor of the city of New-York, at the election in April, 1841. 'Twas then that the *people* spoke forth trumpet-tongued in relation to the frauds, and in support of the champion of the purity of the ballot-box. He had for his competitor the Hon. J. Phillips Phoenix, nominated by the whigs. The contest, as was to be anticipated, was an animated and bitter one. The wealth of the implicated in the Glentworth frauds was lavishly spent. The whole official power of the state was brought to bear upon the election, that their Governor and Senate might not be rebuked by the success of Mr. Mor-

ris, but the sturdy democracy, who never desert a friend—who always interpose between power and the oppressed—who know that upon the purity of the elections depends the independence of individuals, and the permanency of our democratic institutions—opposed their patriotism to the influence of money and official power, and they elected Mr. Morris mayor of the city of New-York by a majority a little short of four hundred.

In 1842, Mr. Morris was again nominated for mayor by his political friends, and again had Mr. Phoenix as his competitor. At this election, Mr. Morris' majority amounted to near two thousand.

In 1843, Mr. Morris was again nominated for mayor by his party. The whigs, changing the mode of attack, nominated Robert Smith, Esq., a gentleman of known worth, who had for many years been in the council of the city—a mechanic and a man of fortune, and personally highly esteemed. Mr. Morris was again elected mayor of the city of New-York by a majority of about six thousand. It may be worth while to show the figures, which were returned on the appeal of Mr. Morris' conduct to the people:

	1841.	1842.	1843.
R. H. Morris	18,602	20,633	25,390
J. P. Phenix	18,206	18,755	—
Robert Smith	—	—	19,567
Morris' majority	396	1,878	5,823

Immediately after this election, at a public dinner, given at the anniversary of the birth-day of Thomas Jefferson, in a speech Mr. Morris made in reply to a complimentary sentiment, he stated his fixed determination not again to be a candidate for the office of mayor.

As mayor, Mr. Morris fully sustained the expectations of his friends, as is certainly established by his increased majority at each succeeding election, which he carried by a majority of all the votes. He had at each election but one opposing candidate.

Mayor Morris strictly construed the powers delegated to the mayor and common council, as is fully shown by his repeated vetoes. He suggested, and while he was mayor it was adopted, as an ordinance, the sale of the city property not required to be occupied for the governmental purposes of the city. The first sale of the public property under this ordinance, took place under his administration. He suggested the principle of the present police system, and procured the passage of the law under which the police is now established. This system, if carried out according to the principle of the statute making it, is the best system now known for a republican form of government, and for the efficiency it can give, it is the cheapest.

Mayor Morris also suggested, and obtained the law, partially carrying out the principle of non-imprisonment of witnesses. He endeavored to relieve the innocent witness from incarceration, and was enabled to succeed so far as to allow strangers in the city, who were depredated upon, to have their testimony taken in writing in the presence of the culprit, so that they might return to their homes instead of being imprisoned to await the trial. It was formerly of frequent occurrence that the culprit would get bail and be at large, while the person he robbed, (being a stranger in the city,) could not get bail, and was imprisoned.

Mr. Morris, as an executive officer, exhibited foresight, prudence, energy and decision. The native American riots, as they are denominated, occurred in Philadelphia while he was mayor of the city of New-York, and the same spirit was excited in this city which had so disgraced Philadelphia. That similar scenes were not enacted in New-York, is mainly to be attri-

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buted to the prudential arrangements made by the mayor, and to the thorough conviction in the minds of the public, that whatever circumstances should require to preserve the peace and honor of the city, would be performed by him.

During the period that Mr. Morris was mayor of the city of New-York, the subject of altering the constitution of the state, in many of its features, was agitated, and ineffectual efforts were made to procure the required amendments by resolutions of the Legislature. Mr. Morris was among those who early saw that the central power, which was brought to bear upon the Legislature, when convened, was such that it would always prevent that body from making the amendments required; and he wrote and spoke, showing the necessity for calling a convention of the people to amend the constitution of the state. The prominent amendments of the constitution, which he urged, were modification of executive patronage, election of judges by the people—dividing the state into single senate and assembly districts—restricting the Legislature in their power to create debts—and prohibiting special legislation.

The Legislature passed the law calling a convention to amend the constitution, and directing the convention to meet in June, 1846. In April or May, Mr. Morris was appointed Post-master of the city of New-York by President Polk, and notwithstanding he held this honorable and important office, the citizens of the city of New-York, in the spring of 1846, elected him one of the delegates to amend the constitution of the state.

In the convention Mr. Morris maintained the prominent position his constituency expected of him, and every liberal principle contained in the constitution that was formed, in him found a zealous advocate. He in debate first broke ground for an elective judiciary; and to his zeal, energy and eloquence, is the success of the single senate and assembly district system much indebted. Mr. Morris also advocated the insertion of a clause in the constitution, securing to females their individual property. This just and humane principle was carried by a small majority; upon a subsequent day a reconsideration was moved and carried, and the original proposition was rejected. In opposing this reconsideration Mr. Morris made one of those impassioned and eloquent appeals, that the hearer never forgets, though he cannot describe it. This enlightened principle however was lost, and it is left for some future Legislature to give to woman those most just rights, of which the selfish injustice of man has robbed her from the earliest ages.

Mr. Morris entered upon his duties as Post-master about the time that the law, reducing the rate of postage, went into operation. The effect of this law was, while by the cheapness of postage it increased the quantity of mail matter, thereby requiring more clerks to perform the duty of the office, to diminish the amount of receipts to such an extent, that the per centage upon the receipts intended for the support of the office, was not sufficient to pay the number of clerks necessary effectually to perform the service. No man under such circumstances could have conducted the Post Office at the city of New-York with more efficiency than Mr. Morris did, and but few could have conducted it as well. He brought to the Post Office the same energy and zeal that has characterized him in his various public positions. For the whole period that he has been Post-master, (except the period he was in the convention of the state,) he might be found at his office early in the morning and through the whole day, personally superintending its business, and when necessary, personally performing various detailed duties.

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Mr. Morris's great personal popularity—(and that it is great, is evident by his frequent elections, he never having been nominated that he was not elected)—is much owing to his pleasing address. His manner is the same before, during, or after an election; it is the same when associating with the elevated as with the most humble; and towards both he acts with that courtesy that accompanies a just appreciation of the feelings and rights of others, with a proper sense of what is due to ourselves.

CALIFORNIA.

The acquisition of California by the United States, is a measure whose importance is now for the first time beginning to be acknowledged by our countrymen.

Eight years have elapsed since the writer of this article first brought before the public, through the press, the project of the *purchase* of California from Mexico by our government. He was then regarded as an enthusiast and a visionary, and the scheme which he advocated, as wild and extravagant. Men now regard the matter with different eyes.

It is now proposed, with as much brevity as possible, to lay before the public some views in reference to the commercial and agricultural advantages possessed by the provinces of California, and once more to urge the policy of annexing them to the territory of the United States.

The two intendencies comprising the provinces of Upper and Lower California, lie between parallels 22° and 42° north latitude; a geographical position, which necessarily secures to this large extent of territory a mild and regular climate. In point of salubrity, indeed, the experience of the inhabitants and of all travellers, unites in showing this country not to be excelled by any portion of the globe. It is remarkable also for the fertility of its soil, and the ease with which exceedingly large crops can be raised, the yield exceeding, in many cases, any thing that is known on this side of the Rocky Mountains. In commercial advantages, California far excels any other country on the Pacific. The harbor of San Francisco alone, is by the testimony of all travellers, *equal* to any in the world, and *superior* to almost all. The country is also rich in timber, in game, and in mineral treasures. It affords the most abundant pasture to vast herds of cattle, and abounds in all the best fruits of the temperate zone, and the tropics. The facilities for inland navigation are excellent, and we shall in due time show that a communication by means of railroads uniting the waters of navigable streams, can be made with our south western states at a very moderate outlay of labor and capital.

That all these advantages, possessed by the rich provinces of California, may not seem to rest on the bare assertion of the writer, he will, before proceeding further, lay before the reader a few extracts from the works of well known travellers, which will much more than sustain all that he has said.

Captain Beechey, of the British navy, who visited California in 1826 and '27, uses the following language in speaking of its celebrated harbor:

"The port of San Francisco does not show itself to advantage until after the fort is passed, when it breaks upon the view, and forcibly impresses the spectator with the magnificence of the harbor. He then beholds a broad sheet of water sufficiently extensive to contain all the British navy, with convenient coves, anchorage in every part, and around, a country diversified with hill and dale, partly wooded and partly disposed in pasture lands of the richest kind, abounding in herds of cattle. In short the only objects wanting to complete the interest of the scene, are some useful establishments and comfortable residences on the grassy borders of the harbor, the absence of which creates an involuntary regret that so fine a country, abounding in all that is essential to man, should be allowed to remain in such a state of neglect."—*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific.*—Vol. 1, p. 346.

Again:

"The more we become acquainted with the beautiful country around San Francisco, the more we become convinced that it possessed every requisite to render it a valuable appendage to Mexico; and it was impossible to resist joining in the remark of Vancouver—'Why such an extent of territory should have been subjugated, and after all the expense and labor bestowed upon its colonization, turned to no account whatever, is a mystery in the science of state policy not easily explained.' No fault can be found with its climate; its soil in general is fertile; it possesses forests of oak and pine, convenient for building, and contributing to the necessities of vessels; plains overrun with cattle; excellent ports and navigable rivers to facilitate inland communication. Possessing all these advantages, an industrious population alone seems requisite to withdraw it from the obscurity in which it has so long slept under the indolence of the people and the jealous policy of the Spanish government. Indeed, it struck us as lamentable, to see such an extent of habitable country lying almost desolate and useless to mankind, whilst other nations are groaning under the burthen of their population."—*Ib.*, vol. 2, p. 393.

Capt. Beechey continues very reasonably to remark, that, from the natural course of events, "this state of indifference cannot continue; for either it must disappear under the present authorities, *or the country will fall into other hands, as from its situation with regard to other powers upon the new continent, and to the commerce of the Pacific, it is of too much importance to be permitted to remain long in its present neglected state.*"

As regards the healthfulness of the climate of California, Capt. Beechey bears testimony, as follows:

"Far more liberal has been the hand of nature to this much neglected country, in bestowing upon it a climate remarkable for its salubrity. The Spanish settlers in California enjoy an almost uninterrupted state of good health. Many attain the age of eighty and ninety, and some have exceeded a hundred years."—*Ib.*, vol. 2, p. 396.

Capt. Wilkes, whom no one who has read his "Narrative of the Exploring Expedition" will accuse of being an *enthusiast*, and in whose calm judgment great reliance is to be placed, is warmed to something beyond his usual coolness of expression, when dwelling on the glorious features of this noble country.

EXTRACTS FROM NARRATIVE OF THE U. S. EX. EXPEDITION.

Harbor of St. Francisco.—"The entrance to the harbor is striking: bold and rocky shores confine the rush of the tide, which bore us on and through a narrow passage into a large entrance. In this, several islands and rocks lie scattered around. Some of the islands are clothed with vegetation to their very tops; others are barren and covered with guano, having an immense number of sea-fowls hovering over, around, and alighting upon them. The distant shores of the bay extend north and south, far beyond the visible horizon, exhibiting one of the most spacious, and at the same time safest, ports in the world."—*Vol. 5, p. 152.*

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"Upper California may boast of one of the finest, if not the very best, harbor in the world—that of San Francisco, as above described. Few are more extensive or could be as readily defended as it; while the combined fleets of all the naval powers of Europe might moor in it."—*Vol.* 5, *p.* 157.

As regards the fertility of the soil, Capt. Wilkes says—

"The yield of wheat is remarkable, and in some places where the land is well situated, very large returns are received. Mr. Spears, of Yerba Buena, informed me, that he had delivered to an active American farmer thirty bushels of wheat for seed, at a time when it was difficult to procure it, under an agreement that he should have the refusal of the crop at the market price. In the July following he delivered him three thousand bushels; and on its delivery, he found that the farmer had reserved six hundred bushels for himself; and this without estimating the loss from bad reaping and treading out with horses, would give one hundred and twenty for one. * * * * * * Mr. Spears assured me that the *average* would be as high as eighty bushels yielded for one planted."—*Ib.*, *p.* 158-9.

"Indian corn yields well, as also potatoes, beans, and peas. The cultivation of vegetables is increasing rapidly, and supplies in these latter articles may be had in abundance, and of the finest quality."—*p.* 159.

"The country appears to be well adapted for grapes. Those that have been tried yield most abundantly; and about 200 casks, each of 18 gals. of brandy, and the same quantity of wine, are made."—*Ibid.*

"The salmon fishery, if attended to, would be a source of considerable profit; yet I was told that the Californians never seem disposed to attempt to take them." —*Ibid.*

Extracts might be multiplied from the works of other eminent travellers, all of whom unite their testimony in favor of the rich and fertile soil of California; its delightful climate, its valuable and varied productions, and its noble harbors. The late report of Capt. Fremont abounds in evidence of this description. I have refrained from quoting from that work, however, as it is probably in the hands of all who will peruse this communication, and because it is very difficult to *select* from so large a mass of highly important and favorable testimony.

The leading characteristic of the inhabitants of California is *indolence.* This is not to be attributed to the enervating effects of climate, for, as has already been shown, few portions of the globe have been more favored by Heaven in this respect; it is rather the constitutional characteristic inherited from their forefathers of Mexico and old Spain, heightened by the obstacles to exertion placed in their way by an imbecile yet oppressive government. The facility of procuring a subsistence from the fruitful soil; and the system of slavery, (which exists in fact though not in name,) by which all the actual labor is performed by Indians for the cheap consideration of coarse clothing and coarser food, tend to foster the aversion to mental or physical exertion for which the Californians are distinguished.

A more enterprising people could never have remained so long under the feeble government of Mexico. Even as it is, the authority of that government over California is more nominal than real. It is true that a small body of troops are stationed in these provinces, but their pay is many years in arrears, and their attachment to their government is more than doubtful. Their fortresses are unworthy of the name, and their military exploits are confined to occasional excursions into the mountains, for the capture of an effeminate and almost unarmed race of Indians.

The principal agricultural operations in California have, until very recently, been principally carried on at the *Missions.* These are scattered over the surface of the country, and exclusively under the charge of Roman Catholic clergy, who used to *receive*, and are still nominally entitled to, a

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small stipend from the Mexican government. These missions contain large numbers of Indians, who are retained in a state of servitude, and receive in recompense for their labor, religious instruction, and their food and raiment. Even under their rude and imperfect cultivation, this rich soil affords noble returns to the husbandman.

It would be impossible to suppose, even if facts did not prove the contrary, that the inhabitants of California are very much attached to the government of Mexico. No government ever gave its provinces less cause for attachment. Were California a wild and inhospitable desert, instead of one of the most fertile regions of the globe, it could not be more utterly neglected by its nominal possessors. But mere neglect is not all that the Californians have to complain of. A tariff of duties, the most absurd and prohibitory, is imposed upon this unfortunate country, and the collectorships of the ports are farmed out or *sold to the highest bidders!* The importer, if he does not smuggle his goods, must make the best bargain he can with the collector, and he is well off if he obtains permission to land his cargo, on the payment of from 75 to 100 per cent. on its value.

The very recent discovery, by that enterprising and indefatigable officer, Capt. Fremont, of a short and easy route to California through that much calumniated, and hitherto utterly unknown region, still styed the "Great American Desert," adds vastly to the value of California to the government of the United States. The following extract from a letter from Capt. Fremont to his friend in Washington (lately published in the National Intelligencer,) gives interesting particulars concerning this new route.

"I crossed the Rocky Mountains on the main Arkansas, passing out at its very head-water; explored the southern shore of the great Salt Lake, and visited one of its islands. You know that on every extant map, manuscript or printed, the whole of the Great Basin is represented as a SANDY PLAIN, barren, without water and without grass. Tell your father that, with a volunteer party of fifteen men, I crossed it between the parallels of 38° and 39°. Instead of a plain, I found it, throughout its whole extent, traversed by parallel ranges of lofty mountains, their summits white with snow, (October,) while below the valleys had none. Instead of a barren country, the mountains were covered with grasses of the best quality, wooded with several varieties of trees, and containing more deer and mountain sheep than we had seen in any previous part of our voyage. So utterly at variance with every description, from authentic sources, or from rumor or report, it is fair to consider this country as hitherto wholly unexplored, and never before visited by a white man. I met my party at the rendezvous, a lake south-east of the Pyramid Lake, and again separated, sending them along the eastern side of the Great Sierra, three or four hundred miles, in a southerly direction, where they were to cross into the valley of the St. Joaquim, near its head. During all the time that I was not with them, Mr. Joseph Walker was their guide, Mr. Talbott in charge, and Mr. Kern, the topographer. The eleventh day after leaving them I reached Capt. Sutter's, crossing the Sierra on the 4th December, before the snow had fallen there. Now the Sierra is absolutely impassable, and the place of our passage two years ago is luminous with masses of snow. By the route I have explored, I can ride in thirty-five days from the *Fontaine qui Bouit river* to Capt. Sutter's; and for wagons the road is decidedly far better."

On the *Fontaine qui Bouit* river is the most westerly settlement of whites on the Arkansas; it is about seventy miles above Bent's Fort.

Even this route, however, will soon give place, for purposes of commercial communication between our ports and California, to the plan which must ultimately be carried into effect, of a line of steam ships running between our most important commercial cities and *Chagrès*, in connection with another line to ply between a point on the other side of the isthmus and San Francisco. The isthmus itself can be easily traversed

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by a short rail-road, and an easy and rapid communication can thus be at once established, by which the heaviest articles of merchandise can be transported.

Should any difficulties arise, however, from opposition on the part of the government of Central America to such a route, another, which would perhaps afford still greater facilities, can be adopted, which has been suggested to the writer of this article by a gentleman who has paid much attention to the subject. He proposes to connect the head waters of the *Rio del Norte* with those of the *Gela* (which empties into the Gulf of California) by rail-road, and thence to construct a rail-road, passing in a northwesterly direction, to San Francisco. This route has been ascertained to be quite practicable; and from the nature of the country, the rail-road could be constructed at a comparatively trifling labor and expense.

From what has thus far been said, it must appear evident to all, that California is a country rich beyond most others in the bountiful gifts of nature; a country smiled on by heaven, though viewed with comparative indifference by man—a country affording harbors unsurpassed by any in the world, and capable of supplying to the marine of the United States the most valuable ports for repairing, refitting, and procuring supplies. From its geographical position, California should belong to the United States. It forms the southern boundary of Oregon, and extending eastward, becomes the key to our southwestern territory, with which it can easily be connected by rail-roads and canals. Compared to California, the value of Oregon, rich and fertile as that country undoubtedly is, sinks into insignificance. Possessing California, we should have what nature has marked out for the western bounds of our republic, the Pacific coast from 22° to 54° 40′ north latitude.

In all previous publications which he has made on this subject, the author of this article has advocated the acquisition of California, by *purchase*, from the Mexican government. He has proposed that these provinces should be taken, (with the consent of Mexico,) in indemnification for the claims of our citizens against that republic for commercial spoliations: our government assuming and paying the amount of these claims to the sufferers.

The attitude which Mexico has now assumed towards the United States, however, fully justifies us in obtaining California on easier terms.

It is not my purpose, nor is this the time or place, to enter into a history of the wrongs we have received from Mexico, of her dishonest policy, or her *Punic faith*. It is enough to say, that after having exercised forbearance, almost until it ceased to be a virtue, towards that government, we find ourselves at last involved in a war with it; and that by its own act. Mexico has been the aggressor, and the blood of some of our most gallant officers has been shed on our own soil by Mexican hands. Our territory has been invaded, and we must repel the aggression, and punish the outrage by marching into the territory of the invader. The war must be carried into Africa. This is the time to possess ourselves of California; and the cession to the United States of a country which the Mexicans have never been able to appreciate, and the advantages of which they have ever wanted energy to improve, should be made one of the first conditions of the peace, which their government will soon be receiving at our hands.

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DOWNFALL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*

THE state of financial affairs throughout the world, presents features altogether unprecedented in the history of commercial transactions. It was to have been expected that, when the military spirit disappeared in 1815, making way for the ascendency of the commercial principle in national councils, and each succeeding year found governments, the most "legitimate," bending to public opinion, successively laying aside antiquated notions, fostering industrial pursuits, and encouraging commercial enterprise, that the united efforts of the civilized countries of the world would so develope the resources of individual nations, as well as their external intercourse, as strongly to test the applicability of old theories of legislation to the new state of things, and that old formulas of finance would be found unequal to the increased requirements of an hourly-swelling commerce. Those theories in which people are reared, and to which habit has accustomed them, are ever reluctantly abandoned, no matter how urgent soever may be the necessity for innovation. Mercantile customs are, of all others, the most tenaciously adhered to; and the history of commerce, particularly in England, has, since the peace, been one of constantly-recurring revulsions, followed by relaxations in commercial legislation. As often as the swelling tide of commerce has burst the feeble barriers of legal restraint, and swept away schemes the best contrived to turn it into arbitrary channels, legislative land-marks have been removed to safer distances, and fewer obstacles opposed to the free flow of individual enterprize. Trade has continually chafed against the restrictions of the law, and, as it has swollen in volume, it has become more irresistible at each succeeding revulsion; 1825–'27–'30–'32–'37–'39–'42, were each years of marked distress in mercantile circles, and each was productive of important changes in the commercial policies of England, affecting her intercourse with nations the most remote, and imparting an impulse through all the channels of trade. Each concession to liberal principles has been followed by a period of greater prosperity, and succeeded by a revulsion of more intense severity. The modification of the navigation laws in 1818, extended the elements of British commerce; and the relaxation of protective duties, that annually took place thereafter, ended in the repudiation of the theory of protection, and in a ministerial adherence to free trade in 1842. The impulse thus imparted to British internal trade, has, aided by fortuitous circumstances, resulted in a revulsion, that has not yet spent its force, and which is accompanied by an unprecedented disturbance in the finances of Western Europe.

It is to be remarked that the commerce of Europe is liable to revulsion, in a degree equal to the growth of trade. The dangers that now environ the Bank of France, have overtaken it for the first time since it received its present charter from Napoleon in 1804. During the 40 years that have since elapsed, it has withstood the effects of revulsion in England; it has gone unmoved through seasons of scarcity, and been unshaken when popular insurrection, around its doors, overturned old governments and substituted new. None of these emergencies ever alarmed its direction, or induced them to advance the rate of interest over 4 per ct. In 1839, when the Bank of England tottered to its base, the money market of Paris supported it with a loan of $20,000,000. In the present year we find the circumstances reversed, and the Bank of England, after lending $5,000,000 to aid the Paris institution, is itself trembling for the future, while the Emperor of Russia is, from out the frozen north, coming forward with his treasures to the relief of both institutions. These facts lead to the inquiry, what there can be in the growth of commerce that so often brings about a crisis, in which banks and merchants find it impossible to obtain money to fulfil their engagements? The true reason appears to be that, in the progress of commerce, and through the operation of what is called the "credit system," more of the national wealth, or the products of individual industry, are obtained by a few banks and leading merchants, and consumed by non-producers, through the multiplication of promises, than they can obtain means to pay for. As long as the productions of a country are equal to all its

* We give this title to our article as the foreshadowing of an alarming event. It is impossible that England will much longer submit to this incubus, whose pernicious career, we think, is winding up. If the potent pen of the financial editor of the London Times, M. B. Sampson, Esq., lately an officer of the Bank of England, should ever endeavor to give a proper direction to the public mind on this subject, the result would soon be seen.

wants, and the currency, whatever it may be, remains increasingly active, the multiplication of credits may go on to a very considerable extent; but, as soon as through enhanced consumption and diminished production, the wants of a country exceed its own supplies, its coin is abstracted in payment of foreign produce, and those who have the largest amount of outstanding obligations, find it the most difficult to procure money. This is always the case with money-lenders, and they, ceasing to loan to their dependents, in order to protect themselves, strike down all those who look to them for means. This was the case in the United States in the years 1832–'36. Production in those years was very small, and consumption very large; and the means for this consumption were obtained by individuals through bank credits here, and from abroad, through credits in London. When, at last, the bubble burst, it was found that a vast proportion of the credits were worthless, that the goods obtained through them had been consumed, and there was nothing wherewith to pay; the wines and silks of France, and the fabrics of England had been obtained on credits, and those obligations could not be discharged. This is the case now in England and Western Europe, heightened by sectional deficiencies in crops. In 1842, the measures of the government of Great Britain were avowedly to promote the consumption of necessaries by the people, by making them cheaper. For this purpose the most onerous customs and excise duties were abolished. And they produced their effect. Simultaneous with this operation, immense rail-road enterprises were undertaken throughout England and Western Europe, whereby the floating capital of the country was applied, not to the reproduction of exchangeable goods, which could be bartered with other countries, or maintain the consumption of those employed by it; but it was disbursed in the remuneration of myriads of laborers who were producing nothing but iron roads, that could be of no immediate available value. These laborers were taken from all other employments, and, through the wages they received, their means of buying necessaries and luxuries were greater than ever before, and they availed themselves of their improved circumstances. By this means, not only were the productions of England consumed to an extent that diminished the surplus for exportation to other countries, but the demands for foreign and colonial produce were enhanced, through the double action of increased means in buying, and diminished duties on the articles bought. While the masses of the people were thus living better than usual, the higher orders by no means curtailed their expenditures, and the nation went beyond its means. The same circumstances have occurred in Germany and Western Europe, where the production of food may have been less than usual, but the consumption has been a great deal more. To illustrate by official figures. In the three years, ending with 1846, there were authorised in the United Kingdom 270 rail-roads, the aggregate length being 8,374 miles, and the cost estimated at the incredible sum of $1,000,000,000. A large portion of this has been in process of expenditure. The following is from an official table, the quantities of articles of food entered for consumption in several years:

FOREIGN PRODUCE ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Cattle, No.	5,350	2,100	8,007	34,426	140,572
Butter, cwt.	180,480	148,295	180,965	240,118	255,130
Cheese, "	179,568	166,563	212,206	258,246	327,490
Rice, "	—	—	326,798	297,426	446,961
Beef, "	—	—	5,181	4,191	176,599
Pork, "	—	—	1,384	1,594	72,652
Sugar, "	—	—	4,139,983	4,879,780	5,227,848
Cocoa, lbs.	2,541,691	2,551,191	2,590,528	2,589,984	2,962 327
Coffee, "	28,519,546	29,979,404	31,391,297	34,318,095	36,781,391
Tea, "	37,355,911	40,293,373	41,369,351	44,195,321	46,728,208
Tobacco, "	—	—	24,514,728	26,076,311	29,737,201
Pepper, "	—	—	3,096,382	3,210,257	3,297,431
Rum, gals.	—	—	2,198,870	2,469,485	2,683,515
Brandy, "	—	—	1,023,650	1,053,777	1,515,954
Grain, qrs.	2,172,349	1,237,871	2,533,631	1,344,675	4.305,185
Flour, cwt.	1,125,801	426,877	716,890	632,479	3,536,971

The increase in the consumption of all these articles of food and luxuries has been very large—more so than ever before. The import of raw materials for England's manufactures has been as follows:

	Wool. lbs.	Flax. cwt.	Hemp. cwt.	Cotton. cwt.	Silk, raw. lbs.
1844	63,741.087	1,583,494	913,233	5,347,221	4,149,932
1845	74,151,502	1,418,321	931,850	6,063,068	4,354,696
1846	62,105,688	1,146,743	880,819	3,587,662	4,390,008

This shows a great decline in every article except raw silk; and, as a necessary result, her exports have declined, as follows:

	Woollens. £	Linen. £	Hardware. £	Cottons. £	Cotton Yarn. £	Silk. £
1844	9,163,053	4,075,475	2,179,087	18,815,764	6,988,584	736,455
1845	8,760,042	4,096,936	2,183,000	19,156,096	6,963,235	766,405
1846	7,242,191	3,703.940	2,180,057	17,726,966	7,873,727	837,577

The four staple articles, woollen, linen, hardware and cottons, show a decline of £4,000,000, or near 20 per cent. At the same time, the consumption of English articles subject to excise has greatly increased, being as follows:

	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846
Bricks, No	1,303,814,731	1,184,388,666	1,457,860,280	1,863,836,281	2,086,523.823
Malt, bush	35,851,407	35,693,884	37,187,178	36,546,990	42,097,085
Hops, lbs	——	——	——	32.823,706	50,255,533
Spirits, gals	——	——	——	23,122,588	24,106,697

From all these facts it results that England, instead of, as in usual years, disbursing her floating capital in the employment of labor to reproduce articles of sale, or in other words, selling her labor to other countries in exchange for their produce, has been investing that labor in rail-roads. Like a huge factory, she has suspended her usual work and employed her people in building fixed machinery, which may enable her to do a little better business hereafter, but for the present absorbs her floating capital. Under such circumstances, as every country has to pay for what it imports either in its products or coin, England could not but be a loser of the latter. At such a juncture the loss of the Irish potatoe crop was a serious injury. The quantity of potatoes consumed there is calculated at 8,142,599 tons, and its equivalent in Indian corn 1,438,324 tons, or 53,217,985 bushels, which is the quantity required to supply Ireland. The value of this is some $60,000,000. The countries of Europe, as we have said, are nearly in the same condition from similar causes, with the exception of Russia, which in respect to the grain crops is situated similar to the United States, and has, moreover, had, for several years, a prolific yield of gold. The amount in 1845 was $12,000,000, and in 1846, 1,722 poods of 36 lbs. each, making, at the English mint price of 77s. 10½d. per oz., near $20,000,000 of gold; and this great production has accumulated in the treasury of St. Petersburg. The large expenditure on rail-road accounts have induced a continued and large demand for money. The "calls" of the rail-roads of England, have been for several months as follows:

January	£5,636,512	April	£4,022,553
February	348,550	May	2,841,890
March	2,515,274		
		Five months	£15,364,780

These calls for money are in five months of unexpected pressure, and, as a necessary consequence of those calls for expenditure, the progress of the consumption of goods in England continued. As compared with last year, the imports and exports for the month of January were as follows:

Imports.	1846.	1847.	Exports.	1846.	1847.
Tea, lbs	3,770,678	4,039,302	Cottons	£1,633,991	1,413,488
Coffee, "	3,226,510	4,062,466	Linen	296,657	256,166
Sugar, cwt	392.541	589,357	Woollens	494,501	4494,366
Tobacco, lbs	2,409.899	2,497,467	Hardware	154,822	154,205
Wine & Spts. gals.	889,654	944,380			
			Total	£3,282,819	3,077,910

This is a continuation of the same process of consumption, notwithstanding the prevailing distress and the difficulty of obtaining money. Now, in all this, there is nothing to excite alarm. The broad fact is, that with the exception of some

parts of Ireland, the people *en masse* of Great Britain were never so well off as now. They were never so well employed, and never consumed so much of the necessaries and luxuries of life per head, as is now the case, through the actual earnings of their labor; and yet a most disastrous revulsion threatens! Why? For no other reason, than that a most baleful institution, controlled by a *clique* of merchants, endowed with special privileges, is continually convulsing the commercial world by tampering with its currency. The operations of the institution are always adverse to the interests of the community, inasmuch as that its profit consists in obtaining a high rate of interest, and the greater is the public distress the more considerable are the earnings of the institution. Hence a period of general prosperity, abundance of money, and low rate of discount, is not that in which the bank finds its own interest. On the contrary, when the commerce of the country is convulsed, and insolvency threatens the most stable and enterprising merchants,* who are forced to obtain money, not only at the sacrifice of current profits, but of expenditure of capital, the dividends of the bank increase, and the "rest" swells in volume. The old notion that a bank is necessary to furnish a currency, is become obsolete. The fact is recognized, that it is the industry and commerce of a country like England that are the means of procuring money, which is but a commodity of trade, and if left to its action, would always seek its proper destination. Hence it is, that princely merchants, like Baring Brothers, Browns, Rothchilds, and others, are really the "currency furnishers" of England. Their stupendous operations find sale for the products of British industry in regions the most remote, bringing back in return the treasures of India, the golden sands of Africa, and the precious metals of the new world. These constitute the real currency of Great Britain,† and yet these merchants and their compeers are, by a fiction of the law, subjected to the rule of a clique of individuals who may stagnate England's commerce, defeat the most skillful combinations, and paralyze the trade of the world at their will and pleasure! The organization of the Bank of England is as follows:

Actual Means.		Investments.	
Capital subscribed	£14,553,000	Lent to Government	£11,015,100
Earnings on hand	3,397,077	In Public Stocks	14,662,719
Borrowed. *Total capital*	£17,940,077		£25,677,819
Circulation	21,154,853	Loaned on Bills	17,111,001
Deposites	13,015,751	Specie	9,329,841
Total Means	£52,118,161	Total Investments	52,118,661

Now the proprietors of the bank have paid in of their own money but £14,553,000, and they have lent government and bought stocks which they hold for their own profit, £25,677.819, or over £7,600,000 more *than their own money.* To do this they borrow of the public £33,000,000; of this amount *borrowed* they have £9,329,841 on hand in specie, invested £7,600,000 in permanent stocks, and loaned the balance, £17,111,001, to the public? This is called "aiding commerce." In 1845-46, the concern did all in its power to stimulate speculation by offering money cheap and extending the term of loans. The vast railroad speculations were a result. The effect of those speculations, as we have seen, is to send gold out of the country until the amount in the bank runs low, and the directors become alarmed. What do they then? Do they sell out the stocks that they *borrowed the money* to buy, and obtain therewith gold to meet the emergency? Not so, they hold fast to the stocks and specie, and call in the loans on commercial bills; and the very first paper they throw out, is that of Barings, Browns, Rothschild, &c., and for the avowed object of compelling merchants to import specie at the public expense! The theory is, that by *compelling a fall in prices* goods will be exported and specie brought into the country in return. That is to say, the clique of directors tax every merchant on the goods he holds, a sum sufficient to buy specie, in order to keep the bank solvent, or rather to allow it to retain what it has borrowed. How long the merchants of London will submit to this tyranny, remains to be seen. If the bank were abolished tomorrow, what would be the result? Why, the Messrs. Barings, who, through their commercial operations, are mainly instrumental in furnishing England with money, would procure that money

* The richest manufacturers of Manchester cannot at this moment execute their American orders for want of currency. Their paper, as good as a bank note, the Bank will not discount.

† The circulation of the commercial bills of England is at this time £400,000,000, whilst that of the Bank of England is £21,000,000.

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from any and every quarter of the world to discharge their own obligations, in or out of England, and the money paid out by them would pass into general circulation.* They would then be under "the screw" of no ruthless master, like the Threadneedle-street oligarchy. In Nov., 1839, the bank held £2,500,000 of specie. In Aug., '46, £16,000,000; whence did it derive the $13,500,000 of increase. From its own resources? Not so; the *merchants* of England imported it in the course of their business, and deposited with or loaned it to the banks. The business of those merchants now requires that they should re-export it, but the bank not being able to repay, exerts itself through the creation of a panic, to prevent merchants from sending it out of the country with the same freedom with which they imported it. It was currently stated that a leading London firm for its own profit had shipped £100,000 in the Hibernia for New-York; but was *coerced* by the bank to recall it, for the profit of the bank, and this under a law based upon the theory that the currency should rise and fall through the operations of trade only. The following is a table of the features of the bank:

BANK OF ENGLAND.

	Securities. Public.	Securities. Private.	Deposits. Public.	Deposits. Private.	Nett circulation.	Notes on hand.	Bullion.	Rate int'st.
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	pr. ct.
Dec. 5	12,807,417	13,853,212	8,612,488	8,303,523	19,866,805	8,402,300	15,002,873	3
Jan. 2	12,826,362	15,071,820	9,990,624	7,903,959	20,031,185	8,227,085	14,951,572	
" 9	12,757,326	14,464,948	5,860,631	9,784,767	20,836.845	6,715,255	14,308,022	
" 16	12,757,326	14,450,711	5,034,189.	10,339,726	20,679,370	6,545,965	13,948,681	3½
" 23	12,757,326	14,489,657	4,668,489.	10,335,835	20,608,090	6,167,170	13,442,880	4
Mar. 6	11,990,079	16,905,705	6,571,731	9,288,661	19,279,145	5,714,740	11,595,535	"
" 13	11,990,079	17,358,712	6,716,162	9,536,137	19,232,200	5,554,140	11,449,461	"
" 20	11,990,079	17,650,874	6,471,623	9,962,436	19,069,465	5,416,475	11,231,630	"
" 27	11,990,079	17,824,355	6,616,287	9,403,132	19,444,426	4,876,015	11,015,583	"
Apl. 3	11,990,079	18,627,116	6,001,947	9,502,091	19,854,840	3,699,700	10,246 360	5
" 10	13,574.444	18.136,377	4,984,375.	11,257,744	20,403,425	2,832,915	9,867,053	"
" 17	11,677,819	17,111,001	3,011,032.	10,004,699	20.242,785	2,558,316	9,329,841	"
" 24	11,117,319	16,079,627	2,634,518	9,125,409	20,830,145	2,718,995	9,213,890	"

As the institution advanced its interest it connived to loan, as the increase in the private securities indicates, until April 10th. It then ceased to loan to the Messrs. Barings and other large firms, and the general distress became intense. In the first week in May it resumed its loans to some extent.

It is undoubtedly true, that the vast debt and paper system of England is so connected with the system of government, that the stability of one is equal to that of the other; and, perhaps, *no more* so. The events of the last few years show, however, that the paper system of England is incompatible with a further growth of her commerce in competition with the rest of the world. Already a strong party in England are opposed to the law which requires the Bank of England to pay in specie for its notes, and they require that the currency should be one of inconvertible paper; and it is not improbable that such a system of currency may be adopted, and the supply of the precious metals abandoned altogether to the action of commerce, like cotton or tea. The practical effect of this will undoubtedly be, the repudiation of the public debt and the ruin of annuitants; and this, probably, is the object of a number of advocates of the scheme. That this would take place *internally* without disturbing external commerce, is probable. An issue of paper, it is said, may be equal in value to specie when the amount in circulation *is limited;* and it is advocated on the plea that it *can* be limited. We presume, however, that no one is so simple as really to believe that it would remain limited, or that the first season of distress would not produce a "pressure from without" that would compel ministers to swell the issues; a speedy depreciation, as compared with gold, would ensue, and go on to increase like assignats, continental money, German "blaue zettels," or Brazil paper of the present day; £1 in gold would very soon equal two in paper, in which case one-half the taxes would be virtually removed, and one-half the debt actually repudiated. The actual debt would diminish as the paper depreciated, while the foreign trade being conducted for gold, would remain healthy. This process will probably be the next means of reform

* The resources of this great house seem inexhaustible; and it is deeply gratifying to us to reflect, that the head of the first commercial establishment in the world is an American, Joshua Bates, Esq., who, by dint of immense talent alone, has risen in a foreign country, within a few years, to his present enviable position.

in England, and may be necessary to counteract the power acquired by the Emperor of Russia, as a holder of English stocks.

It is a curious reflection, that the United States, having abandoned the National Bank system, are, although in time of war, in higher credit and better supplied with resources, than any civilized nation. In illustration of this, we will complete a table, showing the amount of bullion in the Bank of England, its rate of interest, the prices of 3 per cent. consols in London, and the prices of United States government stocks in New-York at the corresponding dates, as follows:

AMOUNT OF BULLION IN BANK OF ENGLAND—ITS RATE OF INTEREST—PRICES OF CONSOLS—AND PRICES OF U. S. STOCKS IN NEW-YORK.

	Bullion in Bank.	Rate of in.	3 p. c. con's.	Stock. 6s, 1862	Stock. 1856.	Stock. 5s, 1853.	Treasury Notes. 6s.	Treasury Notes. 5 2-5.	Mex. In.
Dec. 8	£15,002,873	3	95	102 a102	99¾a100	92¾a99	99¼a100	....	91 a93
Jan. 1..	14,951,572	3	94	100¼a101	98¾a 99⅞	91¼a91¾	....	....	93 a95
Feb. 1..	13,442.880	4	92	100 a102	100¼a101	94 a94½	....	....	94 a95
Mar. 1..	11,595,535	4	90	102¼a103	101¼a101½	94 a94½	101¾a102	101	94¼a94½
" 18..	11,231,630	4	88¼	102¼a103	101¾a102	94 a94½	101¼a101¾	100⅞	....
Apl. 1..	10,246,360	4	88¼	103 a103½	101¼a101¾	93 a94½	100⅞a101½	100 a101	94 a00
" 13..	9,867,043	5	87	102¼a103	102¾a103½	94 a94½	100¼a101¼	101 a101	92 a93
May 1..	9,213,890	5	86¼	104 a105	104¼a106	95 a95½	104 a104¼	103 a103½	93 a94
" 15..	....	..	..	106¼a106¼	105¾a106	96¼a96¾	105¼a105½	104¼a104¾	94¼a95
" 20..	....	..	..	107 a107¼	106 a106¼	98 a98½	105⅞a105¼	105 a105¼	95 a95½

The packet of May 4, which brought news of a fall of consols to 86¼, also advised of a renewed demand for American stocks, and that even the much-abused Pennsylvania, 5's were inquired for. This is a significant circumstance. It may be that they were to be remitted instead of gold to some extent; but orders were actually sent to this side for them. This would evince a little timidity in relation to English securities. Should a depreciated paper money become the medium in which dividends are paid in England, the recipient of specie dividends from the United States would have a great advantage over the holder of consols. It is gratifying to observe, that simultaneously with a fall of 9 per cent. in consols, "the horse that never stumbled," according to the elder Rothchilds, United States 6's, rose 7 per cent., in spite of war, and in the face of a new loan of $22,000,000. When in the revulsion of 1839-'40, some of the states of the Union failed in their payments, and it was threatened in Europe that in case of another war, the United States would be unable to borrow funds for its prosecution, it was not supposed that the Union henceforth could go alone—that it was not only equal to, but superior to the powers of Europe.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Money has become daily more abundant in the Atlantic cities, as the spring business has advanced, and the importation of the precious metals at New-York and Boston has not been far from $20,000,000, Jan. 1, to May 20. The effect of this on the banks is made apparent, in the following return of the institutions of the state of New-York.

IMMEDIATE MEANS AND LIABILITIES OF THE NEW-YORK BANKS.

Immed. Liabil.	Nov. '43.	Feb. '45.	Nov. '45.	Feb. '46.	May, '46.	Nov. '46.	Feb. '47.	May, '47.
Deposits	$27,380,160	25,976,246	31,773.991	29,654,401	30,868,337	30.629,196	31,830,595	35,799,958
Nett Circulation	12,952,045	16.126,394	19,366,377	18,407,733	18,409,977	19,847,453	17,699,739	21,543,626
Due Banks	4,941,414	3,816,252	3,296,249	4,662,073	2,973,658	3,660,361	4,995,411	6,944,464
Canal Fund	1,157,203	1,607,572	1,581,330	896.843	646,328	581,737	911,680	534,822
United States	1,645,320	700,064	3,002,649	2,580,711	3,493,622	1,098,330	342,766	178,517
Total	$48,076,142	48,226,528	59,020,596	56,201,761	56,391,962	55,817,077	55,780,181	65,001,387
Immediate Means.								
Specie	$11,502,789	6,893,236	8,884,545	8,361,3 3	8,361,383	8,048,384	9,191,254	11,312,171
Cash Items	3,102,856	4,839,886	5,947,585	6,370,302	5,839,700	7,786,699	7,552,068	8,793,286
Total	$14,605.645	11,733,122	14,832,120	14,731,685	14,011,324	15 835.083	16,743,322	20,105,457
Excess Liabilities	33,479,607	36,493,4 6	44,188,476	41,470,071	42,380,678	39,971,994	39,036,859	44,895,930
Loans	——	66,883,098	74,780,435	71,897,580	72,591,431	71,950,191	69,806,358	76,688,543

The liabilities of the banks are higher now than ever before, mostly in consequence of the large individual deposits. Last year, in May, there was due the federal government $6,400,000, of which $3,000,000 was included as "deposits." This year the United States funds are all withdrawn, consequently those of individuals are $8,000,000 more than in May 1846, and larger than ever before. The circulation is also $3,000,000 more than in May, 1846, consequently under these two items the banks have borrowed 11,000,000 more of the public, and their loans are increased but $4,000,000. Hence $8,000,000 at least is seeking investments, and money becomes daily cheaper, notwithstanding that there are $3,000,000 in the independent treasury! Although the arrivals of specie have been so large, and the quantity of goods coming and to come increasing, the chances are that the import of specie will continue at least until after the harvest, in return of the large quantities of produce required in England and the large supplies that will be sent forward, notwithstanding that the expense of importing specie has increased, by reason of the state of things in London.

The consumption of foreign bread stuffs in Great Britain last year, was from January 5, to September 5, 8 months, 3,043,505 qrs. of grain, and 2,905,240 cwts. of flour, equal in value to £10,000,000 or $50,000,000, and the largest portion of this was entered after June, and from the countries of Europe. This year the stocks in England are very much lower than they were last year, and prices considerably higher, ruling as follows:

AVERAGE WEEKLY PRICES OF GRAIN IN ENGLAND.

	1845.			1846.			1847.		
	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Mar. 6	45 0	32 0	21 7	54 10	29 3	21 10	74 4	54 11	32 3
" 13	45 1	32 0	21 4	54 3	29 4	21 9	74 2	52 10	31 2
" 20	45¼ 6	32¾ 5	21 8	55 1	29 10	21 2	75 10	51 11	31 3
" 27	46 0	32½ 5	21 5	55 5	30 2	22 2	77 0	51 4	31 6
April 3	46½ 5	32 4	21 4	55 1	30 1	22 0	77 1	51 3	31 8
" 10	46 3	32 4	20 9	55 1	30 0	22 0	74 5	49 8	32 7
" 17	45 11	31 11	21 4	56 0	30 9	22 9	74 1	48 4	29 7
" 24	45 11	31 6	20 11	55 10	30 5	22 9	75 10	48 5	29 7

The rates of last year drew large supplies *from* Europe; those of this year, induce exports *to* Europe to an extent that has much diminished the English stocks. The governments of Belgium and France have extended free trade in corn to Oct., 1848. It is to be inferred, therefore, that the wants of England, between this date and the new harvest, will be at least as much as last year, in which case the largest portion must be drawn from the United States at a farther outlay of bullion. Notwithstanding the rise in food, it is pretty evident that cotton cannot fall much. The crop will afford to England scarcely half what it requires for its usual consumption; and, admitting that to be considerably diminished by the difficulties encountered in the harvests, the competition of the United States and other countries must compel England to bid high, more particularly that to discharge any considerable number of hands, or to an extent which a diminution of one-third in the consumption of the raw material would imply, must be attended with great distress and danger in the manufacturing districts. The consumption on the part of the United States is not likely to exceed that of last year, if it should reach the same quantity. Up to the close of April the consumption stands as follows:

UNITED STATES COTTON CROP.

		1845.		1846.	Increase.	Decrease.
Stock on hand Sept. 1st,—bales		94,126		97,216	3,090	—
Receipts at all the ports "		1,857,284		1,640,550	—	216,734
Supply.....bales		1,951,410		1,737,766		213,644
Total Export....bales	1,043,878		898,745			145,133
Stock, April 24, "	560,533		537,088			23,445
		1,604,411		1,435,833		
						168,578
United States Consumption.....bales		347,099		301,933		45,166

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The United States spinners have probably been looking forward to a decline of cotton, by reason of the high price of food in England, and have not taken their usual quantities. The imports from England are likely also to be large. The production of goods in both countries is equally affected by the high price of the raw material; but in England, the diminished consumption, and the stringency of the money market, will probably force down prices there so as to increase the export to this country where abundance of money may produce a contrary effect. Under these circumstances, possibly the consumption here may not exceed that of last year.

GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

The month of June, according to the ancients, was subject to the jurisdiction, and, in consequence, entitled to the especial protection of Mercury. Its name, however, has no reference to that divinity. And notwithstanding the assertion of Ovid that it was derived from Juno, *(à Junone)* the supposition remains strong that it was given in honor of the youth of Rome—*(in honorem juniorum.)* Festivals with them abounded in this month, as also in all others. Upon its first day no less than four of these were held. That to Mars was celebrated without the gates—this being the anniversary of a period at which Flavius Quintius had there dedicated a temple to him. A second was consecrated to Carna, whose office was to keep healthy the interior of the body, and to drive troublesome spirits from the cradles of children. A third was to Juno, surnamed *Moneta*, to accomplish a vow which Camillus had made, of building her a temple. The last was to the Tempests. As all heavenly things were, according to the creed of the Latins, worthy of worship, it was not to be supposed that these "winged messengers of wrath" would be apprehended otherwise than as separate agencies—their presence exciting awe, and their devastations dread, on superstitious minds. Yet it is somewhat singular that they should have escaped deification till the time of the second Punic war, during which a Roman fleet was almost lost in a storm. The third of June was dedicated to Bellona; the fourth to Hercules; and on the fifth sacrifices were offered to Fidius. On the seventh day, and on the opposite side of the Tiber, were held the Piscatorian games, engaged in solely by fishermen. The festival of the goddess Meus, or Understanding, occurred on the eighth day, when sacrifices were solemnly offered to her in the capitol. Of the remaining festivals held in this month, was one to the goddess Mantua, on which occasion a slave was uniformly brought into the temple to receive blows from and be driven out by Roman women; another to Summanus, a name held by many to be synonymous with Pluto, during which two black sheep, adorned with fillets, were sacrificed; and that of the twenty-fourth to Fortuna Fortis, on which the artizans and slaves, crowned with flowers, regaled and diverted themselves in boats upon the Tiber.

How strangely do our festivals, in number two—the one dedicated to the New Year and the other to Liberty, each held but once in twelve months—contrast with the celebrations of the ancients, or even with those still kept in European countries. That a larger amount of time for national recreation is desirable, most will admit; and should government pass a measure for a more extensive allotment of such time, we are assured it would be cheerfully taken possession of. We conceive this to be its duty; and the more father-like character a government assumes the more will it be strengthened and reverenced. In France especially does the government take upon itself the office of ministering to public pleasures, physical and intellectual, including such ministration in those acts which promote public good; and though we question the rightness of influences which arise from certain applications of the funds disposed by it for this end, and deprecate others as positively injurious, the general effect is to promote health, contentment and enjoyment.

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In addition to this they may be said to open up a large fountain of that spirit of sociality—that community of feeling, without which society exists but as a selfish compact,—a beleaguered mass of beings, flocking together solely with reference to personal safety and aggrandizement,—of all compacts the most selfish, and, to one of enlarged conceptions and philanthropic views, of all ills the least supportable. The *public* amusements* thus provided embracing large and ample libraries, philosophical lectures, museums, galleries of painting and statuary, gardens laid out with taste and interspersed with fountains, &c. &c., tend moreover to loosen that spirit too prevalent everywhere, which will not "swell beyond the measure of its chains," to discover at once what man is in general so long in learning, that happiness is not born of wealth or misery of indigence; to supply inquiry with appetite, and industry with means; to awaken the sense of the beautiful in its highest moods, and create by freedom of access to intellectual fancy, that democracy of mind which renders a people open to the comprehension of truth, qualified to listen with enlightenment to the demonstrations, and to follow in connection, as with one soul, the guidings of those gigantic geniuses, whose practised eyes and more matured judgments has descried the form of coming events.

Two men of letters, both accounted prodigies of learning, ambitious of renown and mutually envious, presented themselves before an Indian monarch, who forthwith entertained them at his palace, and treated them with all the attention they could expect or merit. Though not placed on a natural equality, their respective powers were yet balanced, the one seeking to gain by penetration and presence of mind, what the other only reached by unremitting diligence and intense ardor of thought. As each secretly descried his companion, the Rajah for a long time sought occasion and means by which he might determine to whom to give preference. At length the opportunity presented itself. Needing to send embassies to some neighboring princes, our two scholars were appointed, and to each was given a box purporting to contain rich presents, with instructions for delivering the same upon arrival.

The man of greater learning or acquirements, upon coming into the presence of the sovereign to whom he was sent, was, after the opening of the box, overwhelmed with amazement, in discovering that in place of costly articles it had been filled with cinders. Unable to explain the cause, and confounded at his position, he returned no answer to the inquiries which were made of him. The whole matter was therefore held to be an insult, the messenger was disgracefully driven from the court, and returned to his master covered with confusion. The other ambassador in due time presented his box, but notwithstanding its contents were also found to consist of cinders, retained his equanimity of countenance, spoke of a high and solemn sacrifice which his king had offered, his desire that the prince whom he addressed should with his people participate in its blessings, and his own appointment to renew the alliance of amity. Hereupon he proceeded to impress a mark on the forehead of the prince with one of the cinders, who received it with all respect. He was finally attended home by a large escort, and welcomed by his monarch with a heartiness which evidenced the final decision. All admired his address and presence of mind, and when exalted to the highest civil posts, acquiesced with that readiness which indicated their sense of his fitness for them, whilst his companion, in spite of his profound learning, was utterly contemned, and fell into an obscurity from which his laborious works will never rescue him.

Lesson:—In active life, penetration and judgment are of more value than large erudition.

We have met with the skeleton of a letter printed at Lyons, and reprinted at Amsterdam in the year 1762, which undertakes to set forth the advantages, and describe the origin of the gaiety that prevails amongst the French. It may not be uncurious to our readers, to state the causes to which, in the opinion of the writer,

* It will be seen that we here use the word amusement in its most comprehensive sense, and we doubt not that it may become the vehicle of all instruction.

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this gaiety is attributable—they are registered as four. First—their climate; secondly—the nature of their government, which exempts them from all influence or share in public affairs, the transacting of which renders men naturally grave and serious; thirdly—that vanity which gives the French a fond and pleasing notion of their superiority over all other nations; fourthly—their sociality.

This gaiety continues, as we all know, in its full plenitude to this day, amidst that people; in fact, as part of the essence of their national character. It has one remarkable feature, which is its incapability of depression. With us, and with all others, joy has its corresponding depressions, sorrow its transports; with them the soul, though by no means keeping an even tenor, will not submit to distress. The oppression of taxes, the adverse fluctuations of trade, the loss of fleets, the defeat of armies, affect not sensibly their demeanor. Hope or faith, presumption or confidence, offers an equivalent or a restorator. Not a song the less shall on one or all of these accounts be sung, or with any diminution of the wonted tone of cheerfulness. Whether a battle, a town, or a province be lost, the entire Frenchman is satisfied if, by a happy combination of circumstances and words, and never is he known to be at a loss for them, he shall be enabled to launch an epigram at the minister or general to whose charge these misfortunes may be laid. A *bon mot* will impart cheerfulness, and a joke, hilarity to the afflicted heart. When the famous Louvois heard that the soldiers in a garrison, which, on account of its strength and position, they would have been enabled to keep with ease, were yet inclined to desert, he instantly sent them a Merry Andrew to win them to their duty. He succeeded: pleasantry supplied the place of reason—giving too much delight while it lasted to suffer the presence of discontent.

This application of a national trait indicates a truth universally illustrated. He who can most move the peculiar passions of a people—excite their general predilections, shall be most secure of their favor, most able to ensure their co-operation, and therefore to succeed in his schemes, whether these be founded on wisdom, folly or guilt. This much a people are willing to pay for the flattering of their tastes. Here endeth our reflections.

THE ARTS.

(In continuation of our remarks in the last number on the National Academy of Design.)

The number of landscapes of decided merit is greater than usual, though COLE has nothing so striking as his "Pic-Nic Party" of last year; and DURAND's two principal pictures then exhibited, were quite equal to anything which exhibits this year. COLE's "Mountain Ford" is in his very best style, which is eminently poetic and suggestive. In this work the precipitous rocky hill, heaved up against the sky in the middle of the picture, from which springs the spur of the mountain range in the distance, is an admirable conception, simple and full of grandeur. It is impossible to gaze into the clear, cold shadow which it casts upon the torrent, which the solitary horseman is crossing, without having vividly brought to mind those sensations of pleasing awe, not unmingled with dread, which man feels when alone, and shut from the sunlight, with the wild majesty of nature. We wish that DURAND could have painted the huge, gnarled tree in the left foreground, its foliage is a confused and heavy mass of color. The atmosphere of this picture, particularly in that portion around the brow of the hill, is wonderfully clear. DURAND's best landscape is his largest, (No. 77.) It has all his fidelity to nature, his ease and pleasing style of composition, and his almost botanical accuracy of distinction between the forms, bark, and leaves of trees. The atmosphere is filled with that warm, mellowing haze, which he so delights to paint, and the dim, inviting vista through which the brook flows down to the foreground, has more than his wonted truth of perspective and clearness of shadow. The trunk of the hickory tree in the foreground is a master-piece of painting; the management of light upon it is beautiful, exceedingly. The sheep are very woolly. By-the-bye, we observe that all of DURAND's landscapes, of late years, have nearly the same trees, the same atmosphere, and the same distance, and one flock of sheep and one shepherd has served him for a long time; he can give us something else. Why will he not do it?

WOTHERSPOON's landscapes this year are of a high order, and very merito-

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rious; indeed, we do not know if they be not the most pleasing in the exhibition. His largest and best is, in every way, one of the finest compositions we have ever seen. We do not recollect a landscape in which the time of the day is so unmistakably indicated by the tone and general character, as is the case with this. The lengthened shadows, and cattle seeking the water, are not needed to tell us that it is the eve of a sultry summer's day. The whole picture is filled with a voluptuously mellow atmosphere, but so clear is it, that we seem to see the shadows of the motionless leaves in the deepest shade of the magnificent tree, which is so faithfully reflected in the glassy surface of the water, over which it droops. The sky is fully equal to the rest of the picture. Its depths are fathomless, and the warm clouds float in them. The cows are admirably drawn, but both in drawing and color show a study of the cattle-pieces of the German painters, rather than of American nature. Paul Potter's bull is very evident in the head of the red cow nearest the foreground. The truth of our remark will be evident to all, on turning to a fine landscape by DURAND hard by, in which are cows whose American character is very marked. The "Squam Lakes," also by WOTHERSPOON, is a fine picture, containing some admirable effects of light. The sky and middle ground are very truthful and striking.

CROPSEY keeps on in his rapid improvement. His pictures, always well-drawn and composed, are acquiring the atmosphere they used to lack. GIGNOUX contributes some works of merit. The ice, in his "View of the Table Rock, at Niagara, in Winter," is very clear and cold; the whole picture is well handled. Two landscapes of a very peculiar character, are contributed by ACHENBACK, a Dusseldorf painter. They evince much talent and great labor, but we acknowledge they are not to our taste. They appear both flat and hard, lacking atmosphere and tone, and for this their careful drawing and almost enameled finish will not compensate. Mr. MASON, a young artist, who is studying in Italy, has a picture, which by some positive excellence, and its great superiority to those he exhibited last year, gives good promise of his soon acquiring an enviable reputation.

ELLIOTT'S portraits stand out in a bold relief of superiority from all those, and many of great excellence, which surround them. There is no appeal from the faithfulness of his likenesses, and his men live and breathe. His flesh tints are beautifully fresh and glowing, his drawing has a seeming material force and strength which he does not rid himself of even when painting the most delicate female face. As a painter of portraits of literal faithfulness, he is without an equal. PAGE has two pictures, which evince so much his known great talents, combined with his equally well-known affectation, that they give us quite as much pain as pleasure. The first, a portrait, a carefully and admirably painted head, is marred by the yellow tone given to the flesh and the dirty blue of the linen. Mr. PAGE was evidently painting at a theory instead of at nature, and he has succeeded admirably in what he attempted. He has a theory, I believe, that no white should be introduced into any picture, for the reason that if it be, the artist can never paint the rest of the picture up to it. The theory is plausible to those who have studied the effect of color, but that there is a flaw in it somewhere is evident from this picture, an admirable embodiment of the theory, but as unnatural looking a thing as ever came from an artist's easel. The "Mother and Child" is subject to the same praise and fault-finding. The tone of the flesh is very bad, but the modelling of the brow of the female head it is impossible to praise too much. INGHAM'S "Flower Girl" is doubtless the best flower-piece which ever appeared in the Academy's rooms. The freshness and richness of color, and delicacy and accuracy of the texture of the different flowers, seem almost unsurpassable; and the whole picture is a monument of faithful perseverance. But the girl is unlike a real piece of flesh and blood. She seems to have been painted on porcelain, and then enameled. The picture, with the exception of the flowers, has that mistiness of outline which makes all Mr. INGHAM'S portraits weak. WENZLER keeps on in his old meretricious style; a thing to be regretted in a man of such evident natural ability. Mr. ALANSON FISHER has a portrait, (No. 223,) of great merit. The hands are particularly well drawn. In miniature OFFICER bears the palm, though SHUMWAY and DUBOURJAL have works of great excellence; the former excelling in finish, the latter in force.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Siderial Messenger: A Monthly Journal, devoted to the Science of Astronomy. Edited by Prof. O. M. MITCHEL, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl street, N. Y., Agents. $3 per annum—in advance.

Astronomy, the oldest and noblest of the Sciences, and of paramount importance in its relations to Navigation, Agriculture, Chronology and Christianity, has as yet scarcely claimed any attention by the great mass of the people of this country. Europe thus far claims all the honor of its discoveries. England, Germany, France and Italy, each share in this honor; and through their united labor, Astronomy has marked the exact position of the various sections of the globe: it has given to every nation a triplicate and unvarying measure of time, and has become the guardian of the commerce of the world. In Europe it is a sealed science, except to the learned, and to a great extent will remain so.

There are indications that a new era in the cultivation of the science has commenced with us. Such is its obvious practical importance, that in our rapidly advancing state of education it must soon be regarded an essential branch of popular education.

This work of Prof. Mitchel's, we have no doubt, will contribute much to this object. Nothing of the kind, we think, has ever before been attempted in this country or in Europe. It is issued monthly, in pamphlet form, printed in large type, and each number contains an engraving of telescopic views, made by his great refractor, at Cincinnati. For a man of his age, Prof. Mitchel has already won for himself an enviable reputation. He embarked alone and unaided in the enterprise of erecting at Cincinnati an Observatory of the first class, and of mounting in it one of the largest telescopes in the world. He has succeeded in this task; has evinced enthusiasm, energy and genius, which reflects credit on the country, and has procured for him the companionship of the first Astronomers of Europe. He is now engaged with them in observations, which have the most important bearing on the progress of this science, and which look to the complete demonstration of some of the most sublime facts which any science has ever yet discovered to man. To these facts, Struvè, Encke, Maedler, Lord Ross, Le Verrier, Arago and others, are directing their minds with intense interest. The object of the Siderial Messenger is to discuss, in plain and intelligible style, and to popularize all these great questions: in a word, to make the most profound truths of astronomy understood by the common reader; to chronicle all new discoveries, and to give the process by which they have been made. Being in correspondence with all these distinguished Astronomers, it will contain also their letters and views on these great questions. It is ably conducted. We do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend it to professional men of every class, and as an invaluable companion in every family circle. It cannot but be read with deep interest, and will make a most valuable and reliable work for future reference.

Prof. Mitchel has already done a noble work, and has spared no toil or sacrifice. He has strong claims, therefore, to the patronage of his countrymen in supporting his Messenger. Not only his labor at Cincinnati, but his able lectures in Boston, New-York, and elsewhere, have awakened an interest in the subject, which will increase, and sooner or later, dot the country with Observatories. It will make Astronomy as important in all our schools, and to the child of every parent, as are now the ordinary branches of our primary education.

The Writings of George Washington: Being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, selected and published from the Original Manuscripts, with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. Harper, Brothers.

The publication of this valuable work progresses, and volume 2nd has made its appearance, containing an introduction by the accomplished editor, wherein he

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informs us that the first part consists of letters and papers written before the American Revolution, and relate chiefly to the French war, wherein Washington was actively engaged for five years; giving a complete narrative of the events in which he was concerned, from the time he joined General Braddock till he retired from the army. At Braddock's defeat, Washington lost his papers; among these were his official correspondence of the preceding year, and a private journal of the campaign. Mr. Sparks, in London, was made acquainted with the existence of Gov. Dinwiddie's papers, and among them were the original written by Washington, describing his military transactions previous to Braddock's defeat, by which means the loss of the papers in that battle has been supplied. All these letters and papers are now newly published, and throw light in the most authentic manner upon a portion of our history that is but little known. The early papers of Washington, in the appendix, are of exceeding interest. It was his practice to keep a diary of daily occurrences, and these minor details possess a charm, in as much as that they bring before us the social life of the "Father of his Country." At 19 years of age, when he was also made an Adjutant-General of Virginia, he made a voyage to Barbadoes; and we make some extracts:

"*Nov.* 4, 1751.—This morning we received a card from Major Clarke, welcoming us to Barbadoes, with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. We went—myself with some reluctance, as the small-pox was in his family. We were received in the most kind and friendly manner by him. Mrs. Clarke was much indisposed, insomuch that we had not the pleasure of her company; but in her place officiated Miss Roberts, her niece, and an agreeable young lady.

"*9th.*—Received a card from Major Clarke, inviting us to dine with him at Judge Maynard's to-morrow. He had a right to ask, being a member of a Club called the *Beefsteak and Tripe*, instituted by himself.

15*th.*—Was treated with a ticket to see the play of *George Barnwell* acted. The character of Barnwell and several others were said to be well performed. There was music adapted and regularly conducted.

"*Dec.* 12.—Went to town and called on Major Clarke's family, who had kindly visited me in my illness, and contributed all they could in sending me the necessaries which the disorder [small-pox] required. On Monday last began the grand session, and this day was brought on the trial of Col. C., a man of opulent fortune and infamous character. He was brought guiltless, and saved by a single witness, who was generally reckoned to have been suborned."

These trivial incidents are to a life of Washington what the gossiping detail of Boswell is to the life of Johnson. The operation of his mind, as affected by the events of the social day as well as by the important transactions of the revolution, are brought before us with singular clearness. The volumes are of great interest as well as instructing.

A Voyage up the River Amazon: Including a residence at Para. By William H. Edwards. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

Mr. Edwards has presented us with a very agreeable book, descriptive of the country watered by the mighty Amazon, and of the natural history of that wonderful region. He is evidently an enthusiast in the matter of birds and animals, and imparts to his pages the interest he himself felt in his researches. The country he describes as "the garden of the world, possessing every requisite for a vast population and an extended commerce; it is also one of the healthiest of regions, and thousands who annually die of diseases incident to the climates of the north, might here find health and long life." The advantages of climate and fertility are great attractions doubtless; but they are apparently less so than those of good government and well administered laws. It was probably a fortunate thing that those delightful climes should have been first monopolised by those Spanish and Portuguese races that have proved but a blight on the land they have cursed with their presence, and left the vigorous Anglo-Saxon race to turn the more inhospitable climes into gardens, before descending upon those more inviting. Had the Brazils or Mexico first received the "Pilgrim Fathers," it might well have been that the Hudson would now have been as little known as the Amazon, and with less chance of being speedily settled.

Progress, a satire. By John G. Saxe. John Allen, 139 Nassau st.

This is a poetical satire upon it, conceived to be the peculiar follies of the times.

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The Cadet de Colobieres. A Tale of the Old Convents of Paris. From the French of Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. Carey & Hart: W. H. Graham, New-York.

A very sprightly and interesting tale, in which the difficulties of the old *noblesse* of France are very humorously contrasted with their indomitable pride. One is reminded, in the struggles of their decayed fortunes, of the domestic diplomacy of the Vicar of Wakefield.

Prevention better than Cure; or the Moral Wants of the World we Live in. By Mrs. ELLIS. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New-York.

In these pages the condition of society in general is sought to be delineated, and some ideas set forth as to the means, through education, of preventing the future growth of those evils which now exist in society. There is a vast deal of the most impudent charlatanry and gross folly promulgated in the present day in relation to the organization of society, and as many nostrums for the cure of social evils are offered as for the removal of physical ones. The discussion of the subject is likely, however, at no distant day, to elicit some good from the mass of froth put forth upon the subject. For ourselves, we are too firmly convinced of the *equality* of the white race, and too well satisfied with the progress it has made in the last fifty years, to suppose that any little contemptible clique of wool-gathering philosophers can benefit the people by their twaddling. By removing all unjust laws and special privileges, and allowing all in truth to enjoy equal *rights*, much of the admitted evils of society will vanish. Observe America, the envy of the world, the refuge of the distressed of all nations; the land of plenty, and the home of the free! What has, in fifty years, changed it from a howling wilderness into a comparative paradise? The babbling of charlatans? or the whims of scribblers? Has it not been the bold, untaught, energetic and free enterprise of the intelligent people? Confide in that people, remove unjust laws, and wherever they have been robbed by laws passed in their name to benefit a favored class, make restitution, and the operation of strong sense in the exercise of natural rights, will so raise individual character that society will have less to complain of.

Hill-side and Border Sketches; with Legends of Cheviot and the Lammermuir. By W. H. MAXWELL. D. Appleton & Co.

A very valuable collection of border tradition, and by an author whose popularity is well established.

Orators of the Age. Comprising Portraits, Critical, Biographical and Descriptive. By G. H. FRANCIS, Esq. Harper Brothers.

This volume forms No. 24 of "Harper's New Miscellany," and is a very valuable addition to it. It contains a portrait of each of 28 living British orators, including Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Macauley, Grey, Bright, Shiel, Dr. Bowring, &c. &c., men whose eloquence has been the lever by which England's commercial policy has undergone so complete a change in the last few years. The introduction of the Duke of Wellington among orators is rather a hardy undertaking, however, and the reader is somewhat at a loss whether it may not be done as keen satire upon those who are really gifted with the "heavenly fire." The author, however, labors through several pages to show that the hesitating, inanimate deliverer of a few incoherent sentences is an orator, because men who have been accustomed to look up to him as a successful soldier, listen to him without coughing him down. The argument is, that because the "flunkeyism" of England, called its loyalty, induces "the highest and the lowest to uncover themselves on the public highway" to the Duke of Wellington, that, therefore, he is "a great orator." Apart from this truly English attempt at toadyism, the work is an admirable one. The author has not to discover in the success of a Review, the cause of the oratory of Macauley, nor to seek in the prosperity of a great cotton factory for a reason why Sir Robert Peel is admired as a speaker, and faithful accounts of the leading speakers of the day are presented. No English book ever appears without the Duke of Wellington has something to do with it. We do not know, that among the many special privileges conferred upon the chance-made soldier, that a sort of copyright of all publications was granted him, by which no book can appear without a puff for him is inserted in it; but from a Peninsular War down to a Newgate Calendar, he always continues to occupy the foreground.

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The Correspondence and Miscellanies of the Hon. John Colton Smith, LL. D., formerly Governor of Connecticut: with an Eulogy, by the Rev. W. W. ANDREWS. Harper Brothers.

This is a work presenting very little merit or attraction. It is a melancholy picture to see, in the present day, the workings of an aristocratic mind in office in a republican country. To contemplate one whose every aspiration was aristocratic, and whose narrow and bigoted views were rather suited to a familiar of the inquisition than the governor of a noble state. In that great struggle, when Great Britain put forth her strength to sustain the horrible tyranny of the Bourbons in France, the eulogist of Mr. Smith tells us "he sympathised with Great Britain rather than France in the fearful struggle." From the sayings and writings of such a man little amusement and less instruction can be derived.

The Christian Parlor Magazine. E. C. Miles, 151 Nassau-street, New-York.

This popular magazine has passed under the charge of the Rev. J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals;" and the May No. commences vol. 4, with every prospect of success.

The Lawyer's Daughter. By JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D. Harper Brothers.

This is an excellent addition to "Harpers' Fireside Library," a series of moral and amusing tales, which are being well appreciated by the public.

Pictorial History of England. Harper Brothers.

No. 23 of this important work has made its appearance, commencing book VII., which embraces the interesting period of English history from the accession of James I. to the English throne, down to the expulsion of the Stuarts. The interest of the narrative is much enhanced by the variety and value of the illustrations.

The Life of Wesley, and Rise and Progress of Methodism. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D.; with notes by S. T. Coleridge, Esq., and remarks by Alexander Knox, Esq., &c. &c. Harper Brothers.

This is the 2d American edition of one of the best prose productions of one of the most famous authors of the last half century, and one which has been received with general favor both within and without the Methodist body. By the latter it is considered scarcely orthodox; but perhaps for that quality of impartiality which should constitute one of its greatest merits. It is also valuable on account of the notes of Southey and Coleridge, who, agreeing to condemn Wesley generally, by no means harmonized in the mode of condemnation. The remarks of Alexander Knox, Esq., in a candid and charitable spirit, are valuable as the views of an able and pious man. The observations of the Rev. Richard Watson are also prefixed, in the view of correcting what are held to be the errors of the author.

A Year of Consolation. By MRS. BUTLER, late Fanny Kemble. Wiley & Putnam, New York.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the petted actress, spoiled by public favor, gave to the world a work which sustained her reputation in nought save petulance and inordinate self-satisfaction. Time and sorrow have since changed "the spirit of her dream," and the present volumes give evidence that the former work is no longer a source of pride to the authoress. There is much lively interest in the Italian scenes portrayed, and as much vivacity, modified by sounder judgment, than in the work of Miss Kemble. It is dedicated to her brother, Edward Sartoris, Esq., in whose dwelling the consolatory year was passed in Italy.

Arthur Martin, or the Mother's Trials. By CHARLES BURDETT, author of the "Convict's Child," &c. &c. Harper Brothers.

The tales of Mr. Burdett, long and favorably known as connected with the press, have acquired a high degree of popularity, from the interest which they possess, as well as from the high moral precepts which they inculcate.

Lives of the Early British Dramatists. By THOS. CAMPBELL, LEIGH HUNT, GEORGE DARBY, and WM. GIFFORD. Carey & Hart.

These two volumes contain a combination of the memoirs and critical remarks prefixed to Moxon's Lives of the Dramatists. A collection of the memoirs, by the most eminent writers, in a neat and cheap style, is a matter so desirable as to need no comment.

Paley's Natural Theology, with selections from the illustrative notes and the supplementary dissertations of Sir Charles Bell and Lord Brougham, with numerous wood cuts, and a life and portrait of the author. Harper Brothers.

The admirable work of Dr. Paley is here presented in a style most acceptable to the general reader, forming one of Harpers' "School Library." It is edited by Dr. Elisha Bartlett, of Massachusetts, whose preface sets forth briefly the motives which guided him in making selections from the notes and dissertations of Lord Brougham, and also records his dissent from some of the propositions of Paley, showing evidently a tincture of the modern latitudinarian reform school.

A familiar Constitution of the United States: containing a brief commentary on every clause, explaining the true nature, reasons, and objects thereof: designed for the use of school libraries and general readers. With an appendix, containing public documents illustrative of the Constitution. By JOSEPH STORY, D.D. Harper Brothers.

This production of Judge Story has assumed the appearance of one of Harpers' School Library, and is in the main a useful work, although tinctured with many grave fallacies. To one of which we may allude, viz. the right of Congress to use its power of "regulating commerce." For the object of encouraging particular branches of industry, or, as it is expressed, "protecting manufactures by laying duties," Mr. Justice Story, finding the states deprived of the power expressly, and Congress not charged with it, argues that it must exist somewhere, and *therefore* Congress has the power. This notion grows evidently out of the now exploded fallacy of the protective system. The public are now well convinced that the power nowhere exists under our constitution to grant special privileges to the few at the expense of the many.

Scripture Illustrated, by interesting facts, incidents, and anecdotes. By Rev. CHESTER FIELD. Harper Brothers.

This is a series of anecdotes illustrative of the practical working of divine precepts.

Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, No. 9. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston; Burgess & Stringer, New York.

This valuable work is steadily progressing in popular estimation, and the appearance of each successive number is received with more marked favor. The present number is embellished with a beautiful full length mezzotint likeness of Dr. Johnson, as he has been handed down to us—his coat, his wig, his figure, and all the outward signs of the man, as described by the prince of biographers, Boswell.

Supplement to the Hand-book of Needlework. By Mrs. GAUGAIN and Mrs. GORE. Wiley & Putnam.

This is a beautifully got up work, illustrative of the art and mystery of knitting and netting in all its varieties.

Zanoni. By the author of "Rienzi." Harper Brothers.

The works of Bulwer are sufficiently popular in themselves, without the aid of an index to their attractions; and the present volumes are got up in a neat and cheap style by the Messrs. Harper.

Mesmer and Swedenborg. By GEORGE BUSH. John Allen, 139 Nassau st.

This is the 2d edition of the noble work of Mr. Bush; for an extended notice of which we refer our readers to the February number of the Review.

Elements of Geography and Conic Sections. By ELIAS LOOMIS, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in the University of New-York. Harper Brothers, New-York.

The object of this work is professedly to combine the logical reasoning of Euclid with the arrangement of Legendre, and such improvements are added as to give the whole the character of a complete treatise. Much wanted in the schools.

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